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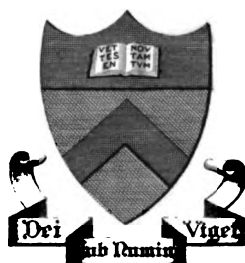
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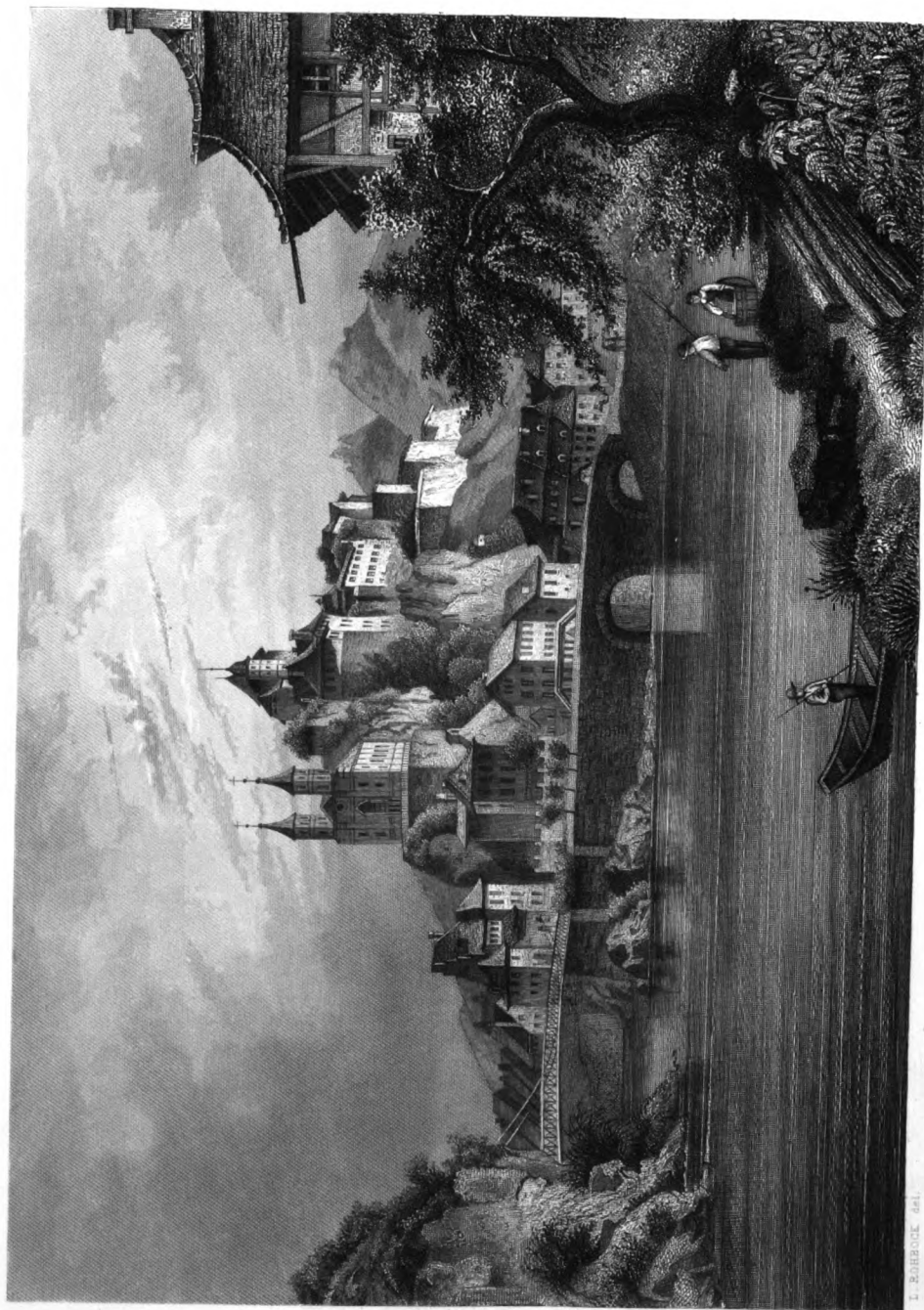
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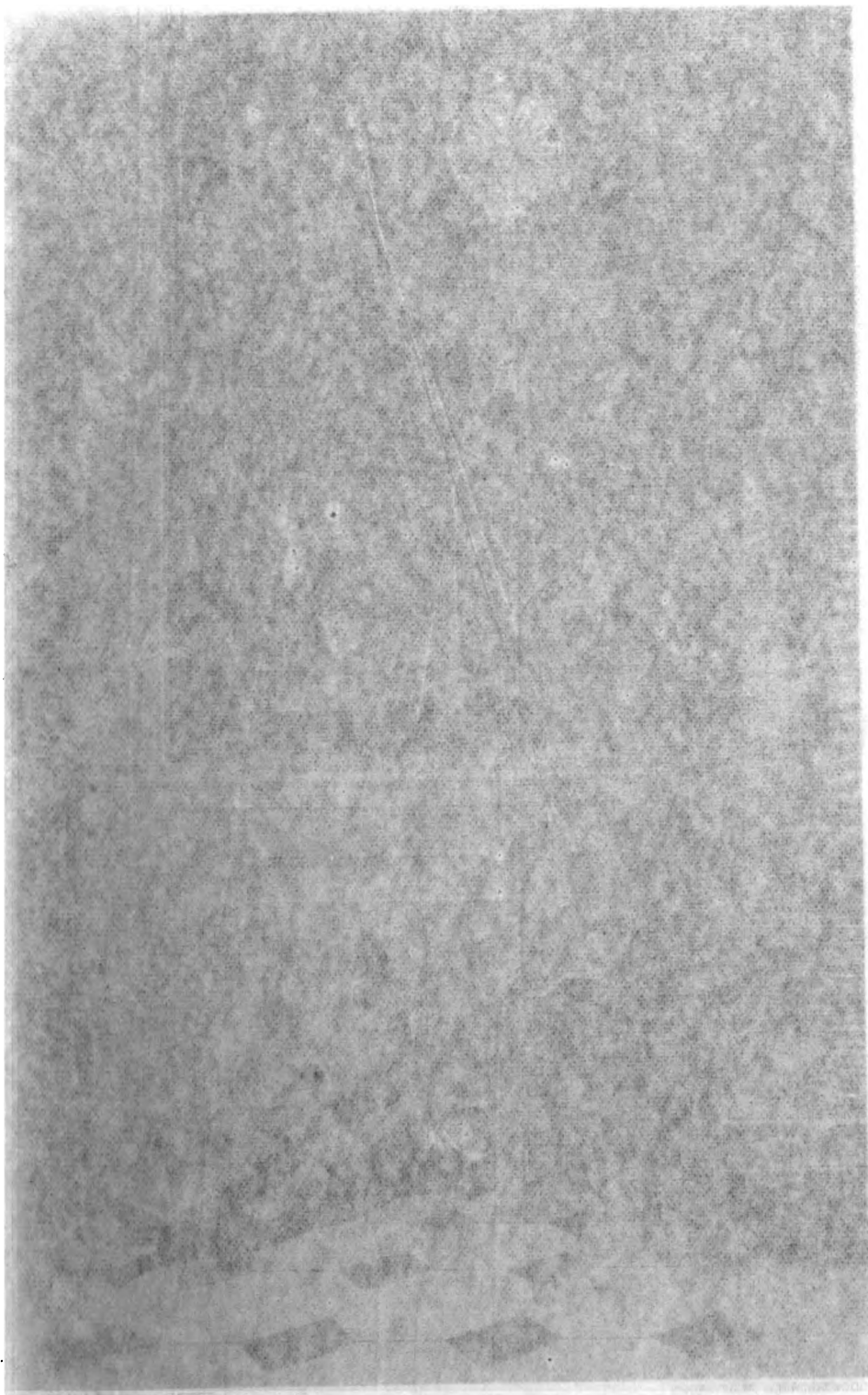


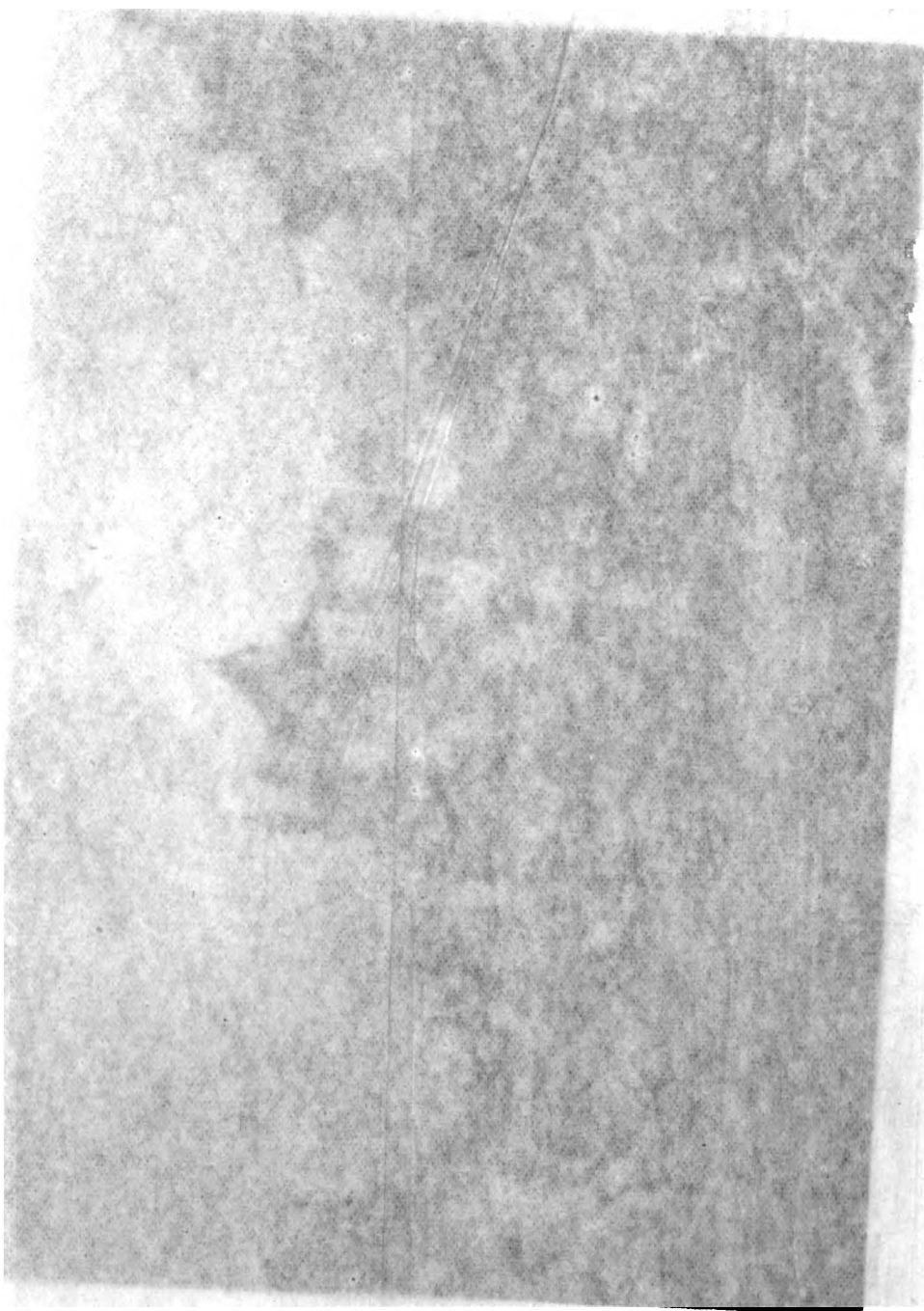


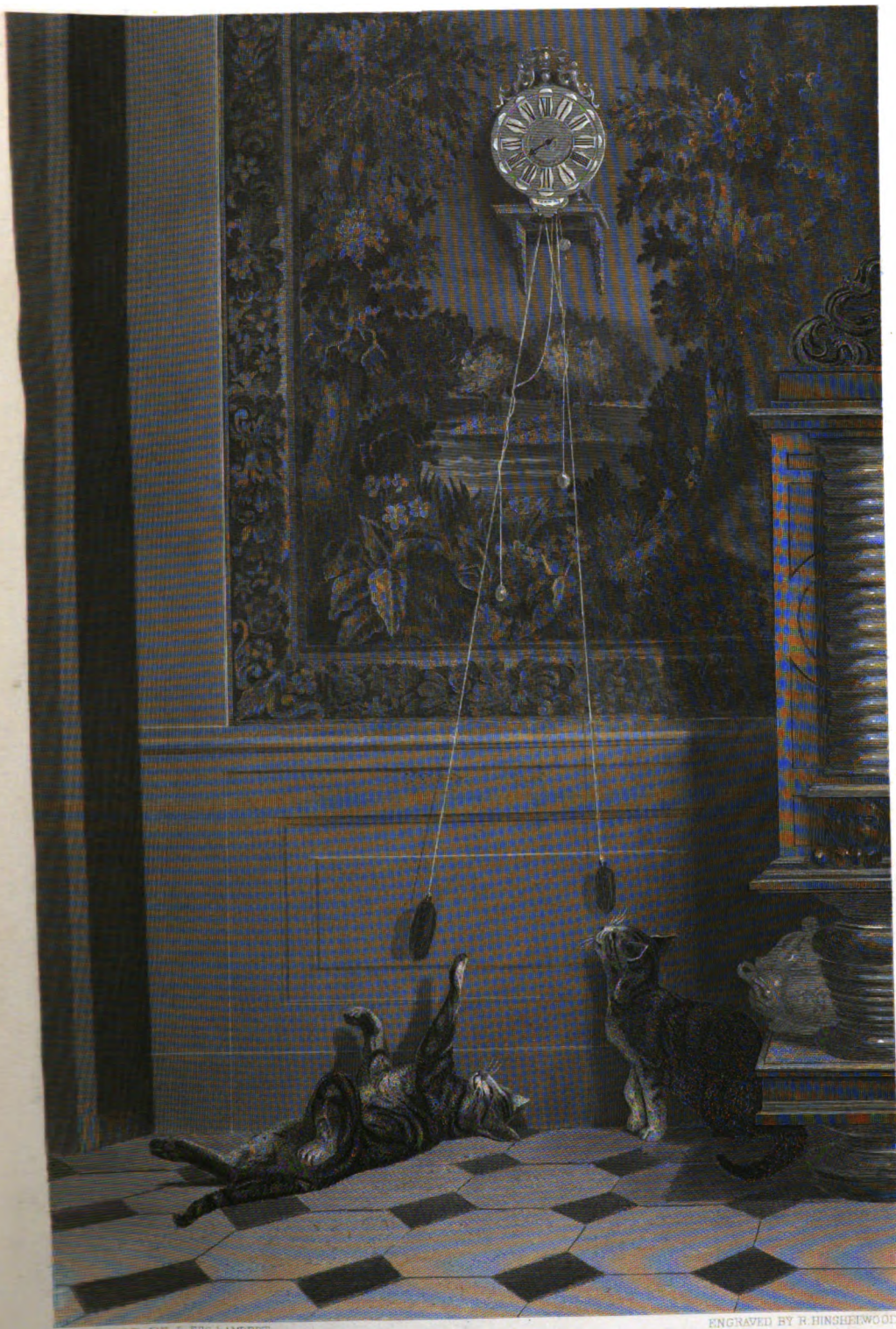
AARBURG
(AARGAU)

ENGRAVED FOR THE LANCET BY J. H. STONE

J. H. STONE DEL.







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THE INTRUDERS

ENGRAVED FOR THE LADIES REPOSITORY (CINCINNATI) FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE OWNED BY MRS. J. M. HART

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1870.

JANUARY.

HOME-LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER.

WHEN Martin Luther had completed his great work of translating the Bible, in the secure asylum of the Wartburg, and had thus firmly laid the foundation of a new Church, he decided upon removing the last remnant of Popish folly with which the freedom of his actions was still hampered—he determined to transform the cold, celibate monk into the ardent and affectionate husband and father; the dreary cell into a home of quiet joys and domestic happiness. Long ago the great Reformer had demonstrated that priestly vows of celibacy were contrary to the teachings of Christ, and in direct conflict with the whole tenor and spirit of Christianity. For the clergy of the new Church the holy institution of matrimony had become a duty, as well as a moral necessity, and yet Luther himself hesitated to take the final and irrevocable step. To the request of his friends, that he should place the sacred seal of the Church upon the bonds of matrimony by his individual action, he returned an evasive answer; he wished some clergyman of higher rank than himself to take the solemn initiatory step, and for this end he had fixed his eyes upon the Elector Archbishop of Mentz. To this august individual he wrote in his usual fearless style:

"I can not see how a man can remain in a condition of celibacy without incurring the displeasure and wrath of God; and, surely, it must be dreadful should he be thus found when death approaches; for what can he answer when the Creator shall say: 'I created thee a man, whom I desired not to be alone—where is thy wife?'"

At a later period he wrote, probably after the Archbishop had declined Luther's request:

"If my own marriage should be the means of strengthening your purpose and determining

your action, I shall not hesitate in preceding your Royal Highness in this matter."

Luther remained true to his resolve. Catharine von Bora, a former nun, became his wife; a noble, high-spirited, and devoted woman, every way worthy to be the companion and counselor of such a man.

The step he had reluctantly taken proved to be a most fortunate one to himself, and of great importance to the holy cause in which Luther was then so profoundly engaged, for it had gained a calm and secluded family asylum, where its exalted friends and champions could assemble and rest from the toils of their perilous warfare; where they could gather renewed strength for coming trials in the wholesome atmosphere of love and piety: in a home around whose fireside the influence of a loving woman was ever found brightening the furrowed brows of careworn men; cheering the faint-hearted and inspiring the mighty spirits there engaged in molding the destiny of nations.

Luther's friends visited frequently at his house; none more so than Melancthon, who delighted to hear Luther sing and play when surrounded by his children. Luther used to call on such occasions his "Home Cantorium," and it is well known how dearly Luther loved music, and how devotedly he worshiped at its shrine during his hours of leisure, at school, in the university, and even in the dreary cells of the cloister, during all the years of his life.

He was not only a poet—to whom we owe some of the most majestic hymns ever written—but a composer of much merit, having composed the music which accompanies many of his grandest songs. His well-known hymns are characterized by truth, soul-stirring power, and profound pathos, and his melodies, though simple, are in harmony with the lofty words. This.

is beautifully exemplified in the hymn: "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," the stirring battle-anthem of the Reformation, which, with its triumphal peals, led the indomitable hosts of Protestantism to final victory.

Luther, in one of his letters, says:

"I am not satisfied with him who professeth to scorn music; because I deem music to be not a human but a Divine gift. It maketh the heart glad and putteth Satan to flight. Next to theology, I give the highest rank and the greatest honor to music."

From motives such as these he diligently cultivated the art of music in his family. After the day's weary labors were over; after having preached from the pulpit, or taught in the lecture-room to the gathered youth of the land, who listened to his teachings with reverential affection; after important consultations with his brethren in the faith, or a decision upon some weighty point of action with his co-laborers and comrades in the holy cause; or after having labored all day with the pen, throwing off addresses and pamphlets to the people, a matter which he considered of far greater importance than the most learned and brilliant theological disputations; no matter how the day had passed, the evening was invariably devoted to the enjoyments of the domestic circle. Lively conversation, jokes and repartee, singing and music upon various instruments, were then in order, Luther himself accompanying the singing upon a guitar, or with the flute, while a spirit of piety pervaded the whole house. It can be truly said, that a happier home than Luther's never existed on earth.

We can give no better glimpse into the depths of Luther's loving heart than that which is afforded by a perusal of this letter to his eldest son, John, or his "little Hanschen," as he loved to call him, written from Coburg. At that time the Imperial Diet was in session at Augsburg, but Luther could not attend it, because the ban of the empire was still in force against him. In order to be as near as possible to the Diet, he took up his abode at Fortress Coburg, and from this point he wrote to his little four-year old, as follows:

"MY DARLING LITTLE SON,—It pleases me to learn that thou art studying so well and so diligently. Continue in doing this, my child, and when I return home I will bring thee some beautiful presents. I know an exceedingly pretty garden, wherein very many children do enjoy themselves. They are clad in golden raiment, and gather beautiful apples under the trees; they sing, gambol, and are merry, having also pretty little ponies, with golden rems, and sad-

dles of silver. Thereupon I inquired of the master who owneth the garden, whose children they were? He answered: 'These are the children who love to pray and to study, and are pious.' Whereupon I replied: 'Dear sir, I too have a little son, named Johnny Luther; may he not also come into the garden, so that he can eat beautiful apples and pears, and ride upon such handsome ponies, and play with these children?' Thereupon the man replied: 'If he loves to pray and learn his lessons, and is pious, he, too, may come into the garden, also Lippus and Jost, his playmates; and when they all shall come together, they shall play on fifes and drums, and lutes, and all kinds of stringed instruments, and they will dance, and shoot with tiny cross-bows.' And the man showed me into a fine green in the garden, arranged for dancing, and around it were displayed beautiful golden fifes, drums, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was still early, and the children had not yet eaten their meal; therefore I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man: 'O, dear sir, I will hasten unto him, and tell him to be sure to pray diligently, to be pious, and to study with ardor, so that he, too, might come to this beautiful garden.' Whereupon the man said: 'Be it so; go and write him thus!'

"Therefore, my dear Johnny, study and pray dutifully, and inform Lippus and Jost also, that they study and pray, so that you may come together to the garden. May the Omnipotent Father watch over thee! Give love to cousin Lena, and a kiss for my sake.

"Thy loving father, MARTIN LUTHER.

"ANNO 1530."

Only from the deep fountains of a pure and loving heart could such an epistle emanate. It is a grand and mighty, yet childlike and humble spirit that portrays in these quaint lines the fervor of paternal affection, and opens to our view that sacred temple of his soul, where the shrine of his domestic happiness was placed; where "the angels of the household," his dear wife and beloved children, reigned supreme, endowing his heart with a richness of felicity rarely equaled, and never excelled, in the annals of human entities.

The "Frau Doctor," or "Master Katie," as he was wont to call his darling wife in his humorous letters, in addition to his "Hanschen," blessed him with five other children: Elizabeth, who died shortly after her birth, Magdalene, Martin, Paul, and Margaret.

How delightful it is to get an occasional glimpse of Luther's home-life! and how beautifully did the hope, expressed in his prayer upon his nuptial day, ripen into blessed fruition:

"Dear, Heavenly Father! Because thou hast placed me in a station of honor for thy name's sake, and as thou wilt me to be called and honored as a parent, grant me thy grace and blessing, that I may devoutly, and in a godly manner, rule and support my dear wife, children, and servants."

Years after, in the meridian of his life, he remarked: "My Katie is dutiful and kind in every thing, more so than I had dared to hope, and I, therefore, account myself richer than Cræsus."

The garden attached to the old homestead was a great source of the purest enjoyment to the family during the Summer, and so was the old-fashioned Christmas-tree in the dreary days of dark December. Luther was an ardent lover of Nature, worshiping her ever-varying aspects with reverent heart, and gazing upon her charms with the loving eye of a Christian poet; feelings which he sought to cultivate in the breasts of his children, and which he never failed to inspire in his friends.

His favorite resort was the garden, in the midst of his family and intimate friends. All present shared in the merriment of the little ones, or lent willing aid in instructing their minds when tired of play. The works of nature were unfolded to them in fables and instructive stories; they were made familiar with science and philosophy, and even Art, with her wonderful picture-map, deigned to give her presence to the charming circle, in the person of Lukas Cranach.

To Luther, children were the golden links of that chain which unites the human and the divine, the visible to the invisible, the lowest to the highest, and his unquenchable love for nature he once expressed by comparing the Scriptures to a beautiful forest, quaintly saying: "There is not a tree in it but what I have touched with loving hand."

In his "Winter garden" his children again occupy the most conspicuous place—for he called them God's brightest blessing—and the Christmas-tree was always a hallowed center of attraction. A German artist has given the world a happy representation of one of these lovely home scenes, and many thousand copies of his painting adorn the walls of German households.

It shows Luther sitting near a Christmas-tree, holding upon his lap his youngest daughter, and by his side his faithful wife, clasping his hand. Little Paul is showing him his new hobby-horse, and trumpets, riders, apples, and toys of every description incumber the floor. Luther's dearest friend, Melancthon, is engaged with "little Johnny," and there, in verity, is to

be seen the "beautiful garden," groups of merry children, apples, pears, pretty little ponies, with golden reins and silver saddles, also fifes, drums, and silver cross-bows, exactly as was promised in father's letter from Coburg. Johnny is engaged in shooting at the golden fruit hanging on the branches of the gorgeous fir, and behind the table "cousin Lena" is enjoying, with little Martin, the contents of a new picture-book, while in front of them sits Magdalena, close to her doll-wagon, holding in her hands the Christmas angel, that has been taken down from the top of the tree for her benefit. A blissful smile irradiates her lovely features as she contemplates her treasures. Happy child! soon to be herself a crowned angel of heaven.

While viewing this superb picture of tranquility and love, it brings vividly to mind again another instance of that grand heroism of spirit and exalted human love so characteristic of Luther, a scene of mournful yet sublime beauty, touching his lofty, rugged nature with a softness like that which settles around the rough crags of some Alpine peak when the glory of a Summer twilight reaches the world. Growing steadily in beauty of soul as well as in graces of body, Magdalena, his beloved daughter, the happy child we see in the picture, with the Christmas angel in her embrace, had reached the age of thirteen when, prostrated by a fatal disease, she lay awaiting the approach of Death. The Destroyer has laid his relentless hand upon her; moaning she battles with increasing agony, while by her bedside, upon his knees, Luther wrestles in prayer over his dying child. Tears are falling heavily over his bronzed cheeks; his heart, torn by pain and love, pleads to heaven for release to her sufferings. "I love her so dearly," he exclaims, "but, my Father in heaven, if it is thy will, gladly will I resign her to live with thee forever."

He bends over the child, stroking her pale cheeks, and softly asks:

"My darling, my daughter, wouldst thou love to remain here with thy father, or wouldst thou rather go home to thy Father in heaven?"

"Dear father!" the child replies, twining her white, feeble arms about his neck, "as God wills!"

Another flood of tears gushes from the father's eyes at this reply, but he turns his face away that the child may not perceive his emotion, and softly whispers:

"O, Father! Thou knowest how great the love I bear to her, but yet, living or dying, we are thine."

At last, upon the 20th day of September, 1542, the final hour arrived. Luther's wife, his

"beloved Katie," sat, with tear-stained face, in an obscure corner of the death-chamber, her eyes covered with her hands, unable to witness the agonizing scene. Luther again had knelt by the bedside of his daughter, praying God to release his child from her mortal struggles; then he arose, folded her in his arms, and, laying her burning cheek against his own, endeavored to soothe her last pangs, although his own heart was nearly broken. In this manner the spirit of Magdalena forsook its earthly tenement, and soared to heaven. Her last look was directed upon the face of her father. Two days later the corpse, covered with flowers, lay in its coffin, in a darkened chamber in the basement of the house. When the persons that were to carry the coffin had arrived, and, with them, the friends of the family, full of sorrow and affectionate sympathy Luther took the hand of one of them, and said, in his usual calm and mild manner:

"Ye should not grieve thus, for I have sent a saint to heaven. O, would that all of us could die as she hath done!"

For the last time Luther, in silence and alone, visited the room in which his daughter was sleeping the dreamless sleep of death; he approached the wreathed bier, removed the coffin lid, and for the last time gazed upon the face of his darling child, from whose white lips nevermore would come those sweet words: "My dear, dear father!" Who can express the father's agony of heart? He only sighed, "My own dear Magdalena, how well it is with thee!" kissed the cold lips, and bowed his head in prayer, supplicating God for strength and solace in his grief. Strengthened, he arose, and closed the little house of his darling forever. When Luther again appeared in the midst of his family he comforted them, and said, "It is well with my child, both in soul and body." To his weeping wife he said, soothingly, "It is strange to know that she is now happy and in peace, and that we, nevertheless, are so full of sorrow." He then calmly gave the necessary orders to the bearers, and, following them, beheld the corpse of his darling child placed under the fragrant sods of the church-yard.

In most of the biographies of the great Reformer we contemplate him as the stern and wrathful assailant of the abuses of the Divine Word, as the bold and fearless defender of his dogmas, as the rough and ever-ready champion of Christ's Church, a valiant warrior of the Cross, armed cap-a-pie, in defense of the right. We hear but little of Luther as the affectionate husband, the loving father, the devoted friend of music and lover of nature; of his universal

benevolence, drying every-where the tears of affliction, as far as his stalwart arms could reach; and yet what wealth of love and tenderness, of manliness, combined with the sweetest and most child-like simplicity, do we find in this truly loyal and honest German nature! At labor or in the home circle, at the altar or in the sick chamber, praying or playing, in the midst of old or young, high or low, we find the same great and noble spirit—the same unalterable fidelity to truth and the God of truth. His love of children, in itself, is one of the loveliest of idyls, pervaded with pure and tranquil joy, yet full of the stronger traits of character, for Luther ever stood to educate his children to shun hypocrisy in every shape, training them by example and precept to be strong and noble men and true-hearted women, as the few instances we have here gathered out of the home-life of this great and good man will, we trust, conclusively prove. These are the softer outlines of that granite rock of the Reformation, against which the surly tides of darkness and priestly hate beat in vain; who fearlessly faced the thunders of the Vatican, and the terrors of imperial bans; the banner-bearer of the host that fought for spiritual freedom; the man who knew and cared only for the honor of God, and the welfare of his native land. Lessing says: "I venerate Luther to such a degree that I am glad to have discovered some faults in him, otherwise I would have been in danger of apotheosizing him. The traces of the human, which I find upon him, are as precious to me as the most dazzling of his perfections."

GOD IN CHRIST.

THAT is a sublime introduction with which the Apostle John opens the history of his divine Master. The very first words place the being he is about to describe at the very summit of the wonderful claims he means to make for his nature and mission. "In the beginning was the Logos," who was with God, and was God, and who was the eternal companion of God. He was the Life manifested for the life of the world. He was the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was the Son of God, able to give to every one who would receive him power to become a son of God. He was the Revealer of God, for "no man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared Him."

This is John's claim for the Lord of whom he writes. He is the Revealer of God; he it is

that makes known to us the invisible God. "The law was given by Moses;" that is, many things and elements in the Divine nature and character were manifested by Moses, such as his greatness, his majesty, his power, and his holiness; "but grace and truth," that is, the compassion, the mercy, the forgiveness, the full wonderful character of God, came to our knowledge "by Jesus Christ." No man hath seen God, the blessed, the glorious, the invisible God; but the only begotten Son dwelling in his bosom, partaking of his nature, and fully knowing the Infinite Father, hath made him known. "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth;" for no man hath seen him or can see him. Therefore we must worship him spiritually, as an unseen God, but variously manifested to us; so that we know him though we see him not, and "believe that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," though we hear not his voice.

From what we know of the Infinite One, we are ready to accept the repeated statement of the Scriptures that God hath not been seen at any time; that to mortal eye the Almighty has never shown himself. "Thou art a God that hidest thyself," says David. "Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape." "No man hath seen the Father, save he which is of God, he hath seen the Father," so claims the Savior. And St. Paul styles him "the King eternal, immortal, invisible," and "the blessed and only Potentate, King of kings, and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen or can see."

Yet in the Old Testament we seem to have many appearances and manifestations of God, and some cases which appear to be evident instances of seeing God. To Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and the prophets, God seems to have appeared, and to have talked with them face to face. Still, when we examine these Old Testament manifestations more closely, we discover in themselves evidences that they are not appearances of the everlasting Father himself, but such manifestations, or such commissioned messengers as indicated the presence, sanction, and authority of God, although the Infinite and invisible Deity himself was neither seen nor heard. One of the most interesting of these Old Testament manifestations was that in the case of Moses—Exodus xxxiii, 18-23. Moses before this time appears to have had much intercourse with God. He had communed with him in the burning bush, he had received his commission from him, he had often talked with

him, he had even been with him amidst the terrible manifestations of the Mount, and yet on this occasion he still asks "to see the glory of God." "But he said, Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live. And the Lord said, Behold there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock; and it shall come to pass while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by; and I will take away my hand, and thou shalt see my back parts, but my face shall not be seen." "You teach," said Trajan the Emperor of Rome, to Rabbi Joshua, "that your God is every-where; I should like to see him." "But he can not be seen; no mortal eye can behold his glory." The Emperor persisted. "Well," said Joshua, "let us try first to look at one of his ambassadors." Trajan consented. The Rabbi led him into the open air at noonday, and bade him look at the sun. "I can not," said Trajan, "the light dazzles me." "Thou art unable," said Joshua, "to endure the light of his creatures; how canst thou expect to behold the resplendent glory of the Creator? The sight would annihilate thee."

One of the grandest of these manifestations was the giving of the law on Sinai; and yet Moses, in speaking of it to the people, said, "Ye came near and stood under the mountain, and the mountain burned with fire into the midst of heaven, with darkness, clouds, and thick darkness. And the Lord spake unto you out of the midst of the fire; ye heard the voice of the words, but saw no similitude; only ye heard a voice." And St. Paul says "the law was given through the ministry of angels."

In all these cases it is evidently only a manifestation, an appearance, a theophany—the invisible One making his presence known through material agencies, in some material form, or appearance, or sound, often in the form of man; as when the "three men" appeared to Abraham, or the man between the cherubim of Isaiah, or the vision of Ezekiel, "upon the likeness of a throne, an appearance as the likeness of a man above upon it." Nor is it possible to give a better opinion, or one more demanded by the facts of both the Old and New Testaments, than that which has been the opinion of the Church in all ages, that in every such manifestation it was God the Son, the Divine Word, who thus revealed himself, making God known to men. For not only is it said "no man hath seen God at any time," but also, "the only begotten who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath shown him forth." He is the Divine Revealer, and always has been—the Word, the

Wisdom, the Expression of God. In all dispensations it is the Son that has been showing forth the Father. "He is the image of the unseeable God." "He is the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person."

Who is this only begotten, this Son, this dweller in the bosom of God, this revealer of God? We answer, we know not except as he himself reveals himself to us, and as the Divine Spirit unfolds to us his unsearchable nature and riches of grace. It is just as true, that as "no man knoweth the Father save the Son, so no man knoweth the Son save the Father." Glorious and wonderful are the nature and relations of this Revealer of God, as they are given to us in the Divine Word. He is the Son, the only begotten Son of God; he is the wonderful, the counselor, the strong God, the Divine hero, the Father of the ages, the Prince of peace; he is the Immanuel, God with us; he is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of the whole creation; he is the Logos that in eternity was with God and was God; he is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person; he is the Christ, the anointed of God; he is the Messiah, the sent of God; he is the heir of all things; he is the Lord our Righteousness; he is the manifestation of God in flesh, in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. Under all these appellations, and many more equally wonderful, he is presented to us. To be sure, they are beyond our comprehension and beyond our power to reduce to formal propositions. He is not the Divine Father, but one that dwelleth ever in the bosom of the Father, "and proceeded forth and came from God" to reveal the Father to us. He is not the invisible and ineffable God, but the Word that in the beginning was with God and was God, and makes God known to us.

His life among men is the latest, the highest, and the final manifestation of God to us. In various ways God makes himself known to his creatures. He clothes himself with the material universe, and we see the goings forth of his power and majesty. He puts forth his hand in the providential history of the world, and thus comes near to every one of us, and we see his wisdom and traces of his goodness. He has spoken at sundry times and in divers manners in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, and thus made known to the world much of his character and glory. But above and beyond all these is the manifestation of himself through his Son. And He has manifested him not so much by *teaching* as by *showing*; so that he could reply to that strange request of Philip, that deep and natural yearning of the human

spirit after a God and Father, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father, for I am in the Father and the Father is in me." Jesus is the incarnation of God, so that we may apprehend God and know what he is by seeing him in Christ. Not the form of God, but the character of God, Jesus is himself the divine revelation, the image of the divine person.

"God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined into our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." When the world was without form and void, and darkness was upon it, God said, "Let there be light, and there was light," and the material creation was illumined with its beams. So darkness and ignorance of God was upon the moral world, and God began to shine upon it. He caused the light to shine in Abraham, and we see something of God in the face, a person, a character of Abraham. God shone in Moses, and the face of Moses itself shone from the divine light, and we see much of God in Moses. God shone in David, and tuned his heart to utter in words of song his glorious praises that are yet echoing in the hearts of men. God caused the light to shine in the prophets, and through them we catch still higher glimpses of his unsearchable nature. God, last of all, has shone in the face and person of Jesus Christ, and dealt his Spirit to him without measure, so that in the life and character, in the words and works of Jesus, we see the fullest and sublimest manifestations of God. Here the whole Deity is known.

Had man remained unfallen, he would have been himself the highest revelation and pattern of God in this world, for man was made in his likeness and image. So the patriarchs and prophets were revealers of God, but in broken mirrors; yet so far as they were recovered from the fall, they were godly men, that is, men like God. So is every good man, in his measure, a revealer of God; for in so far as he is good, he is like God, and shows forth God. But Jesus is unfallen, knew no sin, is perfect man, is God in perfect humanity; hence he is the perfect pattern, the express image of God. As Jesus was, so is God, in his glorious and compassionate relations to man, and in the moral perfection of his own nature. Would you know God? Look on Christ; for Christ is God manifest in the flesh. Would you know the nature, the character of the Father, and how he is affected toward us his creatures? Look on the Son; for the Father is in him, and he in the Father, and they are one; and he that hath seen the Son, hath seen the Father.

In the manifestation of God in Christ we see

more of the depths of the nature and character of God than were ever exhibited to the world in any other way. Nature had been manifesting the almightiness of God; the world of life and organization had manifested the wisdom of God; providence had given us some glimpses of the goodness of God; the law and the prophets had manifested the holiness of God; but still there were depths of tenderness and fatherliness in God never yet known or seen by men. We had learned much of the greatness, the majesty, the wisdom, the skill, the power, the terribleness of God, but had yet seen but little of the heart of God. We know that he is infinitely wise, but had failed to see that he is infinitely loving; we saw his majesty, but overlooked his tenderness. We know that he has a great mind, full of the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, but we did not know that he has a great heart, full of fatherly tenderness and forgiveness. We know that God is a consuming fire, but did not know that God is love. It remained for the incarnate Son to show us the infinite Father in these wonderful aspects of his nature.

And what a Deity is revealed to us in these manifestations of Christ! Here are the majesty, power, and wisdom; but here, too, are the gentler and tenderer aspects of God. Here we see God the friend of sinners. We know that he is angry with the wicked every day; but we did not know how much pity, and compassion, and love were in him toward the sinner; how his heart yearned toward the erring, blinded, simple creature; how long he was willing to wait, how much he was ready to forgive, what sacrifices he was willing to make in order to save him.

Here we see God in his sublime relation to us as our Father. What depths of paternal love in God does Christ show to us in the perpetually recurring manifestations in his own life of sympathy, interest, providence, forgiveness, and help to the sorrowful, the sinful, and the needy. Here God is the father of the prodigal; he owns him as his offspring; he invites him back to the paternal home; he runs to meet him with outstretched hands. God has been trying to show this fatherliness to us all the time. He spoke of it in the Old Testament, but we did not understand him; he had given us glimpses of it in creation and providence; we could see and admire the wonderful depths of love God had put in a mother's heart for her offspring; we could see what yearning interest and sympathy God had placed in the heart of a father, and could remember that we had been made in his own image, yet in our blindness we would not see that the same depth of love is in God him-

self toward his children! It was right and natural for David to love even his rebellious Absalom, and to wish to die for him, but we could not conceive that such a thing was in the heart of God toward all his rebellious Absaloms. It was right and natural for Mary and Martha to weep at their brother's grave, but till Jesus, the God-man, wept there too, we did not know that there was such sympathy in the heart of God for our human afflictions and sorrows.

Such is God as he is manifested to us in Christ. Jesus has not taken any thing from the character of God that had been revealed to us in other methods and other dispensations. He has only shown us more, revealed deeper depths in the exhaustless riches of the divine nature. In a word, in addition to all other revelations, he has opened up to us the heart of God with its deep fountains of love. God is what nature has always been declaring him; God is what providence has always been showing him; God is what the Old Testament reveals him to be, but God is also what we see him to be in Christ. And here is where many err and wander in darkness, distrust, and unrest. They accept God as they think they can discover him in creation and providence, but go no further, and their God is cold, and silent, and afar off, and unloving. They only receive half of the Divine revelations, and therefore know only half the character of God. Christ gives us the last words the Infinite Father sends to his children, the completed revelation, the complement of nature, providence, and the Old Testament, and here the whole Deity is known. "This is the true God and eternal life."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER IV.

GRAINS AND SEEDS.

ALL our food comes originally from the earth. Indeed, it is very evident that every thing on the surface of the earth came originally from its bosom, excepting perhaps the more ethereal fluids. Some things are separated and elevated by man to build and adorn his dwellings. But by far the greatest changes are wrought by the life-giving rays of the sun, acting upon the germs of vegetable life, and causing them to assimilate elements from earth, air, and water, and produce forms more or less useful, durable, and beautiful. This seems to be the appointed order for the preparation of nourishment for the animal creation. Plants take up earthy substances and convert them into their own vegetable substance. Animals eat the vegetable

substances and convert them into their own animal substance. Some animals, indeed, eat other animals, but this is obviously getting the same elements indirectly. They can obtain from the animal eaten no more than it had already obtained from the vegetable; so that this does not affect the great principle that all the nutriment of the animal creation must originally be prepared in the alembic of vegetable life.

Man can not get nourishment from purely earthy substances; and if taken into the system it can not appropriate them, and they tax the vitality to get rid of them. Does the shipwrecked mariner attempt to satiate his hunger with sand, or lime, or soda, or saleratus, or cream of tartar, or phosphorus? Are they any more nourishing when we mingle them with our food? Yet silica, phosphorus, lime, iron, and other minerals are used in the human system. Why, then, may we not eat them and be nourished by them? Simply because of this great law of nature, that they must first exist in some organized form or the system can not appropriate them. Nor does it avail that they have been organized, if that organism has been destroyed, as in the case of cream of tartar, calcined bones, or the ashes of bread or of corn-cobs. For it is the universal tendency of all organic forms to return to their original elements as soon as the life which collected and held them is departed. The best time, then, for eating them is when they have arrived at the perfection of their organism, and before they experience any retrograde changes.

In the seed, the point of a new start in the development of organic life, this power seems to be stored up and concentrated. Therefore we find seeds, as might be expected, the most nutritious of all edible substances. Seeds contain, to a greater extent than any other organic matter, all the solids needed in the human system. Wheat is said to be almost a perfect food in this respect, being composed of nearly the same elements as the human body, and in almost the same proportions. And being prepared for our use with such exquisite skill by One who made us, and, therefore, knows our wants, it seems at least a rather bold presumption for us to make it over, as we commonly do, before using it. Grinding it up does not, indeed, disturb the perfect proportions of its elements, but sifting or bolting does this to a serious extent. The silica for the teeth, the iron for the blood, the gluten for the muscle, the lime for the bones are mostly found in the crust, or what is usually called the bran, which is much more than the mere woody fiber com-

monly supposed. The phosphorus for the brain is mostly in the chit, which also goes with the refuse. The portion thus thrown away contains about forty per cent. of the nutriment of the grain; and though these elements are, to a slight extent, distributed through the other parts of the grain, the perfect adaptation is gone. Some of our readers have doubtless seen the accounts of experiments that have killed off unlucky dogs in less than two months by keeping them on the best bread made of bolted flour, while those who were kept on the unbolted, lived and thrived for an indefinite period. Our much-neglected school physiologies, as well as other scientific authorities, unite, with scarcely a dissenting voice, in recommending the superior wholesomeness of the unbolted flour.

It is by no means an easy matter to get the latter article pure and properly prepared, but there is one way in which the grain in its unquestioned perfection can be enjoyed, and that is when cooked unground. Select a plump, clean berry, the white wheat if it can be obtained, as this cooks the most readily, and looks the most inviting. If you can have it passed through a smut-machine it will save time in looking over; if not, wash it well; turn off all that rises to the surface of the water, and then dry it. After either of these processes there will be little foreign matter, but what there is should be picked out. Then put it on over a slow fire with five or six times its measure of pure water, filling up if it boils over. It may be cooked in almost any cooking utensil if not too near the fire. If stirred it is much more likely to stick and burn. If this way is troublesome, use a double boiler or a tin-pail set into a larger vessel of water and boiled. In this case no water will need to be added to the wheat, and in any case the liquid in finishing off should not quite cover the grain, and when cool it should jelly. It should cook six or eight hours, or until all opened out similar to the kernels of popped-corn. Eat as a vegetable with meats, or with a dressing of milk, cream, sugar, or sirup to the taste. Fruit sirups trim it very nicely. If liked cold it may be poured into a mold while yet warm, before the starch sets, for it can not be rewarmd and molded. This makes quite an ornamental dish for either of the three meals. Of course rye and barley can be used in the same way if any one fancies their taste. Cracked wheat is equally unobjectionable in its ingredients, but as usually found in the market it is unnecessarily expensive. It can be "cracked" at home at much less cost, either in a hand-mill or a large coffee-mill. It

is best to cook this in the double boiler or its substitute. When the water boils stir into each quart a half pint of the cracked wheat, and if it is ground as coarsely as it ought to be, it will not need stirring again till it is ready to be salted and served. Cook two and a half or three hours, and eat in the same manner as the boiled whole wheat, only it is not so commonly relished with meats. Raisins may be cooked with it, making a good dessert dish. The only objection to cracked wheat is that it is liable to be swallowed without sufficient mastication.

Corn, though not so perfect as wheat in its ingredients, is still excellent food. The Southern corn is said to contain more of the nitrates and phosphates, or food for muscles and brains, while the Northern has more of the carbonates or heat-producing elements. Therefore, the former is the better food for Summer and the latter for Winter. Either kind, when well selected and boiled gently six or eight hours, or until tender enough to mash readily between the thumb and finger, is very palatable. Finish with very little water; it will not stick to the kettle like wheat, because it has less starch. The loose hulls can be removed with a fork as fast as the kernels need to be eaten. Many a dyspeptic would get well on such a diet, and not find it very disagreeable either. But some can not take corn in any shape. It is impossible to prescribe for dyspeptics as a class; they are so far removed from normal conditions.

Cracked corn is the "samp" of the Northern market, and the wide-spread "hominy" of the South. The home-manufactured article, where only a part of the outside skin is rubbed off, is better than that in the market, for the latter is deprived of the nutritious "chit" also. Wash either of these, pouring off all that floats, and boil slowly five or six hours. It is more likely to stick to the kettle than the whole corn, but if not very near the fire it can be managed in almost any kind of a cooking vessel. It should not be stirred, nor should it be permitted to cool while cooking. It eats very acceptably with meats, and it might often, with great advantage in taste and economy, be made to take the place of potatoes. Some will not be sorry to remember this when the prices of that comparatively innutritious tuber become extortionate, as often happens of late.

For variety, especially in rewarming, eggs may be added. Have ready broken two or three to the quart, and when the corn is heated through and is simmering, remove from the fire, add the eggs immediately, stir thoroughly, and serve at once. More cooking would make it less rich and less digestible. Samp also

makes a good dish when cooked with or warmed up with white beans. It is a common practice in some parts of the South to add a fifth or a sixth part beans, when the corn is half done, and let them cook together.

For a breakfast dish, especially in the Winter, "hominy" or "small hominy" is more commonly used. This is made of the northern flint corn. Pour one pint into two quarts of slowly boiling water, stirring occasionally for ten minutes, or until the starch sets. Then cover close and let it steep slowly, without touching it again, forty or fifty minutes. If time will not permit, it might be poured into the hot water overnight, but not cooked, then cook slowly twenty or thirty minutes in the morning. When done, it should not be quite thin enough to drip from the spoon. With a soft-boiled egg broken over this, you have a dish fit for a king, that is, for any of the sovereign people. It can also be eaten with cream or sirup, as it can be advantageously substituted for the griddle-cakes, and eaten with the chop or steak. It takes the mold nicely, and is very sweet and good cold, suitable for the lunch-table, or it may be sliced and browned on a griddle for breakfast. With raisins cooked in hominy you have a fine dish for invalids who can not take condiments. Very similar to this hominy is the New England samp, which is simply corn-meal too coarse to go through any ordinary sieve. The coarsest hulls may be washed out and the samp cooked like "small hominy," and eaten in the same way. If made of yellow corn, cook it longer. It is sweeter and more nutritious than the small hominy, as it contains more of the chit. It is a matter of regret that the appellations of these various grades of corn differ so much in different localities.

Oatmeal is rapidly and deservedly coming into favor in the Northern States. Formerly it was obtained from Scotland or Canada, but it is now manufactured at home, and is almost as cheap as hominy. If properly ground, it is coarse; but the best is free from husks, and mostly from black specks. It is cooked precisely like the hominy, only that it does not require more than two-thirds as much time, and the preliminary stirring may be dispensed with. Many spoil it by wetting it first in cold water, or by frequently stirring while cooking. Either makes it pasty and slimy. If cooked according to the directions for hominy it will be charmingly light and porous. It is the most wholesome, and usually the most palatable, if thick enough not to drip from the spoon nor settle on the plate. Some eat it with meats, but most people prefer it with a trimming of milk, cream, or sweets. At first

the peculiar taste may be disliked, but this is soon over, and it becomes a great favorite with nearly all who eat it.

The finer meals for mushes should all be stirred slowly into boiling water till the right consistency is obtained, remembering that the finer meal does not thicken up in cooking; and that the coarser the meal the better the mush, only that it requires longer cooking. The same directions, about the slow and stirless cooking, and the thickness when done, which were given for hominy and oatmeal, apply to all the mushes. Wheat-meal mush is often used for a plain dessert. It can be varied and enriched by adding one-third or one-fourth boiled rice, or by the addition of fruits, Zante currants, or dried whortleberries—one-third or one-half pint to two quarts mush, put in while making. Fresh whortleberries and sweet grapes improve it still more. These must be added after the mush is made, stirring very little, as the whole will be discolored and unsightly. Mixtures of different grains in mushes are some of them very acceptable, as half corn and half rye-meal, both coarse, and one-third corn and two-thirds oatmeal. The rye and the corn-meal mush are too well known to require commendation.

In rewarming any of the mushes, either steam them, or slice and brown on a griddle. Do not attempt to add water and mash up. It will render them pasty and disagreeable. But a small proportion of oatmeal or hominy mush may be diffused in the water with which a new dish is to be made, without detriment. "Gather up the fragments," etc.

All these mushes are usually eaten with milk, cream, sugar, sirup, or fruit sirups. They are more wholesome than many things we eat, but they have all the disadvantage of not *demanding* much mastication, and they can not therefore be considered the best form for food. But if trimmed sparsely, and eaten with crackers or bread, so as to insure mastication, they are valuable additions to our daily meals.

Rice, which is indigenous to a warm climate, is not so wholesome to the dwellers further north as many of their own grains. It has too little variety in its composition, and especially is it lacking in the fibrous or waste matter which incites to healthful action. It becomes still worse when cooked in milk. In its native climes it is eaten largely with fruit, which supplies some of its natural deficiencies; but even then physiologists question its wholesomeness. It is not nearly as good for invalids as whole or cracked wheat or oatmeal, or any of the grains already mentioned. However, a little may be admitted to the common table if it be eaten with

large proportions of succulent matter, fruit, vegetables, beans, meats, etc.

Wash till it looks clear, and put it to cook, in tin, earthen-ware, or porcelain, with four or five times its measure of water. Let it boil up briskly fifteen or twenty minutes, then set it back where it will keep very hot, or barely simmer, for an hour. It should not be stirred so as to break or mash the kernels. If an equal quantity of Zante currants, or, better still, of raisins, are added when it is put to cook—and doubtless many of our domestic dried fruits would also do nicely—it will make a delicious dish, without the objectionable whipped butter. If a dressing is indispensable, a little milk or fruit sirup is better. Recipes have already been given for using it in pyramids, and also for mixing with seven-eighths chopped apple or sliced tomato, covering tight and cooking two or three hours in a slow oven.

Pearl barley is cooked in the same way as the cracked corn—five or six hours by a slow fire. It is a little more wholesome than rice, in place of which it is often used, but its principal use is in puddings and soup. Hulled buckwheat is making its appearance in the market, but it is neither so wholesome nor so palatable as wheat, cracked wheat, oatmeal, etc.

We have referred to beans in a previous article, in illustration of some statement. We will now simply repeat that they are to be steeped slowly alone in pure water until they break. Never change or turn off the water, which should nearly fill them, and do not season till served. Be sure to cook them enough. Pared potatoes, cooked with them—being careful not to cook the latter too much—form an excellent accompaniment. Some finish by baking them when nearly done, pouring them, juice and all, into an earthen dish, and arranging the pared and halved potatoes on the top, serving when the latter are done. This, however, does not materially change the taste of the beans unless pork is baked with them, and that makes them not so much "hearty" and "rich" as very difficult of digestion. No one who has more regard for his health than for his appetite will eat them. Beans are very nutritious, which fact is not sufficiently considered. People eat of them as freely as they do of vegetables, roots, and leaves that do not contain a quarter as much nourishment; and when they have more than they can comfortably dispose of, they blame the beans. Moderate quantities, taken with more succulent food, seldom create disturbance in the healthy stomach of a person of active habits.

Green beans are open to the same objection, but in a less degree. Cook slowly in a little

water forty minutes, or until tender, not wasting any of the juice. Let each season to suit himself. Or their juice may be thickened with a little corn starch or wheat-meal, or better still with grated green corn, from two to four spoonfuls to a pint of beans. Or, after they are dished, a little thick sweet cream may be added. Bean pods do not rank very high in nutritious qualities. They are passably palatable when cooked very tender. They may be trimmed with milk or cream, but they should not be boiled in either. Dry peas have not been very extensively appreciated in this country. Much the same remarks apply to their unwholesome and nutritious qualities as to those of beans. Cook them in the same manner as beans, only longer. It will usually require six or eight hours to make them so tender that they will break to pieces. The wrinkled marrowfats are the best kind now in market. When picked green and dried they are sweeter, but less rich. The split peas—or the ordinary field peas—make a very good pease pudding. Cook them as above, finish rather dry, run through a colander to take out the skins, salt slightly and mold. It is a good substitute at supper for cheese, dried beef, pickles, or some other indigestible. These peas are much used for soup.

Green peas should be cooked as soon as possible after they are picked. Some who have learned enough not even to wash them for fear of destroying their delicate flavor, are so unreasonable as to throw away the water in which they are cooked. They will require fifteen minutes or more. Cook gently in little water and serve in the same, letting each season to suit himself.

Green corn is a perfectly wholesome article when perfectly masticated, and not taken too freely at first on a stomach accustomed to dry food only. Neglect of the latter caution brings undeserved condemnation on many valuable dishes. I need hardly say that is far superior to any other for table use, but there are persons not yet aware of that fact. Cook it as soon as possible after it is picked; it deteriorates greatly in a few hours. It is very wholesome roasted, if not burned. It is best steamed ten or fifteen minutes on the cob, and eaten entirely without condiments. One soon learns to relish it in that way, and thus avoids the melted butter, which is far more injurious than the corn, though it often shirks its deserts upon the latter. If false delicacy or false teeth demand that it be shaved off first, it should be cooked ten minutes—or more if old—in as little water as possible, but even that little dilutes the flavor and renders the trimmings more indispensable.

With beans of any kind in the famous "*succotash*" it is equally wholesome, but it is a very nutritious dish, and should be eaten moderately, and well masticated. The beans should be cooked awhile first, say twenty or thirty minutes, and then the corn may be added, cooking both together as much longer. A little grated green corn added a few minutes before it is dished improves it. Pork boiled in it, after a fashion now going out, destroys all its delicacy. Let each season for himself.

Dried green corn in its best condition is almost equal to the fresh. It should be soaked two and a half or three hours, and steeped half an hour longer. It may form a dish by itself, or be mingled with any kind of beans, cooking them fifteen or twenty minutes together. With the common white beans it makes an excellent dish—better still with dried limas or the speckled cranberry, sometimes called the London Horticultural.

We use very few imported grains in this country. Our German friends bring lentiles, which are cooked like peas, but they are used chiefly for soup.

IN PACE.

OUT of sore bereavement, and from the wreck of a miserable marriage, was left me only a baby blossom, which, thriving amid the ruins of my life, grew, almost neglected through grief, to infant maidenhood. Her innocent and wondrous beauty won me from my sorrow to new life and hope; the touch of her weak fingers softened my hard heart, and opened again the living fountains of love which overflowed my barren path, and made the earth green once more for me.

Having this much to love and live for, I took up the burden of life again, and if I did not go cheerfully, went patiently on my way. Fortune, as well as friends, had failed me, and with a frail needle I fought the dragon Poverty from our door. Our tastes were simple, our wants few, and I hardly heeded privation, such a treasure did I find in my little maid. Perhaps because she was my only one she seemed unlike all other children, but I think the adversity to which she was born matured her early, and at five years of age, after many strivings and not a few failures, she sat at my feet, with her little thimble on, as proud a needle-woman as ever wielded a bodkin.

I had taught her to sew for her amusement, but she soon embraced it as an occupation; and to see her sitting, with all her childish graces

folded away under an aspect of demureness, striking at the dragon with her tiny weapon, was a sight to make men and angels weep. And her thrusts did no slight service, for ere twelve months passed her small, fine fingers put in stitches neat as print, and our patrons, well pleased with their frills, brought more hemming and tucking than two brave needle-women could do in daylight. And often, as I sewed by night, she sat in her white night-dress, with all her golden curls making a glory about her head, reading of fairy lore, and dreaming beyond our cottage threshold such gentle beings dwelt. She grew so fast and fair that soon from a tiny maiden she stepped a stately maid, and as she had known no childhood, so she passed to woman's estate without the intervening stage of girlhood.

But she was a woman, sweet and fair, with the soul of a little child, for she was strangely guileless of the evil world. I had taught her at home. She had had no youthful companions, for in the battle of life which she and I were fighting—which was literally for life—there was no time for play; it was work and rest, only to prepare again for work. Poverty vaunteth not itself, and my daughter grew like a violet beside a mossy stone, exhaling her fragrance in the narrow circle of her home.

Her beauty and sweetness attracted the notice of a wealthy patron, who, moved to charitable deeds, offered to educate my darling, and proposed a boarding-school. A boarding-school had offered the temptation, which accepted had marred my life, and hoping to shield her from the suffering which had wasted my peace, I refused. I fear my love was selfish, and I could consent to no plan that would separate us.

But I felt moved to atone for the sacrifice my refusal entailed on her, and I resolved to educate her, whatever the personal exertion might cost. So keeping one step in advance myself, over our stitches we conned her lessons, learning other lessons unawares.

Thus our knowledge grew line upon line and precept upon precept, and from being thus stitched in, as it were, I think she never lost what she thus gained. My few accomplishments I imparted to her, and it was a merry sight indeed, in the gloaming when the needles were put by, to see two needle-women spinning around to the music of their own voices. She learned to sing, and sweetly too, but the songs she learned were the old-fashioned lullabies to which I had sung her to sleep, and her youthful voice gave them a charming freshness my evening tones had not conveyed.

Thus she grew as secluded from the world as

the princess in the enchanted castle, hedged about by her mother's fostering love, resting secure from all knowledge of evil, dreaming only of the good.

Every Sunday we walked together to church; but I hurried away as soon as the service was over, for I could not but perceive the glances and half-whispered flatteries that even here assailed her.

We had no intimates, and our fine patrons were far too fine to allow those who had hemmed their garments to touch the hem of their spiritual sense; and because I had once been a fine lady, I foolishly held myself aloof from all who moved not in my last sphere.

"You should not encourage your daughter in expectations she can never realize," said one of these female savages to me, as an interlude between instructions for a fancy dress.

"Her expectations are moderate enough," I answered.

"Then let her associate with common people."

"She does not wish nor strive to associate with uncommon people," I said.

"Take care! you stick me; there's flesh beneath that," she cried. And yet she could thrust and stab, unmindful of the quivering heart she wounded.

This led me, over my work, to consider on my daughter's expectations. What were they? Had she any indeed? I had guarded her safely from temptation from without, but had she withstood that within? I redoubled my vigilance.

We took our walks together, and communed by the way, and as we walked and talked and passed a smiling youth, I saw that her heart burned. Ah! what need to close and bar the door when Love, swift and unerring, flies in at the window? My soul sank within me, for the smiling youth whom we passed in all our walks was the son of the mother whose pride had so cruelly hurt me.

I feigned not to see, that I might see more ere I startled her; and when at last I asked her if I rightly guessed a secret, she blushing owned the truth. I reasoned where reason is but folly, for did she not love him and did he not love her well, and who could be so wicked as to stand between? She was so fair and sweet that my hope took on the color of her faith, and I strove to persuade myself that all would be well, because I wished all well.

And Love in quest of guerdon came often smiling by; sometimes it was a book he brought, sometimes a flower he left; and then growing bolder through surer success, he came without pretense, for the book they held between them was the book of fate, and the flower

whose fragrance lured them was the flower of love; and what need was there of pretense for man or maid when here was such sweet reality?

And thus things went on from week to week, and month to month, and year to year, and still after the first confession no mention of the marriage day. But it was enough for her that she loved, that she was beloved; life put on such fair colors that looking through this love-lit prism all things wore rainbow hues.

It was then that her serious nature took up a lighter strain, and the earth seemed gladder for her rejoicings. She learned new songs, songs that told of the sweet story of love, and caroled them gayly over her needle. A light heart makes fleet fingers, and surely never was more deftly done such dainty work. To me who knew her heart, it seemed as though with her swift-glancing needle she wrought a broiery of love on all her hems, trceries of sweet fancies, thick sown as her stitches.

I never loved her more dearly than in these days that she herself loved so dearly, for love did not make her selfish; nay, it seemed but to increase her capacity for loving, and a tenderer heart never beat in human breast than hers.

True love is patient, forbearing, long-suffering, and kind, and when the visits that made the sum of her earthly bliss complete grew less frequent, she ever had some cheerful excuse for him. Rumors of his haughty mother's opposition had long since reached us, and I was prepared for disappointment, but my gentle girl, who knew so little of the wicked world, feared no evil. But the evil came nevertheless, and when I chided that her lover tarried so long away, with many tears she told me he could never come again; and though all thought of marriage between them was over, yet he had sworn to love her truly all the days of his life, and she had promised to be faithful unto death.

When the news came through one of our employers that the weak young man was ill of a fever, all my care was to keep my child from this knowledge. It was not difficult to do, as she never in these days ventured abroad, and all customers were warned to gossip nothing of the matter in her presence. Unconsciously she helped me keep the secret, for if any one knocked she stole away with her work into the garden; indeed, she spent much time there, for she seemed to like best to be alone, and I humored her mood.

In a little while I learned that the stricken man was recovering, and that his mother had hurried him abroad to confirm his health. I felt relieved when I knew his life was not to be the price of his mother's cruel pride, and then

I told my dear as gently as I could that her lover was gone away to visit foreign countries. She bravely bore the Winter's solitude, watching the snow fall still and white, hushing the longings of her heart, and veiling his frailties under the white mantle of her charity. She sang no more the songs he taught her, but when she softly sang, which was not seldom, they were the cradle songs she learned from me, which seemed to soothe, and gently lulled to sleep her sorrow. But there did come weakenings of her grief in the night when others slept. I, who counted the night watches to the beatings of my heavy heart, felt the bed tremble with her sobbing. I knew that words were vain, that prayers only could avail, and through the darkness I prayed that heaven would shed its light and peace upon our souls.

The Winter passed, and the Spring unfolded with ever-renewing beauty, but the sight of reviving Nature did not revive my child. Nay, she seemed sadder still, and, drooping over her work, sighed wearily to herself, "Ah! if he would only come."

Summer was upon the heels of Spring, when the postboy dropped a package at our door. It proved to be a foreign journal, which I felt contained tidings that concerned us. She had seen the paper, and I knew concealment was not possible, for I fain would keep all bitterness from her.

"The truth is best, mother. Is he dead?" she asked, with white, faltering lips.

"Dead to us, my child," I answered, for in carefully marked lines his marriage stood recorded, and I saw his mother's hand had sent this shaft to strike the heart of my dove. It was too monstrous for belief, and her steadfast soul shook as with straining eyes she read the lines for herself. Even then she could not take in the truth.

"There must be some mistake, mother," was all she found speech to utter.

Alas! there was a sad mistake; the mistake of a true heart leaning upon a hope that pierced it. But, so far as the truth of his marriage was concerned, there was no mistake, and the neighborhood, unheeding of our woe, was jubilant with preparations of welcome for the newly wedded bride. What could we do, two needlewomen, with but one heart between us, and that heart broken? We could not stay here and wait for this triumphal procession to trample us in the dust. I resolved to go away, and counted the store laid by for my daughter's wedding day, no longer needed; and to what fitter use could it be put than to take us away from this great humiliation?

But she said, "Not yet, mother, flight is ignominious; let us wait."

It was on a calm and peaceful Sabbath morning the news of their arrival reached us, and it threw my child all into a flutter of excitement which seemed akin to joy.

"And what shall I wear to church to-day, mother?" she cried. "Not my white gown, for white is for the bride; nor my black gown, for black is for those that mourn. I will wear my blue gown, for he liked that best."

She never appeared so fair as on that Sabbath day that I walked proudly by her side, supported by her strength and courage. As we passed up the aisle the bridal train swept up another, and, turning, my child saw her last wan hope steal away and lose itself in this white shimmering pageant.

This was the first moment she knew him faithless, but she made no sign, save that her face was white and still as the dead's, and I knew by my own that her heart was inwardly bleeding. Her looks were meek and patient, and when the hymn was sounded her voice arose clear and sweet from her place. It was not until we reached home that her fortitude forsook her, and she threw herself upon my bosom, crying, "Mother, I have but you!" I soothed her as best I could, telling her that though all the world failed us, we would be true to each other, and true to ourselves. But I think the cry of her heart drowned my words, for she could see no rescue from the waters of bitterness which overwhelmed her. Then she put on her black gown, because she had said "black is for those that mourn," and though she made no lamentation, her looks were more touching than tears.

We could not work in this sad time, though we both tried bravely, and I strove to ease my daughter's heart by talking of our trouble, but she laid her hand upon my arm, and with piteous, beseeching eyes said, "Mother, silence is my salvation."

How she suffered! It broke my heart afresh to see her wandering about so white and dumb, with such a burden of woe weighing her to the earth. I bitterly reproached myself for bringing her up in such seclusion, remote from companionship with her own sex, and I strove to rouse her to some interest in life, but she only consented to visit those who were as wretched as herself.

She sang no more; it seemed as though her grief had grown too great to be lulled to sleep, as children outgrow their cradle hymns, and slip from their mother's knee to beds which are not always beds of ease. Her whole aspect

changed under this affliction, and she was a worn and weary woman before her prime. The sunny, wayward locks were smoothed severely back, and seemed to fade and darken with sorrow. Indeed, it was as though the cloud under which she walked cast its shadow on her head, and veiled the brightness of her being. But she was sweeter and gentler even for this sadness, and more precious through her sufferings. She made a great effort to throw off her apathy and take her share in the labor of life, and after awhile she conquered her grief, and set steadily to work again. Her work was not the less well done that it was done with an aching heart; and though she no longer wrought tender fancies along the borders of her hems, it may be that tender memories were not without a blessed consolation.

In time it came to pass, so famous grew her skill in needle-craft, that all the country-side sought her aid. And she for whom no wedding garment ever would be made, made bridal robes for those who would be wed, and burial robes for those who must be buried.

So great was her skill that the bride who had long been a wife, and hoped soon to become a mother, brought all her dainty things and left them in her hands. And surely no fairy fine ever did more beauteous work; such tucks, and hems, and frills, all decked with costly lace and cunning device of needle-work! For were not these precious garments for his child? and could mortal fingers make them too fine? And people, pleased with her fair work and fairer face, grew to love her. She had such gracious ways and gentle words for all, and carried about her an atmosphere of peace that won all hearts unconsciously.

By slow degrees the stone was rolled away from the sepulcher of her heart, and all the gloom imprisoned there took flight, and in its place the glory of the Lord shone down. I heard her singing,

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!"

Then I knew that the foundations of her hope were laid deeper than the earth, and the pinnacles of her faith rose higher than the heavens; that peace and good-will to all filled her heart.

The rolling years passed. I ceased to count them, but their snows descending softly settled on her head. To me she grew no older; for though her hair was blanched her face was fair and unvexed, and through the mild melancholy of her eyes shone the sweet trust which comes from heaven. She had passed from under the cloud, which had found her hair gold and left it gray; yet it shone with a more precious glory

than of old ; for then she wore but the nimbus of a cherub, now she was crowned with the halo of a saint.

She wrought not only on garments for the body, but she wrought for good on the souls of men, and far and near the young and old sought her for counsel and consolation. No web was so tangled that she found not its clew ; no path so intricate but she came upon the true way ; and when those who had committed grievous sins, even crimes, went away comforted, I marveled at her ; but she answered with that sweetest answer of charity, "Nay, mother, they know not what they do."

Oftimes I saw her press her hand upon her heart, while a look of anguish crossed her face, and to my anxious inquiry she answered it was only a passing pang, gone with a breath ; but I noticed the action grew more frequent, and often she sat with her hand upon her heart singing victorious hymns—I was blind and did not see the truth—to stifle the anguish of the flesh.

The brightness of her soul shone through and made such a glory about her that all things were transfigured in this light. My eyes were dazzled, and I would not believe the truth when friends warned me of her failing strength, and told me that she could not live many months. It is written, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left ;" but I did not think it could be that she would be taken away and I be left toiling alone at the mill of life, for the waters ran low and the stones moved slowly ; my head was white with the dust of age, and I longed to be at rest.

But her garments were whiter than mine, and one day, her work being done, I was left alone and another voice was singing on the heavenly shore.

And he whom she had ever loved, watching her from afar through disappointment and remorse, loving her with a love that was stronger than his will, placed above her heart a marble slab, on which alone was written, *In pace*.

No doubt hard work is a great police-agent. If every body were worked from morning till night, and then carefully locked up, the register of crimes might be greatly diminished. But what would become of human nature ? Where would be the room for growth in such a system of things ? It is through sorrow and mirth, plenty and need, a variety of passions, circumstances, and temptations, even through sin and misery, that men's natures are developed.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW champion for the Intelligence of Animals has revived the discussion in a book* full of facts and inferences which, if not all new, are all to the point. Without admitting that humans are the issue of quadrumanus, he believes with Lactantius that animals possess in a certain measure the faculties of men, and that our inferior brethren, as St. Francis d'Assisi calls them, preceded us on earth, and were our first instructors. We take an example or two of what the smallest and the dullest of them, as well as the biggest and cleverest—fleas and fish as well as elephants—can do.

There were industrious fleas before our time. Baron Walckenaer—who died in 1452—saw with his own eyes, for sixpence, in the Place de la Bourse, Paris, four learned fleas perform the manual exercise, standing upright on their hind legs, with a splinter of wood to serve for a pike. Two other fleas dragged a golden carriage, with a third flea, holding a whip, on the box for coachman. The flea-horses were harnessed by a golden chain fastened to their hind legs, which was never taken off. They had lived in this way two years and a half, without any mortality among them, when Walckenaer saw them. They took their meals on their keeper's arm. Their feats were performed on a plate of polished glass. When they were sulky, and refused to work, the man, instead of whipping them, held a bit of lighted charcoal over their backs, which very soon brought them to their senses.

But of what use is cleverness without a heart ? The flea has strong maternal affections. She lays her eggs in the crannies of floors, in the bedding of animals, and on babies' night-clothes. When the helpless, transparent larvæ appear, the mother flea feeds them, as the dove does its young, by discharging into their mouths the contents of her stomach. Grudge her not, therefore, one small drop of blood. For you, it is nothing but a flea-bite ; for her, it is the life of her beloved offspring !

While pleading, however, for the flea, we can not do as much for the bug, though he is gifted with fuller developed intelligence. An inquisitive gentleman, wishing to know how the bug became aware of a human presence, tried the following experiment. He got into a bed suspended from the ceiling, without any tester, in the middle of an unfurnished room. He then placed on the floor a bug, who, guided probably

* *L'Intelligence des Animaux*, par Ernest Menault. Paris : Hachette & Co.

by smell, pondered the means of reaching the bed. After deep reflection he climbed up the wall, traveled straight across the ceiling to the spot immediately over the bed, and then dropped plump on the observer's nose. Was this, or was it not, an act of intelligence?

The fish belongs to the great flathead family. The same sort of platitude which you see in his person, doubtless extends to the whole of his character. You have met him somewhere in human shape—one of those pale-faced, wishy-washy gentlemen, whose passions have extinguished all heart and feeling. You often find them in diplomatic regions, and can't tell whether they are fish or flesh. But if their mental powers are less developed, their term of existence is more extended. They gain in longevity what they lose in warmth of temperament.

Nevertheless, the skill with which the stickle-back constructs his nest is now a matter of natural history. Other fishes display an address which we acquire only by long and constant practice. One fellow, with a muzzle prolonged into a narrow tube—which he uses as a popgun—prowls about the banks of tidal rivers. On spying a fly on the water-weeds, he slyly swims up till he gets within five or six feet of it. He then shoots it with water from his proboscis, never failing to bring down his game. A governor of the hospital at Batavia, doubting the fact, though attested by credible witnesses, procured some of these fish to watch their pranks. He stuck a fly on a pin at the end of a stick, and placed it so as to attract their notice. To his great delight they shot it with their water-guns, for which he rewarded them with a treat of insects.

The pike has proved himself not only intelligent, but even capable—disbelieve it who will—of gratitude.

"While living at Durham," says Dr. Warwick, "I took a walk one evening in Lord Stamford's park. On reaching a pond in which fish were kept ready for use, I observed a fine pike of some six pounds weight. At my approach he darted away like an arrow. In his hurry he knocked his head against an iron hook fixed in a post in the water, fracturing his skull and injuring the optic nerve on one side of his head. He appeared to suffer terrible pain; he plunged into the mud, floundered hither and thither, and at last, leaping out of the water, fell on the bank. On examination of the wound, a portion of the brain was seen protruding through the fractured skull.

"This I carefully restored to its place, making use of a small silver toothpick to raise the splinters of broken bone. The fish remained quiet

during the operation; when it was over he plunged into the pond. At first his sufferings appeared to be relieved, but in the course of a few minutes he began rushing right and left until he again leaped out of the water.

"I called the keeper, and with his assistance applied a bandage to the fracture. That done, we restored him to the pond and left him to his fate. Next morning, as soon as I reached the water's edge, the pike swam to meet me quite close to the bank, and laid his head upon my feet. I thought this an extraordinary proceeding. Without further delay I examined the wound, and found it was healing nicely. I then strolled for some time by the side of the pond. The fish swam after me, following my steps, and turning as I turned.

"The following day I brought a few young friends with me to see the fish. He swam toward me as before. Little by little he became so tame as to come to my whistle and eat out of my hand. With other persons, on the contrary, he continued as shy and as wild as ever."

This anecdote is averred to have been read, in 1850, before the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society.

The elephant, with a sort of humorous justice, is given to return injuries or insults in kind. In Madagascar, an elephant's cornac, happening to have a cocoa-nut in his hand, thought fit, out of bravado, to break it on the animal's head. The elephant made no protest at the time; but next day, passing a fruit-stall, he took a cocoa-nut in his trunk and returned the cornac's compliment so vigorously on his head that he killed him on the spot.

If vindictive, the elephant is also grateful. At Pondicherry a soldier, who treated an elephant to a dram of arrack every time he received his pay, found himself the worse for liquor. When the guard were about to carry him off to prison, he took refuge under the elephant and fell asleep. His protector would allow no one to approach, and watched him carefully all night. In the morning, after caressing him with his trunk, he dismissed him to settle with the authorities as he best could.

Both revenge and gratitude imply intelligence; still more does the application of an unforeseen expedient. A train of artillery going to Seringapatam had to cross the shingly bed of a river. A man who was sitting on a gun-carriage fell; in another second the wheel would have passed over his body. An elephant walking by the side of the carriage saw the danger, and instantly, without any order from his keeper, lifted the wheel from the ground, leaving the fallen man uninjured.



OVER THE RIVER.

VER the river they beckon to me—
 Loved ones, who've crossed to the further side ;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
 We saw not the angels who met him there,
 The gates of the city we could not see—
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me !

Over the river, the boatman pale
 Carried another—the household pet ;
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale :
 Our darling Minnie ! I see her yet.
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
 We know she is safe on the further side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be—
 Over the river, over the river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail :
 And lo ! they have passed from our yearning heart,
 They cross the stream, and are gone for aye ;
 We may not sunder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day.
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for sound of the boatman's oar :
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
 I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit-land ;
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

THE GRAVE.

THE grave is deep and silent,
 And terrible its strand ;
 It shrouds with darkest mantle
 A distant, unknown land.

No nightingale's rejoicing
 Reaches its breast so still ;
 The rose of friendship falleth
 But on its mossy hill.

The bride forsaken wringeth
 Her hands and weeps in vain ;
 Nor penetrates its silence
 The orphan's cry of pain.

Yet in no other region
 The longed-for peace shall come ;
 Through these dark portals only
 Goes man unto his home.

The poor heart, overladen,
 With tempests wearied sore,
 Finds only its true solace
 There—where it beats no more.

PASSING AWAY.

I STOOD with the throng in the gay festive room,
 Where manly grace gathered with young beauties'
 bloom ;
 There were floating locks like the light clouds at
 dawn,
 And the soft dreamy gaze of the woodland fawn ;
 There were tresses, too, of the dark raven's hue,
 With brown orbs that flashed, and love's sweet eyes
 of blue.

And each happy young face wore a smile so bright,
 And each springing step seemed so joyous and
 light,
 Methought they had banished all trace of dull care,
 For none of her children could surely be there.

There was a fragrance of flowers, lovely and rare,
 And rich tones of music borne forth on the air ;
 There were whispers of love, and the thrilling glance,
 As fairy-like forms floated on through the dance,
 And the still hours of time passed swiftly along,
 Unnoticed, unheeded, 'mid revel and song.
 Oft there I wondered, did each fair sunny brow
 Seem ever so tranquil, so lovely as now ?
 Did no sad misgivings, no trials, no woe
 Surge over the heart 'neath that outward show ?

Was this the true brilliance of hearts all at rest ?
 Were these fleeting pleasures the truest, the best ?
 O, will they not fade too soon from the clasp,
 Will they not drift from the too eager grasp ?
 Ay ! soon will these hopes, these bright, beautiful
 dreams,

All vanish away—life is not what it seems ;
 Some who are here with those soft cheeks of rich
 bloom,
 Erelong may be sleeping in yon cheerless tomb,
 Where fond friends will gather to chant the low
 hymn,
 The last dirge of death—the sad requiem.

The gay scene of mirth hath at last passed away,
 The lights now are paling in morning's glad ray ;
 See—the garlands all withered hang idly down,
 All drooping and faded is each floral crown ;
 And they who so late stood 'midst the festal cheer,
 Will they all meet again in this changeable sphere ?
 Will these walls e'er echo to their laughter gay ?
 A voice within murmurs, "They are passing away."
 Naught now is left of the gay pleasure bowers
 But the withered leaves and the faded flowers.

And so passes that strange, checkered thing called
 life,
 A wondrous commingling of pleasure and strife,
 A substance indeed, though a shadow it seems,
 So swiftly it passes, so fleeting its dreams.
 Still old Time journeys on, nor heeds he the prayer
 Of the world's favored ones, the young and the fair ;
 Wealth, fame, nor ambition, nor beauty can stay
 The flight of the years—they are passing away.
 From childhood to youth, then a step to old age,
 Then pass we forever from life's changeable stage.

A SOJOURN IN JAPAN.

AT daybreak, on the 26th of April, 1863, on board the Dutch corvette, Vice-Admiral Koopman, I caught sight of the six small mountainous islands which look like outposts of the Gulf of Yeddo. One of them, Myakésima, is remarkable for a lofty and broad peak covered with perpetual snow. The sun soon rose on the horizon, and presented, through the sea fog, the appearance of the crimson globe, which, depicted on a white ground, forms the national arms of Japan. Its first rays lighted up the point of Cape Idsu, on the mainland of Nippon, on the larboard, while, on the north-east, we saw the smoke ascending from the two craters of the island of Ohosima. The town of Simoda, at the extremity of a little bay in the promontory of Idsu, is the first, but least important, of the seats of commerce which is met in ascending the Gulf of Yeddo. The Americans obtained permission from the Government to form a settlement here in 1854. Subsequently the roadstead was destroyed by an earthquake, and this town was not included in the treaty of 1858.

Along the coast we perceived a number of fishing-boats, and some larger vessels coming from Nippon and the surrounding islands. This animated picture presents a remarkable harmony of coloring; the sky is of a dazzling azure, and the sea, no longer of that dark-blue color which shows a great depth of water, is of a green shade, and possesses that peculiar limpidity which characterizes the rocky coasts of Japan. The islands clothed in the brilliant foliage of Spring, the dark-brown rocks brightened by streaks of ochre, contrasting with the white sails of the native vessels, the snows of Myakésima, and the smoking crater of Ohosima, combine to form a most charming picture. After passing the volcanic island, on which we observed wooded hills, and even some cultivated fields and villages, we doubled Cape Sagami and entered a narrow channel called the Uruga Canal. Uruga is the town which Commodore Perry visited with his squadron in 1853. The American envoy explained the object of his mission to the delegates of the Japanese Government, and gave them a letter for the Tycoon, with which the President of the United States, had intrusted him, informing them at the same time that he would return for an answer the following year. On his second visit, in 1854, he resisted the attempts of the Governor of Uruga to detain him before that port, and pressed on with his squadron toward Yeddo; but not wishing to outrage the national suscep-

tibilities, he cast anchor eight miles to the south of the capital. Six weeks later, on the 31st of March, 1854, he signed the treaty of Kanagawa, which inaugurated new relations between Japan and the Western World. The recollection of this successful mission is preserved in the names of the various places which we passed. Above Uruga is Susquehanna Bay; opposite, on the eastern coast, there is Cape Saratoga; and higher up, on the western side, Mississippi Bay; these three names being those of the principal vessels which formed the American squadron. Perry and Webster Islands, on the west coast, perpetuate the fame of the commodore of the expedition and of the celebrated Secretary of State who was its originator.

We soon entered the Bay of Yeddo, which gradually extends to the north-east and south-west until it is about thirty miles in length, and terminates in a semi-circle of twenty-two miles in diameter from east to west, on which is situated the immense capital of Japan. It was at Mississippi Bay that we first saw the summit of Fusi-Yama, "the unparalleled mountain," an extinct volcano, which rises to the height of 12,450 feet above the sea. It is about fifty nautical miles from the western coast of the bay, and completely isolated, with the exception of the chain of hills of Akoni at its base. It is almost impossible to describe the effect of this enormous, solitary pyramid, covered with snow. It gives an air of great solemnity to the landscapes of the Bay of Yeddo, which, independently of this, are of a sterner character than those of the gulf. This is caused by the closer proximity of the two shores, the slightly muddy appearance of the water, and the number of cedars, pines, and other gloomy-looking trees which crest the hills along the banks.

At last we doubled Treaty Point, a picturesque promontory, where the agreement was signed between Commodore Perry and the Tycoon's deputies; and then the town of Yokohama, extending along a marshy shore, and inclosed on the south and west by wooded hills, burst suddenly on our sight. About twenty ships of war and merchant vessels of various countries were riding in the harbor, nearly opposite the Frank quarter, which were recognized by its white houses and the flags of the various consulates. Some native junks were anchored at a little distance from the pier-head and custom-house stores. We steamed slowly past the Japanese city, the houses in which, with the exception of some of the warehouses, are of wood, and appear to consist of only one story above the ground-floor.

When we arrived at the Benten quarter,

situated at the end of the beach, and at the mouth of a large river, our vessel selected an anchorage near the Dutch legation, which was at that time the only European dwelling in that part of the native town. I disembarked the following morning, and my kind host, M. de Polsbroek, Consul-General, installed me in the detached building which he occupied himself. The Dutch residence in Benten was built by the Japanese Government, which took advantage of the opportunity to solve an interesting international problem, namely, the suitability of native architecture to the wants of a civilized people.

The house was inhabited by four persons only, the Consul-General of the Netherlands, his chancellor, myself and my Dutch secretary and interpreter; but we were surrounded by a colony of domestics and officials, located in several small houses which were scattered about the thickets in the garden. In one of these, close to our western portico, and which was inhabited by the constable of the consulate, I had established our little photographic studio, and a guard-room for the marines belonging to the Dutch station. At a little distance behind this building there is a fire-proof store, hermetically closed by iron doors and shutters. The porter's lodge is by the side of the gateway, in the strong fence which incloses the garden on all sides except that next the bay, where it is replaced by a bamboo cane barrier, fixed horizontally above the water, and on a level with the terrace which extends along the shore. This gateway, which is painted black, the same as the fence, and ornamented with copper on the top of the principal pillars, contains three doors: a large double one in the center, which is only opened for the master of the house and his guests and their visitors, and a small one on each side for the purveyors, native shop-keepers, and domestics. These are open all day, but closed at sunset. The chief porter, a worthy man, and the father of a family, exercises a sort of patriarchal authority over the other servants, and even in the neighborhood generally. His lodge, in which tea, pipes, and tobacco are always ready, is the rendezvous for all the loungers and gossips in the Benten quarter. This does not interfere with their duties being performed with an accuracy and dispatch with which we must be satisfied in the extreme East.

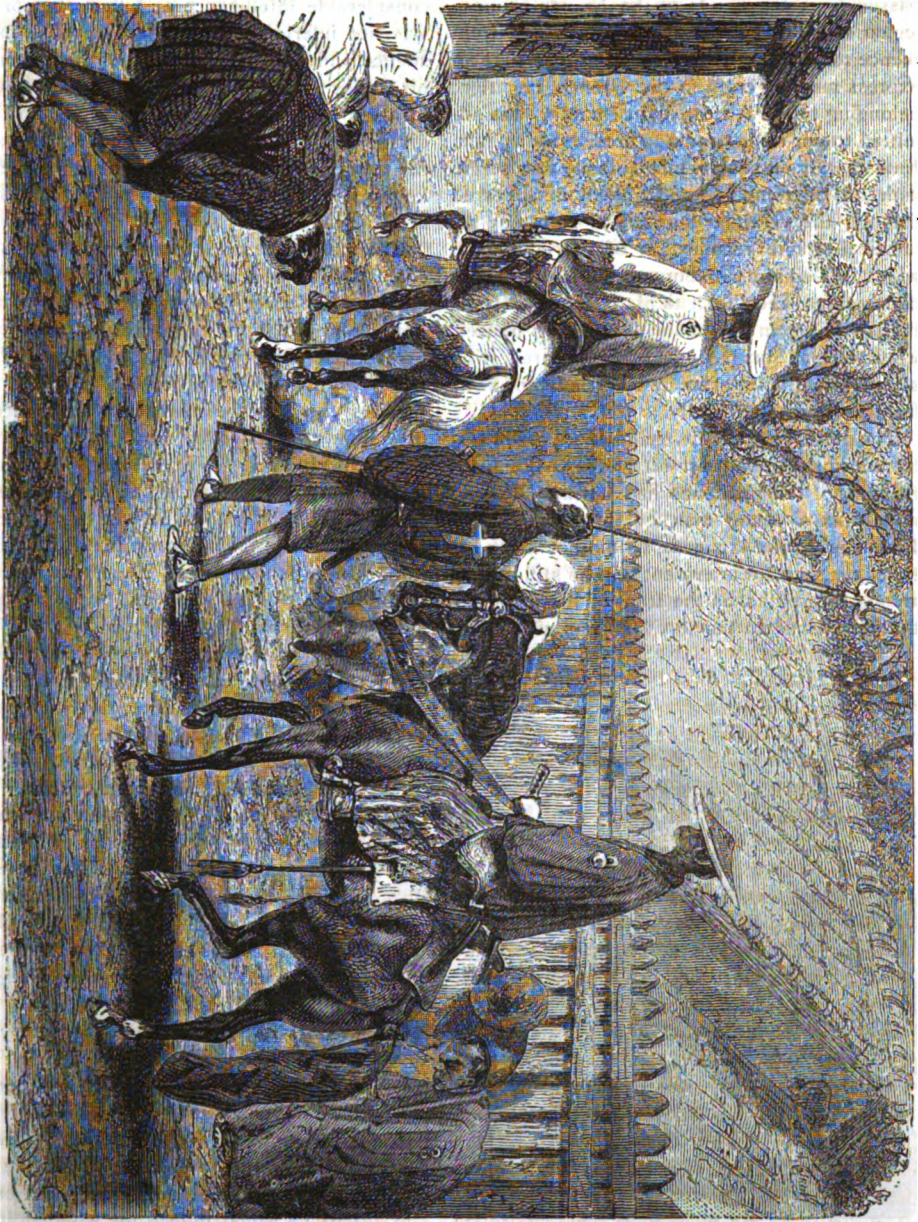
The functions of the porters, or monbans, as they are called in Japan, are not confined to guarding, opening, and closing the entrances confided to their care; they have to strike the hours, day and night, on gongs suspended at

the door of their lodge; by which means they also announce the rank of the person visiting the residence, one stroke being given for a merchant or a citizen of the Frank quarter, two for an officer or interpreter, three for a consul, commander of a vessel, or a Japanese governor, and four for a minister or admiral. The distance from the entrance-gate to the house allows time enough to prepare for the suitable reception of the visitor. Finally, the monban has to undertake the responsibility, either in person or through his assistants, of the night rounds, which are made twice an hour, around the houses and through the alleys of the inclosure. The man who goes the round gives notice that he is passing, by striking three blows, one long and two short, with two square pieces of wood which he carries. In case of danger, it is his duty to give the alarm by striking rapidly on the gong.

Along the south side of the fence there is a succession of buildings and yards, carefully concealed behind thick trees. We first come to the laundry, which is managed by a Chinese laundryman; then to the stables, opposite to which are the houses occupied by the grooms or *bêtos*, who are all Japanese. Each horse has his own *bêto*, who never loses sight of him; in fact, when any one goes out for a ride, no matter how long, the *bêto* runs before him or at his side, so as always to be in readiness, if required, to take charge of the animal. These hardy attendants form a regular corporation, with their special jurisdiction, whose chief enjoys the right of wearing a sword in the exercise of his office. These *bêtos* are generally of middle size, but well proportioned. They pass their lives in a state of almost entire nudity. When they accompany their masters, however, they wear sandals and a blue jacket of slight material, and a head-dress composed of a handkerchief of the same color. One of our *bêtos* was married, and every morning at daybreak, seated beside the well, he threw pails of fresh water alternately over his wife, his children, his horse, and himself.

Next to the stables comes the kennel, tenanted by a couple of gray-hounds, a beagle, a watch-dog, and a cur; then the poultry-yard, stocked with cocks, hens, geese, and ducks of the native breed. At last we come to the dwelling of the comprador, the cooks, and the *koskeis*. The first is what the Japanese call a *Nankinsang*—a man of Nankin, or merely, for shortness, a *Nankin*—that is to say, a Chinese. Our *Nankin* wore his national costume, and a plait of hair, of which he was very proud, for it reached almost to his knees. The functions of

JAPANESE GOVERNOR.



the comprador are similar to those of a steward, and these duties are generally intrusted by Europeans in the extreme East to Chinese, who have a talent for the kitchen, the pantry, and the market, and, it must be added, know how to take care of their perquisites. Our cooks were natives, and, under our superintendence, practiced an ingenious culinary eclecticism, borrowed from the schools of Europe, India, China, and Japan. We had as butlers two Japanese called respectively Siden and Sariden,

and a little Chinese belonging to the sect of the Taipings, who wore his hair long, and cut at the back of the head in the Malay fashion. He answered to the name of Rebelle. The great rebellion of the Taipings against the Manchu dynasty has created a traffic—through the open ports of China—in young boys and girls who have been carried off by the imperial troops or their allies from the insurgent districts which were given up to the sword and fire.

Thus it was that our little friend "Rebelle"

passed from the hands of the Franco-Chinese legion into the market at Shanghai, and from thence to Japan. It happened one day that an express messenger from the French Legation, belonging to the African light infantry, was admitted to our dining-room to present a dispatch. Immediately on seeing him Rebelle was seized with a fit of trembling, and quickly disappeared through the veranda door. The poor boy retained but one recollection of his childhood, which thrilled him with horror whenever a chance circumstance recalled it to his memory. It was that of being in the midst of burning houses, when a man in red trousers appeared, who seized him in his arms and carried him away from his home and family.

The duties of valets-de-chambre are performed by the *koskeis*, who are all natives. Each inhabitant of the residence had his own *koskei*; mine was a young man by the name of Tô. Like most of the Japanese, he did not know his exact age, but it was evident that he still ranked among the youths, as the front of his head was not yet shaved to the top. Tô was gifted with

considerable intelligence and lively humor; he was not inferior to our other Japanese in the silence and quietness with which he performed his duties; and he had the advantage of them in a superior education, and a kind and lively disposition. It was from Tô that I received my first lesson in Japanese; he gave me the key to it in three words, and without his being at all aware of it.

The method he made use of was quite philosophic. The operations of the mind may be resolved into three primary ones; inquiry, negation, and affirmation. As soon as one can express these three operations, the remainder is merely a question of vocabulary, and it only remains to store the memory with a selection of common words to be drawn upon when the occasion requires. We commenced with the inquiry, and I first learned how to express "is there?" *arimaska*; then we passed on to negation, "there is not," *arimas*; and lastly affirmation, "there is," *arimas*. Then we proceeded to the words which I was most likely to require, such as *Nippon*, Japan, Japanese, *tchi*, fire; *tcha*, tea; *ma*, a horse; *misu*, water; *funé*, a boat or ship; *kinkwa*, war, etc.; to which he added words which have become naturalized in the country, such as *Hollanda*, Dutch; *English*, English; *Frants*, French; *ministro*, minister; *admiral*, admiral. I took every opportunity of practicing my lesson. For instance, on my return from a walk I ordered Tô to bring tea, saying, *Tcha arimaska*? he replied, *Arimas*, and immediately placed the refreshing beverage on the table. Hearing an alarm sounded on the gong, I inquired if there were a fire: *Tchi arimaska*? Tô answered, *Arimas*; and a little while after, when the fire had been subdued, he returned with the agreeable information, *Arimasi*. In the same way I would give him orders to put the water on the fire or to the tea; to call the *bêto*, and have my horse saddled; and on his part he would inform me whether it was the English mail which had just entered the harbor or a man-of-war, or if the Japanese ministers had gone on board the French admiral's vessel. I learned some new words every day, and our conversations became gradually extended.

I have now completed the list of people in our service, with the exception of the crew belonging to the consular sloop, which consisted of four rowers and their commander, who was as skillful in the use of the oars as his subalterns. The



TÔ, M. HUMBERT'S VALET-DE-CHAMBRE.

commander was a married man, and lived in a cottage on the shore; the rowers generally slept in the boat. These people form a distinct caste, and are called Sendos. This strange mixture of various classes and elements was not peculiar to our establishment, but is common in British India and the extreme east. In our age of freedom and industry we no longer attach countries to ourselves by mere visible force; on the contrary, we unite them to us by the ties of self-interest, by the interchange of commerce, or by rendering their labor remunerative. Too often, despite the principles professed by them, our representatives are guilty of acts equally unworthy with those permitted by the old system of slavery; still it must be acknowledged that avarice and brutality have less share than formerly in the conquests of civilization, and that never before has there been so much power and intelligence devoted to the cause of pure science, of social progress, and of Christian charity. To ignore this aspect of our contemporaneous history, even in a simple narrative, would be to exclude the most pathetic and characteristic points of interest which it presents.

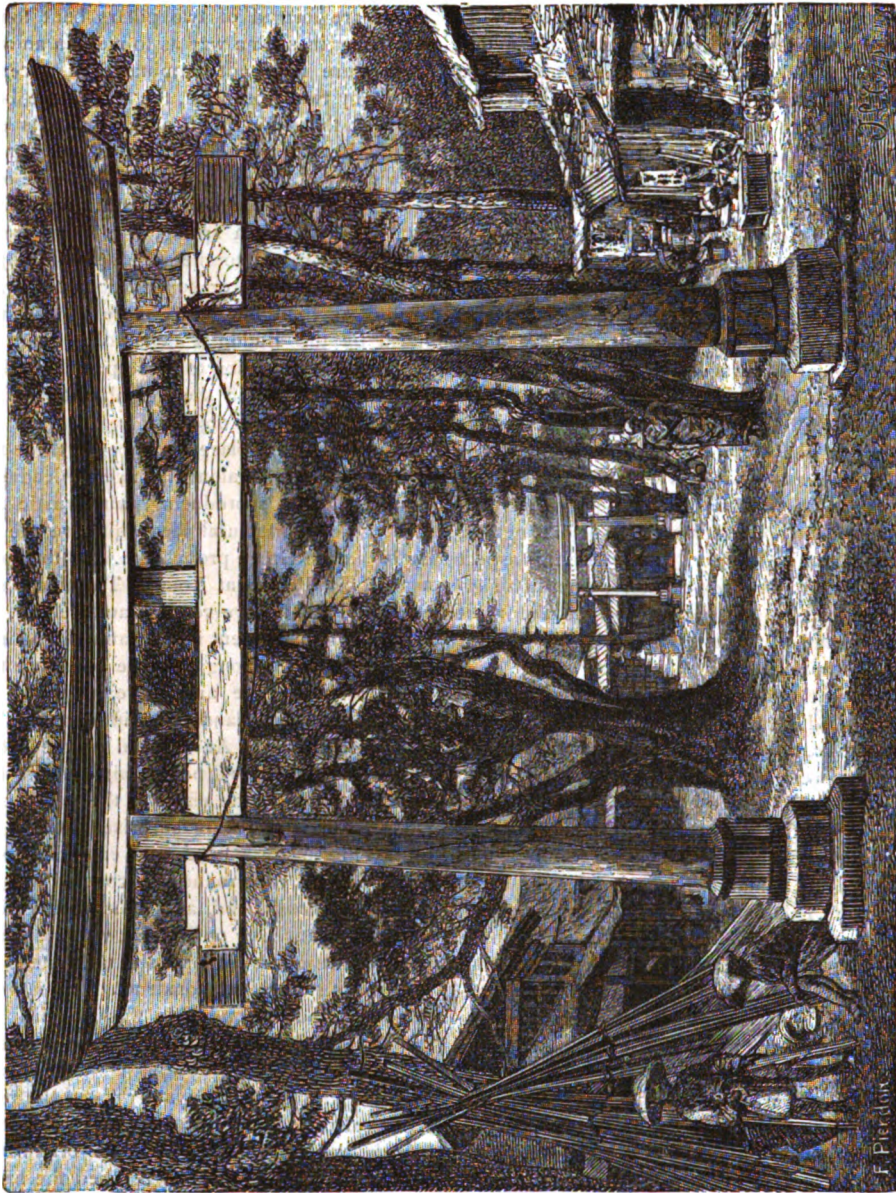
That portion of the Japanese town of Yokohama called Benten derives its name from a sea-goddess, who is worshiped in an island to the north-west of the Residence. Previous to the European settlement this sacred locality was surrounded only by a straggling village, composed of fishermen's and laborers' huts, and separated by a marsh from the equally small village of Yokohama. Now, however, quays, streets, and modern buildings cover the entire space between the foot of the Treaty promontory and the river, from which we were separated only by a street of barracks and Japanese watch-houses. The island of Benten alone has not undergone any alteration. Situated at the extremity of a creek, which the river forms at a short distance from its opening into the harbor, it is protected on all sides by a facing of blocks of granite, and communicates with the streets on the shore by a bridge, which is scarcely visible among the mass of shrubs, reeds, and bamboos, which there overrun the channel.

But it was at another point, in the western direction, that we discovered an approach worthy of the sanctity of the place to which it leads. Among the streets connecting Benten with the chief market-place of the Japanese town of Yokohama there is one which appears to be shaded by a plantation of pines; and after crossing the municipal barrier, which is closed at night, we found ourselves opposite a long avenue of pines, to which the entrance was

through one of the sacred gateways called toris. These are formed of two pillars bent toward each other in such a way as to meet in an acute angle were they not terminated at a certain height by two cross-bars, the upper one being stronger than the other, and having its ends slightly bent upward. The tori always denotes the vicinity of a temple, a chapel, or some other sacred place. What we call natural curiosities, such as a grotto, a spring, a gigantic tree, a fantastic rock, are to the Japanese the objects of pious veneration or superstitious terror, according as their minds are more or less influenced by the Buddhist demonology, and the *bonses* give expression to these popular feelings by erecting a tori in the neighborhood of any of these remarkable objects.

Sometimes they place a number of these toris at certain intervals along the avenue leading to a temple, thus reproducing, with rustic simplicity, the architectural idea which we see embodied in the Greek propylæum, and the colonnade of St. Peter's at Rome. The trees in the avenue of Benten are very tall and slender, and, for the most part, bent in the same direction by the sea breezes. Long traverse poles are fastened to them, here and there, to which the *bonses* suspend garlands, inscriptions, and banners, on festivals. At the end of the avenue there is a second tori, not so high as the first, in order to add to the effect of the perspective. On reaching it we were surprised to find that the avenue made a bend, and extended to the right. There the ground was covered with tall grass, and brushwood, and light silvery pines, with airy branches; on our left was a sheet of transparent water, and opposite us a steep and wide wooden bridge, constructed with simple elegance, and beyond this was a third tori, standing out against the dark foliage of a mass of large trees.

There was an air of mystery about the whole scene calculated to inspire awe. It was by this bridge, the pillars of which are ornamented with copper, that we at last reached the sacred spot. The third tori, which is decorated at the top with an inscription in letters of gold on a black ground, is built entirely of fine white granite, as are also the various monuments placed along the left of the avenue. The temple was before us, but so much hidden by the foliage of the cedars and pines which surrounded it that we could scarcely perceive the staircases on which the worshipers kneel when performing their devotions before the altar of the goddess. If the temple is empty, they can summon one of the attendant *bonses* by ringing, with a long cloth bell-pull, a cluster of little



AVENUE OF THE TEMPLE AT BENTEN.

bells fastened to the door. The *bonze* immediately comes out of his lodging, and proceeds, according as he is required, to give advice, to distribute wax lights or amulets, or undertakes to say low masses or musical ones according to the sum paid.

It is necessary for every Japanese to wash and dry his face and hands previous to presenting himself before the sanctuary. For this purpose a little chapel is placed at some distance to the right of the temple, containing a basin of holy water for these ablutions, and silk crape

napkins hanging on a roller, like the towels in a sacristy. Two neighboring chapels are used, one to protect the big drum, which is used instead of a bell, and the other to contain the votive offerings of the faithful.

The *bonzes* who serve the temple at Benten did not appear rich; their dress was generally slovenly and neglected, and the expression of their countenance stupid, sullen, and even malignant to foreigners, so that we felt inclined to remain at a respectful distance. I never had an opportunity of seeing them officiate, except



BONZES PRAYING.

once in the procession of their patron saint. It appears that at ordinary times they confine themselves during the day to holding conference, and I have seldom seen any one availing himself of their ministry, except country people, and fishermen's wives, and passing pilgrims. But more than once—at sunset, and even far on in the night—I have heard the sound of the tambourines, which form the entire orchestra of the temple of Benten. The *bonzes* keep up an interminable beating on these monotonous instruments, always with the same rhythm; for instance, four loud blows followed by four dull

ones, repeated over and over again for whole hours, probably during the time necessary for dispersing malignant influences. Nothing can equal the melancholy impression produced by this dull, measured sound in the silence of night, mingled only with the sighings of the cedar-trees and the murmur of the waves breaking on the shore. One can easily perceive that a religion which finds expression in such customs must oppress the minds of the people, and is far from being a natural religion. Paganism is the enemy of human nature; and this is the reason that, as a matter of fact, its

appearance provokes, independently of the prejudices of our Christian education, an indescribable and instinctive feeling of repulsion.

The indispensable accompaniments of Japanese temples are tea-houses, or restaurants, where they consume principally tea and *saki*, an intoxicating drink made from fermented rice, but also fruit, fish, and cakes made of rice or wheat. The passion for opium is unknown in Japan. They smoke very small metal pipes filled with tobacco chopped very small, but quite free from narcotic preparations. These establishments are always served by women, and generally with perfect propriety, but most of them have, notwithstanding, a very bad reputation. This is especially the case with regard to those of Benten, and may, perhaps, be traced back to the period when the little island dedicated to the patroness of the sea still attracted a concourse of pilgrims. The shrine is now comparatively deserted, but the entire space between the island and our residence is occupied by the quarters of the military, or Yakonins, as they are called. They are the government officers employed in the custom-house service in guarding the port and public places, keeping a watch on the outlets of the Frank quarter, etc. They wear no distinguishing dress, except a round, pointed hat of glazed pasteboard, and two sabers on the left side of their belts, one of them large, with a double hilt, and the other small, for close fighting. There are several hundreds of these men, who are generally married; they each have a separate lodging, and are all treated with perfect equality in this respect.

The plan which the government of the Tycoon has adopted for the arrangement of these dwellings is so characteristic of their love of exact military organization that it is worth describing in detail. It consists of a group of wooden buildings built in the shape of a long parallelogram, showing to the street outside merely a high planked inclosure, with low doors at regular intervals. Each of these doors opens into a yard, which contains a small garden, a water-tank, a cooking-range, and other offices. At the bottom of the court, and on the same level, is a spacious chamber, which can be parted off into two or three rooms by means of sliding partitions. This yard and chamber form the whole domestic accommodation of a family of Yakonins. Each of these parallelograms of which the streets of the quarter are composed, contains, on an average, a dozen of these dwellings, six in a row, and back to back. The roofs of the chambers are all of uniform height, and are covered with gray tiles. The Yakonin quar-

ter is a triumph of the genius of pipe-clay and uniformity. The streets are generally deserted, for the men spend the greater part of the day at the custom-house or on guard, and during their absence each family keeps inside its own inclosure, the door of which is usually shut. This does not arise from any jealous feelings on the part of the men, but is rather the result of the social position which custom gives in Japan to the head of the family. The woman looks on him as her lord and master; in his superior presence she devotes herself to domestic affairs, without being distracted by the presence of a stranger, and during his absence she conducts herself with a reserve which may be attributed less to modesty than to the feeling of dependence and submission which marriage entails on her.

CREDO.*

THE single word which stands as the title of the work at present under consideration—"Credo," I do believe—containing a *positive* affirmation of a *positive* faith—at once very clearly and very happily gives us the keynote of the volume, and withal significantly indicates the attitude of its author with reference to some of the intellectual-religious conflicts raging at the present time.

From the earliest periods of the Church's history, Christendom has been divided into two great classes—those who did, and those who did not believe—those who could positively and confidently affirm—*credo*—I have a definite and more or less intelligent religious creed, and those who could as positively affirm that they had none—the two classes being respectively recognized as believers and unbelievers. In the mean time in these latter days there has sprung up still another, a third, a sort of middle class, a mixed or mongrel class, who seem to be neither the one thing nor the other, who are hardly prepared to declare themselves believers, and who yet shrink from avowing themselves downright unbelievers. Indeed, they rather pride themselves upon believing a little of every thing, and yet not much of any thing *for certain*. They believe somewhat, or, at least, affect to, upon all sides of all possible subjects, and seem to proceed upon the assumption that it is a sign of littleness, and of mental narrowness, to have any positive, sharply defined convictions, especially upon religious subjects. Their especial horror, therefore, is what is termed, or

* Credo. Lee & Shepard. Boston. 1869.

is known as a "creed." They can tolerate almost every thing else but a creed. To every other existing institution or thing they can show some quarter, and allow it the benefit of their distinguished "liberality," but they can never bring themselves to contemplate a creed with the "least degree of allowance." Even the devil is a gentleman not altogether without rights which they feel themselves bound to respect; but any thing which, however remotely, bears the semblance of a creed, is deserving only of unmingled execration and scorn, and, accordingly, to be hooted incontinently out of existence.

There have always, of course, since the very earliest propagation of Christianity, been doubters—honest, sincere skeptics—persons who, though desiring to embrace the distinctive tenets of the Gospel, frankly acknowledge they were hardly able to do so, and accordingly made no pretensions to being Christians. It has remained for this our "happy and progressive age," to produce a class of persons who, while persisting in being recognized as believers, yet persist also in questioning, and distrusting, and captiously caviling at almost every thing that distinguishes the creed of the Christian Church from the creeds of paganism. In the midst of all this din and insane clamor against "creeds" our author modestly yet confidently and most emphatically lifts up his voice and, with an authority and solemnity that can not but arrest the attention of every thoughtful reader, cries "*credo*"—*I do believe*. The title of this book, therefore, is significant. From the very first to the last the reader is impressed with the strong and positive grasp in which the writer is held by the truths he presents. No one can doubt that he accepts them with an absolutely unquestioning faith. Nothing of that troubled mood, of that melancholy and ever-present doubt that beclouds the pages, and constitutes so painful a feature of Lecky's last masterly and apparently conscientious work,* will be found to pervade these pages; much less will there be found any thing of that sneering, distrusting, hesitating quality that characterizes so large a share of the popular literature of the hour. On the other hand, the distinguishing verities of the Gospel of Jesus ever receive at the hand of our author, not only an intelligent, but also a most cordial and emphatic recognition. Indeed, to one suffering to any extent from the enervating effects of modern doubt, we think a volume informed with so robust a faith as this must serve as an effectual tonic. The hearty and enlight-

ened confidence with which the great cardinal doctrines of our holy religion are grasped can not but tend to beget the same healthy confidence in the mind of the thoughtful reader, so that, as he moves on with the writer to the height of his great argument, he may possibly find himself, at the end, enabled also to say, "*Credo—I do believe*."

As will be naturally suspected, from what has been said, there is nothing about this work which seems to say to the arrogant and impious unbelief of the day—*by your leave*. The time was when it was very different for the present writer to understand why writers on the "evidences," or those who undertook formerly to champion the cause of Christianity against the onslaughts of its foes, denominated their works "apologies." Just as though the Gospel needed any apology at our hands! This we thought to be a very sneaking way of testifying in favor of that which was in very truth the "power of God unto salvation." Think of Saint Paul, for a moment, apologizing for being a Christian—for preaching a doctrine that was nothing less than the very power of God, and the wisdom of God! We afterward learned, of course, that the word "apology" signified literally any discourse or treatise in defense of some particular doctrine or creed. But it is nevertheless true that many of the defenses of Christianity made both in former and in modern times are apologies in the modern and popular, rather than in the ancient and etymological sense of the term. They are timid, hesitating, faltering; instead of being, what they ought to be, confident, intrepid, conquering.

Let it not be inferred, however, from what has been said concerning the intellectual attitude of this writer, that, because he is positive, he is therefore arrogant or bigoted in spirit, or offensively dogmatic or self-contained. His rigidly uncompromising orthodoxy does not in the least preclude the most tender and manly sympathy with earnest doubt, and the most thorough appreciation of the nature of the difficulties in the way of faltering inquirers. The latter will here find an earnest, well-meant, and friendly effort to present what is deemed by the author that truth best calculated to give satisfaction to the intellect and rest to the heart. They will also find here a recognition of the fact that their doubts do not necessarily spring from perversity of heart, or from hostility to the truth. We venture to suggest, at this point, that our religious writers and teachers would do well if they would more generally thus recognize the fact here just alluded to; first, that, under a variety of names, such as unbelief, disbelief,

* History of European Morals.

heresy, infidelity, etc., there is a vast amount of skepticism in our midst—contemporaneous and domestic skepticism—skepticism, not in Paris, or Oxford, or Berlin, or Bombay, but home-born and home-bred; second, that right here in the midst of our own homes and our own temples are certain men and women who doubt, some it may be dishonestly, and superficially, and flippantly, but yet others who doubt with pain and with perfect sincerity—who doubt, not because they want to, but because, as it appears to them, they can not help it, those central themes of religion which for ourselves are the glory and consolation of our existence.

The author of this little treatise recognizes the existence of live and earnest doubt, and with a truly liberal and kindly spirit undertakes to medicine to its cure. He would address himself to it, not with anathema, not with allusions bristling with reproachful stings; he would deal with it, not by scolding it, or reproaching it, calling it hard names and dooming it to a hot future, but by affectionately and faithfully exhibiting Him whom, when doubting Thomas saw, all broken down by the love that beamed upon him, he saluted with the adoring salutation, "My Lord and my God."

In like manner let all Christian teachers recognize and appreciate the number, spirit, and claims of this class of our neighbors and fellow-citizens. Let us neither forget their existence nor scorn their difficulties. Let them not be passed by as certain erratic and very frightful folk entirely outside the pale of our sympathy, but, though wildered and benighted, as yet, kindred and brethren, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. "For flippant and disingenuous doubters; for malignant and angry doubters, who doubt the truth because they hate it; for libidinous and sensual doubters, who denounce Christianity because it denounces them; and for silly, simpering, conceited, and shallow-pated doubters, who doubt because they think it sounds smart and big to blurt out their second-hand objections to truths which Pascal, and Milton, and Newton thought worthy of acceptance—for such doubters," with a late writer upon this subject, we would recommend, as a rule, pity and silence. At times, perhaps, these fools may be answered according to their folly. They merit only contempt. But not so with serious, sincere, honest doubt. Honest doubt, like all honest things, is honorable, and, like all inevitable human difficulties, deserves our kindest help. As an effort in this, manifestly, the right direction, this work is deserving of high praise. It contains not one unkind or sarcastic word, not one sneering or contemptu-

ous fling. The writer always treats his opponents with the utmost courtesy and the profoundest respect, and their excellencies never fail to receive a cordial recognition, while their errors are explicitly and faithfully pointed out.

It has been alleged by some critics concerning this work that, though doubtless meant to reach intelligent, sincere, inquiring doubters, its effect on such will be materially marred, not only by the too great admixture of the controversial element, but more especially by the lack of that personal sympathy which must exist between the inquirer and his teacher, and which springs from a community or fellowship of experience. The writer ought not, it is said, to have appeared so exclusively as an advocate, not that he does not sympathize with doubt, and that generously, and appreciate some of the methods by which it is to be dealt with, but he does not seem to feel it. Though knowing that the thing exists, he does not give evidence of having passed through the shadows himself.

Now we can easily conceive that the man who has himself struggled from the thick darkness up into the daylight, is better prepared to appreciate and sympathize with the struggles of others under like circumstances, and render them effectual aid, than one who has always basked in the daylight, and has never known what it was thus to struggle and agonize. It may be admitted that in the case of the man who has never wrestled with doubts himself, his perception and appreciation of them will be likely to be more from the head than from the heart. He will be more likely to address the doubt that comes from the inquiring intellect, than that which comes from culture, or a perturbed, morbid religious feeling. And yet we can not but think there is a great deal of cant expressed in certain circles upon this subject. It has been quite the fashion for these many years, with a certain school of critics, quietly to assume that no man has any business to imagine that he can effectually deal with manly doubt, or even have any convictions of his own that are really good for any thing, unless he has himself duly contended with grim and ghastly "gorgeous specters and chimeras dire"—unless he, too, had fought his way up to his present position, as it were, with the desperation of despair. "Who never doubted," says Bailey, "who never doubted, never half believed. Where doubt, there truth is—'t is her shadow." We are not prepared to adopt this sentiment. Skepticism, in its primitive, original sense, of a fair, candid, unbiased, unprejudiced, judicial inquiry, as opposed to an implicit acceptance of certain opinions, is well—is indispensable. But skepticism,

in the sense of that spectral, melancholy doubt that puts its black foot on every star of promise, is a plague spot, something to be dreaded and avoided as we shun the small-pox: and if the having gone through the woeful ordeal, and, unlike Sterling and Blanco White, and others having survived, qualifies us to minister a little more sympathetically to those who are still in the midst of the agonizing throes, this only affords another illustration of that beneficent law whereby good may be evolved out of evil. Was not the mind of Jesus always in a condition of absolutely undisturbed tranquillity? Does his life afford any evidence that that deep, untroubled peace that pervaded his bosom—that “sweet repose that none but he that feels it knows,” was something into which, or up to which he had ever worked himself by hard and strenuous effort? Not at all. And yet who shall say he is not an all-sufficient mediator and Savior of the worst of skeptics?

We have said that one of the characteristic features of this work is its positiveness. That of which it is distinctively an emphatic affirmation is the spiritual, supernatural, and evangelical element in religion. This may be readily inferred from the titles of the principal chapters, “A Supernatural Book,” “Supernatural Beings,” “Supernatural Life,” and a “Supernatural Destiny.” The great object is to affirm the existence and reality of the supernatural in connection with this natural world. And in this respect the work is evidently a tract for the times. The great foes of the Bible and of Bible religion at the present time are Rationalism and Materialism—the characteristic aim and tendencies of which are to eliminate the spiritual and supernatural from the beliefs of men. To this end science is being made to blaspheme, and to deny her Maker, and “destructive criticism,” so called, “is doing its worst.” Away with your supernatural Christ, and your supernatural life, and your supernatural book, and your supernatural destiny, is the insane cry of these boasted “liberals” in science and religion. These notions, say they, are but the idle fictions of superstition and tradition—the exploded fancies of an antiquated past. At these silly and old-wives’ fables science now laughs, and confidently anticipates the speedy incoming of that millennial period when mankind are to be altogether emancipated from the ignoble thralldom of priestcraft and superstition. And so the contest is now fiercely raging at this point. Is there a supernatural destiny for man? If so, is there a supernatural Book to afford him authentic information in regard to it, and a supernatural religion suited to effect his moral recovery and

qualify him for that mysterious and awful destiny that awaits us beyond the grave? Pregnant inquiries, surely! How timely, therefore, a work of this kind—a work thus embracing manifestly the most vital questions of life, and those which are actually engaging the most careful and anxious thoughts of the present time. Without attempting, except cursorily, to invade the domain of science; without attempting to be exhaustive or specially original in the treatment of any of the topics introduced, the author gives us such a systematic and comprehensive survey of the field, theologically and philosophically, as though it may not serve to convince the confirmed skeptic, will, at least, serve to enlighten, strengthen, and confirm the convictions of the believer. Even if those who are wearied with hard rowing, and are tossed by the storm they can not weather, may not hear in this book the voice which shall speak, “Peace be still,” yet those who are safely anchored will welcome this book as a fresh and convincing presentation of Christian truth, with many things calculated to broaden their charity and extend their thought. The scholar and professional thinker, possibly, may not find here the breadth of thought, the freshness of illustration, the unexpected concentration of argument that have given such zest and charm to certain other works of this class of late. Yet our younger readers, for whom it may be safely presumed the work was more specially prepared, will be surprised to find, as another has well said, “how its clear, comprehensive style, its compact sentences, its original forms of illustration, and its fervent thought and piety render the most abstruse doctrines and subjects interesting, and beguile the mind of weariness during its perusal.”

We venture to call attention to yet one more excellence of this work—its comparative freedom from attempts at philosophizing. How obvious the folly of those who have devoted so much of their time and expended so much of their intellectual and scholastic resources in efforts to give us an explanation of what obviously can never be explained—the philosophy, the *rationale* of doctrines that are manifestly in their very nature quite beyond the reach of man’s scientific or philosophic ken! Only think of the tomes that have been written, the brains that have been racked, the erudition that has been laid under contribution to give us the philosophy of such unique and naturally insoluble mysteries as the Trinity, the atonement, and the resurrection.

It is obviously well to discover, if possible, not only a Scriptural, but also a philosophic basis for the doctrines of our faith; that is to

say, a basis in the *natural needs*, the constitutional appetites and demands of the soul. It is entirely legitimate, and will always prove profitable to indicate how the soul's instinctive desires are answered in Israel's God—are answered especially in Israel's long-anticipated Messiah; to show how the doctrines of grace, in their perfect adaptation to human wants, do fully attest their divine authenticity. But for persons to attempt any abstract or metaphysical solution of the mysteries, or explanation of the doctrines of Christianity, and then, moreover, to attempt to foist these their human speculations on to the creeds of the Church, to be mouthed forever as one's shibboleth before he can be recognized as above suspicion on the score of his orthodoxy, is, to say the least, to be guilty of the most superlative folly.

As already intimated, our author offends but little in this direction. He has, and very skillfully too, upon every fitting opportunity, pointed out the harmony between the doctrines of the Gospel and what are sometimes called the primitive truths of our being—what Theodore Parker calls the truths of natural or “absolute religion”—the fundamental facts of our religious consciousness. And, indeed, it is not so much the historical argument after all—the argument founded upon miracles, or the fulfillment of prophecy, as the internal or moral argument, that induces implicit, unwavering trust in our fundamental Christian doctrines on the part of the great Christian body. The Gospel of the New Testament exactly meets the spiritual conditions and necessities of the soul. The heart, when it yields itself to obedience to it, finds in the Divine power and comfort of its truth, the strongest confirmations of its supernatural origin. But, meantime, those who sustain to the Gospel the relation of outside critics can not but perceive, if they are unprejudiced, that the Gospel exactly responds to all the wants of the race. When we demonstrate, for example, from human history—by an appeal to the experience of humanity in all ages—that a dread of future retribution, and that hence the *felt-want of redemption*, are just as universal as the intuitions of God, of immortality, and of justice, the three cardinal tenets of Mr. Parker's natural or absolute religion, have we not effectually vanquished that eloquent apostle of unbelief, and on his own grounds? Have we not victoriously turned his own arms against him and planted our own doctrines on an impregnable basis? The great law of God's universe is that of adaptation of means to ends; and the most conclusive, the most irresistibly convincing “evidences” of Christianity that can be devel-

oped, are those founded on this law. It is interesting to consider that some of the ablest apologetical writing at the present day is in the direction we have indicated. Let the Gospel become thoroughly intrenched in these undeniable and indestructible needs of the soul, and it manifestly can never be overthrown. So long as human nature remains what it is, it will, of course, cry out for this same glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

And now, in conclusion, we will briefly and rapidly review the contents of the book. Under the general head of “Supernatural Book” the prophecies are discussed very much in the usual way. The work embraces no discussion of the vital question of miracles, which is all the more remarkable, as the miraculous interferences of God with the established order of nature, recorded in the Bible, furnish the most signal manifestations of the supernatural which the history of the earth affords. In the section, “The Earth and the Bible,” the writer tries his hand at reconciling Genesis with geology. In the cosmogony he adopts he makes the chaotic period of Moses identical with the “drift” of the geologist; after which, in brief successive periods, the earth is prepared for the habitation of man, and man himself introduced. He has met with no sufficient evidence of the great antiquity of man—of his existence previous to the drift.

Under the general head of “Supernatural Beings” he discusses the “resurrection of Jesus,” “the Trinity,” “Satan,” and “Spiritualism.” The first topic we think should have been entitled, “The Risen Jesus,” in order strictly to consist with his method. He has stepped out of his usual track a little to philosophize concerning the Trinity. His attempt to give the rationale of this great mystery, by representing the three persons as respectively representative of law, manifestation, and force, however ingenious, will hardly be adjudged satisfactory. We can hardly say with our author that “the Father, though divine, infinite, and properly called God, is not a complete Deity.” We doubtless shall ever have to hold the Trinity as an essential though insoluble portion of a divinely attested system. Viewed *economically* it is indeed adapted to human wants, but the very best statement of the economy does not touch the mystery. Our author, therefore, would have done better had he followed the example of Drs. Huntington and Bushnell, resting content with showing that not only the coherency of the Gospel system, but that the necessities of the race demand just this great doctrine of the three in

One. He deals Spiritualism some sturdy blows, though in this sphere he has developed nothing new. The foundation of his hope that the departed are permitted, as angels, to watch over and hover near us is a very slender shred of Scripture. Though inclined to the belief that the spirits of the departed may impressively communicate with the living, he utterly denounces every thing like mediumistic intercourse. The principal interest in this chapter centers round the being and work of Satan. He clearly shows that the Bible teaches the existence of a personal devil—a malignant spirit, whose heart is set upon the overthrow of the kingdom of Christ; not absolutely ubiquitous, but practically so through the infinitude of his agencies, appliances, and instrumentalities. We pause to question the propriety of a single expression: "One word from the Almighty were sufficient to banish him forever from the earth." Then why does n't he do it? Has n't man enough to contend with in his own depraved heart, and in the influences of a wicked and gainsaying world to afford a sufficient test of character, without being exposed to the devices of this subtle, unseen, sagacious, and powerful foe? "O, but," says our author, "Satan's power is permitted that men, *through resistance*, may be made perfect, established, strengthened, settled." This reasoning would have some force, first, if this required resistance, as we have already seen, was not already afforded, and, second, if thousands were not lured to ruin through this infernal agency, where one is made better through resisting or fighting him.

Under the head of "Supernatural Life," our author gives the subject of conversion—the relations of the religious life, or the life of God in the soul, to faith, works, and the atonement of Christ, a thorough and yet popular handling. He has treated this great subject with a thoroughly philosophic spirit, and in a style commendably free from the phrases of the pulpit, and the repulsive terminology of the schools. Probably the most powerful writing in the whole book is to be found in this chapter touching the character of Christ—his divinity contemplated from the humanitarian and historic stand-point. Did our space permit we should be glad to copy a paragraph as a specimen. It is doubtful whether better things concerning the matchless glory of Christ's natural, earthly life have ever been written; and this, seeing that such men as Young and Schaff have specially exerted themselves in this direction, is no ordinary praise. In the mean time the author has wisely resisted all temptations to discuss some theory of the atonement.

Under the head, "Supernatural Destiny," the author first presents us a summary of the natural argument for immortality, then argues the doctrine of the resurrection ably on the ground of our natural instincts, and finally suggests the germ theory, though with but indifferent success, as the best explanation available of that unique, mysterious fact. He is of the opinion that heaven is all around us, it only requiring such spiritual vision as was granted the servant of Elisha, and the disciples on the mount of transfiguration to behold the thronging heavenly hosts who are not far away. He thinks that the "many" spoken of in the Gospels, and to whom the dead are represented as appearing in connection with the crucifixion, merely had their eyes opened, and so were permitted to behold those who had been denizens, it may be for ages, of the spiritual world. He says a great many very pleasant and sensible things about heaven, and, meantime, unlike the popular "Gates Ajar," does not forget to put Christ first and foremost. Any theory of the future life in heaven, which does not involve as its fundamental conception personal spiritual fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, will be fatally defective. The article on the relations of memory to the future state is well written, though containing nothing new. Perhaps the most powerful chapter in the book is the one on the "Nature and Operations of Conscience," in which God is represented as in the human conscience, condemning, harassing, and troubling the guilty—stirring up in the human bosom that certain fearful looking for of fiery indignation and judgment spoken of by Paul, and thus affording the sinner an experimental foretaste or prophecy of the righteous condemnation which awaits him at the bar of Eternal Justice. This essay is not so systematic and philosophic in form as most treatises on this subject, but doubtless will prove all the more popular and readable on that account. There is nothing didactic, practical, or sermon-like about it, yet it is an article of uncommon power. Under the significant title of "Thrall-dom of Character," the author shows how, as the final issue of self-induced corruption, men may come to make evil their chief good, and so pass irrecoverably under its dominion. The last chapter of the book is entitled, "The Skeptic among the Disciples," and is a genial, sympathetic recognition of the claims of the honest, inquiring skeptic.

We wish he had added another chapter upon the nature and terms of human probation. When the next edition is issued, moreover, we would suggest that the author add an Introduc-

tion discussing the absolute need of a positive faith; first, in order to the natural, harmonious, happy development of the human soul; and, second, in order to an aggressive, prosperous, conquering Church.

This book, therefore, speaking of it as a whole, may be represented as a systematic, comprehensive compend, in popular form, of both the system and evidences of Christianity. It is a presentation, for the most part, of the current theology with a view to the adaptation of that theology to the manner and exigencies of present thought—a conscientious and earnest attempt to relieve the difficulties which beset many who are not able to accept that theology as it has usually been held out to them. Whether or not it shall actually serve as a serviceable guide to “wandering yet searching feet,” it will doubtless interest multitudes of thoughtful yet unlettered persons who would never think of looking into Watson’s Institutes.

As it regards the literary execution of this work, we think it eminently deserving of being classed among those popular and able expositions and defenses of Christianity so popular at the present time in this country and England. Without the sculptured eloquence or sculptured thought of *Ecce Homo*, or the polished and scholarly diction or mental vigor or grasp of *Ecce Deus*, it is nevertheless in no respect unworthy of being classed with these works; and I do not hesitate to say, and this can not be esteemed moderate praise, that the work under review is quite equal every way to Albert Barnes’s *Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century*.

Such a work as this, so manly in style, so mature in thought, and so comprehensive in the range of the topics discussed, and coming from so young an author as the writer* of this is understood to be, may assuredly be regarded as big with promise of many things both greater and better in years to come.

Meanwhile every successive grapple of truth with error attests anew the fact that the Gospel, the good old Gospel which Paul planted and Apollos watered, is still the power of God unto salvation; that so far from its having become any “old fossil supernaturalism,” any mere idle, by-gone story, the merely soulless echo of tradition, as modern sciolism writes it, it is as much a vital presence to-day, as much a divine energy in the heart of every true believer, as much a gift of life and of the power of God unto this generation, as it was unto the primitive brotherhood, and to the primitive Church—

holding fast thus to its pledge that it shall yet, in the good providence of God, actually rise to the throne of the world.

DREAMING.

I DREAM, I dream in the sunny Spring,
When the morning’s crimson flood
Has bathed the earth with its glowing tide,
And sparkled in youthful blood;
And new-born joys in every hour
Drive hidden cares away,
As a forest leaf is wafted on
By the breath of a storm in May.
The world far-off is a beautiful world,
And the hills of Beulah rise,
Like a shadowy palace of purple clouds,
In the misty morning skies.
The trailing vines, the climbing rose,
And the fragrant eglantine,
Are but emblems faint of the glowing hopes,
And the beautiful dreams of mine.

My soul dreams on, as the Summer hours
Fade in the twilight gray;
And the golden haze of Autumn waits
To crown the coming day.
The deep, deep quaffs of celestial bliss,
That thrill me through and through,
Refresh my heart with a buoyant hope,
As sacred Hermon’s dew.
Strange thoughts arise, like the swelling tides
That play on the sandy floor,
Over the germs of the ocean bed,
And the weeds that drift to the shore;
In every breath from the woodland heights;
In every gale from the sea;
In every gleaming star of night,
A promise is borne to me.

The murmuring song of the tiny shell,
That lies on the strand at my feet,
Tells of the mermaid wooed by the wind,
And the words of the lover sweet.
Bright spirits guide my wandering steps,
And beckon me on with a smile,
And over the wearisome road of life
The fleeting hours beguile.
I sit alone, in a Winter’s night,
When the snow is drifting by,
And the wind is wailing by my door,
Like the Banshee’s mournful sigh;
And the creaking sign, the swaying trees,
And the dark waves, tempest tossed,
Sound like the cry of the dying poor,
Or the moan of a soul that is lost.
And I know that my dreams are vain and wild,
And are only born to decay,
That the magic lives of their beautiful forms
Are floating quickly away;
And my soul looks up from its prisoned cell
To that home of endless day.

* Professor Luther Townsend, Boston Theological Seminary.

AMONG THE SEA-WEEDS.

"The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that flow
In the motionless fields of upper air;
There with its waving glade of green
The sea-weed streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter."

PERCIVAL.

AS science is day by day extending her boundaries, objects in God's creation once neglected and even despised are gradually taking their places as our instructors and as contributors to the sum of human happiness and usefulness.

A remarkable change has, for a late period, come over the minds of botanical students in respect to the merits of algæ, as subjects worthy of scientific notice and investigation. They no longer assume an unimportant position in the vegetable kingdom. To the lover of the beautiful and the curious no field of labor is more inviting and so full of reward. The interest in this study is enhanced by the pleasures of the collector of algæ in his seashore rambles and explorations. Health, recreation, and information—a trio of interests—combine in making a Summer holiday at the sea-side one of the most delightful passages of every-day life.

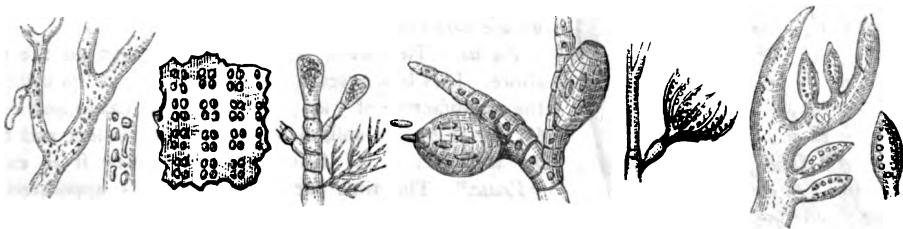
The gatherer of sea-weeds prefers the morning for his labors—the afternoon to be reserved for the home-work of arranging the specimens for preservation while they are fresh and beautiful. He goes out a sort of pilgrim, a tin-can slung over his shoulders, an oil-skin bag at his

girdle for the more delicate specimens, with a pole having an iron hook at one end for the purpose of aiding him in clambering over the slippery rocks and in raising and turning over the masses of sea-weeds found in the "tide-pools" and clefts of the rocks. He needs, in addition, a microscope or pocket-lens for a better examination of his treasures.

In arranging his specimens he requires a couple of pine-boards, twenty-four by twelve inches in size, some old muslin, a quantity of blotting-paper, and some of a rougher quality. These can be combined into a sort of press for laying out the specimens after they have been properly washed in fresh water and, by the aid of needles attached to handles, mounted on sheets of a stout whitish paper. A mucilage of isinglass and gin may be required to fasten certain specimens where their own glutinous nature proves insufficient.

Sea-weeds belong to the botanical series of Cryptogamous, or flowerless plants, making them own cousins to the ferns, mosses, and liverworts. Though as lovely, in many cases, as the beauties of our gardens, we find them destitute of real flowers and real seeds. In place of the latter we discover something answering the purpose of seeds in a simple way called "spores."

These spores are found in various portions of the plant, according to its species—sometimes in little pods or berries fastened to the branches, as in case of the *Polysiphonia* and the *Ceramium*, where the little urn-shaped "*Ceramidia*," as they are termed, seem as though suspended to the boughs by fairy fingers. We give some specimens highly magnified.



Spores imbedded (Pieces of *Porphyra*.) Spores in groups of fours called "tetra spores." (*Sphacelaria*.) Spores in capsules at end of branches. (*Polysiphonia*.) Spores in capsules and in branches. Algae in fruit.

At other times they are found at the tips of the branches, as in case of the *Sphacelaria*, *Coralline*, and *Fucus*. At other times they are mere dots in regular or irregular lines and spots within or without the substance of the weeds. In the "*Nitophyllum Punctatum*"—see page 36—these spots of spores are strikingly conspicuous.

The term "frond" applies to all parts of an alga except the root, which is merely a sort of

disc for attaching the weed to a rock or other foundation.

Algæ are divided into three great classes from the color of their seeds or spores; namely, the *Olive*, the *Red*, and the *Green Sea-Weeds*. The color of the plants is often in keeping with the seeds, but not invariably so.

The remainder of this article will be devoted to a brief reference to some of the most

interesting specimens in each department, accompanied with appropriate illustrations.

OLIVE SEA-WEEDS.

Laminaria (Digitata).—So called from its laminate, plate-like fronds—*Digitata*, because split into segments like the fingers of a hand. It is fastened to the rocks, not by roots, but by discs, with side branches connecting with the main stem. The fisherman's boys make handles to knives and hooks of sections of the stems, which gradually become as hard as horn. These sticks of "tangle," as they are sometimes called, are the chief source from which that wonderful medical agent, iodine, is obtained. This chemical, it is well known, is the

mysterious element to which we are indebted for the development of the daguerreotype and photograph.

Laminaria is the memorable weed which the legend narrates was used by the shipwrecked sailors in building

a fire on the sandy shore of an Oriental river, a transparent substance found in the ashes being the first hint of our modern window panes.



SERPULA.

There is one variety of this alga in which the fronds, radiating from a bulb one foot in diameter, form a circle twelve feet across. This hollow bulb is a favorite resort for fishes and sea animals, answering to them as a sort of combined public hall, gymnasium, and nursery.

Among these curious beings we notice a little speck which, brought under a microscope, will not only interest but astonish us. We discover this

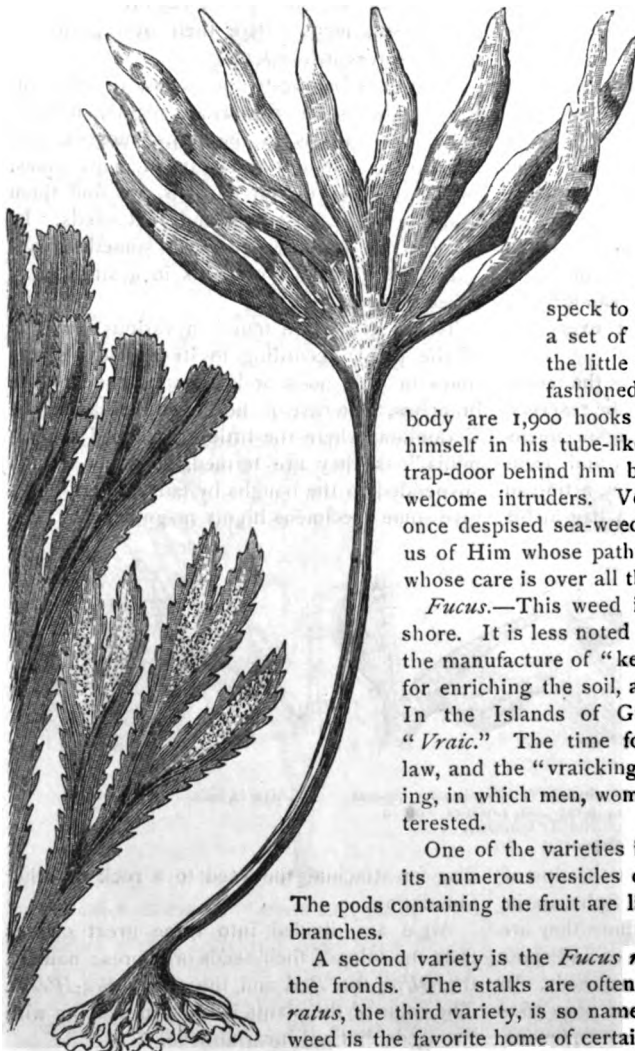
speck to be a tiny shell, out of which fly up a set of plumes—the breathing organs of the little "*Serpula*." Only 14,000 teeth are fashioned for this atom of creation; on his

body are 1,900 hooks by which he raises and lowers himself in his tube-like house—pulling down a sort of trap-door behind him by a slender cord to shut out unwelcome intruders. Verily, from among these lowly and once despised sea-weeds, what sacred voices whisper to us of Him whose pathways are in the great waters, and whose care is over all the works of His hands!

Fucus.—This weed is the most common on the seashore. It is less noted for its beauty than for its utility in the manufacture of "kelp"—as food for cattle and deer, for enriching the soil, also for packing lobsters and fish. In the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey it is called "*Vraic*." The time for its gathering is appointed by law, and the "vraicking season" is a sort of merry making, in which men, women, boys, and girls are equally interested.

One of the varieties is called "*Bladder Wrack*," from its numerous vesicles or air vessels arranged in pairs. The pods containing the fruit are likewise in pairs at the tips of the branches.

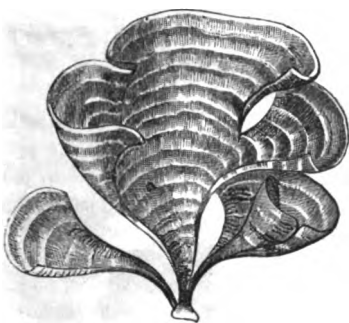
A second variety is the *Fucus nodosus*, having no mid-rib along the fronds. The stalks are often six feet in length. *Fucus Serratus*, the third variety, is so named from its saw-like edges. This weed is the favorite home of certain interesting zoöphytes—the light spots visible on the fronds (see illustration) are a sort of lace-work—the creation of the "Membranipora." Further down the fronds are



Fucus Serratus.

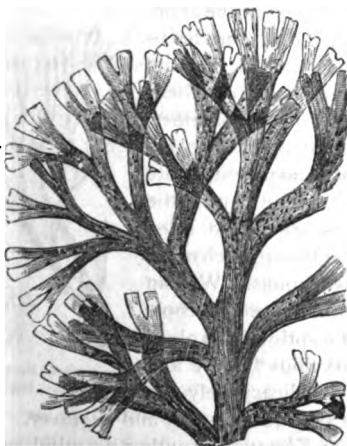
Laminaria Digitata.

little white bristles, each notch of which is the home of a little creature called the "Sertularia," which throws out twelve feelers to catch its food, the whole bristle looking like a spray of pearly white stars by day, at night turning to a torch of phosphorescent light to illumine the halls of the sea-nymphs.



Peacock's Tail.

Padina Pavonia, or Peacock's Tail.—So called from its shape and gay coloring. It abounds on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.



Dictyota Dichotoma.

Dictyota.—From a Greek word signifying a "net," on account of the peculiar net-work covering the fronds—the meshes are square in form. The ends of the fronds are cut in pairs, giving the additional term of "dichotoma" to the name of the plant.

RED SEA-WEEDS.

The plants in this department of the algæ are among the most beautiful, but in many cases are prone to change color on exposure to the light. Such is the case with the *Polysiphonia*, which often assumes a color approaching black. There are twenty-six varieties of this interesting alga. A section of the stem beneath the

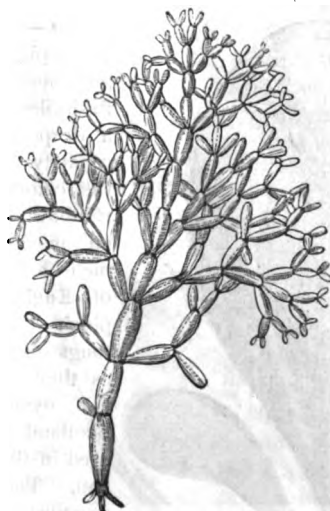
microscope reveals to us six or more siphons or tubes arranged around a larger central one, hence the name of the weed. The curious spore baskets or capsules of this plant have before been referred to in our first illustration.



Polysiphonia.

At top section of stem magnified.

Chylocladia.—In a work with which many of us are familiar, the travels of the popular and indefatigable Baron Munchausen, we are informed of a discovery made by him on one of his extensive tours of a tree bearing fruit containing the best of gin. Had the astonished traveler known something about sea-weeds, he



"Jointed Juice Branch." *Chylocladia Articulata.*

would have been furnished with a foundation for a story of a tree made up of a series of wine bottles filled with sparkling Madeira. The alga referred to is the *Chylocladia Articulata*, or Jointed Juice Branch.

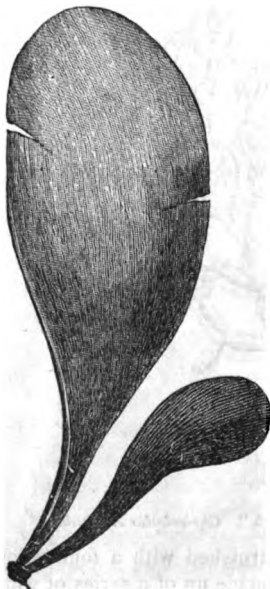
Coralline.—It is well known that the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so closely con-

*Coralline.*

Fruit at top magnified.

being grouped together.

Delleseria.—The frond of this alga has a close resemblance to the leaf of a terrestrial tree having a decided mid-rib and nervures. It is considered a great prize by collectors—its rich red color is exceedingly showy, nor does it fade to any great extent on the page of an album.

*Iridaea Edulis.*

these curiosities of animated nature will be amply rewarded by the discovery this alga.

Nitophyllum Punctatum.—This plant has fronds of a large size, though the dimensions in

nected as to have occasioned considerable warfare among scientific men as to the precise boundaries of each. This plant has so close a resemblance to the animal coral as to be taken for such. It has the faculty of gathering from the sea-water a large quantity of carbonate of lime. When the vegetable part of the plant dies the chalky portion remains, giving cause for its being confounded with true coral. This stony part is white, while in its living state the weed is purple. The fruit is contained in pods at the ends of the branches, four seeds or spores

various plants differ greatly.

Imagine the magnificence of those sometimes found on the western coast of Ireland, five feet in length and a yard in width; color, a rosy pink—the frond, spotted with dark capsules, containing the spores imbedded in the substance of the leaf. How curiously its edges are plaited and goffered! When introducing it to fresh water it gives out a crackling sound.

*Nitophyllum Punctatum.*

Ceramium.—This is one of the loveliest of the algæ. Nothing can be more beautiful and graceful than its slender, delicate branches; some as fine as gossamer, made up of alternating sections of transparent, white and red. The tips of the filaments are forked, often inclining toward each other like sugar tongs. We can only furnish a microscopic view of a sprig of this alga; its marvelous beauty and extreme delicacy defy the skill of the draughtsman and engraver.

*Ceramium*. Section showing fruit.

Dasya Elegans.—Another beautiful sea-weed having long feathery tufts. It is greatly prized by collectors, and retains its color permanently. The *Callithamnion Plumula* stands in the front

*Callithamnion Plumula.*

rank for delicacy and beauty, and no sea-weed is more lovely beneath the microscope. The Creator has scattered this gem of an alga on nearly every coast. There are sixteen varieties. The finest specimens are found just after a storm.

Rhodymenia Crestata.—This, with *Grinnillia*, seems to be particularly abundant on our American coasts. Another variety of the *Rhodymenia* is the plant popularly called in the British isles "*Dulse*," or *Dillisk*. It is highly prized, both as food and medicine.

There is a common saying in Scotland, "He who eats of the dulse of Guerdie, and drinks of the wells of Kildingie, will escape all maladies except black death."

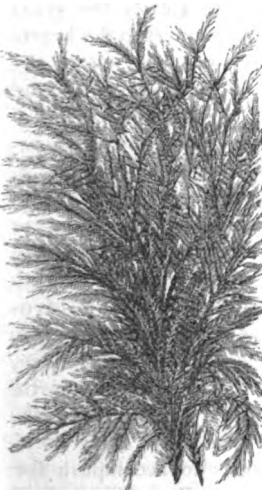
We are making out quite a "bill of fare" among the sea-weeds. The last we shall mention of the red algæ in this connection, is the *Carrageen* or *Irish Moss*, furnishing an excellent dish for invalids.

GREEN SEA-WEEDS.

The green-seeded algæ have peculiar value in the furnishing of an aquarium. They possess the properties of giving out oxygen and consuming carbonic acid gas. Fish and sea-animals will live without difficulty in water for a long time, provided it be furnished with green sea-weeds. The greater the access of light to the aquarium the more readily do the fronds perform their functions.

This process is often indicated by the presence of tiny bubbles covering the surface of the fronds, acting as miniature buoys to float them upon the water. A passing cloud across the sun will cause the bubbles to let go their hold and rise to the surface of the water, while the alga drops downward.

Bryopsis Plumosa.—We find a name for this beautiful



Bryopsis Plumosa.

alga from its feathery look. Its color is a rich green. Another pretty green sea-weed is the *Cladophora Arcta*, having silvery tips.

Ulva.—Known as the common *Green Laver* or *Sea-Lettuce*.



Sea-Lettuce.

The *Purple Laver* is known among botanists by the name of *Porphyra*. A portion only of this plant is here represented. Both green and purple Laver are used as food in the British islands—the latter is considered by far the more delicious. The Irish call it "*sloke*," the Scotch "*slaak*." It is stewed for several hours until quite tender, and is seasoned with lemon-juice, butter, and spices.

The latter two plants are good emblems of that noble virtue—constancy. So firm is their hold upon a rock that nothing but a hammer will succeed in detaching them, and once broken loose no second attachment, as in case of many terrestrial



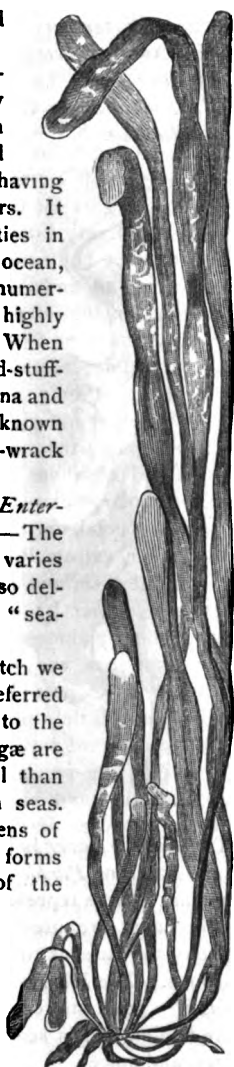
Porphyra.

plants, can be effected by them.

There is another sea-plant which is clearly distinguishable from the algæ. It is called the *Zostera Marina*—having a real root and flowers. It grows in vast quantities in various parts of the ocean, affording pasture to innumerable sea-animals. It is highly useful in an aquarium. When dried it is used as bed-stuffing, and for packing china and glassware. It is often known by the name of grass-wrack or alva.

Common Sea-Grass (Enteromorpha Compressa.)—The frond of this plant varies greatly in width, some so delicate as to be called "sea-thread."

In the foregoing sketch we have, in most cases, referred to sea-weeds peculiar to the British islands. No algæ are perhaps more beautiful than those of the southern seas. We have seen specimens of these most exquisite in forms and coloring—those of the silver and light olive-green hues being especially lovely, and under the microscope affording rare revelations of the wisdom and skill of the Creator. Our own coasts furnish a great variety of interesting specimens. It is to be hoped that so curious, so interesting, and so profitable a study may soon become so popular as to call out a valuable work on American algæ.



Sea-Grass.

OF all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but, having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, not to lose hold or relax effort, this is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman.

WOMEN'S WORK.

A LADY once said to a young friend, the inmate of a charming home, surrounded by every thing which wealth and affection could bring together to make her life a happy one, "My dear, you are so comfortable, and made so much of at home, that I am afraid you will never be married. And yet I do n't know," continued she; "that does not always follow. I have known girls to marry poor men out of just such delightful homes as yours, and make the very best of wives, industrious, economical, and contented."

"I think I can understand why that is so," said the other, thoughtfully. "Those young girls of whom you speak had doubtless found that 'the life is more than meat.' With all the luxury and love with which they were encompassed, they yet were sadly conscious, at times, that their highest powers were unfed and unused. A true marriage—one heaven-made—is the happiest and most natural solution of the problem of life to such natures. They are fortunate to whom such a destiny is given."

Fortunate, but not numerous, thought I. This little conversation was very suggestive to me, and, taking it for a sort of text, I desire to say a few words upon a subject with which my thoughts are filled—the life-work of women, perhaps a little past their first youth, who do not marry; women technically called ladies, that is, of culture and refinement, and to whom labor for their own support is not a necessity. I know well what very delicate ground I am venturing upon. Truly do I feel all the doubts and difficulties which gather around this most complicated question. I earnestly hope that if practically my suggestions may be of little value, the attempt to state clearly the great need may come home with comfort to the hearts of some who are slowly struggling toward the light of higher truth without sympathy and without help. It is in this hope that I write.

A young girl of eighteen finishes her education—if that can be said to be finished which, properly speaking, is hardly begun—and enters society. We are supposing her the daughter of parents wealthy and cultivated, and whose social position leaves nothing to be desired. The girl is pretty and attractive, and not frivolous by nature. High aspirations, and dreams, and hopes, perhaps impossible ever to realize, float through her brain. She wishes to be distinguished in some grand way, not so much, she tells herself, for the sake of the thing itself, as for the good she hopes to accomplish for others through that means. But at present all

is vague in regard to her desires, and the world stands open before her in its most tempting aspect. Her mother, we will suppose, is in many ways a noble woman, generous and affectionate, but with strong social pride and worldly ambition. This daughter, she intends, shall gratify her in her aspirations.

To this end the beautiful house is thrown open. No expense in the matter of toilet is spared. The young girl breathes an atmosphere of adulation at every step. She accepts invitations—goes to parties and receptions without number. Occasionally, in the midst of this whirl of excitement, a pang of weariness and self-satisfaction steals over her. Surely this is not fulfilling any of her former dreams. But she has little time for reflection. Dressing, visiting, driving, riding absorb her life, and make sober thought all but impossible. She has offers of marriage and lovers in abundance, any one of whom, socially, would be considered a brilliant *parti*. But upon one thing she long ago resolved, and of whatever else good she may have lost sight in the imperative demands of her fashionable life, to this she still remains true—never to marry any man whom she does not love to the full extent of the affection which she feels she has to bestow.

So glides her first season. Time passes. Then the still small warning voice of conscience makes itself distinctly audible, and she thus takes counsel with her own heart: "What am I doing? I am very unhappy, and ungrateful to be so, when my dear father and mother love me so much, and do every thing to make me happy. What shall I do? I can not talk to them of these feelings, for, with all their affection, they would not understand them. I am not the same girl I was a year ago. Then I cared about other and better things; and yet all this society-life does not give me pleasure, at least when the excitement of the moment is past. I wish I knew what to do."

Poor child! As she sits in her beautiful room in her elegant dress, she does not, perhaps, feel her resemblance to the ugly old woman of whom Mother Goose sings:

"There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink!
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet—this old woman could never be quiet."

Small wonder! When was ever soul-hunger stilled and satisfied with food unmeet for it? We are learned as to material phenomena. When human beings are fed upon unsuitable diet, as a natural consequence we expect dyspepsia. Where is the remedy for the moral dyspepsia from which immortal souls on every

hand are suffering? Does not common sense seem to suggest a following out of the analogy by a change in the quality of food now supplied to them?

So this young girl goes on in life, perhaps being able to accomplish some little dilettante work among the poor, which, unless one possesses peculiar gifts for it, is apt to prove very uphill work. Every body can not teach, any more than every body can sing or draw. Far be it from me to undervalue in any wise the heroic, self-denying efforts of multitudes of noble men and women to rescue fellow-creatures from crime and degradation. It is truly a grand labor of love. I only say that to every one indiscriminately is not given the power for, and attraction to, this particular kind of work. Perhaps this girl of whom we speak—the representative of a large class, remember—finds this way of doing good, for some reason, constitutional or other, extremely distasteful. Besides, apart from the serious business of her life, marked out for her by her parents and inexorable public opinion—the getting herself a husband—she has very little time to devote to charity. She puts herself with feverish eagerness into little things at home. They bring her no inward satisfaction. She feels, at times, envying the servants who go about the house sweeping and dusting. Being of an affectionate nature, perceiving the unspoken wishes of those dearest to her, she may try, perhaps, to care for one among her suitors sufficiently to satisfy herself that she would do no wrong in accepting him. The effort, however, is in vain. The young men whom she meets are well enough to associate with, but when tried by the tests of moral earnestness or intellectual aspiration, they are altogether wanting. She turns sadly away, thrown in again upon herself.

Now she desires to try friendship. She is met, alas! on the threshold of that desire by objections from those she loves. She perversely wishes to be intimate with persons outside her own "set." "If you must have intimate friends, my dear," says her mother, "I can point out to you several young people with whom such friendship is socially desirable. As for these others, to whom you seem to have taken such a fancy, they are good enough in their way, no doubt, but in no sense proper associates for you. I wonder that you—brought up as you have been, and with all your advantages—should think of them as friends. It is not the thing at all, and I can not permit it." How I despise that expression, "Not the thing," standing, as it almost invariably does,

between the really right and the conventionally improper! The poor child does not feel attracted toward friends of her mother's choosing; and as for her own, the trouble is, that they have an earnest purpose, a work to do. It seems to me, also, that some of these good people often mistake in judging character by appearances only. Many a wistful face have I seen looking from fashionable surroundings, and needing perhaps but the encouragement of a friendly outside helping hand to cast off frivolity and attempt a useful life. But to return to my subject.

Friendship must be put aside for the sake of domestic harmony, and the weary, voiceless, life-struggle goes on. Imagine this to continue for ten years. The young girl of eighteen is now the woman of twenty-eight. Circumstances, into which it is needless to inquire, have, let us say, forbidden her marriage. What, she now asks herself, has she done with ten precious years of her life? To what use has she put them? She has often felt that had she an especial gift in any one direction—a fine voice or a talent for drawing, for example—she would devote herself to the culture of that, and thus find scope for the life-forces within her, which from being compelled to run in artificial channels too narrow for them, threaten to lay waste the fair plains of the soul itself. How criminal that those powers and capabilities, meant to be the elements of beauty and richness in life, should be so wrested from their intent! But, with great taste for all the arts, talent for any particular one she does not possess. Though intelligent, she is not intellectual. A life of thought is therefore impossible for her. She longs, she pines for action—for something fuller, richer, more than she has ever yet known. Sadly she feels that she is living beneath her capabilities. She looks at her brothers, younger than she perhaps, to whom a career is open. They study, they go to college, they choose a profession, and fit themselves for it; and it is all right that they should do so—even expected of them. Why, she asks herself, can not she do the same? Her tastes perhaps indicate some definite pursuit, in which, after proper training, she feels that she might do good work in the world, and be satisfied and happy in so doing. For the unusualness of the thing, for what "people would say," she has enough independence of character not to care. But her father and mother?—how will they receive an announcement of such a purpose? She almost trembles at the thought of the way in which she fears they will regard it.

Just at this time, when discontent with her

life and dissatisfaction with herself are seething within her, she receives, we will say, an offer of marriage, and she deliberates upon accepting it. The gentleman in question is in every respect eligible, of good connections, intelligent, handsome, and in good business. Her marriage would gratify them all at home, she knows, and she is not so young as she once was, and may never have another offer. She is tired with the unavailing struggle which her life has so far been. Perhaps an entire change of surroundings, with new and varied interests, may be the very thing she needs. Why not accept the lot thus offered her? True, she does not love this man—has not for him one spark of that feeling without which she used to say she never would marry. But that is all past. She was foolishly romantic in those days, and esteem will do very well. It may be a warmer sentiment will grow when once she is fairly married. Her mother's heart is set upon it, and for herself she does not much care. Her life has been such a failure, so useless and disappointing, that she may as well end the matter in this as in any other way. Very many women marry from these or similar motives. So she tells herself; but presently better thoughts come. She is too clear-headed not to see the speciousness of such reasoning. The thing offered is a temptation doubtless, subtle and strong, but as such to be fought with and put aside, entirely regardless of the consequences. For her life she is responsible to Him who gave it, who never gives any thing in vain, and she is bound to put herself completely out of the way of such temptations in the future.

In the strength of this resolve, having, as frequently before, sought Divine guidance, she lays her heart open to her father and mother, beseeching them, with tears, not to think her ungrateful or other than affectionate and dutiful in what she is about to say. She tells them that her feeling has strengthened to a conviction that her duty is to choose some honest work, qualify herself for it, and devote herself to it. Her father, she says, has his business; her mother, her housekeeping duties and the interests of home; her brothers, their studies; and what has she? She is no longer necessary at home. Away from their tenderest love she can never drift, but she *must* live a life and have a work of her own. Her parents ask her reproachfully if she has ever received from them aught but kindness. As though that had any thing whatever to do with the question! She does not complain of ill-treatment, but, on the contrary, gratefully acknowledges to the full the affection and protection which have been

lavished upon her. She might well say in reply—

"Many a woman goes starving, I ween,
Who dwells in a palace and feeds like a queen."

What do these parents under these circumstances? Do they take into account the years of loving, faithful service rendered them by their daughter? Knowing her affectionate conscientiousness, and the struggle and hesitation with which she finally has brought herself to broach to them a subject which she knew instinctively would give them pain, do they hasten to assure her of their entire confidence in her love and gratitude? Do they tell her that, however much they may regret the conclusions at which she has arrived, the convictions of every human soul are sacred to them—that they, her best friends, will talk the matter quietly over with her, and that no expense nor pains shall be spared to make her contented in her own way, doubtless the best way for her, although not perhaps the one they would have chosen, and a sacrifice on their part? Do they consider that at times a change is imperatively demanded by every healthful moral nature, and that it is the more needed in this case, as their daughter has always lived their lives, pleasant in many respects, but still not her own? Is this the tone they take in this important discussion?

Quite the reverse. The poor girl is assailed with accusations of ingratitude. She is simply crazy, says her father, and must be put under a physician's care. She is told that her first and only duty is to obey the parents to whom she owes every thing; also, that the only door through which she may ever hope to leave her father's house is the door of marriage. That alone stands open to her. She may go forth from that at any time, the sooner the better. Failing to avail herself of the only proper mode of going from home, her parents declare that they shall continue to demand her services as long as they live. They tell her, moreover, that she shall have no money wherewith to carry out her ridiculous, insane scheme. This last being a very practical difficulty, perhaps the daughter says that, without questioning her father's entire right to control the use of the money he has earned, she feels it as her duty and claims it as her right at once to commence earning money herself. Then they will stand upon more equal ground. To this, however, the fatal objection is raised that people would think it strange if the daughter of so rich a man were known to be earning money. The degradation would then be complete. Such a step is peremptorily forbidden. Her earnest convictions are treated as

of not the slightest consequence. She is commanded to take up again the life from which she desires to break away. If she need further occupation, she may find it in attending to her wardrobe, or taking lessons in a language or music, both of which she detests.

In Froude's story of "The Cat's Pilgrimage" a cat is represented as traveling in search of the object of life. She goes to all the creatures in turn and asks them what they are here for. From each she receives the same answer: "To do our duty, cat." "But what is my duty?" "To get your dinner, cat." "But I am a parlor cat, and my dinner is always provided." "Then take care of your children, cat." "But I have no children." At last she comes to the bee, busy in collecting honey from flower to flower, and puts her question to it. She is told that her duty lies in making honey. "I wish I knew how to make it," says the cat, wearily. "Do you mean to tell me that you can't make honey?" replies the bee: "what a stupid, lazy, good-for-nothing thing you must be! I have nothing more to say to you. Good morning."

Now begins the hardest and most perplexing part of the trial. Let us imagine that this daughter, after looking as nearly as she is able on all sides of the question, determines to wait for a season, not yielding her point, but simply biding her time, trying first the effect of patience and cheerfulness on the dear ones at home, in order, if possible, for their sakes, to avoid calling in outside aid to effect her purpose. "Perhaps," she thinks, "they will be touched when they see my efforts to please them, and yet be true to my convictions, and after a while they may be led to grant me my desire." Vain hope! Her father and mother quietly accept the sacrifice of her life to them as their due. The subject is passed over in silence, as if such a thing had never been. They overwhelm her with demonstrations of affection. Now, kindness in itself, as we all feel, is a very delightful thing, but when designed to take the place of justice withheld, by no means satisfactory.

My readers must not think me irreverent when I say that Satan tempting Christ has its parallel in these modern days. Nothing short of full recognition of her claims as an individual being can satisfy the daughter. She asks for entire respect for her convictions, and work that shall most nobly and usefully employ her faculties, the right to decide on the nature which she, at twenty-eight years of age, claims for herself. She is met not only by an utter ignoring of her demands, but by temptations difficult to withstand to give the whole thing up. Justice to her parents induces the hope that they

do not realize what they are doing, but it must be characterized as an attempt on their part to buy her, body and soul. The price they offer is every thing of this world's goods which they have it in their power to bestow, and also something far harder to renounce—their affection. The loving heart is torn and wounded in the unequal strife.

But what must our young friend do? I fancy I hear offered counsel of this kind: "Patience. Let her wait. Circumstances may change. In the course of nature her parents will die first, and then she will be free to do as she likes. Until such time the only course open to her is to submit to their will." There are two ways of looking at such a question. If her parents, by reason of their being her parents, have divine right on their side, she had much better accept their will as final, and yield herself at once their devoted, affectionate slave for the rest of their life—for slavery it is, even though the chains be gilded. Indeed, in this view of the case, she was extremely foolish or worse to broach the subject in the first instance. For myself, I confess I am no believer in the divine right of any one human soul to oppress any other human soul, however close the relation. As for patience, if the thing sought for is utterly hopeless, then it is good, or if by its means a desired object can be obtained surely though quietly and slowly. But outside these two hypotheses, patience is a delusion and a snare. It is ill waiting for circumstances. Far better, if possible, mold them.

In Laboulaye's fairy-book there is an Eastern legend which runs thus: "A fox, being overtaken by the dawn far from home, and fearing to be seen in open day, lay down by the roadside and feigned death, thinking to lie there unmolested until nightfall and then run home. Before long a child passed by, and spying the apparently dead animal, went up to it and amused himself by pulling out its whiskers. The pain was severe, but the fox did not wince. 'Patience,' said he, 'I can get home without my whiskers.' After the child, grown tired of his amusement, had gone away, there came along a physician, who, looking at the fox, said, 'A fox's nail is a sovereign remedy for a felon.' Whereupon, without further ceremony, he cut off one of the poor creature's paws. 'O,' sighed the fox; 'but patience! I can run home very well on three legs.' Pretty soon thereafter came by a peasant, who in like manner despoiled him of his brush. Still the fox said, 'Patience. I shall get home by and by.' At last came a celebrated anatomist. 'The very thing,' cried he; 'I have long wanted a fox's heart.' As

he cut open the unfortunate animal, and put his hand on the heart to draw it forth, the fox, in attempting to utter his favorite word, 'Patience,' breathed his last." The moral of this tale scarcely needs pointing.

But imagine this young woman waiting. Her parents are fully as likely as she to live for twenty years to come. She can not be supposed to be so unnatural as to wish for their death. And afterward, when her freedom comes through a great sorrow, where is the glorious working-time of her youth?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM LAWRENCE TO CHEYENNE.

LEAVING the pleasant town of Lawrence, its familiar streets and bustling business, we took the train and coursed over the beautiful stretch of land between Lawrence and Leavenworth. Too little has been said of the picturesque scenery of this section of Kansas. It is varied and highly attractive, gemmed with pleasant farms and country residences, traversed by wooded streams, and patched with orchards. We ran up to Weston from Leavenworth on business, tarrying a day and night in that quaint city of tortuous streets and perpendicular banks. A night journey on the rushing train and we are in Omaha, the metropolis of Nebraska. This town has received a powerful impetus from the Union Pacific Railroad, and is now pushing ahead rapidly, brick blocks line the street, and business is flourishing. This is the work-shop of the great Pacific Railroad, and from here glide forth those magnificent "Pullman cars," those palace ships that navigate the great ocean of the plains, ay, and run the breakers of the mighty mountains, dashing through deep cañons and over devious passes, till the green valley beyond smiles in the transparent atmosphere and the blue Pacific blushes in the rosy sunset before the eyes of the delighted traveler. It is true, but strange, that we go to the "Far West" to find the most comfortable conveniences for journeying, the most magnificent railroad carriages on the continent. We remained two days at Fremont, the second city of Nebraska, on the Union Pacific Railroad, forty miles from the Missouri River, boasting of a population of two thousand souls, a good newspaper, and excellent hotels. Out on the "Great Desert," and ho for Cheyenne! The thirty hours' ride over these dreary plains was made strangely pleasant to me by gazing over the wide expanse of land, unbroken by tree, or shrub, or house, excepting at the way-stations

along the road. These chiefly consist of a few railroad buildings, and little settler's huts, turfed up, about half above the ground and the remainder below it. This system of building, or excavating, or both, is decidedly fashionable on the plains, partly for economy, partly as fortification against Indian attack. The gable of this house, rising from three to five feet above the surface ground, is usually decorated with the sign "Saloon !" "Whisky !"

The railroad follows the Platte River most of the way to Cheyenne. As its name indicates, it is a broad, shallow stream; the banks are for the most part flanked by brown, barren bluffs; dotted with stunted pines as you near Cheyenne, thus denominated "Pine Bluffs." Although it was May, we passed large patches of snow, a storm having fallen a few days prior. There was fascination in this mad ride over the boundless wilderness. It was impossible to feel ennui; all the old tales that had charmed my childhood of expeditions and adventures among these vast solitudes, flitted through my mind. This was the "Great American Desert" of my first geography. It was enchanted ground; there was a sense of *room*, a feeling of unchained *freedom*, limited by no visible boundaries save God's far horizon. A cry of "antelopes !" and, looking out, we saw a herd of these graceful animals bounding over the plains toward the nearest bluffs. Our train made quite a commotion among the prairie dog community. In astonishment they sat upright in the entrance to their houses, poising the front feet in the air and barking courageously, then, with a whisk of the tail, disappeared in their holes. The breakfast and dinner stations are well kept, the meals good. Altogether this trip is an anomaly. Across the wild Western lands, startling the herds of game, rushing through profound solitudes, the theater of adventure, and Indian massacre, in a country strange as tales of the "Arabian Nights," dashes the "Iron Steed," with his glittering train of carriages teeming with life, refinement, and fashion, bearing their human freight as comfortably as though in the midst of the cities of civilization.

The day being rather hazy we could not discover the mountains until within about thirty-five miles of Cheyenne. Stepping out on the platform I beheld against the western horizon a long, light pile of clouds. These were the distant ranges. Through a field-glass I easily distinguished the dark mountains, slashed and garlanded with snow, and gazed with a tremor of delight. There were the first grand sentinels at the outposts of a Continent! Behind those rocky bulwarks smiled and frowned the "Switzer-

land of America"—the Beulah of the artist, the Mecca of the novelist, the land of dreams and of gold. I looked around me. Some "section men" were working with their rifles beside them. This was perilous ground. The Indians might swoop down on this handful of men and annihilate them. Such massacres were common. It was the inevitable contest of barbarism against civilization, the hatred of darkness for light.

We reached Cheyenne just as the level rays of the setting sun glinted over the cloudy summits of the piled-up peaks, bathing with long floods of light the gray, immeasurable plain, the brown bluffs, and the low, white canvas roofs of this strange city of the desert. This town, in the midst of a desolate waste, incapable of cultivation, has received a telling impulse from the great Pacific Railroad. It boasts of some fair buildings, between three and four thousand inhabitants, two or three newspapers, and innumerable whisky shops. However, it is slowly recovering itself from the quagmire of dissipation and crime into which it had plunged while it was that terrible thing, the terminus of a great railroad. Since the work has pushed on, carrying its drift of the scum and offal of society, Cheyenne gives unmistakable signs of vigorous, healthy life. It is the principal settlement of the new territory of Wyoming, five hundred miles from Omaha, at the beginning of the rolling ground that sweeps up, almost imperceptibly, but yet at an increasing grade of from ten to fifteen feet per mile, to the foot of the mountains.

We found the hotel at the depot a commodious and well-kept house. We could easily imagine ourselves spirited to the parlors of the "States." We spent two days here, observing this singular town and enjoying the pure breeze pouring down fresh from the snow hills. I here experienced a difficulty in respiration. The least exertion, especially to persons of enfeebled lungs, in this rarefied atmosphere, is extremely exhaustive; but sleep comes readily and completely. Even I, who had for months nightly tossed in feverish unrest, fell into as gentle a slumber as might a tired and healthy child.

GENTLENESS, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants. It removes no just right from fear; it gives up no important truth from flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value.

THE RIVER.

DARK hulls of ships and slimy wharves the turbid
river laves,
And round and through the city pours her melan-
choly waves.
O, ravished River! free nor pure thy tide shall
ever be,
Now Mammon with his sooty swarm has claim'd and
fetter'd thee;
'T is thine to own the tyrant power that earth and
ocean seals,
To bear his burden on thy breast, and whirl his
million wheels;
He curbs thee round with stake and stone, and chains
thee o'er and o'er,
And bids thee crouch beneath his hand, a slave for
evermore!

Once how beautiful and bright
Did she mingle with the main,
Bounding, leaping in delight,
As a wand'rer home again;
Gayly dimpling through her channels,
Misty years that reason mock,
Years that have no other annals
Than her writing on the rock.

Through her sobs I seem to hear
Murmurs pleading soft and clear;
"Know me, ere you judge me so,
Walk beside me as I flow,
Up beyond the slimy slips,
Up beyond the shady ships—
Beyond the long bridge and the quay,
Beyond the walls—where I am free!
Come and see me gush and glide.
With a gentle, flowing tide,
In my stainless maiden pride—
Through the meadows green and gay,
Where the village children play,
And their fair limbs lay and lave
In my cool, refreshing wave;
By the clover-perfum'd mead,
Where the calm-eyed cattle feed;
'Mong the willows, round the hill;
By the old, deserted mill;
'Neath the hollow, crumbling bank,
Where the grass grows long and rank,
Yet a fragrance in the air
Tells of sweet buds lurking there;
By that fairy-haunted spot,
Deck'd with sad forget-me-not;
Where the branches hang their shade
Over many a mossy glade
That for love alone was made;
Come up further, where I dally
With the tall reeds in the valley,
And among them gleam and glisten,
Till you think I cease to flow;
But you'll hear me, if you listen,
Murmur songs the lilies know—
Whimble, ripple, gurgle, babble
Liquid lays the lilies know!

Upward to the deep, dark basin
Border'd round with tufty sod,
Where the swallow dips her pinion,
And the angler trails his rod.

Yet further along,
Where the valley grows narrow,
You'll own I am strong
As I dart like an arrow!
Ha! ha! and I shout
In the freedom I love;
The clouds grow amazed
As they cluster above,
When roaring in thunder
The wild leap I take,
The giant trees wonder,
And tremble and quake;
But as I rush past them,
I fling, in my play,
O'er branches low bending
A wreath of my spray;
And then my sun-lover,
With cheek all aglow,
Doth gaze with such ardor,
I blush him a bow!

Now onward and upward you press by my side,
Till the great silent mountains are seen;
Through ages, and ages, and ages my tide
Hath scoop'd out that fearful ravine!
To the brink of yon cliff, where the pine-tassels swing,
Lo, the terrified rocks in their agony cling,
And the sweat of their toil never ceases to rain;
But their fate is beneath them—their labor is vain.
Then you come to the wind-whisp'ring forest, whose
sod

The foot of no venturous pilgrim has trod,
But where, by the gleam of the stars, you may see
The slow, stealthy panther come gliding to me,
Or the deer from her covert stoop over and shrink
From her shade in my depths as she pauses to
drink.

Still forward you struggle—the forest is pass'd;
My own native mountain lifts proudly at last—
My own native mountain whose peak is a throne,
Where reigns the ice-father eternal and lone,
Who dreams not of earth at his measureless height,
But holds with the planets communion of light!
And now you may rest by my cool cavern door,
As you hear the drip, drip—drip, drip on the floor;
Through shadows you peer, and the dark breath
inhale,

Where specters of ages stand silent and pale!
No further! Beyond, in the bowels of earth,
Where coy rubies blush, is the place of my birth—
Where diamonds sparkle, and silver and gold,
In mansions of beauty, 'mid marvels untold."

THE first sound in the song of love
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate.

WORD-PICTURES OF PALESTINE.

THE two recent works of Rev. Dr. March—"Night Scenes in the Bible" and "Walks and Homes of Jesus"—contain some of the finest descriptive passages in the English language. *Word-pictures*, we may call them, for they present most vividly the scenes made signal by our Lord's ministry. What an interest it throws around a parable, an incident, or a miracle, to be able to call up the surroundings which, in many cases, added to its impressiveness! Let us accompany our author to a few of the scenes which his graphic power renders so life-like.

Our thoughts naturally turn, first of all, to *Bethlehem*, over which dawned the star that led "where the infant Redeemer was laid;" or as the author of "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever" poetically embodies the thought:

"Suriel

Took of the lamps, that ever blaze beside
The altar of celestial frankincense,
Symbols of love enkindling endless praise,
And from that lucid sphere descending sloped
His course to earth, where on the nightly plain
Chaldeæ's watchers read the starry heavens;
And holding in his hand that torch, which seemed
As if a planet brighter than its peers
Had wandered from its path, viewless himself,
Allured their steps, whose minds were taught of God,
Until their weary pilgrimage at last
Was ended with unutterable joy
Before the Royal Babe of Bethlehem."

The Syrian mountains, extending northward to Lebanon and southward to the Arabian Desert, lie upon the whole face of Palestine, "like some vast centipede, with rocky arms of limestone hills extending east and west, between narrow valleys and winding glens running down to the Jordan and the Dead Sea on one side, and to the plains of Sharon and Carmel on the other." On one of these ridges, extending only a mile from the central chain, stands Bethlehem, six miles south of Jerusalem. "The inn" where Christ was born was, in all probability, the home in which Ruth once lived, and David was born; which the latter gave by inheritance to Chimham, and which afterward became the "Khan" of the village. In the neighboring wilderness, and perhaps in the very "field" where the shepherds heard the "good tidings" from angel lips, the shepherd boy of "ruddy" countenance kept watch over his flocks. There he learned privation, and solitude, and danger. He became familiar with starry nights and sounding storms, he mapped out the heavens with their constellations and discerned the face of the sky, "he wove the glories of the sunset, and the fires of the firmament, and the

shadows of the forest, and the lightnings of the tempest, and the voices of the deep, into songs that shall be sung through all coming time."

Nazareth.—The name was thought to signify "place of flowers." "And the name was well chosen, whether the meaning referred to the millions of flowers strewn through the valley, or to the appearance of the little white town itself, resting in the cup of the one colossal flower, of which the fifteen encompassing hills are the green petals to enhance its beauty and to protect it from danger. . . . The traveler who crosses the great battle-plain of Esdraelon, reviving its memories of blood as he rides for hours through a waving sea of verdure, and then climbs the steep and rocky defile to the edge of the basin of Nazareth, and looks down, through groves and thickets of vines, upon the quiet town and the cultivated gardens, feels, for the moment, that he has alighted upon a 'happy valley,' where the pride and conflict of the world can never come." Alas, that the history of the town should dissipate so pleasant a dream!

Capernaum enjoyed the rare distinction of being called "his own city." The town stood on the north-west shore of the Sea of Galilee, the whole circuit of which could be seen from the roof of the synagogue which the Roman centurion had built. Eight cities could be seen lining the shore, all of them beautiful in the distance; shining with their white stone-houses, like alabaster in the sun. Pleasure boats darted across the lake, and hundreds of fishermen put forth to let down their nets for a draught. Snowy Hermon, away to the north, flamed in the fires of a Syrian sun.

"Beyond were Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene."

The arrowy Jordan shot southward to the Dead Sea. On the western border lay that wondrously fertile and beautiful plain called Gennesaret—"Gardens of Princes"—"Paradise"—where all kinds of plants and flowers were seen, from the tropical thorn and the bright pink oleander to the fruitful vine and the graceful palm. The little sea itself "filled the bed of a volcanic rift among the highlands. The waters from the hills had run down and filled the mouth of the furnace, out of which the earth-fires once flamed. . . . The deep depression of the lake acted upon the inclosed air like some vast conservatory, keeping up a tropical temperature through most of the year."

Just above Capernaum is supposed to be the "*Mount of the Beatitudes*." We sit down with the multitudes upon the grassy slope. It is the morning hour, and "the flush of dawn is kindling and rising along the level wall of the

eastern mountains. The still surface of the lake lies like a dark mirror of burnished steel incased in its high frame-work of hills, receiving and reflecting the rapid changes of light and shade, from night to morning. The suddenness with which the dawn gives place to the day, makes the surrounding heights and valleys, with their green terraces and wild ravines, stand forth with startling clearness in the blaze of light." Jesus descends midway to meet the expectant crowd; as the morning "pours its glories on the hills of Galilee," so does the "Light of the world" pour the beauty and gladness of paradise restored into the dark places of earth. Emblems of truth are on every side. Bright-hued flowers bloom everywhere in sight, "from the lake-shore, through the green valleys and oak woods, upward to the base of Tabor and over the hills toward Nazareth." Jesus bids the care-worn multitude to "consider the lilies." "Flocks of birds make the morning air musical with their happy voices and beat the waves into foam with their fluttering wings." "Behold the fowls of the air," says the great Teacher. "While he is speaking, trumpets sound the reveille for the Roman troops garrisoned in the cities on the lake-shore." The golden eagle—hated sign of subjection—is raised aloft with the salutation of voices from below. The turbulent Galileans knit their brows with wrath. The calm Jesus says, "Love your enemies, pray for them that persecute you."

That Christ made use of surrounding scenes and objects to illustrate his teaching can not be doubted. On one occasion he likened the kingdom of heaven to a grain of mustard-seed, the plant of which might have been seen growing wild all over Galilee; lining the pathways among the hills, gilding the lake shores with its yellow blossoms, and filling the air with its pungent odor. This fiery little seed, holding within it a principle of irrepressible vitality, and springing up every-where in spite of all efforts to destroy it, might well form an emblem of that piety, which, though small in its beginnings, yet persistently *grows*, sending its roots downward, and pushing its green stalk upward, till the full-blown flower waves triumphantly in the realms of upper air, and the golden fruit clusters in the bright, warm sunlight. But, again, he said the kingdom of heaven was like treasure hid in a field—something which might *suddenly* be found and rejoiced over. In the time of Christ that whole country had been overrun and devastated by invading armies and bands of lawless men, whose sole object was to plunder and destroy. For centuries it had been the study of the peo-

ple to save their property from the robber and the extortioner. Hence it had become a maxim of worldly prudence and foresight, that a third of one's possessions should be hidden in the earth. In many cases the place of concealment had been forgotten, or lost through the sudden death of the only one who knew the secret. And so the impression prevailed that immense riches were buried in the fields and gardens all over the land. Some made it their business to dig for these treasures, and, on finding them, would sometimes be almost frantic with joy, and sell all that they had in order to buy up the estate in which the treasures had been found. So the poor would suddenly become *rich*; just as we have seen the poor, downcast penitent, *in an instant*, transformed into a happy child of grace, as the hidden treasures of the kingdom flashed upon his vision.

A half hour's walk eastward from the wall of Jerusalem, across the Kidron valley, past Gethsemane, and over the ridge of Olivet, brings one to *Bethany*. How often might the lowly Son of man have been seen, with weary footsteps, climbing the rocky ledges of the steep ascent on which the hamlet stood, to find the home of Mary and her brother Lazarus; or, mayhap, turning aside to spend the night, under the dark-green fig-trees and silvery olives on the western slope of Olivet, in needful sleep or solitary prayer!

"How damp were the night-dews that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels astonished grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight."

The outlook eastward was "through a narrow glen, down the dreary and dangerous road to Jericho, and over the desolate wilderness of Judea, and across the wild gorge of the Jordan, with the rocky wall of the mountains of Moab beyond;" while westward the dark brow of Olivet shut off the view of Jerusalem with all its scenes of care and crime. Secluded and solitary Bethany shall be a name of peace and blessing as long as the Gospel lives.

Dr. March assumes Mt. Tabor to be the scene of the transfiguration. In this he stands almost alone among modern tourists and scholars; for while tradition points to Tabor, several circumstances point unmistakably to Hermon. (1.) The record says it was a "high" mountain. Hermon rises high above all the other hills of Palestine, and, in fact, is almost the only mountain which deserves the name. Its grandeur and beauty arrest the attention from every point of view, and seem to set it apart as what Scripture calls "the holy mount." "In the remote distance," says Dr. Olin, "though full in our

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



view, the snowy top of Mount Hermon was still glittering and basking in the beams of the sun, while a chaste, cool drapery of white, fleecy clouds hung around its base." Another traveler speaks of "Hermon, the chief of all the mountains of the land, moistened with the copious dews which descend from his hoary

locks." And still another compares it to "a venerable Turk, with his head wrapped in a snowy turban, sitting on his throne in the sky, and surveying with imperturbable dignity the fair lands below." (2.) Jesus led the three disciples up into a mountain "apart by themselves." Tabor was at that time probably

crowned by a castle, and, therefore, unfitted for the solitude and solemnity of the transfiguration scene. (3.) The comparison of the raiment of Jesus to the white and shining snow—such as lingered perennially on the top of Hermon—is not to be overlooked. (4.) Jesus was in the region of Hermon at the time, and could not have been near Tabor. He had come up from the Decapolis—Mark vii, 31—a region of ten cities south-east of Gennesaret—by way of Magdala, on the west coast, to Bethsaida—Mark viii, 22—on the north coast, and thence had proceeded northward to the towns of Cesarea Philippi, beyond the waters of Merom. From this region we have no evidence of his removal till after the transfiguration, when he “departed thence, and passed through Galilee”—verse 30—and “came to Capernaum”—verse 33—on his way southward to Jerusalem. After all, it may have been neither the dewy Hermon, nor rounded and dome-like Tabor, but one of the peaks of Lebanon, that was the scene of this sublime and beautiful incident in the life of our Lord.

The natural features of Palestine were just the kind to cultivate all the varied qualities, and especially the sterner virtues, that make up a historic race. The effeminate Babylonian and the passionless Hindoo could not have been reared among the mountain crags of Ephraim, or the hills of Judah and Naphtali. Bayard Taylor, in “Views Afoot,” says that those Italians who have the vast Alpine mountain heights constantly in view, so far from being inspired, seem rather overawed, and dwarfed in their manhood, so that they are a spiritless and insipid race of people. And, on the other hand, we know that those races that drink in the calm beauties of ever-blooming plains, and ever-radiant skies, are enervated from want of the stern and grand. Palestine combined the sublime and the beautiful—bringing together all zones and climates in her little, life-teeming circumference. The “Christ Rejected” of Benjamin West is not the Christ of the Gospels. That magnificent painting—the pride of American art—has perhaps but the one defect of presenting us a one-sided, harmless, unresenting, but not heroic, Christ. In spite of ourselves we find our admiration going out toward the manly looking personage whom the artist intends for the high-priest of the Jews.

Meekness and forgiveness of wrong are associated with the sublime qualities of endurance and high-souled courage and majestic hatred of evil, in the Christ whom we see confronting the proud Pharisees; and whom even the infidel Rousseau could not but admire, when he ex-

claimed, “What a majesty in his replies!” The humanitarian ideal which “Ecce Homo” portrays—though it excludes the divine—is yet so grandly human that it approaches the godlike. We behold the flower of the Hebrew kings and prophets, brave, heroic, Christ-like men; David, with all his faults, a kingly spirit in his day, raising the signal of war on the heights of Beth-haccerem; John Baptist, reprover of monarchs, coming up from the wild deserts of Judea and the beetling cliffs of the Dead Sea; the stormy-souled Elijah, nourished in the mountainous land of Gilead, where “robber chieftains had their strongholds, and wild beasts lurked among the crags, and furious torrents came leaping down the dark gorges from the rocky heights”—these are the men, the counterparts of whom shall yet conquer the world.

The Church needs all kinds of sanctified and cultivated character to do its blessed work. As Dr. March forcibly expresses the idea, we need “quiet and contemplative” Christians, as Melancthon, Leighton, and Fenelon; “intense and impassioned” natures, to speak with words of fire, as Edwards, Brainerd, and Whitefield; but we need, especially, “sons of thunder, with nerves of iron and faces of adamant,” such as Luther, and Knox, and Cromwell, “to shake the nations with their stormy vehemence, and beat down the strongholds of sin with words that strike like battle-axes.”

The following passage, from “Night Scenes in the Bible,” is a prose poem: “It is morning on the Sea of Galilee. Pale shafts of light are shooting up the eastern sky where the bright star of dawn hangs over the hills of Bashan. The wavy tints of the mountain tops begin to redden with the fires of the coming day. Away northward the white snows of the mighty Hermon are ablaze with the glory of an Eastern dawn. Southward the misty line marking the course of the Jordan brightens, and looks as if the shining train of a cometary orb had fallen between the parted hills. A solitary lark springs from her nest and shoots upward with a gush of song, and soon the whole air becomes vocal with happy singers that vie with each other in carrying the morning hymn highest toward the gate of heaven. The dark gray wall of the distant hills draws nearer as the day approaches, and a flush of air shooting across the steel-bright water makes a pathway of light, as if an angel’s wing had swept the sea from shore to shore.”

Such word-pictures are enough to lure our pilgrim feet to

“Traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.”

THE IMMIGRANT'S STORY.

INTRODUCTION.

ONE day, early in the Summer of 1860, as I was standing at an open window in my room admiring the freshness and beauty of the scene without, I heard the gate at the opposite side of the house open and shut, and immediately after the sound of steps upon the walk leading to the house. I turned to another window to see who was coming, and found a stranger, a woman in middle life and very plainly dressed, but possessing a face which at once awakened interest. There were traces of care and sorrow upon it, but the expression was refined and intellectual, and I could plainly see that it must once have been remarkably beautiful.

When I gave her admittance, she introduced herself as Mrs. Linndon, and inquired if I knew of any one who wished to hire sewing done. I did not, but requested her to be seated, for she looked sad and weary, and I felt confident that the lot of a laborer was one to which she had not always been accustomed. I also asked her to take off her hat and shawl and rest awhile, for the day was exceedingly warm.

"I should be happy to do so if I had time," she replied in a sweet voice, but with a strong German accent; "for it is very unpleasant traveling in this scorching sun."

"It will be cooler in an hour or two, I think," I returned.

She listened to my words with evident pleasure, and finally decided to stop awhile.

Her manner perfectly accorded with the refined look of her face, and as I observed her easy, graceful ways, I could not but feel an increasing desire to know something of her history. And this knowledge I obtained during the few hours she remained with me on that day, and at other seasons, for she soon obtained a situation near, and I frequently saw her afterward.

The following pages contain this history, though I have not attempted to give it in her own impassioned language, for it would be impossible to give more than a faint idea of the depth of feeling manifested by this unfortunate woman, as she rehearsed in tears, the joys, follies, and sorrows of her past life.

One day, the one on which I first saw her, while relating to me some incidents which had occurred after her separation from her husband, she spoke of a certain song which had been a great favorite with her father, and which she had learned, and frequently played and sang for his diversion during the long days they had

spent together. That her story was a truthful one, I had not, from the first, a doubt. Yet every additional proof of it would be gratifying, I thought.

Accordingly I asked her if she would not play that song for me, meantime observing her closely to see if she manifested any embarrassment at the unexpected question, for the instrument stood in an adjoining room and she did not know there was one in the house. But I looked in vain for any evidence of it, for she acceded with perfect readiness to my request, and took the proffered seat, and played and sang the song with artistic finish, while the tears streamed down her cheeks in memory of the days which it so vividly brought before her mind.

But this will suffice for an introduction, and we will proceed to the story of Gertrude.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

My father was a native of the city of ———, which is situated on the sea-coast in the northern part of Germany. He was a merchant, and conducted his business with so much skill and energy that he soon amassed a fortune from the allowance which his father made him, when he first began business for himself. At my grandfather's death, my father also found himself sole heir to his father's fine estates, for another brother who, if he had lived, would have been co-heir with him, had perished the year before on a voyage to India.

Thus my father, while yet young, found himself in the possession of wealth seemingly inexhaustible, and he began, for the first time, to think that he might now cease to exert himself as he had hitherto done. He soon decided, also, upon having an establishment of his own, and then began to look about him for some one to preside gracefully over it, and to share with him the joys and sorrows of life. He was greatly aided in coming to a satisfactory conclusion in this matter, by the recollection of a college classmate to whom he had once been sincerely attached, and whose untimely death a few years previous he had deeply lamented.

The name of this youth was Bertrand Leslie. He was talented, handsome, and good, yet possessed of a fiery, passionate temper, over which, when suddenly roused, he had but little control. Notwithstanding this, he had so good a heart, and was so sincere in his repentance, and generous in making amends when he thought he had done wrong, and was withal so true and upright in principle, that this one fault was overlooked by his friends and acquaintances, and he was, in spite of it, a universal

favorite. It sometimes happened, however, that he met with those as sensitive and high-spirited as himself, and with whom, if he did not guard against it, some difficulty was pretty certain to arise. While he was in college, and when he had about half completed his college course, at the beginning of a term, a new student entered the institution not unlike Bertrand in his temperament, though by no means his equal in noble heart qualities. He also prided himself upon being a sprig of nobility, a lineal descendant of some great historic personage, and was extremely haughty and overbearing in his manner toward others.

My father at once foresaw the difficulties which might arise should these two come in collision, and often cautioned Bertrand against being too much in the society of young H., or, at least, not to lose sight of prudence if he should give offense.

This caution was heeded for a time, but was totally forgotten one day when the two happened to be debating some matter of interest to them both, when he was, as usual, haughty and insolent, and Bertrand being off his guard, gave vent to his excited feelings, and was equally insulting or more so in return. My father, who was present, went up to Bertrand as a friend and, excusing himself to H., drew him away to the quiet of his own room, remarking, as he did so, that they were both too much excited to talk the matter over calmly, and had better defer it to some other time.

When Bertrand became calm he thanked my father for his friendly interference in his behalf, and admitted that he had indeed been hasty; whereupon my father advised him to go at once to H. and make a manly and Christian acknowledgment of his error.

While they were still conversing upon the subject, some one called at the door of their room and handed a letter to Bertrand. As he opened and perused it, a deathly pallor overspread his fine features, and, without speaking, he handed it to my father to read. It was a challenge to a duel from H., who could not brook the insults which Bertrand had given him, and he demanded satisfaction.

"You surely will pay no heed to this unreasonable demand," said my father, when he had finished reading the note.

"I do not know," returned Bertrand; "I certainly do not wish to be thought a coward. Pray, counsel me what to do."

"You certainly can not need advice in regard to so plain a duty. It is at variance with the spirit of Christianity; and, moreover, dueling is forbidden by the rules of this institution."

"That is true," replied Bertrand, "and yet if I should refuse to fight this duel, I should be branded as a coward, and that is a thing which you know I could not endure."

"No one who knows you, Bertrand, would for a moment believe it was a lack of courage that caused you to decline."

"I do n't know about that," said he slowly, and, after a short pause, added; "let me decline for any reason whatever, and I should be called a coward. I should be obliged to leave the school, or remain through the course an object of ridicule; for H. has friends here, and his money would buy more, who could be prejudiced against me, and such a life as that would be to me simply unendurable. No!" said he emphatically, "I will prove to them that I am not a coward," and his eyes flashed with the fire which glowed in his dauntless soul as he arose to go and pen a reply.

My father entreated him not to send it, for, said he, "You are no match for H. in dueling, and you have no right to place your life in such jeopardy, to say nothing of your friends, to whom your death would be such a crushing blow."

"Have no fears for me," he returned; "you will see me here a week hence as well as now, and happier by far, for my honor will then be vindicated."

And animated by this delusive hope, and in spite of my father's remonstrances, he sent the letter giving acceptance to the fatal challenge. After it was gone past recall, he seemed to realize more fully the fearful step he had taken, though he tried to feign indifference. My father, however, was not deceived by it in the least, and after they had retired for the night, and Bertrand supposed my father was asleep—which he was not—he arose and paced back and forth all night long in an adjoining room, which happened to be empty at that time, engaged, without doubt, in the painful task of taking mental leave of dear absent friends, in case it should be his fate to fall, for he was an only and idolized son, and he had an only sister, whom he seemed to regard with the warmest affection.

The morning of the day upon which the duel was to be fought dawned fair and cloudless. At an early hour the parties repaired to a wood at some distance from the school, and where my father's worst fears in regard to the termination of the scene were soon realized. As he had predicted, it was an unequal contest, and before the bell had rung for the opening of school, poor Bertrand lay pale and lifeless on a couch in my father's room.

The affair, which had been privately con-

ducted, now became public, and H. was at once expelled from the school and sent home in disgrace, while my father undertook the painful task of apprising the parents of Bertrand, who lived in a distant city, of the sad occurrence, and of conveying his remains to them. I have often heard my father say that the grief of these aged parents and the sister—then a young girl of about twelve or fourteen years—over the inanimate form of one whom they had so fondly cherished, presented the most touching scene he ever witnessed.

The sweet face of the young girl, who manifested such heart-felt sorrow over her lost brother, long haunted my father after his return to school, and afterward, when he became absorbed in business, he used often, he said, to find himself thinking of it. It closely resembled that of the unfortunate Bertrand, and yet it was unlike it. She apparently possessed all those qualities which had made him so general a favorite, and yet there were no evidences of the fiery temper which had been the besetting sin of his life, and which had taken him to an untimely grave. As time rolled on, he thought less frequently of her, however, for he became more deeply engrossed with the often baffling pursuits of business, and he had, moreover, determined if possible to become rich and influential before setting up an establishment of his own.

But he never for once lost sight of her; and when, at his father's death, he suddenly found himself in the possession of means sufficient for the gratification of every reasonable wish, his thoughts again turned to her; and when he had seen her, and found that she had, both mentally and physically, more than fulfilled the promise of her youth, he determined to woo, and if possible to win her. This accomplished, as soon as practicable he secured a situation near his native city which happened to be for sale at that time, and which was indeed a most charming spot. It commanded not only a view of the city and the surrounding country, but of the port where flocked the ships of all nations with their many colored flags and curious devices. This home was at length pronounced complete in all its arrangements, and then my father brought thither his chosen bride. How often have I heard him speak of the blissful years which followed, each one of which proved more clearly than the last that he had chosen wisely and well!

I remember but little about her, however, for, before I had reached my fourth year, she was no more. Her death was a severe blow to my father, and one from which it was long before

he recovered. Besides, he knew not what to do with me. None of my grandparents were living, or other friends to whom I could go, and he did not deem it judicious to leave me wholly to the care of servants. But as there seemed to be no better way, I was finally left in the care of a servant who had been my mother's nurse, and who had hitherto proved faithful to every trust. And she proved equally faithful to me, or meant to. My father also watched carefully over me, and so kind and indulgent was he that no wish which my childish fancy suggested was left unfulfilled. My nurse I believe would as soon have thought of committing a crime as of refusing to grant a wish of mine, however unreasonable. And in this way I was exposed to many dangers, for I had inherited something of the high spirit which had proved so fatal to my mother's brother, and I needed a guardian who had the wisdom and firmness to chasten and subdue it. But my father saw nothing of this danger, or at least did not fully realize it, for he had again plunged into business in order to drown the sorrow occasioned by the death of my mother, and I seldom saw him until after business hours were over. Then I never had ought to ruffle my temper, and I was so pleased to see him, and was made so happy by the affectionate caresses which he bestowed upon me, that he seldom saw occasion to reprove me. And in this way time passed until I became old enough to have a governess. But so accustomed had I become by that time to having my wish a law, that I used frequently to have serious difficulties with her. If she went to my father with any complaint it made matters but little better, for he loved me so well that he could not find it in his heart to punish me, or do more than to advise me to be a good and obedient child. This advice I meant to follow, and I then thought I did—though I now see that I did not as I ought—for there was nothing I would not have done to please my good, kind, indulgent father.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL DAYS.

When I was about sixteen my father began to talk of sending me from home to an excellent school, a few miles distant, in order to enable me to secure that fashionable polish to my education which is thought to be so desirable. I was delighted with this project, and could think or talk of nothing else until the much wished-for time arrived for me to start. I had then seen but little of the world, and knew nothing at all of the laborious life of a student in an institution where the teachers are thorough

and exacting, and I dreamed only of a fairy palace peopled with the most lovely beings imaginable. But I was doomed to a sore disappointment. I had been there but a short time before I heartily wished myself at home again. In time, however, I became interested in some of my studies, and I also formed some agreeable acquaintances, and these reconciled me in a measure to my banishment from the ease and comforts of home. Yet I used often to entreat my father to allow me to return home, but he who had been so indulgent at all other times was immovable now. He could not yield to my request, he said, for he wished me to become an educated and accomplished woman. I was, moreover, under a good and Christian influence, and it was out of the tenderest regard for my well-being that he insisted upon my remaining in school. I knew that what he said was true, and disliking to displease him I returned, though, if I had followed my own inclinations, I should have remained at home.

Among other privileges which my father granted me for the sake of making my school life less irksome was that of spending the holidays and Saturdays at home. O, how much I enjoyed those precious seasons! I used to wait impatiently for those days to roll round, and finally to count the hours up to the time when I was to see the carriage approach which was to convey me back to my own delightful home, where I believe every one sincerely loved me, and where, at all events, every wish of mine was a law. There were no arbitrary rules for me to follow, and no one to whose will I was called upon to bend my own.

O, if I had only known then that the discipline I was under in that school was of all things that which I most needed, how much trouble and sorrow it would have saved me! Had I possessed this knowledge then, I had not been to-day a homeless wanderer in a foreign land. But, alas! no friendly warning was given, no hand outstretched to save me from the dread abyss which was yawning for my unwary feet.

The time at length arrived when my education was pronounced finished by my various tutors, and I returned to my father's house. I had truly enjoyed the advantages of superior instruction and wisest counsel, and when I left school I fully intended to live a new life. "Never again," I thought, "will I give way to my temper, or live so selfish and idle a life as I have formerly done." But, alas! I undertook in my own strength that which I could only have accomplished with the aid of God's Holy Spirit.

Soon after my return home I began to look

forward to my entrance into society with much interest. Many of my classmates who had left school with me were residents of my native city, and we frequently called upon and visited each other. I used also to receive a visit often from a young girl whose acquaintance I had formed at school, and whose friendship I prized more highly than all others. Her name was Constance Linndon. She entered the school after I had been some time a member, and had had time to become thoroughly acquainted with the ways of the institution. When I first met her, if I had not been captivated by her beauty and grace, and the apparent sweetness of her disposition, my heart would have gone out to her, for she was far from home, among strangers and homesick, and I remembered so well my own feelings under similar circumstances that I fully sympathized with her in her sorrow, and strove by every means to make her feel at home and happy. Thus began a friendship sincere, and destined to be lasting. The memory of it even now thrills me with joy.

I can hardly tell why it was that we became so much attached to each other. We were in every way unlike by nature, and the training which we had each received had also been in many respects different. She was the daughter of pious parents, both of whom were living, and she had been carefully trained to the strict performance of every filial and Christian duty. Indeed, she was of a disposition so mild and gentle, so affectionate and good, that very little discipline must have sufficed to make her what she was, a true and noble girl. This friendship increased as time passed, and I frequently invited her home with me to spend a day when there was no school. These visits she seemed greatly to enjoy. She was naturally quiet and retiring in her manners, and with few besides myself in the school did she become intimately acquainted, and she wept bitterly at my departure from the institution where she was still to remain. I was equally sad at thought of parting from her. But we agreed to write often to each other, and, moreover, she was to spend, as often as convenient, the Saturdays with me, and this arrangement in a measure reconciled us to the change. Whenever it was not convenient for her to come to me I sent for her, and I need not say how much we enjoyed those delightful seasons. Never shall I forget those days, for they are among the happiest of my life.

On one of these visits she brought with her a brother, who had come to spend a few days with her and in the city. She had seen none of her friends since leaving home, and was overjoyed

at his appearance. Anxious to make his visit as pleasant as possible, she proposed spending a day at my home, where she knew she was always welcome.

On that morning I had been out making some calls. Indeed, ever since my return from school I had been much in society. My time was almost constantly occupied with company, either at home or abroad. It was a bright, lovely day, and when I came in I had laid aside my hat and shawl, and taken my favorite seat at a window which looked out upon the bay. The view from this window was exceedingly fine. Far off in the distance were a line of hills lifting their gray outlines against the bright blue sky. Nearer at hand, on one side, lay the city spread out like a beautiful panorama, while on the other rolled the deep blue waters of the bay. On this broad expanse of water were floating vessels of various sizes and descriptions, and many a boat with its freight of pleasure seekers was this morning visible. As I glanced over this lovely scene I began to think of Constance, and to wonder if she would come on that day as usual. "What a splendid day for a sail on the bay," I thought, as the fresh Spring air, laden with the perfume of a thousand bursting leaves and buds, floated in at the open window.

It was now getting late, and I had begun to fear that something had occurred to prevent her coming, when I heard the sound of footsteps in the hall. So confident was I that it was Constance who had come that I flew out to meet her, and in a moment we were in each other's arms, as happy as though an age instead of one week had passed since we last met. I supposed she was alone, as usual, and did not observe her brother, who was a few steps behind, until she turned to present him to me. I was for a moment abashed to think of the unceremonious manner in which I had received my guest, but I speedily regained my self-possession, and gave them a welcome.

He was a tall, noble-looking man, with dark hair and eyes, and in appearance was a perfect gentleman. I soon found, also, that he possessed a well-stored and highly cultivated mind. Though but a few years older than his sister, he had added greatly to his store of knowledge by travel in foreign climes. Constance and I were so intimately acquainted, and he so intelligent and agreeable, that it was not long before we were conversing almost as freely as though we had been acquainted for months, and before the dinner hour arrived I had mentally decided that he was the most interesting person I had ever met. After an early dinner we went out for a sail upon the bay. The wind favored us,

and we had a delightful ride. Next we enjoyed a stroll around our grounds, visiting one spot after another where a more varied and extensive view of the surrounding scenery could be had. Soon after this my father returned from his business, and joined us in the library, where we spent the evening. First we had music, and then Esmond—for this was his name—and my father engaged in a long conversation upon business, foreign countries which they had each visited, and other topics of interest to them, while Constance and I improved the time in chatting over past times, and other matters which happened to interest us at that time.

When the time arrived for Constance and her brother to return my father invited him to call again—for he was to spend a few days in the city on business—and I observed that he looked well pleased with the invitation, and promised to accept it. In a few days he called again. Then followed other calls, and still others. One day we would have a drive, another a sail upon the bay, and the few days which he was to have staid in the city lengthened into weeks, and still he seemed reluctant to go. I will attempt no description of these delightful days—the brightest I ever knew. Let it suffice to say that when we parted I had promised to become his bride in the coming Autumn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CÆSAR MALAN, BY HIS SON.*

I. CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

HENRY ABRAHAM CÆSAR MALAN was born in Geneva, July 7, 1787. He descended from a family still largely represented in the valleys of Piedmont, where, from the origin of the ancient history of the Vaudois, it is found established in the country of St. Jean. A portion of this family having removed to France, early established themselves at Mérindol in Dauphiny, where the Malan family still subsists, and apparently has gained some notoriety. What is more important is, that several Malans are said to have been, both in Piedmont and in France, in the number of those heroic confessors who have sealed with their blood their attachment to liberty of conscience and to the pure Gospel. An ancient family of primitive Christians and martyrs, the Malans of Mé-rindol hesitated not after the revocation of the

* La Vie et les Travaux de Cesar Malan, Ministre du Saint Evangele de Geneva, Pasteur de l'Eglise du Temoignage, Dr. en Theologie de l'Universite de Glasgow: par Un de ses Fils. Librairie J. Cherbuliez, Geneve, Grande Rue 2. Paris, Rue de Seine 33.

Edict of Nantes to leave all for their faith. While some went to seek, even in the African deserts of the Cape of Good Hope, the religious liberty refused to them by their country, one of them, Pierre Malan, the head of the family, and the great-grandfather of him whose life we sketch, having fled from Mérimondol in 1714, after the martyrdom of his own sister, ended by taking refuge, in 1722, at Geneva, where he was admitted to the number of inhabitants. After having been received as a sergeant in the garrison, he there married a French refugee from Vivarias.

It is well known that it was only in consequence of the influence exerted in Geneva by the French Revolution, that it was decided to grant to natives the rights of citizenship. In the sanguinary troubles which had, for a long time, prepared the way for this event, my grandfather, though he was a native himself, was the only one of his family who espoused the cause of the négatifs, or partisans of the government. My father related to me that one of his first recollections was that of the day when he was presented with a little sword as the distinctive mark of his new dignity as a citizen of Geneva.

My grandfather, Jaques Imbert Malan, had succeeded as regent of the fourth class of the college to his father-in-law, M. Presteau, whose Greek and Latin Grammars were for a long time the class-books of the scholars. J. I. Malan was universally respected in his town. Enabled, at one time—it was during the French dominion—to enter into possession of large estates, of which religious persecution had despoiled his ancestor, he refused to take the necessary steps for so doing, because on investigation he found that it was necessary to begin by dispossessing several families. And as the French magistrate, while comprehending his motives, urged him nevertheless to consider the future prospects of his two sons, my grandfather replied that he hoped to give them such principles, that when they became men they would be the first to approve of what their father had done.

Remarkable for his benevolence and his active charity, as well as for the vivacity and grace of his mind, but, son of the eighteenth century, he did not understand at first the motives which led his son to sacrifice a career, the splendor of which had already filled with pride the heart of his father. Later he learned to give more importance to the voice of faith and of piety, but, above all, during the childhood of my father, the influence of my grandfather contributed to throw his younger son back upon the teachings

and the counsels of his pious mother. Without deserving to be regarded as a despiser of holy things, my grandfather had nevertheless, in a great degree, yielded to the influence of Voltaire, whose works, together with those of J. J. Rousseau, as well as the Encyclopedia of Diderot, occupied the place of honor in his library. Thus all "religious enthusiasm" was suspected by him, and, while his perfect goodness prevented his going so far as a personal sarcasm, he freely opposed in religious things the smile of the man of intellect and the pitiless coolness of what he called good sense to all words dictated only by the impulse of a pious heart. With this, my grandfather always remained full of tenderness and even respect for his son. I have under my eyes, in tracing these lines, a letter where, in pages in which the finest railery is mingled with the tone of an honest indignation, the old man takes his pen to expose the unjustifiable attacks then directed by the representative of the clergy against his son.

The mother of my father—she died in 1848—had been brought up at La Claveliere, our old manor, that had been bought by her father, seven leagues from Geneva, on the slopes of the Jorat, and of which some remains still exist besides the farm which has replaced it. From there she went to pass several years in one of the first boarding-schools of Neuchâtel.

The Presteaas were also a family of refugees, and the history of the father of my grandmother presents episodes of so romantic a character, and sometimes so vividly dramatic that they always made a profound impression on my youthful imagination when my grandmother related them to me. Originally from Nismes, they had belonged to a superior class of society, and not being, after their flight from France, obliged, like the Malans, to struggle with poverty, they had far from towns, kept more carefully the religious traditions of the ancient Huguenots. It is thus that, after their arrival at Geneva, this family had given a pastor to the village of Vaudœuvres, in the person of one of its connections, the Marquis de Fougereux, one of the preachers of the desert. It was he who baptized the mother of my father, who was his niece. It was also he, my father believed, who built at Vaudœuvres the small house, bought afterward by my grandfather, and where my father himself passed the last ten years of his life.

My grandmother, to whose influence my father, as we shall see, owed the first germs of his faith, was a woman of great charm of manner and appearance, of an angelic sweetness, and a piety as simple as sincere. Afflicted at an early age with deafness, and having always

had very defective sight, this excellent woman sought compensation for the privations to which she was condemned in a more assiduous application to the cares of her house, and in daily and choice reading. She owed to this a finely cultivated mind and a varied conversation, which gave a special attraction to her society.

My father was her well-beloved son, and in turn lavished on her the most tender and attentive affection. When he saw her approach her end, he settled himself near her, at Vandœuvres, and only left her to preach on Sunday at Geneva, taking care that his place should be filled on those days by my mother or one of my sisters.

After the death of my grandfather, my grandmother, as well as her eldest son, who lived abroad, continued to be the objects of the most intimate affections of my father. I found in the secret drawers of his bureau a number of souvenirs relating to these cherished beings. They were carefully tied up and labeled. They were evidently secret and personal treasures of my father. They were the child's first writing in pen and ink or pencil, or notes half-rubbed out, containing sometimes only a few words, manifesting the sentiments of the tender mother.

The childhood of my father was passed with his parents, who then lived in one of the houses of the street Verdaine, where may be found the entrance to the library. They were never reduced to dependence, but especially at the time of which we speak, their means were so narrow that more than once they were obliged to live without a servant. And yet my grand-parents and their two sons had a happy family life. In her last years my grandmother loved to think of it, and often she related to me traits of the childhood of my father. It was thus that she loved to tell us how, to prevent his brother being scolded, he hastened one day to drink a medicine that his brother could not be persuaded to swallow; how, on another occasion, he gave without hesitation to a beggar in the street the piece of bread that he had carried with him for his breakfast. Permit me to recall another incident that will give an idea of the circumstances and influences in the midst of which my father grew up.

"In a rigorous Winter," said my grandmother to me, "we were not rich then, my child, I had given to your father, who was about seven years old, a pair of warm woolen mittens. One day, on his return from school, I perceived that he was without them. By dint of questioning him I learned that he had given them to a poor little boy who had frozen hands. 'You see, mamma,' added he, 'I can put my hands in the sleeves

of my coat; his was not warm like mine.'" My grandmother told the child he had done well, but said she to me, "I bought him no mittens that Winter, although it often pained me to see his little hands reddened with the cold. Painful as it was to me, it was necessary above all that my son should learn from experience that he could only have the right and the happiness to give that of which he was willing to deprive himself."

From his earliest infancy my father was remarkable for his extraordinary precocity. It was thus that his mother loved to tell us how he had read to her, at the age of three years and a half, seated at her feet on a bench, the history of the scene of Gethsemane in the Gospel; and how later, when he saw her sad, he said to her, "Mamma, I am going to read to you the Mount of Olives." My brothers and myself keep in our remembrance many other incidents, by the aid of which our grandfather stimulated our first efforts to be what our father had been at our age.

I can not resist relating one of these stories, famous among the remembrances of our childhood, and one which I have often heard from the lips of my grandfather. I give it as written by one of my eldest sisters, to whom it was related by my grandmother: "At four years our father—with regard to whom one exception was made—received the prize for reading at the college. It was at the annual feast of 'promotions.' The four Syndics, their baton in hand, preceded by their beadles, and followed by the magistrates, by the clergy and the faculty, traversed the streets of the town at the head of the scholars, with the ringing of bells and accompanied by military bands, to repair to the Cathedral. It was in 1791 the little Cæsar, still in petticoats, the only one of his age and childish costume, took his place in the procession. His father had taken care to instruct him as to the three salutations he was to make, when his name should be called, in advancing toward the chair of the first Syndic, who, seated on the platform, was to give the prizes to the successful competitors. He had shown him how to make anew, when he had received the prize, the three prescribed salutations, in receding not in turning his back. The child is called; he approached, dismayed for a moment by the noise of the applause which greeted him; he reassured himself, made his three salutations, and received the prize from the hands of the magistrate, who gave it to him with some kindly words. When, however, the moment came to retire, the little boy, forgetting all the rest, only remembered what his father had said to him—'You must

bow three times.' So he took good care to make three bows, but turning his back to the grave Syndics, who, for this time, could not help joining in the merriment of the audience. Even then, as in all his life intent above all on obeying, he risked neglecting the duties of etiquette."

The early education of my father was received almost entirely at the college, an institution which was still, in the main, what Calvin had made it. It was there that were formed, between men of the same age, those ties which made of old Protestant Geneva a true family. It was there that were early established those habits of regularity, of diligent labor, of submission to law, and of the most absolute equality with regard to the performance of duty which have so long made the power and the glory of this little Republic. It was the will of God that my father, who was to exercise so decisive an influence over his native town, should be connected with her ancient institutions. He drew from them a profound and instinctive attachment for his country.

As a young man my father was remarkable for the regularity of his life, and for his active and devoted charity. Many incidents which have been preserved of him show that he possessed in a high degree the qualities of which he afterward gave so many proofs. He was spoken of as a "saint." They say that in a rigorous Winter the young student went in the evening, without the knowledge of his parents, to buy fagots, which he carried himself to this and that poor family. At the same time they described the promptitude and the courage that he showed in stopping, unaided, horses which were running away, as well as the devotion with which he repaired to the trenches of the town to carry help to poor wounded Austrians. He writes of himself: "During the four years of my study in theology, and, above all, during the last two, I preached very often in country pulpits, both at home and abroad. I was then altogether ignorant of the Gospel of grace, and though I was an honest young man, and even strict in my habits, I never had even the thought of another way of salvation than that of the works and merits of man. I had had in my childhood, and by the instruction of my mother, the belief in the eternal divinity of the Savior; and I remember that at the age of fourteen years I maintained against my fellow-students in college, and in the class, that Jesus is God. But this belief remained as if dead in my mind, and during my four years of theology never did I hear from the lips of my professors a single word that could reanimate it. Also, the essays

that I wrote there under the direction of our professor of sacred eloquence were only discourses of wisdom and earthly morality. Withal, I believed myself very religious, and was so considered. If I review my remembrances of college, of academy, and of theology, I can not, in the course of fifteen years, recall a single instruction in favor of the divinity of our Lord Jesus, of the fallen nature of man, and of justification by faith. I think," he adds, "that my contemporaries have received the same impression as myself." It is well known what was written at this time by R. Haldane, who had had with these contemporaries of whom my father speaks prolonged relations. "Had they been taught in the schools of Socrates and Plato," he does not hesitate to say to one of their professors, "they could scarcely have been more ignorant of the doctrines of the Gospel. Their studies were never directed to the Bible and to its lessons."

"They only discoursed to us," says one, "on the dogmas of natural religion. The New Testament was not in the number of books requisite to the completion of our studies for the sacred ministry." This reminds me that my father said to me himself more than once, that far from being obliged by the programme of his theological studies to make a special study of the New Testament, he only read it in course long after he had finished his studies. Without doubt, one must not conclude from this that he had never heard from the lips of his master a single word that enforced the sacred character of the Scriptures. As we shall see by and by, the Church of Geneva has never nourished in its bosom any official and direct attack against the authority of the letter of the Scriptures, and the most dangerous negation of its authority given to the present generation has emanated from a man who, until then, had occupied an important place in the camp of the dissenters from the Church.

But they did worse than pronounce these explicit negations, which of themselves forcibly call for examination; they did not dwell on them; they passed them over in silence. Surrounding the letter of the Bible with an exaggerated respect, they removed it by this means from common usage, and while hastening to recognize with the sad Rousseau "the majesty of the Scriptures," they would have regarded as a very exaggerated pretension the thought of being willing to take its witness and its authority for the sole rule of faith and of life.

In 1809 my father, who was then tutor to the sons of one of the bankers of our town, was appointed, after brilliant examinations, to the

place of regent of the fifth class of the college. In this position, which he filled during nine years, he attracted in a special manner the approbation and the eulogium of his superiors. Full of ardor for his new duties, he was one of the first in Geneva to introduce into his class the method of mutual instruction of Bell and Lancaster. He had been to study it in the school that Pestalozzi then directed at Yverdon. He also appropriated the intellectual system of this teacher, and those habits of reasoning and analysis which answered so well to the special bent of his mind. Soon his successes were spoken of even outside of Geneva, and more than once his class was visited by professors from abroad, especially from the north of Europe.

It was also for the scholars of the college that he published, in 1812, a selection from the fables of Phædrus, accompanied with notes, and, in 1818, the first part of a Latin poem of his composition. In this poem the beginnings of an evangelical faith already appear, and, although it had been introduced into the class with the approbation of the academy, we see it figure at a later period in the number of complaints made against his teaching by the scholastic authority.

My father was much beloved by his scholars. I have often heard men advanced in life speak with emotion of the epoch when they were found under his direction, and show that nothing that had since passed with regard to him who had been their master, had succeeded in effacing his name from their remembrance. "Nobody," as Goltz has very well said of him, "knew like him how to electrify young people, and to address himself at the same time to their intelligence and their heart." This character was his to the end. Even in his old age he was constantly the friend and the chosen confidant of the young men who drew near him.

It was in 1810, in the month of October, that my father, then twenty-three years old, was ordained to the sacred ministry in the Church of Geneva, and by the hands of M. Picot. This was the vow obligatory on this occasion: "You promise before God, and on the Holy Scriptures open before you, to preach purely the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; to recognize for the sole rule of faith and practice, the Word of God as it is contained in the sacred books of the Old and New Testaments; to abstain from all spirit of sect; to avoid all that would give rise to any schism, and break the union of the Church; to keep secret all confessions that will be made to you to unburden the conscience, except those which relate to crimes of high treason, and to use all your efforts to edify the Church of the Lord by living in the midst of

the present age with temperance, justice, and piety, and in applying yourself to fulfill all the duties of your sacred vocation."

It will be seen that this vow only bound the candidate by the sole authority of the Scriptures. Since 1806 the mention of the Catechism had been replaced by that of the Apostles' Creed, which had just disappeared, leaving nothing but that of the Scriptures alone. It is impossible not to remark this fact when one recalls the prominent part played in the life of my father by the constant remembrance of the responsibilities assumed by this vow.

The following year my father married the eldest daughter of M. Schœnenbarger, of Glaris, a merchant long established at Geneva, where he occupied a country place in the neighborhood of Valaoran. After having borne to him twelve children, of whom eleven are still living, and after having celebrated with him the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, my mother closed his eyes.

OUR FASHIONABLE NARCOTIC.

NEARLY two years ago an incident, in which a bishop of our Church, the secretary of a western Annual Conference, and the writer were alone concerned, induced me to give an honest examination of the much-discussed tobacco question. The result was, briefly stated, one more open defection from the ranks of the narcotized. It is possible that a brief statement of the results of this examination and some suggestions that followed in the train of argument may be of value to others.

It is nearly three hundred years since tobacco was introduced into Europe and began to be used as an article of luxury among civilized people. Growing steadily in popularity among all classes as a pleasant narcotic, it has become the universal favorite. It is the solace of solitude no less than the stimulus of excited thought. The man of pleasure and the weary laborer alike seek its fascinations. It has become a leading article in manufactures and commerce; the revenues derived from it are an important item in the finances of every government. Its cultivation, manufacture, and sale give employment to thousands who are trained to this business alone. In some of the larger cities nearly as great a sum is spent in its consumption as in the purchase of bread.

From its introduction to the present time its use as a narcotic has been denounced as injurious and sinful. Nor has the opposition proceeded from a single source. In all Christian countries ministers and priests have declared

that its use was not only inconsistent with a profession of religion, but disastrous to piety, and an unpardonable offense in the sanctuary. Scarcely a physician of eminence has commended its use except as a medicine; but many of the greatest celebrity have put it under ban as the source of unnumbered injuries to the public health. Economists have deplored the unprofitable expenditure of labor bestowed on its culture and commercial distribution. Others passing over all these considerations, have continually and bitterly assailed it as an almost criminal offense against decency, describing it as the most disgusting and filthy practice ever tolerated in civilized communities. The men and classes of men who have the most unsparingly condemned its use, are those of acknowledged reputation, not only for intelligence, but for morality and benevolence. They can not be suspected of any but the purest and kindest motives.

We may safely assert that the use of tobacco has always been assigned a chief place among those indulgences which are injurious to the highest interests of man; interfering, in many ways, with the development of his better nature and faculties. It naturally consorts with those practices and indulgences which are pronounced sinful by God's Word, and judged disreputable among the better classes of men and women. Its chief place of sale is in connection with intoxicating liquors, and the association is universally acknowledged as fit and proper.

Now shall we say that all this opposition has no foundation in good reasons? Is all this condemnation and denunciation, whether in soft or rough terms, coming from scientific men, a systematic misjudgment? Is it nothing more than the unworthy prejudice or fanaticism of some religious people; the product of an unhealthy style of thought or an unnatural austerity of feeling and habits? Can we honestly pass it by with a smile or resent it as an unwarranted interference with our personal rights and opinions, and dismiss it as impertinent? We are willing to allow that much of the opposition has been conducted in a very irrational way, with unnecessary harshness of language and offensive illustration, without due regard for the feelings and respect of the parties assailed. This is certainly unfortunate, but it does not seriously affect the question whether an intelligent person who aims to be just to himself and respectful to society, and, above all, faithful in the responsibilities that God has rightfully put upon him, may continue indulging in a habit against which so much has been said. Are we not under obligation to give the

matter a careful, conscientious consideration, and having reached a decision let our practice accord with it? This is the point of view from which we look over the ground and determine the question.

All botanists agree in assigning tobacco a place among the most deadly poisons of the vegetable kingdom. The active principle of the plant has been shown by many and repeated experiments to be one of the most virulent poisons that man can employ. A drop of it in a concentrated form produces almost instant death when taken into the system. Dr. Mussey, one of the most eminent physicians that we have produced, asserts that "the tea of twenty or thirty grains of tobacco, introduced into the human body for the purpose of relieving spasms, has been known repeatedly to destroy life."

When tobacco is used for the first time, as in chewing or smoking, it usually produces extreme nausea and faintness. If the saliva is swallowed, it produces convulsions of the stomach. There are well-attested cases where, in very sensitive natures, it has produced death. But if the use of it is persisted in, by degrees the system not only grows accustomed to it, but it learns to crave the stimulant, and the appetite becomes one of the most tyrannical of which we have knowledge, except perhaps that for opium. The regular use of the narcotic manifests its effect on the physical constitution of most persons by a marked disturbance of the nervous system, an irregular and weak appetite for healthy food, and a deranged condition of all the vital functions. Persons are occasionally found who seem to use it with impunity, but they possess unusually vigorous vital powers, and are engaged in active employments in the open air. There is scarcely an instance where those who pursue the ordinary avocations of life are free from the effects named; and these derangements are manifest with greater excess when the life is sedentary. There is a wonderful unanimity of testimony on this subject among that class of professional men whose names are connected with the great progress that has been made in late years in medical science. They agree that it is the parent of a frightful train of nervous diseases, so called, leading to serious mental disorders in many instances.

The following paragraphs are from a valuable French paper, and are the latest testimony on the subject, and deserve serious consideration:

"Nicotine, the poisonous principle of tobacco, acts as a heart poison. In experimenting on animals, our eminent physiologist, Claude Bernard, observed that it paralyzed the central

organ of the circulation—thence sudden death. A dose insufficient to kill nevertheless produces symptoms analogous to those of *angina pectoris*. One of the most distinguished physicians of our time, M. Bean, who died two years since, read a memoir at the Academy of Sciences in 1862, in which he showed, by a very considerable number of observations made during his practice, the influence of tobacco smoking, and especially in the form of cigars, in producing *angina pectoris*. He remarked chiefly that the cigar had this dreadful result among impressionable persons who lead sedentary lives, and whose minds are constantly on the stretch.

"Two years later another physician, Dr. E. Decaisne, adduced a series of upward of a hundred cases respecting the pernicious action on the functions of the heart, caused by smoking tobacco. This is now an accepted point in medical science, and there is scarcely a practitioner who does not prohibit smoking, or, at least, who fails to recommend the greatest moderation in it to such of his patients as are liable to even the slightest perturbations of the functions of the heart."

The only point on which there is or can be disputation, is whether tobacco produces *material injury in all cases*. That it is rank poison to some constitutions, and injurious in greater or less degree in a vast majority of cases, is agreed upon by all medical authorities. Nor is it necessary to quote these at greater length. There can be no reasonable doubt that the use of this fashionable narcotic is hurtful to a greater degree, and to a greater number than most persons suspect. Nor can this conclusion be evaded by an assertion that the cases cited and observed are those generally in which tobacco has been used to excess. Can there be any safety in the use of a narcotic that, under any circumstances, produces such various and fearful results? All narcotics act as anti-vital agents, and constantly and insidiously weaken the powers relied upon for protection; and they enslave and soothe their victims until the fatal moment when reason and resistance is in vain.

Now, it may seem a waste of words to urge that the mind participates in this injury done the body; for there is no principle more clearly settled in the investigations of scientific men, than that the mind and body are always in sympathy; so that an injury done to one can not be escaped by the other. The diseased body, racked with pains, tormented with morbid conditions of the vital functions, and wearied by restless, excited nerves, is not a choice habitation for the mental powers. But there are

so many who do not deny that tobacco may be injurious to the body who are incredulous when it is asserted that it is an inveterate foe to all healthy mental exercise, that it needs more than a passing word.

All narcotics and stimulants that act upon the brain and nervous system, interfere with a perfect exercise of the perceptive and reasoning powers. When the brain is excited by tobacco taken into the system, it is irregular in its action, its perceptions to some degree are inaccurate and fantastic, and entirely lacking in that elasticity and poise which are the essential conditions of vigorous and successful mental effort. How pitiable the condition of one who is a slave to this habit when the excitement passes off! An irritable melancholy possesses him, the eye grows dull, the voice is husky, and the whole appearance indicates inquiet and pain.

Prof. Hitchcock says, "Intoxicating drinks, opium, and tobacco exert a pernicious influence on the intellect. They tend directly to debilitate the organs; and we can not take a more effectual course to cloud the understanding, weaken the memory, unfix the attention, and confuse all the mental operations, than by thus entailing on ourselves the whole hateful train of nervous maladies."

Dr. Thomas Lacock, an eminent English physician, who gave unusual attention to this subject, says, "On the brain the action of tobacco-smoking is sedative. It appears to diminish the rapidity of cerebral action and check the flow of ideas through the mind. This, I think, is a certain result: and it is in consequence of this action that smoking is so habitual with studious men, or men of contemplative minds. The phrases 'a quiet pipe,' or a 'comfortable cigar,' are significant of this action. It differs, however, in kind, from that of opium or henbane, because, as a general rule, tobacco does not dispose to sleep; it may in individual instances, but not generally with tobacco-smokers. When the effects have passed off, there appears to be a greater susceptibility in the nervous centers to impressions, as indicated by trembling of the hands and irritability of temper."

The personal experience of those who have been addicted to the use of tobacco, and becoming convinced that it was hurtful, gives us some useful hints. They are seized with an unnatural thirst and nervous restlessness, which makes all serious business impossible. The mind becomes confused and wanders as one lost in a forest, who can not retrace his steps. He is conscious of confusion and loss of memory and inability to pursue any train of thought,

and his restless sleep is disturbed with grotesque dreams. The whole condition bears a remarkable resemblance to the earlier stages of delirium tremens. So tormenting is his plight that not unfrequently the will falters and the resolution to abstain is broken, and reveals how strong a hold and powerful control this narcotic has obtained over the mental faculties.

Surely this is bad enough. But if the evil stopped here many who are zealous in their opposition to the baleful drug would retire from the contest. But we are compelled to go further; for we can not escape the conviction that the moral nature is involved in this confusion and degradation. That which corrupts the body and enervates the will weakens all moral restraints, and opens the way to whatever temptation sin offers. The fact that the majority of those who use tobacco have a secret conviction that it is wrong, or suspect that it is not right, and yet indulge in it daily should startle us. Can there be a healthy moral condition when such doubtful indulgence is tolerated? Persons persist in a practice which their conscience condemns to such a degree that they warn their friends, and especially their children, against it, and yet declare that they are concerned about the purity of their souls! What moral confusion!

It is not possible for one, even the most confirmed and satisfied in this habit, to imagine persons who have attained the highest degree of moral purity consenting to such indulgence. Can we even suspect that Fenelon, Archbishop Leighton, or John Wesley were tobacco-smokers or chewers? These men, who were the ripe fruit of the moral power and piety of the generations in which they lived, admonish us, and in their example condemn such habits. The cause of God and humanity had no claims upon them which does not rest with equal weight upon us.

Now, it is not intended to assert that every man or woman who indulges in tobacco and makes a profession of religion and observes the practices of piety is a hypocrite, or chooses sin in preference to virtue. Men have indulged in spirituous liquors or manufactured and sold them in past days, the correctness and benevolence of whose lives were commendable, except for these practices. But when the fearful results of intemperance began to be observed and studied, and its relation to morals, and piety, and health were clearly shown, these men adopted the principle of total abstinence. Now here is a habit of the same class with intemperance, which is found consorting with it in fond fellowship in the persons of the depraved and

dissolute, and those who are falling away from virtue. Shall we not place it under the same ban, and attribute to it like moral results? There are many who will protest that such a general impeachment is unjust, and try to destroy its force by saying that it is mere invective and a one-sided statement. But independent of the inference drawn from it, is not the statement entirely true? How, then, will you account for this fellowship?

The highest social welfare, for which each of us is bound in a certain degree, is reached by making ample provision for the physical health of the community, giving free opportunity to the individual to make a lawful use of his bodily and mental powers, guarding him from wicked men and temptations to vicious indulgences, and aiding all honest and good actions. So we have regularly organized boards of health, public schools, courts of justice, and we make a public confession of the well-established maxims of honesty and morality.

Those who are injured by the use of tobacco to such an extent that society suffers by the injury are not exceptional cases, nor few in numbers. We have no moral census which makes known the victims of this vice; but we have some means to make a careful estimate. No one can pass over any portion of our country without noticing how great a number publicly use the drug. Old and young, men and women are slaves to this indulgence. Note the places where it is sold, the splendor of many of the establishments, the great numbers engaged in the culture and manufacture, and you begin to wonder at the results of your observations. Consider the persons more or less injured in health, mental activity, or moral force, and society deprived of the advantage these would give. Society has the right to demand that its members should not pervert their gifts and natural powers. These advantages which have been obtained by years of toil and self-denial are to be cherished; these opportunities to achieve success are not to be thrown away in sensual indulgences. We may also ask ourselves whether we can afford to spend the immense sums in needless self-indulgence that are now devoted to it, while we turn away with a mere pittance schemes in which the public welfare is deeply concerned. The people of the United States spend more money yearly for tobacco than the whole amount that they appropriate for benevolence, the uses of religion, than the maintenance of all our institutions of learning.

Nor do we hesitate to affirm that the public use of tobacco is an offense against cleanliness

and decency, that would not be tolerated except for the numbers that are implicated in the practice. The extreme filthiness of some of our public places can not be described. Nor does it mitigate this charge to assert that there might be a reform in its use, so that its most offensive characteristics would not distress us. This has always been a tender point to touch, and the language of some has been so severe when referring to it, that they seemed to have no charity whatever toward the offenders. Yet such persons only put in words the thoughts of others. There is no defense of this public injury, nor can there be made a fit apology for it. It has made us the subject of ridicule and censure in all the civilized nations. We have "smoking-rooms" and "smoking-cars," but these are only a partial protection against the least offensive form in which it is used. Women plead in vain against its introduction into the homestead. The offense should be driven from society. Let all aid in such a generous reform.

We are continually congratulating ourselves on the tendency in our times to elevate man. The area of civil freedom has been enlarged; we are appealing to men through their higher and worthier sentiments, urging the obligation they are under to develop their best faculties and purify their lives. And they are beginning to understand, as they never did before, the responsibilities and duties which grow out of human progress. This question, then, is rightly viewed in its higher aspects.

There is but one right conclusion to be reached in such an examination: *It is the duty of every one using this narcotic to abandon it, and to do so at once.* Let there be no parley when health, mind, morals, and our duty to society combine to call upon us to decide and act. No one can be harmed by your reformation. Some of your companions may censure you, and indulge in cheap wit at your expense, but release from the tyranny of a bad habit will be a sufficient compensation. It may not prove an easy or pleasant task to overcome, but it can be done; and the real conflict is a short one, if you will consult your better judgment. We can understand the rejoicing of one who has become free from the vile habit. His physical system, recovering from its derangement, takes a new lease on life; all the senses awaken to long-forgotten sensations of delight. The shattered nerves regain their composure and become avenues of pleasure. The film that has clouded the mind dissolves, and the self-condemnation of many accusations ceases. We are conscious of having done something of

great moment in relation to the best interest of our nature.

But we are met, perhaps, with such a statement as this: "I have used tobacco with moderation for years, and I do not perceive its effects in my case to be materially injurious. I do not use it at all in an offensive manner or to the annoyance of any one, and, therefore, I do not see the necessity of giving it up now. Indeed, I have made the attempt two or three times, more lest my example might prove hurtful to others than from any other cause, but I have not been able to conquer the appetite."

Now we can receive such a statement in good faith, and we presume that it conveys the thoughts of many who cling to the habit, although satisfied that it is a bad one. But one having such convictions can not be justified in continuing the practice. It is your duty to give society a good example, not a bad one. If you are not now conscious of any injury being wrought to your body or mind, there is no assurance that your health is not being slowly and insidiously undermined, and may soon reveal the ravages of this subtle narcotic. Your own limited personal experience is not to be accepted against the experience and observation of scientific men who have made it their study.

The chief difficulty in all reformation of bad habits, is to look at their effects and our duties honestly in the fear of God. Our consciences trouble us, and we make apologies and promise amendment at some time in the future, under more favorable circumstances. This is the simple and sad experience of thousands who are indulging in habits ruinous to body and soul. There is but one entirely safe and successful course. Take no counsel of your previous failures, or the ill-success of others, but in the strength of the grace of God determine and hold fast.

So to resolve, and to rely on his grace for aid in overcoming, is to conquer. And to conquer, is to take another step into that liberty wherewith Christ would make all men free.

A WORD fastened in a sure place may set in motion a good influence that will never cease. It is a foolish thing to go back and uproot the seed to find if it has taken hold. Dropped in faith, the sunshine and rain of God's providence will take care of the germination. And, besides, there is many a deed done and word spoken through the good influence of the moment which we forget, but God remembers to bless.

SHAKSPEARE'S OLYMPUS.

THE deities of Olympus were only a finer sort of clay, and Shakspeare's great men are certainly no less. In these portraits our great poet has delineated all forms of human pre-eminence so perfectly that they will probably remain forever the types both of ideal and practical excellence in their several spheres. His rare power is displayed equally in the description of a great feature, and the representation of its influence in weakening the rest of a character. All his demigods have weaknesses, and the weaknesses are shown to be consequences of their greatness, or necessary limitations of their style of character. There is somewhat of divine force in each of them; there is more of human frailty and imperfection. The mountain is girt round with valleys, and the depressions are a simple result of the cloud-kissing elevations. This truth to life is equally truth to the ideal. Only one character is great throughout—a table-land which never droops to plain or sea—and that is superhuman and divine.

I propose in this paper to show the application of the general principle just stated to some of the characters in the play of Julius Cæsar. It is a kind of Olympian play; great personages fill all the roles of any consequence to the action.

There is a great advantage-ground for criticism in the fact that these men are all historical characters. The poet must not outrage the popular belief in any important particular, and we can always try his work by comparison with the portraits left us by the historian. At the same time the poet approves himself a great master if he succeed in modifying the features of a Brutus or Cæsar by the action of motive and situation. Both these tests Shakspeare comes safely through. The fidelity of his history in all essential matters is wonderful; yet he has in some instances reconstructed actions, conforming them to truth of motive and situation. A purely ideal drama would have been easier work, but supreme excellence was only possible by the use of history. The great actors in this play are at once truly historical and types of ideal supremacy. Take them in order.

CÆSAR.

The poet has been accused of injustice to his leading actor. He is allotted a small place on the stage; his weaknesses are set in full light, and no opportunity is afforded for the display of his power. There is some appearance of

truth in this criticism, but the critic forgets that the poet has taken Cæsar in his weakest hour—the hour not of victory, but of defeat. Cæsar can be great in this situation only by the accumulation around him of his past successes. What he is, the poet tells truthfully; what he has been, is shown by the reminiscence of his battle glories, and the popular devotion which he has won. So represented, Cæsar is the great organizer and conqueror of men and events. He has tied distant provinces to the empire; he holds the empire together. When he falls, Rome falls into anarchy. Standing in this place, Cæsar is the great man by eminence. He is the bond of society, the soul of the State, the hope of low men, and the master of high men. He sees all; he works in all. Such is Cæsar by reminiscence throughout the play. In no scene are we permitted to forget the grand part he played in a Rome desperately disordered, hastening on ruin, and held in place and power only by Cæsar's mighty hand.

How, then, shall he be removed from the stage which he rules? The weaknesses of the man must be set at work to help the cunning and malevolence of his enemies. To show great Cæsar at his worst is a necessity of a play which describes his fall. These weaknesses are the shadows cast by his vast greatness. He sees so broad a landscape that he misses some of the details. Somewhere the strongest brain must fail in just this way. Cæsar has touched that outmost circle of human apprehension and comprehension. He advances beyond the limit of vision; he no longer sees all objects within that vision. All the little signs of conspiracy are now overlooked or slighted.

A more marked proof is the fact that his courage and indifference to danger disqualify him for perceiving its approach. He philosophizes about the chief of the conspirators, and exactly measures him. He knows that this Cassius is a born conspirator, but insensibility to personal danger—the great feature of his moral character—forbids the discovery that Cassius is already conspiring:

"Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

"If my name were liable to fear
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius."

"Such men as he be never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar."

The debate at his house after Calphurnia has told her dream presents another weakness of

Cæsar which stands to his greatness as valley to mountain. He is a fatalist—

"Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come."

And he sets aside, one after another, the signs of coming danger with a manly argument or specious explanation; but he consents to stay at home to humor his wife, and is then stung into a change of resolution by two taunts which imply fear and weakness:

"Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams;"

and

"If Cæsar hide himself shall they not whisper,
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid!'"

The critics find an inconsistency in the effect of Decius's explanation of Calphurnia's dream. They say this explanation equally forebodes disaster. But the difference is immense. In Calphurnia's dream he sees himself bleeding through malice, and sees malice smiling while he bleeds; in the explanation of Decius he reads the honors which posterity shall ascribe to him. The suggestion,

"That from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood,"

recalls him to a sense of his duty to the State, and prepares his ear for the lure and taunts which follow. The lure remains to be noticed. Cæsar's ambition is left in a kind of shadow. It is permitted us to doubt whether "he was ambitious," and the lure of the crown is not shown to have produced any effect upon his mind. He has already half intimidated his purpose to meet the Senate, and in the same speech Decius places the lure and utters the taunts. This doubt, left upon us when the play is over, is exactly the doubt which lies upon the real history. But whatever way that question be settled, this is clear, Cæsar has not decidedly put aside all thought of royalty. He may not seek the throne, but he can not arrest himself at its base. He has strode upward all his life; his genius impels him to climb on, by instinct rather than purpose. It is the miser's avarice, the conqueror's appetite for victory, boundless and irresistible. The great forces of his nature push him on ruin.

The failure of the last effort to warn him still displays his greatness. The words of warning have been committed to paper, and Artemidorus is pressing to his side. Cæsar hears him, but when told that the contents of the paper concern himself he puts it aside, saying,

"What touches us ourself shall be last served."

He is every inch a king, right royally deferring his interests to the people; or he is every inch

a demagogue, by habit professing this personal indifference. In either case we have a point of successful character pushed to a perilous extreme—the extreme of weakness.

Finally, the refusal to pardon a banished man shows us his firmness of will carried to the point of obstinacy, and he seems here, too, a little over-anxious to prove his inflexibility of purpose.

"Let me show a little even in this,
That I was constant Aniber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so."

BRUTUS.

"The noblest Roman of them all" is the type of the great, good man. His goodness is the theme of all men's praise. The finest eulogy upon him comes from the lips of his mortal enemy. It is Marc Antony who says:

"All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Nothing seems wanting to his character on the side of perfect truth and stainless purity. His noble and patriotic ancestry are recalled to memory to give additional grace to his actions, and to exclude all possibility of corruption of purpose or defect of motive.

And yet the weakest character in this play is the good man by eminence, and his weakness in this field of action is the logical result of his goodness.

These are bad passions in the breasts of bad men that slay Cæsar. Brutus does not know it. He measures other men by himself, and finds all good. He does not kill Cæsar because Cæsar is bad, but because he may become bad with greater power, and the jealousy of Cassius is incomprehensible to him. Watching the rise of Cæsar, he has become anxious for the safety of Roman liberty; Cassius approaches him with the idea of a plot; he does not ask himself the motive of Cassius; he is drawn into a conspiracy which can only serve the envy of a bad man. Look at the two men as they stand in the soliloquy of Cassius after this interview:

"Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From what it is disposed; therefore 't is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that can not be seduced;
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me."

Throughout the play Brutus is at fault for want of knowledge of corrupt character. He is a saint managing a body of sinners, not know-

ing that they are sinners. Marc Antony is the soul of Cæsar's party. His eloquence and power of combination overthrow the conspirators after Cæsar's assassination. Antony is as complete a dissembler as Cassius. These two understand each other thoroughly. Cassius demands that Antony shall die with Cæsar; Brutus insists that Antony shall live.

"Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then, hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterward,
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar."

Again Brutus fails when Antony is permitted to speak over Cæsar's dead body. Cassius sees through and through Antony, and protests that there is danger. Brutus, guileless Brutus, gives Antony the dagger with which he stabs the whole conspiracy. The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius shows the former at the same disadvantage.

He has put himself at the head of a body of men without a particle of his probity and wise sense of honor. They rob the people, quarrel with each other. Cassius has an "itching palm," and the whole crew are consumed with selfishness. To be the leader of such rascals one needs to be somewhat of a rogue himself; at all events, he needs to know how to restrain and guide their selfishness and lust within some bounds. Brutus can only rage at them; he meets their passion with passion, a nobler one, but still a passion, the righteous indignation of an honest man. If any thing could have succeeded in this situation it would have been a knowledge of evil men as wide as that of Cæsar, and a crafty power equal to that of Antony. Brutus is too good for his place; he needed to be a politician; he was only a patriot.

It is not fanciful to see in this character of Brutus a hint toward the very knot of the problem of evil. Had Eve known the character, history, motives of the serpent, could he have prevailed? Ignorant innocence coping with the devil!

The difficulty is in our very nature, possibly in the very nature of things, that a finite intelligence discerns evil only in evil motive, and by sympathy and personal experience. When a guileless soul reasons about a bad character, it is almost always at fault. Lady Byron thought her husband insane; he was only desperately wicked. Brutus kills Cæsar upon an argument which is full of fallacy. The Cæsar now living is a very good Cæsar, but crown him, and he will become a bad Cæsar.

"Fashion it thus, that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,

Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell."

The tempest which this conspiracy creates in the soul of Brutus is a masterly exhibition of a great truth. Sin kills peace. Brutus is taking part, for the first time, in a crime. He has not persuaded himself that this is an act of public duty, and, therefore,

"Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

MARC ANTONY.

The counterplotter is in some respects the greatest of these demigods. But for some touches of Shakspeare's art we should count him the hero of the piece. But he is subordinated to Brutus by his hypocrisy, to Cæsar by his frivolous life and his devotion to his master. The Antony who "hears plays," whose careless life makes men doubt his power to attempt a great act, and who worships Cæsar, must be put lower than Brutus and Cæsar. He fills two parts, and is two men—a successful conspirator and a model orator.

His success in the first part is due to the breadth of his combinations. Cassius conspires only with nobles; Antony with nobles and people. The error of Cassius is contempt or neglect of the plebs; Antony is no more successful with high men than his rival; it is his power over low men that overbalances the other's art. The means of his success with the masses is oratory, and therefore he is the model orator.

There are three orators in this play, Cicero, Brutus, and Antony. The first is the professional talker, introduced twice to be hissed. He talks Greek on the Lupercal, displaying his learning when true statesmanlike speech might have saved the State.

His second appearance is more creditable, but still unheroic. When it is proposed to invite him to join the conspiracy, Metellus says:

"O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to command our deeds."

But Brutus, who knows not crafty sin, does know intellectual vanity, and replies,

"O, name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin."

Brutus is placed higher. He is with reason looked up to by Antony. If men were all brains, Brutus would be the model orator. He talks to say what is on his mind, not to move men to action. He reasons well, talks sagely, states his thought, and sits down. His work

was only half done. He needed to lift all these men up to his own pure atmosphere, to make them feel deeply the dignity of Roman citizenship, the advantages of freedom, the danger to these from the ambition and unscrupulousness of a conqueror.

Cicero talks to display his art and learning; Brutus talks to set forth his opinions; Antony talks to move men to action. It only needed that the action had been nobler—such as Brutus would have asked—to put Antony in the supreme place.

For mere talk, Shakspeare often expresses contempt. In Brutus he shows the weakness of that oratory which is not adapted to induce action. Antony's funeral speech has very little of proper art. He "only speaks right on." He has his eye on the people. He sees the effect of his words. He catches the first sigh of sympathy. He is talking with a strong purpose to move, and he keeps at his work until the indignation of the masses bursts into flame. There is no logic in form, a good deal in the way of insinuation; but it is mostly an appeal to the prejudices and sympathies of ignorant men. He stirs men's blood, because as a talker he makes that his business and drives straight to his purpose. Popular oratory can be nothing else but this if it be successful.

Antony's weak points are better brought out in another play, but they are suggested in this. He has learned average human hearts in a life of pleasure. His moving eloquence is a fruit of studies made in the theater and the street. It is not meant that average human hearts are best learned in this way; but Antony so learned them, and he paid for his tuition in debauched appetites and weakened brain. He became strong for one task and weak for all others by the frivolousness of his life; it filled him with the means of popular seduction, but unfitted him for the cares of State. His worship of Cæsar is a beautiful feature of his character, but it is a sign of weakness since it imposed a limit upon his aspirations. He desires to master men only for the service of a master, and is contented with a slave's reward—a smile and a gift. Hero-worshippers can not become heroes. They aspire to serve and put fetters on themselves. The stain of servility is on their nature and, with opportunity, they may be courtiers but can not be kings. The logical sequence appears when Antony becomes the slave of Cleopatra.

CASSIUS.

The chief of the conspirators is the *great man of the world*, devoured by ambition and
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overreaching himself through greed of power and gain. He thoroughly knows men on their weak sides. He picks Brutus open as easily as he would an oyster. He sees Antony's purpose by instinct. But his success as a manipulator of men, and his penetration into bad motive, involve him in bewildering errors about all the higher forms of human action. Shall a man who has seduced Brutus doubt his power to seduce all men? Shall a man who has plucked down Cæsar, distrust his power to destroy Antony?

There was a great body of pure-minded people whose sympathies and co-operation were necessary to the success of the conspiracy. Cassius thought he had won all in winning Brutus, and neglected the rest. Good motives might be urged for either side; he took no pains to have the people thoroughly convinced that Cæsar's death was a righteous judgment, because he had no faith in the power of righteousness. In one brief dialogue we have Brutus and Cassius finely contrasted. After the conspirators have stabbed Cæsar, and Antony comes into their presence, Brutus defends the deed with his one argument, the justice of it, and adds:

"Our arms exempt from malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence."

But the shrewd Cassius amends it:

"Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities."

But this mastery of selfish motive excludes by its very completeness all knowledge of the finer and equally powerful issues to which men's souls are also tuned.

Nor is it to be forgotten that there is a near limit to this kind of power. When you bribe you must have cash in hand. There are no bills of credit countersigned by the hand of confidence. In all appeals to nobler motive, hope and faith, when once inspired, multiply promises and indorse them. When you bribe, you must outbid all rivals. Cassius could only promise, not pay, Antony; and Antony believed that young Octavius could and would pay a higher price.

It is a signal proof of the moral order of the world that bad men are compelled to distrust each other; and that they can not long co-operate because of the clashing of corrupt interests. Antony and Cassius could not be on the same side because there was only one place on either for such a character. At the same time neither can really succeed, because the other also wants the prize and plays marplot on his brother rogue.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

ANOTHER great battle for the integrity and authority of God's Holy Word lies before the American people, and, indeed, before all Christendom. Its two ancient enemies, infidelity and Romanism, in almost united phalanx, are preparing for the onset. Despising each other with unconcealed hate, they can still join hands in the unholy covenant to rob the people of the Bible. The Romanist would not destroy it, but would withhold it, knowing that so long as it freely circulates among the people and is read by them, it is impossible to maintain the absurd claims of supremacy set up for the Catholic hierarchy, and that its pure light must forever shine away the superstitions and false doctrines and practices which Romanism would enforce on an ignorant people. Infidelity hates it and would annihilate it, because it perpetually lifts its voice in protestation against its bald atheism, and its subtle pantheism, and its pagan morality, and its false philosophy. It arrests the daring speculations of the godless philosopher, and challenges the hasty theories of the scientist; it commands the reckless reformer to stand and reconsider his schemes in the light of a wisdom and experience that claims to be older and greater than his own. The Bible is terribly in the way of all evil designs, of all oppressive purposes, of all errors in society, government, or science. It is the people's charter, the people's standard, the people's guide-book. With the Bible in their hands, the people are too wise to be imposed on; they possess a standard of appeal, to the unerring test of which they can bring all pretentious claims to authority over them, all attempts to impose false philosophy, false science, or false morality upon them. No wonder that Rome, with her ambitious and unscrupulous schemes, which are impossible of execution while the people have the Bible, desires to deprive them of it; no wonder that infidel philosophers and reckless reformers, impudently appropriating to themselves these sacred titles of philosopher and reformer, desire to crush the authority and influence of the Holy Book that renders their schemes impossible while the people cling to it as their rule of faith and practice.

But both parties have undertaken an impossible work in this nineteenth century. No bulls of Popes, no anathemas of Ecumenical Councils, no subtleties of philosophy, no hasty generalization of science, can evermore break the grasp of the people on the Holy Word. Centuries of its history among men have demonstrated its indispensable value to man. "The

Word of the Lord is tried;" it has demonstrated its power to live in despite of all the machinations of its enemies; and it has proven its inestimable value to men by its power to liberate, to enlighten, to sanctify, to comfort, and to save them.

"The law of the Lord is perfect." David discovered this three thousand years ago, when but a few fragments of the Bible were yet given. How much more deserving of this high eulogium are now these Holy Writings, which contain the whole revealed law which God has thought necessary to bestow on man, together with the saving truths of the Christian dispensation, the full and final message of love from God to fallen man! The Bible is perfect because it is God's own book, which he alone could have caused to be written. It admits of no compromise with man; none can add to it, none dares take away from it, but at the peril of his own welfare. It is perfect as a moral code, and complete as the fountain of true wisdom. It is the chosen instrument in the wisdom of the Spirit to furnish the Christian with all that is necessary for him to know of spiritual and divine things while he dwells on earth, and to lead him through the gates of eternity to the full fruition of glory in the presence of God. In it are found the true and full character of God as far as it is possible for us to know it, the law which exacts and defines true obedience from man, and the means by which he may avoid the just punishment due to sin which he brought into the world.

If God had not given man this "light unto his path," it would be as if he had made man with eyes to see, and yet had not created light in the elemental world. Nature can not speak to man but as God speaks through her. Science knows of no means of arriving at the will of the Almighty mind. A revelation from God himself was what man needed, and that not by oral tradition, but a written revelation. Adam, with all the traditions of creation, of the character and will of the Creator, of sin and its terrible punishment, was still living when his own descendants began to forget God, and to worship the hosts of heaven. Science, instead of rebuking their errors and bringing them back to God, built temples for them, and from the sides of their gory altars the blood of human beings flowed. Poetry and sentiment, so fulsomely praised in one day by men and women who would preach the new evangel of naturalism, and materialism, and semi-atheism, instead of rescuing the sinking race from its rapid degradation by "æsthetic ideals" and "ethical inspirations," gave the wings of song to their

obscene rites, and threw the charms of imagination over their base and cruel idolatries. Not traditions, ever-varying, ever-unauthoritative, were man's need, but the written and unchangeable truth; not philosophy, or science, or poetry was man's necessity, but the thundering echoes of "thus saith the Lord." Without the written truth and the authoritative law man degenerates into the idolater, and his idolatry into ever-deepening oppressiveness and cruelty, swelling with the tide of human depravity which flows through every vein of these mere human and earthly systems.

While this dark night of ignorance and error was settling on the rest of the world separated from God's Word, the Old Testament, incomplete as it was, was shining as some lone star in the firmament over Palestine. And when the full-orbed Sun of Righteousness arose, and the light of God's completed revelation began to shine upon the world, darkness, and ignorance, and error, and oppression, and cruelty, instantly began to pass away. Mr. Moffat tells us of the Ashantee who said that the sun was useless because it only shines in the day. An equally wise sentiment is quite prevalent in our day, that we no longer need the Bible in the broad light and diffused intelligence of the nineteenth century, forgetting, like the African, that it is the Bible that has made the daylight.

God has made his own Book in his own way, refusing to be dictated to or to be guided by the short-sighted reason of man. The design was to give a moral revelation through which the will of man should be brought into conformity to the will of the Creator. The mode and channel of this revelation God has reserved to himself. He has not given intellect and reason to man to discuss the Creator's methods, but to study and understand what he utters when he speaks to us, and to hold rational communion with him through the words he has spoken and the channels he has opened. For four thousand years God spoke by the lips of saints and prophets, separating the people to whom he spoke from other people by laws which made them odious in the eyes of the world, and thus he presented their amalgamation with other nations. The purpose of God in this was apparent; the Jews were destined to be the keepers and preservers of the sacred oracles, until the advent, in the fullness of time, of the promised seed, who was to appear for the redemption of the race; and when he came he said of himself, "I have come into the world to bear witness of the truth." And he bore this testimony, by his life, his suffering, his death, his resurrection, to that Book which he sent forth as a legacy to his

Church, and prophets and martyrs have died to maintain and set forth the doctrines of its sacred page.

This is the precious treasure, baptized with his own blood, that Christ has left to that race that his love and pain have redeemed unto God. It is God's message to his creature. It is the benefaction of the Infinite Wisdom to the intelligence—the mind and the heart of the rational being He has made and placed on the earth. It meets the child who now essays to cross the threshold, and nourishes him up into a man of God. It is his right to have these words of wisdom and heavenly guidance. They are his Father's gift to him. They are the solace and encouragement of the poor man's cottage, often his whole library, the light and the joy of his home. They belong to the captive who has just light enough in his cell to read this best companion of his solitude. The best and wisest of mankind spend their nights and days in the study of its sacred pages. It has a powerful influence even over the stubborn mind. Hume was born and bred in a land of Bibles, but confessed he was afraid to read the New Testament. The confession contains the mystery of his unbelief. Scott, the celebrated commentator, tells us that at one time he despised the Bible as much as Paine, but after diligent study of many after years he found that it contained the sure word of God.

The insane cry of the Romish Church, that the general distribution and popular reading of God's Word is a means of creating and disseminating heresies, is refuted by the historical fact that that Church has itself been the fountain head of almost every heresy and impiety with which the Church of Christ has been afflicted. It is only the ignorant, the proud, and the unstable who pervert it to their own destruction. It must have free course, for it alone can give all wisdom in that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. The value of the Bible in its free use and circulation among the people needs no better vindication than is presented in the contrast between Protestant and Roman Catholic nations. The Bible has had no small share in advancing Protestant nations to the position of the leading powers of the world, advancing in civilization, intelligence, wealth, arts, and sciences at a rate of progress that promises them a speedy control of the destiny of nations as wide as the world. Their laws, their literature, their religion constitute the true evangelism of modern times, and are destined to extend every-where. Nature wills it, humanity wills it, God wills it, and there is no power to prevent it. They must become

masters of the world. Those who hate it must pass away before it, or be annihilated by it.

At a vast expense of blood and treasure God has given and preserved his Word to the children of men, and it is his will that that pure and perfect light shall shine into all the dark places of the earth, into the doors of misery and the haunts of crime, till an emancipated world shall rejoice in its light, and be gladly obedient to its precepts. The stream must continue to flow on and to increase deepening and widening as it goes, till, like the waters of the prophet's vision, it swells into a river that can not be passed over, and till on its fertile banks there shall spring up trees whose leaves shall serve as medicine for the nations. Nor will its stream of benedictions for men cease to flow when the sun shall cease to shine, and the moon shall no more appear in her brightness; but it shall continue to flow on, pure and undefiled, and clear as crystal around the throne of God, making glad the City of Life. "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever."

TIME-WORN.

"Walls must get the weather-stain before they grow the ivy."

SURELY the workmen builded well !
'T was a lordly castle, and fair to see ;
Drawbridge and moat for a safe defense,
Postern and arch of the sharp hewn stone.

Buttress and tower
Stood grim and cold,
Chilling alike
The young and old.

To mortal seeming, the elements,
Sunshine, in careless revelry,
Rain with its tears trickling slowly down,
Strove in vain to subdue the castle's frown—
It was builded firm, so the legends tell.

Echoed its walls in the olden time,
While the dancers frolicked the joyous song ;
Whisperings heard of softer themes,
Glimpses caught of the warm hearth light.

Over it floated
Midway in air,
Catching the sunlight,
The pennon fair.

And the castle's shade in the moonlight gleams,
Damped not the joy of the merry throng ;
For the chieftains proud, and the ladies fair,
Banished the phantoms of sorrow and care,
And all was gay as a wedding chime.

Now under Germany's sunny skies,
Kissed by the waves of the sparkling Rhine,

Stand a ruined castle and crumbling wall ;
And still, as the long years come and go,
Crumbling slowly
In shade and sun,
Gently loosened
One by one.

Yes, one by one the old stones fall,
And mosses and lichens lovingly climb
Over the gray old ruins below,
And an echo wafted from "Long Ago,"
From the shadowy past, now swells and dies.

Vanished far is the courtly train
Of lords and ladies of chivalry ;
Broken the drawbridge, deserted the halls,
Floats above it no banner fair.

Sunshine and shade,
In careless play,
Glimmer and fade

Through the Summer day ;
Through the twilight the lonely owlet calls,
Yet the old castle is fair to see ;
For, clinging close to the rocks so bare,
The fresh green ivy twineth there,
O'er the old walls damp with the weather stain.

FALLING LEAVES.

OUT in the woodland's shadowy aisles,
Where squirrels are merrily hopping,
All of this sad Autumnal day
The faded leaves are dropping ;
Scarlet and amber, gold and brown,
One by one are rustling down.

Out in the dim old woods to-day
The breeze is wandering slowly,
Pausing to watch the bright leaves drop
Down on their couches lowly ;
Breaking forth in a mournful sigh,
"Alas, how soon the beautiful die !"

Out from the clouds, the cold gray clouds,
The radiant sun is peeping,
Catching the sorrowful wail of the winds
Over the bright leaves sleeping ;
Breaking forth with a cheerful strain,
"The leaves with the Summer will come again."

Out from our hearts, and hands, and homes,
Our beautiful hopes are going,
And over the spot where they brightened and bloomed,
Bleak, sorrowful winds are blowing ;
Of purple, and amber, and golden hue,
One by one they fade from view.

Out from the clouds, the mist, and gloom,
Faith's radiant face is shining,
Whispering, "O, stricken heart forget
Your weary, ceaseless pining ;
Know ye not, on yon fadeless shore,
"You 'll clasp your loved, lost hopes once more ?"

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

ROSY-CHEEKS AND THE FAIRIES.

IT WAS the night before Christmas, but all through the house there *were* creatures stirring, besides several mice. In fact, there was a most unusual amount of "stirring" going on. All in busy preparation for the morrow, the "merry Christmas."

Outside you saw but a small brown house—homely, and with the marks of many storms upon its honest old face—set in the midst of a large, rambling yard, after the fashion of farm-houses generally, as if, having so much ground to dispose of, they did not know exactly how to arrange it, and so just let the fences wander around as they pleased, without any especial directions as to where they should go or what they should inclose. Around the house were crowded apple and pear, cherry and plum-trees, in the greatest irregularity, but most delightful abundance, giving to the place a comfortable, homely look. Howbeit, it was now Winter, and their scraggy, wide-spreading branches were bare and ungainly enough, yet were they pleasantly suggestive of bud and fragrant blossom, and luscious Summer fruits.

Inside you saw—where the lights, and fire, and hum of voices, and "stirring" were—a low, square room, with a huge fireplace at one side, red and warm, with a great glowing fire, before which sundry Christmas "goodies" were being finished off for to-morrow's dinner. A little to one side sat a man, placidly smoking, now dreamily gazing into the coals, and now turning to admire the busy little woman, his wife, who was evidently the originator of, and active agent in all this stir, and warmth, and home-comfort.

Near the center of the room sat a young girl preparing fruit, also for to-morrow's dinner. While at the farther side, but where the warmth and light still reached, lay eight-year-old Charlie, or Rosy-cheeks, as he was oftener called, stretched at full length upon the lounge.

Charlie had gone there, in the first place, as much to get out of the way as for any other reason. For sitting or standing near the fire he had found rather tiresome, not to say vexatious, to be kept continually moving first to one side and then to the other, in order to be out of the way.

"Now, Rosy-cheeks," his mother would say, "move a little; I am really afraid I shall fall

over you, or knock you into the fire pretty soon."

"And I am in constant danger of slicing you up for one of these large, red apples," Janie would add.

"O, dear!" said Charlie at last, "I wish I was away somewhere, and it was n't Winter, and to-morrow was n't Christmas, nor any thing!" and walking disconsolately over to the lounge, he had lain down, resting his cheek upon his soft, fat little hand, and feeling that he was at least out of the way.

Indeed, men and boys are always sadly in the way on such occasions as this. They do very well when the cooking is all done, the table set, and the chairs drawn up; for then, what is wanted *is some one to do the eating*. Ah! they are very useful then.

Rosy-cheeks watched his mother and sister for a time, and then his eyes rested on the fire. He felt so exceedingly comfortable now, with the Winter wind whistling shrilly outside around the corner of the house, and the glowing fire in front of him, the soft cushioned lounge beneath him, and his chubby hand for a pillow. "O, hum!" gaped Charlie, and thought how easily he could go to sleep just then and there, but that it was against all rules for him to go to sleep on the lounge, and so, of course, he must try and keep awake until some one was ready to put him to bed. Meanwhile his eyelids grew, O so heavy, it seemed as if weights were hanging to them. Then suddenly he remembered about Santa Claus, and jumping up he ran to the fireplace and fastened securely on the nail the little red stocking, which his mother had laid out for the purpose.

"I do hope, mother, you'll go to bed in time to let Santa Claus come!" said he, and went back to the lounge.

From thinking of Christmas gifts and sports, his mind wandered off to the gay Summer, just past. He tried to recall how it all looked then, out in the fields and woods, where now was but deep snow and bare trees, and he wished so much that it could be Summer now, instead of dreary, blighting Winter. So natural is it for both young and old to long for that which they have not, and to delight in dwelling upon the past or future, instead of contenting themselves with present joys. He remembered with special delight his charming rambles in the woods,

where the squirrels played at racing, and the merry birds sang all the day long, as if there were nothing but mirth and jollity in the whole world.

"O, dear! how I wish it could be Summer now," said he to himself. "I wish I was a fairy, and lived in Fairy-land. There it is Summer all the time."

As Rosy-cheeks wished this, he suddenly found himself in the midst of the loveliest garden, all fragrant with "lily-buds and roses." The trees were green with heavy Summer foliage, and some were loaded with the richest fruits. The birds were singing, and the branches waving, while all about floated the warm air of Summer-time. The grass was thick, close shaven, and of the liveliest green. Whitesanded walks wandered off here and there among the trees and flowering shrubs. Back, where the shade of the trees was darkest, mounds of mossy rocks could be seen with crystal waters gushing from their sides, and flowing down among the stones and roots with a soft tinkling sound, most musical to hear. At the end of the broad walk which led from the center of the garden, and up which the ground rose gradually, a marble palace glittered in the sunshine. Turret and dome, tower and pinnacle, each was of snowy whiteness.

While Rosy-cheeks stood entranced—breathless, there issued from the palace door a troop of beauteous beings, dainty in form and gorgeous in attire. They danced gayly down the grassy lawn which encircled the palace, singing in sweet, flute-like voices, a merry little ditty. Rosy-cheeks caught the words now and then, as their song rose in louder strains.

We dance, we sing,
Gayly, gayly,
In our fairy ring,
Gayly, gayly,
We're a joyous band,
For in mirth always
We pass our days.
Nor cold nor rain,
Nor care nor pain,
Disturbs our land.
Alike to us day's golden light,
Alike to us the stormy night,
While we dance, we sing,
In our fairy ring,
Gayly, gayly.

The last words were repeated softly at Rosy-cheek's side. He turned and beheld one of the glittering little fairies, almost loaded with roses, pansies, and lilies, which she held in her arms and gracefully offered to Rosy-cheeks.

"O, you delicious little mortal!" said she, laughing merrily. "We all know you well. You are Rosy-cheeks. And so you wish you were a fairy and lived in Fairy-land? A fairy

you can not be, but you shall stay with us forever, if you like. Is it not all very lovely? But come, now, and I will show you more closely the palace yonder. But first take a sip of dew from this fragrant lily-cup." As she said this she held out to Rosy-cheeks a snow-white lily.

Rosy-cheeks thought that it was indeed a *sip*, as he saw but one or two drops of dew in the lily. However, being in Fairy-land, he determined to do as fairies did. So, seizing the lily, he endeavored to lift it to his lips; but, alas! the grasp of those fat little fingers was too much for the delicate lily, and it fell in fragments to the ground. Rosy-cheeks, quite mortified, began picking up the petals.

"Ah, well, never mind!" said the pleasant little fairy; "we have thousands more just like it. Follow me, and we will go to the palace."

Then away she flitted, now floating like thisle-down in the air, and now skipping lightly among the flowers. Rosy-cheeks followed, tripping as gently as he could after the fairy, and as he was anxious to be as fairy-like as possible, he tried to float in the air too; but, instead of floating, he suddenly found himself lying on the ground among the pansies and mosses. This was too comical for even the little fairy's politeness, and she laughed so immoderately that she was obliged to lean against a lily stalk until she could recover herself.

"O, Rosy-cheeks!" said she, catching her breath, "do n't try floating yet awhile; you are altogether too fat for that. You look as if you had been fed on plum-pudding all your life."

Poor Rosy-cheeks! He began to feel as if he would n't object to a small dish of plum-pudding just then, and secretly hoped they would offer him something a little more substantial than dew to eat when he reached the palace.

Fairy Daisy, being at length composed, and Rosy-cheeks having scrambled up, they started up once more. Daisy's tiny feet skimmed lightly over the grass, while Rosy-cheeks, following closely behind, unconsciously tried to adopt her airy gait, and he succeeded—much as a little turtle might, floundering along after a swift-winged butterfly, and endeavoring to imitate its motions.

Arrived at the palace, Rosy-cheeks had a better view of the wonderful carvings which adorned the cornice, windows, and doors. These were of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship. None but fairy fingers could have wrought them.

Daisy touched a golden knob, and the door flew open, and, as it swung back, Rosy-cheeks saw that the hinges also were of the purest

gold. Upon entering the hall he was almost dazzled by the variety of color and brilliancy of every thing. The floor was paved with alternate blocks of gold and silver, while the ceiling and sides of the room glittered with precious stones of every color, arranged to represent bouquets of flowers.

Down through the shining hall waltzed Daisy. When near the lower end she turned and led the way into another room, not so large as the first, and square in form. This room was quite as magnificent as the hall—carvings in marble, relieved by glittering bouquets of gems, adorned the sides and ceilings—while windows of the softest tinted glass admitted the light.

In the center of the room stood a circular table of marble, and in the center of this towered a huge bouquet of natural flowers, dewy and fragrant. Numerous dainty dishes of crystal and gold covered the remainder of the table. Around it were seated the same merry fays whom Rosy-cheeks had seen dancing on the lawn. "Ah, now," thought he, "I shall have some dinner."

The radiant little fairy Queen rose, smiling graciously, as Daisy came near and presented Rosy-cheeks, telling her where she had found him, and that his desire was to dwell in Fairyland, and enjoy perpetual Summer, mirth, and idleness.

The Queen said she was rejoiced to see Rosy-cheeks, and hoped he would never wish to leave them, and bade him be seated on the chair by her side.

The fairies who acted as waiters at the table immediately offered him the choicest dainties of the feast. The first was in a golden dish with a tiny golden spoon, and Rosy-cheeks delighted himself with thinking that he was going to have some warm, rich soup—possibly oyster soup, of which he was extravagantly fond. He took the spoon and tasted—alas for his oyster soup! He found it possessed a very insipid taste, but most delightful perfume.

"That," said the Queen, "is something very delicious. Knowing you were to dine with us, my fairies all toiled very hard to procure a quantity. It is crushed peach and apple-buds, flavored with the dew from clover-blooms gathered an hour and a half before sunrise."

The Queen evidently considered this dish as something wonderfully fine, and Rosy-cheeks, not wishing to offend her majesty, endeavored to look pleased, and tried to eat of the mixture. However, the poor little fellow was now really hungry, and thought longingly of his mother's plentiful table, her beef-steak, bread and butter, broiled chicken, etc.

Tears filled his eyes, which the good Queen noticing, asked the cause.

"Why, Rosy-cheeks, what is it? What would you like?" said she.

"A little bread and butter, if you please," said Rosy-cheeks in a modest tone, never doubting that there was plenty of it in this grand palace.

"Bread and butter!" almost screamed the Queen.

"Bread and butter!" echoed all the little fairies in horror.

"Or else some meat," said he, thinking perhaps this would be better.

"Meat!" fairly shrieked the Queen.

"Meat!" again echoed the little fairies; and then they all looked so perfectly shocked and disgusted, as to be utterly unable to utter another word, but sat with their eyes wide-stretched and their hands upraised, as if their fairy-wits had entirely left them.

Rosy-cheeks' face grew very red, and he felt much as he did that day at school when a boy called him "baby," and he sent him "flying" as he expressed it. He clinched his fist down under the table, and partly rose from his chair, but, upon second thought, concluded there were *here*, rather too many to send "flying" all at once, so, contenting himself with a fierce scowl, he resumed his seat.

The Queen now explained to him, in a very dignified manner, that "although those *things* which he had asked for were doubtless well enough for such coarse mortals as he had been living with, yet they were so extremely gross and disgusting that no well-bred fairy ever mentioned, much less touched them."

Rosy-cheeks' felt quite awed at the Queen's manner, and resolved to conform to their ways as much as possible in future.

The Queen soon after rose, and taking Rosy-cheeks by the hand, led the way out to the lawn. Here the fairies all joined hands and began singing, while they circled and waltzed over the grass. They moved very swiftly, and with the most airy, graceful whirlings and evolutions imaginable. Rosy-cheeks tried to imitate them as closely as possible, for he was very anxious to please. But his fat legs and high-laced boots made him dreadfully clumsy, and he felt that he was not doing it quite like the fairies; still he flattered himself—as people generally do when dancing—that he was very graceful for all that. The fairies, however, thought him so awkward, that they could scarcely restrain their laughter, and one of them whispered to another, yet so loud, that Rosy-cheeks could hear her plainly—"He acts for all the world like a

monkey or baboon, does n't he?" Rosy-cheeks now tried harder than ever to be light and graceful, until his dear little legs fairly ached.

The fairies kept dancing on unwearied, sometimes almost flying over the grass, until they were far away from the palace in a wild, but lonely valley, and here they danced, and sung, and played their fairy-games till midnight, and Rosy-cheeks was almost ready to drop with hunger and fatigue.

The Queen, seeing how much they were enjoying themselves, told them that if they liked they might dance until sunrise. At this, Rosy-cheeks, despairing of sleep or rest, broke down entirely, and cried and sobbed most bitterly.

"What is the matter, my dear?" kindly asked the Queen.

"I want to go to bed and to sleep," said Rosy-cheeks.

"To bed!" sneered the saucy little fairies. "No wonder you grow so fat, sleeping all the time!"

But the good-natured Queen bade them be still, and told Rosy-cheeks that, if he wished, she herself would take him to his home. She then led him gently away toward the palace, and he was soon in the same beautiful garden where he first beheld Fairy-land.

"And now," said the Queen, "let this be a lesson to you, Rosy-cheeks. Always be content with your condition and surroundings in life. Try to see the bright side of every thing—to enjoy the Winter as well as Summer-time, to love your mother and be thankful for her kind care. Then you will be a good and happy little boy. Now lie down on that mossy bank, and you will soon be asleep."

Rosy-cheeks did as he was bid, and when he awoke the next morning it was to find himself in his own bed at home, with sister Jane kissing him on mouth, cheeks and eyes, and crying—"Merry Christmas, Charlie—merry Christmas!"

He was quite bewildered at first, but at last managed to say—"O, dear, I am very glad I am home again!"

"Home again!" said Jane; "why, where have you been?"

"In Fairy-land," said he.

"O, you have only been dreaming!" said Jane.

But Rosy-cheeks could never be made to believe that it was "all a dream."

He had the pleasure of finding his stocking full to overflowing. A little later all his cousins came, and they romped, and shouted, and ate plum-pudding, and turkey, and chicken-pie, and had a grand, glorious, old-fashioned Christmas.

In the course of the day, Rosy-cheeks took

his mother to one side and told her that he loved her dearly, and thought the old house splendid, and hoped Winter would last, and last, and last—until Spring came! And finally, when all the romping and eating were done, he went to bed, filled with contentment and plum-pudding.

HOW TO MAKE SUNSHINE.

"SUNSHINE! why, we have plenty of that every day," says a dear little friend by my side.

Yes, we certainly have plenty of it outside of us, and it is the most beautiful thing in the world, because it makes every thing beautiful that it looks upon. Did the little children who read this paper ever think how beautiful and how useful the sunlight is—how it wraps the world in its bright mantle, till the earth's old heart grows warm and young again, and the grass and flowers spring forth—how it wanders all over the world, into every nook and corner, with the same pleasant smile, till all the ice and snow melts away for very shame, and hide themselves in the ground—how it glances in the trees, and plays "bopeep" through the thick branches, till the little birds twitter and warble with delight in all their leafy nests? And if the rough winds try to get up a disturbance, and prevail upon the clouds to make an insurrection against the sun's dominion, what does the good old sun do but shine right on whether people can see him or not—and before many days the angry clouds have vented their ill temper, and all is bright and beautiful as ever!

"But this is not telling us about making sunshine," says some little listener; "and, after all, I do n't see the need of making it if we could."

No, surely, dear children, but it was of another sort of sunshine that I meant to tell you.

Did you know that God has given to each one of you a little world of your own, which you are to make as bright, and beautiful, and happy, as the great world is made by the sunshine? Do you know what I mean? Why, no! for the moment he looks at any thing, it grows bright, and nothing can be dark where he is looking. Just so if you always carry a heart full of sunshine with you, every thing will seem beautiful and bright. But if your own heart gets clouded with impatience or discontent, you will find the pleasantest place on earth very dark and disagreeable. How different would our life be, if we were only determined, in spite of discouragements, to be cheerful and happy ourselves, and to add by every means to the good and the happiness of those around us!

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THINGS MISCALLED AMUSEMENTS.—The popular amusements of the day are grievously misnamed. They should be called *excitements*. The Anglo-Saxons and the Celts, the races that give character to our American civilization and religion, know little of amusements in the proper sense. It does not content them. The dance, the evening party, the card-table, the theater and opera, the race-course, the billiard saloon, and the ten-pin alley are either in their very nature, or by their almost invariable associations, excitements of the most unwholesome, inordinate, and pernicious sort. Such a party as that given by a prominent New England representative in Washington last Winter, when, after the usual gayeties, and feasting, and drinking had extended to one o'clock in the morning, we are told "the German" was commenced, and kept up till near daybreak, and the whole was finished by a champagne breakfast—could this be rightly called amusement? By no means. It was a piece of real business, of the hardest and most trying nature, cruel to body and soul, as severe a draft upon the nerve-force as a forced march, or a total rout and pell-mell retreat of an army. Nay, we believe the downright butchery of a battle-field is less barbarous and more truly amusing than the orgies of such a first-class all-night party at the metropolis. The theater is also the scene of wearying, demoralizing, imbruting excitement, more enfeebling and corrupting than a miasm. The fierce passions, the gorgeous lewdness, the unmitigated sensuality of spectacle, and costume, and situation, and plot of the staple performances of the drama—what refreshment is there in all this, what refreshment, indeed, on the very crater of hell, inhaling the sulphurous fumes of the pit? Men do not go to those places for the innocent and wholesome thing properly called amusement—they go for excitement. They go not to be entertained, but to be inflamed.

So in games, which of themselves are innocent and pure, as billiards and nine-pins—we can not include cards, as the element of chance enters too largely into the game. Americans are not content until, by connecting the excitement of betting, loss and gain of money, and, above all, drinks, with the play, they have fairly shut it out of the list of amusements and make it a snare to character and possessions, a swift path to dissipation and ruin.

Amusement, relaxation, innocent gayety, hilarity, sportiveness, is a Gospel duty. There is a time to

laugh. But it is one of the gravest mistakes of our age and country that it knows so little of amusements, and has gone almost exclusively into dissipation in their stead. With that the true Christian plainly has nothing to do, but to discountenance, and if the way is hedged up against reformation, to withdraw from it utterly. Dissipation is not among things indifferent. Gay parties lasting till past midnight, in which every body is over-dressed or under-dressed, in which dances handed down from those of the children of Israel around the golden calf, are the main attractions; theaters, operas, and races, these are *not* things indifferent, these are not amusements, but gross abuses, by which, in the false guise of amusement, body and soul are damaged, spiritually rendered impossible and our eternal well-being put in jeopardy. Toward all these a Christian has but one simple duty. Touch not, taste not, handle not. Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.—*American Presbyterian.*

DRESS OF CHRISTIAN WOMEN.—On this subject we take the following lines from the Christian Witness, and commend them to the attention of all our readers of both sexes:

"The reform, if it come at all, must come from our wealthier classes, and it is especially desirable that it should begin at the house of God. To those who parade their finery in the assemblies of Christ's people we may very suitably put the question with which the apostle rebuked the excess of the Corinthians at the Lord's table, and ask, 'What! have ye not houses to dress in? or despise ye the Church of God, and shame them that have not?' If this waste of folly, unseemly for a Christian at any time or any place, is to be indulged in, let it be at home; confine it to the world, its appropriate sphere. In God's house it becomes an insult to him, who has placed upon it the seal of his disapprobation—see 1 Peter iii, 3, 4, and Isaiah iii, 16, to end—and a wrong to his people. There 'the rich and the poor meet together and the Lord is the Maker of them all.' Will you, then, 'shame them that have not,' and by the startling contrast of your magnificence with their plainness, drive them from their Father's house, or expose them while there to painful humiliation? Is it good breeding, to say nothing of Christian charity, to make them feel out of place—intruders upon

ground to which their right is as undoubted as your own? To ask such questions is to answer them. We say, then, that the reform so urgently called for must be initiated by the rich. Is it too much to ask of them, in the name of our common Savior, and for his Church's sake, that they will study greater simplicity of attire in the courts of the Lord? Good taste of itself should suggest this, but we rather put it upon the ground of Christian principle, of charity, of self-sacrifice, and self-denial for the sake of others. We have not time to dwell upon all the mischief which flows from their example, to point out in detail its ill effects in distracting the attention which should be given to better and higher things, in provoking envy and discontent, in exciting to emulation, or, where that is hopeless, discouraging attendance upon public worship. These are only some of its bitter fruits. But the whole thing is an offense against good taste and utterly inconsistent with a high Christian standard. It is worldliness in its worst form, shielding itself under a wretchedly thin disguise of deference to the sanctuary. We trust that the better and more sensible class of our religious people will take the matter into consideration, and by their example do what they can to discourage it. We know of no greater service they can render to the Church of Christ than the abating of this nuisance.

BIBLE IDEA OF MARRIAGE.—It is sad, indeed, to think how far we have wandered from the pure and beautiful ideal of wedded life which is presented in the Scriptures. That ideal involves the union of two beings whose love is fixed supremely upon God, and who strive to cherish toward each other such feelings as Christ cherishes toward us, and as we should cherish toward him. There is one book in the Bible greatly misunderstood, and, therefore, robbed of its spiritual meaning, in which the pure and noble ideal of this relation is presented. It is the Canticles. We only need the key to this wonderful book, and it stands before us at once in unrivaled purity and beauty. It is a picture of wedded life, in all the sweetness and innocence of paradise, in exquisite harmony with the loveliest manifestations of nature, and made to represent and typify the love of Christ and the Church. With the exception of a few expressions in our translation, which do not accurately reproduce the original, it is the most pure and elevating conception possible of conjugal love. That mind must be fearfully tainted already to which it could appear in the slightest degree sensual or gross. It comes from the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, to set before us the idea of the tenderness, and purity, and love which should be realized in wedded life, and which would make it typical of the relation between Christ and the Church. It lays the foundation of a wonderful imagery of the New Testament, where the Savior presents himself as the bridegroom, coming in the last day to take his bride, the Church, with him to his celestial palace and kingdom; where St. Paul says of the marriage relation, that he speaks concerning Christ and the Church; where St. John

says that he saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.—*Protestant Churchman.*

SCHOOLING THE HEART.—Schooling the heart is the grand means of personal religion. To bring motives under faithful examination is a high state of religious character; with regard to the depravity of the heart we live daily in the belief of our own creed. We indulge thoughts and feelings which are founded upon the presumption that all around us are imperfect and corrupted, but that we are exempted. The self-will, and ambition, and passion of public characters in the religious world, all arise from this sort of practical infidelity. And though its effects are so manifest in these men, because they are leaders of parties, and are set upon a pinnacle so that all who are without the influence of their vortex can see them; yet every man's own breast has an infallible, dogmatizing, excommunicating, and anathematizing spirit working within.

Acting from the occasion, without recollection and inquiry, is the death of personal religion. It will not suffice merely to retire to the study or the closet. The mind is sometimes, in private, most ardently pursuing its particular object; and, as then acts from the occasion, nothing is further from it than recollection. I have, for weeks together, in pursuit of some scheme, acted so entirely from the occasion, that when I have at length called myself to an account I have seemed like one awakened from a dream. "Am I the man who could think and speak so and so? Am I the man who could feel such disposition, or discover such conduct?" The fascination and enchantment of the occasion is vanished; and I stand like David in similar circumstances before Nathan. Such cases in experience are, in truth, a moral intoxication, and the man is only then sober when he begins to school his heart.

GOSSIP AND SCANDAL.—Gossip and scandal are two different things. Mere gossip is talking about your neighbors' affairs, without any malicious motive. But scandal is repeating a story that you know is damaging. Sometimes the story is true; but generally it is grossly exaggerated, if not entirely without foundation. Very rarely, indeed, when an unfortunate affair of any kind occurs in a family, do strangers know the whole truth. If it is wrong that has been done, the provocation is overlooked; if it is a mere indiscretion, the mitigating circumstances are disregarded. Persons frequently repeat tales of scandal without any evil intention. But many, alas! delight in them, and are only too glad to find something to say against their neighbor.

There is a class of people, for instance, who secretly envy others their successes, and who, therefore, are always ready to give such rivals a stab in the dark. Sometimes they have an idea they have been slighted by those persons. This is particularly the case where an old acquaintance has got rich. They can not forgive that these more fortunate individuals should have finer houses or more elegant furniture

than themselves, and hence they never omit an opportunity to say something disparaging, or, when this can not be done, at least to sneer. Such people are the pests of society. Their unhappy organization makes them a curse to themselves and to every body else. They are your real scandal-mongers. They go about, like rag-pickers, raking in the dirt, but looking not for gems, but for mud to throw at others.

Less faulty, but still censurable, are your gossips pure and simple. These talk solely to hear themselves talk. They chatter like so many magpies about this and that neighbor, not intending to do harm, but simply because they are impertinent busy-bodies. Yet they often work great mischief. Many a friend has been alienated, many a family circle been torn by dissensions, in consequence of the idle and unfounded stories which these gossips have set agoing. Truly has Scripture said that "the tongue is an unruly member." Take our advice. Never speak of the affairs of others, unless it becomes your duty, and then only in the kindest spirit. In plain words, both in speech and in conduct, do unto others as you would wish to be done by.

GOD IS NOT A MERCHANT.—Once there was a poor woman standing before the window of a royal conservatory which looked into the public street. It was the dead of Winter, and no flowers were in the garden, and no fruit on the trees. But in the hot-house a splendid bunch of grapes hung from the glass ceiling, basking in the bright Winter sun, and the poor woman gazed at it till the water came into her mouth, and she sighed, "O, I wish I could take it to my sick darling!" She went home and sat down to her spinning-wheel, and wrought day and night till she had earned half a crown. She then went to the king's gardener and offered that sum for the bunch of grapes; but the gardener received her unkindly, and told her not to come again. She returned home and looked around her little cottage to see whether there was any thing she could dispense with. It was a severe Winter, yet she thought she could do without a blanket for a week or two; so she pawned it for half a crown, and went to the king's gardener, and now offered him five shillings. But the gardener scolded her, and took her by the arm rather roughly and turned her out. It just happened, however, that the king's daughter was near at hand, and when she heard the angry words of the gardener and the crying of the woman, she came up and inquired into the matter. When the poor woman had told her story, the noble princess said, with a kind smile, "My dear woman, you were mistaken; my father is not a merchant, but a king; his business is not to *sell*, but to *give*;" whereupon she plucked the bunch from the vine and gently dropped it into the woman's apron. So the woman obtained as a free gift what the labor of many days and nights had been unable to procure.

The salvation of the soul is the greatest treasure you can desire. But you can not buy it with all the riches of the world, with all the prayers you can pray, with all the alms you can give, with all the use-

ful works you could perform during a life as long as that of Methuselah. The fact is, your soul's salvation is in the hands of a King, and not of a merchant. If you receive it at all, it must be as a gift, for you never can buy it.

A LOVELY INCIDENT.—What parent, on reading the annexed extract, can fail to reflect on the lesson it suggests? How important that, when the parents have departed, the example left behind them may be such as the child can be thankful for! To watch for and train the budding thoughts of an artless child, is one of the noblest offices that father or mother can fill. Truly hath it been said, that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings" strength hath been ordained. What could give greater strength to that widowed heart than such a scene with her little daughter?

She kneeled at the accustomed hour to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for care through the coming night; then, as usual, came the earnest "God bless dear mother, and"—but the prayer was stilled! the little hands unclasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye, as the words of hopeless sorrow burst from the lips of the kneeling child—"I can not pray for father any more!" Since her little lips had been able to form the dear name, she had prayed for a blessing upon it; it had followed close after mother's name, for he had said that must come first; and now to say the familiar prayer, and leave her father out! No wonder that the new thoughts seemed too much for the childish mind to receive.

I waited for some moments that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and with a voice that faltered too much almost for utterance, she said, "O, mother, I can not leave him *all out*; let me say, Thank God that I had a dear father once! so I can still go on and keep him in my prayers." And so she always does, and my stricken heart learned a lesson from the loving ingenuity of my child.

THE USES OF WALKING.—Walking, for young and active people, is by far the best exercise; riding is good for the elderly, middle-aged, and invalids. The abuse of these exercises consists in taking them when the system is exhausted more or less by previous fasting or by mental labors. Some persons injudiciously attempt a long walk before breakfast, under the belief that it is conducive to health. Others will get up early to work three hours at some abstruse mental toil. The effect in both circumstances is the same; it subtracts from the power of exertion in the after part of the day. A short saunter or some light reading before this meal is the best indulgence of the kind; otherwise the waste occasioned by labor must be supplied by nourishment, and the breakfast will necessarily become a heavy meal, and the whole morning's comfort sacrificed by a weight at the chest, from imperfect digestion of the food. These observations apply especially to elderly persons, who are prone to flatter themselves into the persuasion that they can use their mental or bodily powers in age as in youth.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

PRELIMINARY.—The publishers have been bountifully supplying our Table for the present month, and in order to direct the attention of our readers to the many good books that have reached us, we must group them under the names of the publishers, and but briefly notice each volume.

I. METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

From the Eastern Concern we have received the following:

Topics for Teachers: A Manual for Ministers, Bible-Class Leaders, and Sunday-School Teachers. By James Comper Gray. Vol. I. Nature—Man. 12mo. Pp. 289.

This excellent volume is issued in the Department of Sunday-School Instruction, under the supervision of Rev. J. H. Vincent. The aim of the work is to throw the substance of the Bible Encyclopedia, Concordance, and Text-Book into the form of lessons adapted to the Bible class and the Sunday-school. It really combines the advantages of an Encyclopedia, Concordance, Text-Book, and Lesson Manual, and its use will save the expense and trouble of consulting a variety of books. It will meet with favor, we are sure, with earnest Sunday-school workers.

Summer at Walnut Ridge. By M. P. Hale. Four Illustrations. 24mo. Pp. 259.

Lissie Hagar, the Orphan Girl. By Rev. L. R. Dunn. Two Illustrations. 24mo. Pp. 148.

Little Pauper. By I. Taylor. 24mo. Pp. 93.

These are for the Sunday-school library, being numbered, 290, 291, 293 of the Youth's Library. They are all instructive and interesting, and substantially true.

From the Western Book Concern we have—

Rivers and Lakes of Scripture. By Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D. D., Author of "Life and Work of Earnest Men," "The Early Choice," etc. 16mo. Pp. 181. Seventeen Illustrations.

Popular Amusements. By Rev. J. T. Crane, D. D. With an Introduction by Bishop Jones. 16mo. Pp. 209.

Fault-Finding, and Madeline Hascall's Letters. By Mrs. H. C. Gardner. 16mo. Pp. 249.

These are three beautiful and interesting volumes, uniform in size and appearance, that we can heartily commend to our readers. The first is, we think, the neatest small volume ever issued by the Concern. It is in old-style type, printed on fine toned paper, and the numerous illustrations are finely executed and beautifully printed. The sacred rivers and lakes of which it treats are always full of interest to the Christian reader, and the author dwells upon them

like a lover, and throws around them a new charm and never-flagging interest. We wish this beautiful book could find its way into multitudes of Christian families.

The work of Dr. Crane on Popular Amusements is timely, and in this day ought to have a large number of readers. The question of amusement or recreation is a serious one to every honest Christian, and every true disciple of Christ will be anxious to know what is right and what is wrong in this matter, and dare not shrink from a fair, full, and honest discussion of the question. The Christian who is willing to leap to hasty conclusions, and is unwilling to stop and hear instruction from the candid and honest teacher on these questions of doubtful propriety, has reason to fear that his heart is not right. The author of this little volume is not a cynic; he has a large, generous, cheerful heart; he can himself enjoy as richly as any man we have ever known, innocent amusement, harmless recreation, and happy society. His first chapter is entitled, "Recreation a Good Thing." From this point he proceeds to study what is good in recreating and what recreations are good. The theater, horse-racing, base-ball, dancing, cards, chess, and billiards, novels and novel reading, social gatherings, are the chief subjects of investigation. They are treated fairly, thoughtfully, in the fear of God and the light of his Word, and the conclusions can not fail to impress themselves on the judgment and conscience of every reader who really wishes to know his duty in this matter. We commend this volume to the perusal of our ministers, and then urge them to see to its free circulation among their people.

In Fault-Finding, and Madeline Hascall's Letters, Mrs. Gardner, a favorite we know with all our readers, has given us two of her best stories. In the first she shows the sad consequences of fault-finding on a household, the bitter repentance, the complete reformation, and the happy result. The second illustrates in a lively and humorous manner the evils of tattling, the effects of a gossiping and meddlesome disposition, and the blessedness of free and innocent social intercourse.

II. HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. ROBERT CLARKE & CO., CINCINNATI.

The Polar World: A Popular Description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions of the Globe. By Dr. G. Hartwig, Author of "The Sea and its Living Wonders," etc. 8vo. Pp. 486.

This is an excellent hand-book on the Polar world for popular use. Dr. Hartwig has availed himself of all sources of information, and conveys solid instruction in an entertaining manner. The American editor has added to the text one hundred and

sixty-three wood illustrations. The copious table of contents, containing an analysis of the forty-two chapters, shows a rich feast for the reader.

The Romance of Spanish History. By John S. C. Abbott, Author of "The French Revolution," etc. 12mo. Pp. 462.

The title Romance is of course not used here in the sense of fiction, but as indicating that the truth of history is often more strange and romantic than fiction itself. The writer gathers the salient points of Spanish history, well-authenticated incidents, and groups them together in a volume that, though historically reliable, yet reads like a romance, from the marvelous character of the facts and the happy style of the writer. The incidents are gleaned from the whole field of Spanish history from the year 800, B. C., to the Revolution of 1868. The volume is enlivened by numerous wood illustrations.

Famous London Merchants. A Book for Boys. By H. R. Fox Bourne. Twenty-five Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 295.

The right kind of a book to place in the hands of American boys. Though limited to the merchants of London, it is a history of the growth and influence of trade, and of the work and character of its heroes. It begins with the famous Sir Richard Whittington, him of the cat notoriety, of five hundred years ago; the poor boy who afterward became the Lord Mayor of London. It ends with George Peabody another poor boy, of American birth, who became a famous London banker, and the prince of philanthropists, who has just now passed from the inheritance of the praise of all good men, to the inheritance of the Savior's plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Romola. By George Eliot. 12mo. Pp. 517. 75 cts.

The last of Harper's library edition of the works of this best of English female novelists, being the fifth volume, the series complete for \$3.75.

Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, and Other Stories. By Charles Reade. Paper. 50 cents.

The Minister's Wife. By Mrs. Oliphant. Paper. 8vo. 75 cents.

III. D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK. MOORE, WILSTACH & MOORE, CINCINNATI.

Meteors, Aerolites, Storms, and Atmospheric Phenomena. From the French of Zuercher and Margolle. By William Lackland. 12mo. Pp. 324. \$1.50.

Arms and Armor in Antiquity and the Middle Ages; also a Descriptive Notice of Modern Weapons. From the French of M. P. Lacombe. By Charles Boutell, M. A. 12mo. Pp. 296. \$1.50.

These are uniform volumes, handsomely printed and bound, and generously illustrated. The first gives us the various conditions of the sky; the changing aspects of the clouds, the rain, the hail, and the tempest; the appearance and nature of luminous meteors, the aurora borealis, the halo, and the rain-

bow. The second contains a history of the singular armor and weapons used by man for defense and assault from the earliest historic ages to the present time. Both are excellent and valuable books.

Elements of the Greek Language: Taken from the Greek Grammar of James Hadley, Professor in Yale College. 12mo. Pp. 244.

A very carefully prepared abridgment of Professor Hadley's Grammar, adapted to the purposes of elementary instruction.

New York Illustrated. Quarto. Paper. Pp. 52. 50 cents.

The contents of this useful and beautiful book are taken from Appleton's Journal. It contains an excellent map of the city of New York, and forty-eight admirable wood-cuts, illustrating interesting and important scenes and buildings in and about the great metropolis. It is better than a visit to the city, and costs far less.

Appleton's Almanac for 1870. 30 cents.

Beautifully illustrated, and containing a large variety of valuable matter.

IV. FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON. ROBERT CLARKE & CO., CINCINNATI.

Thackeray's Miscellanies. Household Edition. Vol. III. 12mo. Pp. 512. \$1.25.

This volume contains The Book of Snobs, Sketches and Travels in London, Denis Duval, and other stories in the series of Thackeray's Miscellanies. A neat and cheap edition to be issued in five volumes.

The Village on the Cliff, with other Stories and Sketches. By Anna Isabella Thackeray. Household Edition. Vol. I. 12mo. Pp. 277. \$1.

Miss Thackeray has won an honorable position among English novelists, and these publishers are issuing her works in uniform, compact, and handsome style.

The Building of the Ship. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Illustrations. Square 18mo. Pp. 79.

This poem, we judge, will add more to the fame of Longfellow than some of his recent poems have done. It captivates at the very beginning, and holds the reader's interest to the last. It is issued in exquisitely beautiful style, toned paper, red-lined, gilt-edged, and is most delicately illustrated by R. S. Gifford and W. J. Hennessy.

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The Atlantic Almanac for 1870. Large Quarto. Pp. 72. 50 cents. With Illustrations.

Very beautifully illustrated, and containing, besides the usual matter of an almanac, a large amount of entertaining reading in prose and poetry.

V. ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON. R. W. CARROLL & CO., CINCINNATI.

The Woman Who Dared. By Epes Sargent. 16mo. Pp. 270.

Mr. Sargent champions the woman's suffrage movement, and, perhaps, by this volume deserves the laureate crown as the most radical poet who has yet sung for the cause. In poetry that flows sufficiently smoothly to make easy enough reading, he advocates the most ultra demands of the most radical reformers. To all who are in sympathy with this revolution of our social life, with the death of feminine modesty and delicacy, with the reduction of marriage to a mere civil and temporary contract, with easy divorce, with women wooing instead of waiting to be wooed, and who are fond of seeing these things advocated with but little argument and not much reason, and with no facts except a very exceptional female life, half truth and half fiction, this will prove a pleasant book.

The Writings of Madame Swetchine. Edited by Count de Falloux. Translated by H. W. Preston. 16mo. Pp. 255.

This volume is uniform with the "Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine," issued by the same publishers, and also translated by Miss Preston. The translator says truly, "No woman of our time has felt more deeply, or reasoned more keenly, on subjects of supreme moment, than Madame Swetchine; few women of any time have possessed in a more remarkable degree the gift of gracious and vivid expression. The story of her early doubts and struggles was told in the previous volume; in this we have the fruit of her self-conquest, the gentle admonitions of her ripened wisdom, the last serene results of her rich opportunities and her reverent life."

Nidworth, and his Three Magic Words. By E. Prentiss, Author of the "Susy Books," "Little Lou's Sayings," etc. 16mo. Pp. 279.

A book that will greatly interest and instruct the young people that will read it.

VL. HURD & HOUGHTON, NEW YORK. ROBERT CLARKE & CO., CINCINNATI.

The Two Baronesses. A Romance. By Hans Christian Andersen. 12mo. Pp. 261.

The second volume of the Miscellaneous Works of Andersen; it is uniform with the "Improvisatore."

Dame Nature and her Three Daughters. From the French of X. B. Saintine, Author of "Picciola." 16mo. Pp. 268.

"A grandpapa's talks and stories about natural history and things of daily use." If the lad or lass of twelve years old will begin the reading of this

charming book and give it up before finishing it, we shall be disappointed in our estimate either of the book or the reader. And we are quite sure that the reader, when through the book, will know very many more things than when he began it.

Stories from my Attic. By the Author of "Dream-Children," and "Seven Little People and their Friends." 16mo. Pp. 268.

Very entertaining reading for the young.

VII. ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. GEORGE CROSBY, CINCINNATI.

Sorrow. By Rev. John Reid, Author of "Voices of the Soul Answered in God." 12mo. Pp. 373.

To the thoughtful and sorrowful, and to the lovers of classic English in style, this will be a welcome volume. It treats the whole realm of human sorrow in its characteristics, causes, sphere, purposes, ministry, and final alleviation and destruction. It is a charming book, constantly reminding us in its chaste style, and calm and restful treatment of the theme, of Zimmerman's Solitude.

The Shepherd of Israel; or, Illustrations of the Inner Life. By Rev. Duncan Macgregor, M. A., Minister of St. Peter's, Dundee, Scotland. 16mo. Pp. 339.

Sixteen discourses from an earnest and godly minister of Scotland are contained in this little volume. They speak a language understood by all true Christians. They teach the deep and precious things of the Christian life. They are good food to nourish the Christian's soul.

Little Drops of Rain. By the Author of "Nell's Mission." 16mo. Pp. 237.

This is a sweet, pretty narrative of a little girl called Elsie Brandon, who early lost her mother, grew into an excellent young woman, who became a companion to her father and a guardian to the younger children. Like little rain drops her life and silent influences were a constant blessing. It will repay the reader for its perusal.

Tibby, the Charwoman, and her Friends. By P. E. S. 18mo. Pp. 180.

This is a Scotch story. Tibby lived in an old tenement in Edinburgh, and went out to do day's work whenever she could find any to do. Such persons are named in the old country charwomen. The life and fortunes of one of them is told in this volume.

VIII. HENRY HOYT, BOSTON. HITCHCOCK & WALDEN, CINCINNATI.

The Veil Lifted; or, the Romance and Reality of Convent Life. 16mo. Pp. 247.

This is a timely little book, the nature and purpose of which the title sufficiently gives. It is not the mere narration of "an escaped nun," or the colored report of "an apostate," but is a careful, truthful, thorough criticism of the natural and necessary tendencies and results of the conventual life. While it delineates in a manner that must convince every candid judgment, the source and progress of that fanatic

ical state of mind which leads the victim to seek a delusive and imaginary repose in the cloister, and the necessary disappointment, and frequent heart-broken anguish which must follow the fatal step, it supports its reasoning by facts which it affirms to be undeniable. It should be extensively circulated, especially in those ranks of society where the tendency to this form of fanaticism is obviously increasing.

He that Overcometh; or, a Conquering Gospel. By W. E. Boardman, Author of "*The Higher Christian Life.*" 12mo. Pp. 303.

This is an admirable book, and will be read with great interest and profit by every earnest Christian, and would prove an antidote to half the doubts of the unbelieving if they would only have the grace to read it. It is a demonstration of the truth of the Gospel, not by criticism or argument, but by exhibitions of the life and power of the Gospel in Christian experience and Christian progress. The key-note is struck in the following lines: "Instead of apologizing for the supernatural in the Bible and in Christian

experience, and endeavoring to account for all upon natural principles, and giving time and thought to the false course of minifying that which God has done and is doing, and so of making it appear reasonable to those who deny that there is any thing supernatural in it, it becomes us rather to secure for ourselves, and endeavor to induce others to secure, such a degree of faith in God our Savior, and such unfoldings of things eternal, and such signal displays of his power, and working, as shall put to silence all clamorous doubts, and all hostile words, and make it plain that there is a life divine, a kingdom of God, a religion whose very essence and excellence consists in its being altogether heavenly, though upon earth, and altogether godlike, though received, enjoyed, and manifested in man and by him."

The Music Governess. By S. C. P., Author of "*Tibby, the Charwoman,*" etc. 16mo. Pp. 103.

A very beautiful story of a young music governess and life in a boarding school. It contains wholesome lessons.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—We send forth our first number, a sample of what we expect to do throughout the year. We extend our cordial "holiday greetings" to our patrons and friends, and bespeak their company through the succeeding numbers of the year, and their co-operation in extending the circulation of our "home magazine." To our agents, the preachers, who have been our faithful friends through the past, we return our thanks, and earnestly request another effort to increase our list. We had a handsome advance last year, and if we can continue a while longer at the same rate of increase, we will soon reach the figures below which we can not rest satisfied, namely, *fifty thousand subscribers.*

We thank our exchanges for their frequent and hearty commendation of the Repository, and shall endeavor increasingly to merit their approbation. Some have even stepped aside from the mere formal notice to speak on special phases and claims of the Repository, and have spoken words that apply to magazine literature in general. We quote the following just sentences from the "*Industrial Journal, Michigan.*" "The receipt of the June number of the Ladies' Repository gives us occasion to say just what we have wished to say for a long time. Many of our ladies' magazines of the present time seem to think the great requirement for ladies nowadays is fashion-plates and love-stories. Turn over the leaves, and at least one-half of the space is devoted to fashion-plates that are of no practicable utility to one in a hundred. They view them o'er and o'er, and sigh for want of the 'ready' that would bring all of those lovely things within their reach—thus becoming discontented with their lot in life, and making

themselves miserable without cause. This is really an evil, and the thousands of the gentler sex who look upon it as such, should set their faces against it. This can be done effectually by patronizing those of different tendencies—something that is readable, instructive, elevating to the morals—in short, that which is above and beyond the floating trash that fills the land. Send for a specimen of the Ladies' Repository, and unless your taste for reading differs materially from ours, you will be almost sure to subscribe for it."

The *Carroll Free Press, Ohio*, speaks in the same line: "The Ladies' Repository deserves the title of the 'Queen of the Monthlies,' for we have no hesitancy in saying it is the best ladies' magazine published. In typographical appearance and literary merit it has no superior and but few equals, and in a family where regularly read, can not fail to have a beneficial influence. If we would introduce reading matter, such as the Repository gives us each month, instead of the kind many of us do, into our families we would have a different state of morals there. Its tendency, unlike many other publications of the kind, is wholly on the side of a pure literature, elevating and wholesome. Accompanying each number are two magnificent steel engravings, which, through the course of the year, are alone well worth the price of the magazine."

THE BOOK COMMITTEE AND THE BOOK CONCERN.—Our readers have doubtless heard the rumors of fraud and mismanagement that have been circulated and exaggerated, reflecting on the integrity of the New York department of our Book Concern.

We have said nothing of these, feeling unshaken confidence in the integrity and business ability of the Agents, and satisfied that an investigation would exonerate the Agents and perhaps find some frauds in the dealings of employes in charge of subordinate departments. Such proves to be the case, and considerable dishonesty has been found in the bindery, from which, of course, the Concern has suffered loss, but nothing affecting the accuracy of the "annual showing" of the Concern. We append the report of the Committee:

"We, the Book Committee, appointed by the General Conference of 1868, being convened in New York to attend to the 'publishing interests' of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have had our attention called to alleged losses and frauds connected with the New York Book Concern, and after a careful investigation and serious inquiry into the business of the house, during a session of two weeks, and availing ourselves of the labors and investigations of a sub-committee previously appointed, have reached the following judgment, which, for the information of the Church and the Conference, we embody in the following resolutions; namely:

"Resolved, 1. That it is our deliberate judgment that the last Exhibit of the Agents is a true and reliable statement of the financial responsibility and solvency of the Book Concern at New York.

"2. That though the Agents have bought paper and other materials for the Printing Department, mainly through paper-dealers or middle-men, yet it does not appear, by any facts before the Committee, that the Concern has suffered any serious loss by such mode of making purchases.

"3. That the investigation of the affairs and business of the bindery has satisfied the Committee that there has been great mismanagement in this department, and that serious losses have occurred therein.

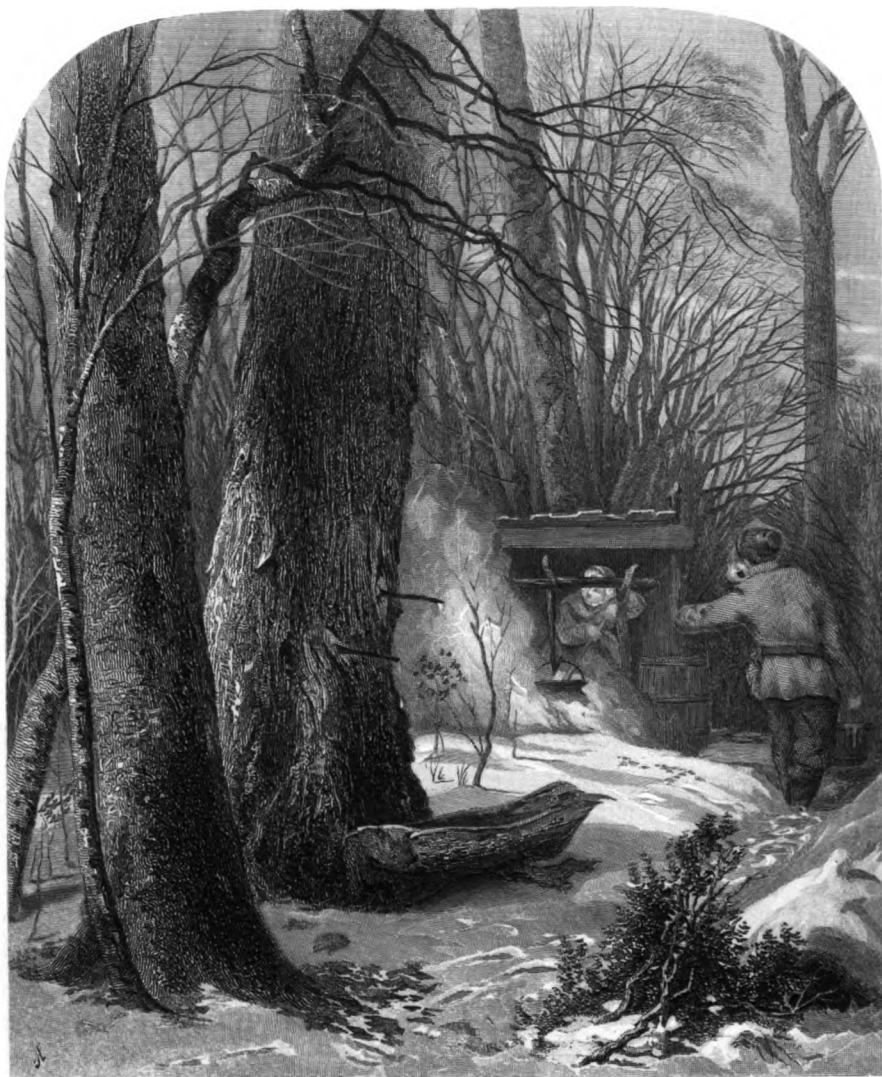
"4. That the general management of the business of the Book Concern, in all matters involving its credit or integrity, is such as to meet the approval of the Committee and command the confidence of the public."

"ASKING A BLESSING."—A month ago we had just space enough left to acknowledge the receipt from Messrs. Howe & Middleton, of this city, of a beautiful chromo from an original design by F. O. C. Darley. It deserves more than a mere acknowledgment. It is one of those beautiful *genre* pictures that would ornament any house in America, and which, from its cheapness, might be placed there. An unworthy design could not come from Mr. Darley, and no American house can surpass Howe & Middleton in the reproduction of figure-pieces in chromo. Their chromo oil portraits are national in their reputation. The present picture is an American home scene; the faces, the dress, the attitudes are unmistakably American. The scene is in the kitchen of an American farm-house; the family with bowed heads and drooping eyes are gathered around the table for the morning meal. The group consists of eight persons, the grandparents, the mother, the

aunt, and four children, and with them the household dog. At the left end is grandfather, a large, strong, old man. His locks are long and silvery—his visage impressive. With outstretched palms and heaven-lifted eyes the venerable patriarch is asking a blessing from the Giver of all good. The grouping is admirable, and the attitudes and the coloring are in perfect harmony. It will be a beauty and a blessing in the house.

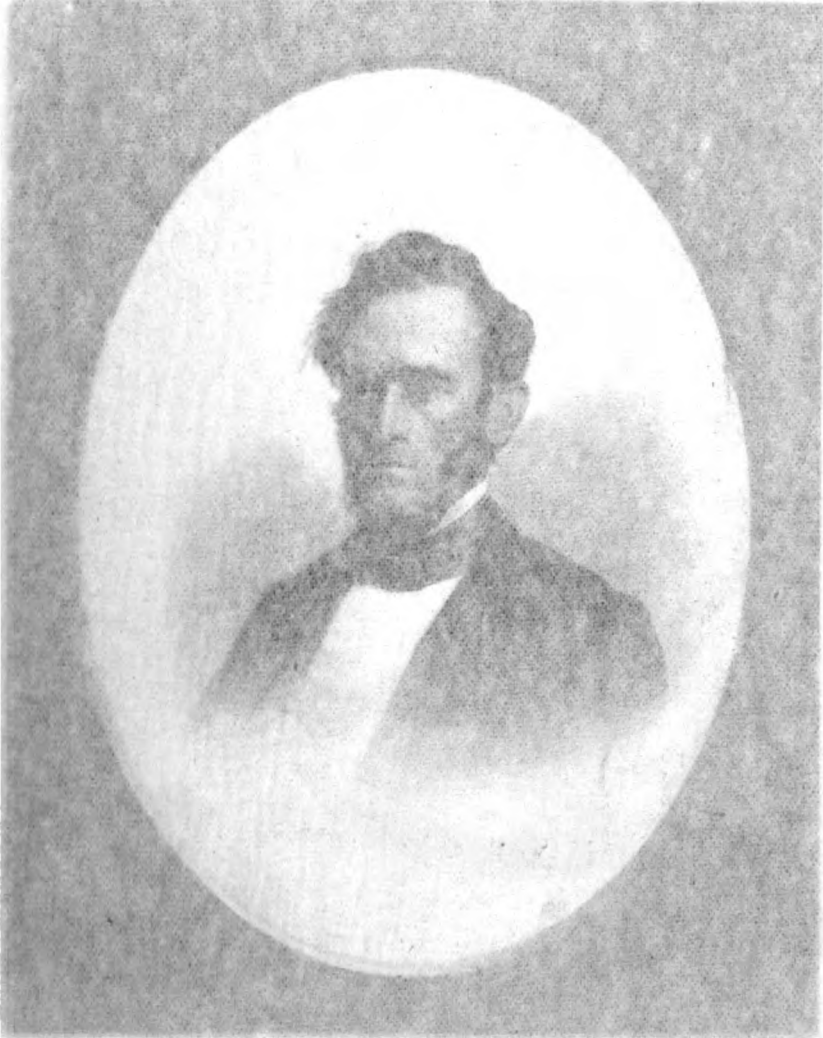
PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION, 1870.—The following Plan of Episcopal Visitation was adopted by the Board of Bishops at their late session in Cincinnati:

CONFERENCES.	PLACE.	TIME.	BISHOP.
North Carolina.....	High Point City.....	Jan. 6	Janes.
Texas.....	Industry.....	Jan. 12	Scott.
South Carolina.....	Jacksonville, Fla.....	Jan. 20	Janes.
Louisiana.....	New Orleans.....	Jan. 26	Scott.
Mississippi.....	Columbus.....	Feb. 3	Scott.
India.....	Bareilly, India.....	Feb. 9	Kingsley.
Liberia.....	Feb. 9	Roberts.
Lexington.....	Louisville, Ky.....	Feb. 24	Thomson.
Baltimore.....	Frederick City.....	M'ch 2	Ames.
Kentucky.....	Maysville.....	M'ch 2	Thomson.
Virginia.....	Richmond, Va.....	M'ch 2	Janes.
St. Louis.....	Springfield, Mo.....	M'ch 9	Clark.
West Virginia.....	Charleston.....	M'ch 9	Thomson.
Washington.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	M'ch 9	Janes.
Providence.....	Providence.....	M'ch 16	Scott.
Philadelphia.....	Pottsville, Penn.....	M'ch 16	Simpson.
Wilmington.....	Port Deposit, Md.....	M'ch 16	Janes.
Gen. Pennsylvania.....	Lewistown.....	M'ch 16	Ames.
Missouri.....	Macon City.....	M'ch 17	Clark.
Pittsburg.....	Johnstown, Penn.....	M'ch 23	Janes.
New Jersey.....	Long Branch.....	M'ch 23	Simpson.
Newark.....	Jersey City.....	M'ch 23	Thomson.
New England.....	Springfield, Mass.....	M'ch 23	Scott.
Kansas.....	Topeka.....	M'ch 24	Clark.
East German.....	40th-Street, N. Y.....	M'ch 30	Ames.
Nebraska.....	Fremont.....	M'ch 31	Clark.
New York.....	30-Street, N. Y.....	April 6	Thomson.
New York East.....	7th-Street, N. Y.....	April 6	Ames.
New Hampshire.....	Nashua.....	April 6	Simpson.
N. Indiana.....	Kokomo.....	April 13	Clark.
Troy.....	Burlington, Vt.....	April 13	Ames.
Cent. New York.....	Syracuse.....	April 13	Thomson.
Vermont.....	Springfield, Vt.....	April 13	Simpson.
Wyoming.....	Wilkesbarre, Penn.....	April 13	Janes.
Black River.....	Ogdensburg, N. Y.....	April 21	Ames.
Maine.....	Augusta.....	May 4	Simpson.
East Maine.....	Rockland.....	May 12	Simpson.
Germany and Switz.....	Carlsruhe.....	June 16	Kingsley.
Colorado.....	Pueblo.....	June 23	Ames.
Delaware.....	Cambridge, Md.....	July 21	Scott.
Nevada.....	Virginia City.....	July 28	Ames.
East Genesee.....	Elmira, N. Y.....	Aug. 24	Thomson.
Cincinnati.....	Piqua.....	Aug. 24	Simpson.
Oregon.....	Vancouver, W. T.....	Aug. 25	Ames.
Detroit.....	Fentonville.....	Aug. 31	Clark.
Cent. German.....	Louisville, Ky.....	Sept. 1	Simpson.
North Ohio.....	Ashland.....	Sept. 7	Thomson.
Indiana.....	Bloomington.....	Sept. 7	Simpson.
Michigan.....	Cold Water.....	Sept. 7	Clark.
Des Moines.....	Montana.....	Sept. 7	Janes.
S. E. Indiana.....	Brookville.....	Sept. 14	Scott.
Central Ohio.....	Toledo.....	Sept. 14	Thomson.
N. W. Indiana.....	Terre Haute.....	Sept. 14	Simpson.
Upper Iowa.....	Cedar Falls.....	Sept. 14	Janes.
California.....	Stockton.....	Sept. 14	Ames.
Erie.....	Cleveland, O.....	Sept. 21	Thomson.
Wisconsin.....	Janesville.....	Sept. 21	Clark.
Iowa.....	Albia.....	Sept. 21	Kingsley.
Tennessee.....	Nashville.....	Sept. 21	Scott.
N. W. German.....	Van Buren Ch., Chi.....	Sept. 21	Janes.
S. Illinois.....	Lebanon.....	Sept. 21	Simpson.
Illinois.....	Shelbyville.....	Sept. 28	Kingsley.
Cent. Illinois.....	Pekin.....	Sept. 28	Janes.
W. Wisconsin.....	Lacrosse.....	Sept. 28	Clark.
Ohio.....	Logan.....	Sept. 28	Thomson.
Holston.....	Knoxville, Tenn.....	Sept. 28	Scott.
S. W. German.....	St. Charles, Mo.....	Sept. 29	Simpson.
Rock River.....	Elgin.....	Oct. 5	Janes.
Minnesota.....	Owatonna.....	Oct. 5	Clark.
Genesee.....	Warsaw, N. Y.....	Oct. 6	Thomson.
Georgia.....	Atlanta.....	Oct. 5	Scott.
Alabama.....	Branchville.....	Oct. 12	Scott.



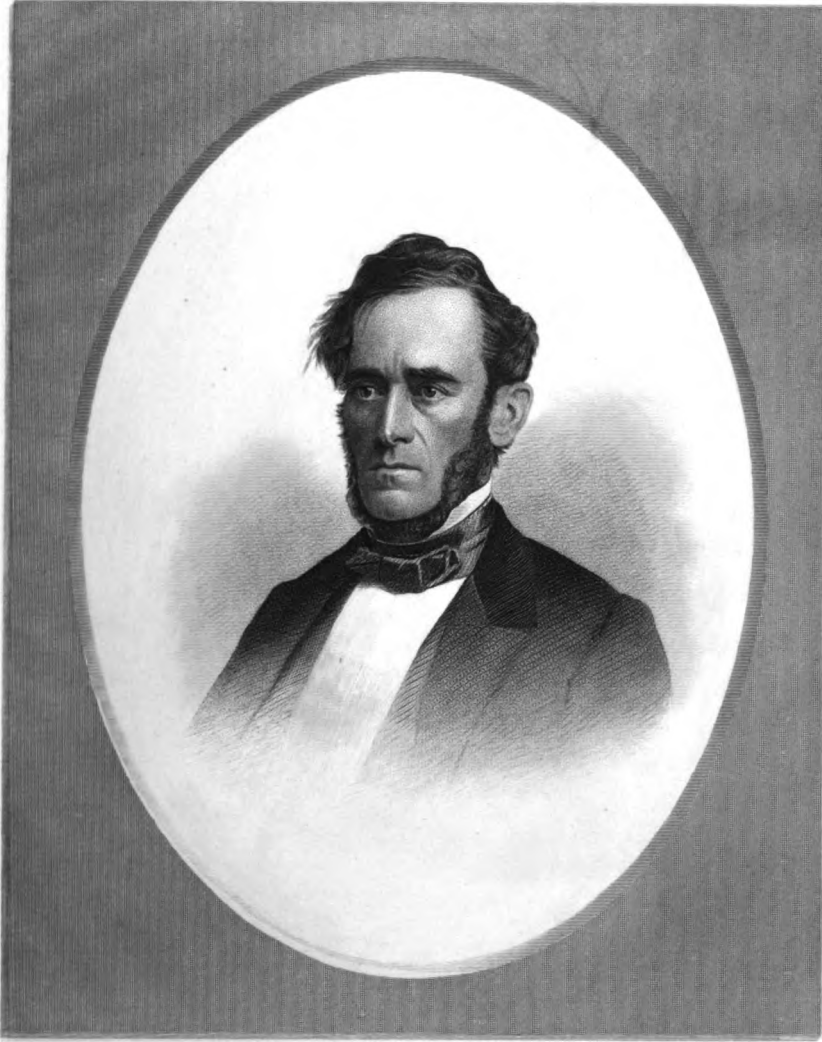
THE WINTER OF 1870-71
CANADA

THE WINTER OF 1870-71 IN CANADA





1. The first of the three photographs is a view of the interior of the cave, looking down the length of the passage. The passage is very dark and the walls are covered with a thick layer of what appears to be a soft, spongy material, possibly a type of fungus or a very soft rock. The floor is also covered with this material. The passage leads to a small, bright opening at the end, which is the entrance to the cave. The second photograph is a view of the entrance to the cave, looking out from the interior. The entrance is a small, dark opening in the rock, and the walls are covered with the same soft, spongy material. The third photograph is a view of the exterior of the cave, looking at the entrance from the outside. The entrance is a small, dark opening in the rock, and the walls are covered with the same soft, spongy material.



THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1870.

FEBRUARY.

CÆSAR MALAN, BY HIS SON.

II. DR. MALAN AS AN EVANGELIST.

I AM reminded of a fact of which I was myself a witness in 1828 or 1829, on one of the steamboats of our lake. After having obtained permission of the captain, my father, who in a moment had gathered several persons around him, stood up on a coil of rope in the bow of the vessel, and, with his New Testament in his hand, invited those who were there "to draw near and listen to the good Word of God." I see him still at this hour the center of the attentive group formed around him; I hear still his voice vibrating in the pure air of a Summer morning in view of our beautiful shores. What is more, I remember very well that a gentleman near me, who at first manifested signs of impatience, which were very natural at so unusual a scene, approached my father after he had finished speaking, and having pressed his hands with emotion, spoke in his turn, and declared to those who were there, that his heart had embraced the Gospel for the first time, and from that day he should earnestly declare himself a disciple.

With regard to my father's missionary zeal I can not do better than recall what M. de Goltz has written in speaking of my father and of Felix Neff. "They possessed," says he, "a power of faith, a spirit of prayer, and a boldness in testimony, which rendered their work wonderfully blessed. Personally powerful, they were every-where witnesses of Jesus Christ. They did not let pass a walk, an accidental encounter; they did not hear an inimical word, they never traveled without finding, or making the occasion to speak of their Savior. Keeping themselves constantly in the presence of their Lord, it was impossible that they should not

feel inflamed with a holy love for the souls which God had placed in their way, and they could have no relations with their fellows without also profiting by them to work for their salvation."

"They had the passion for the salvation of souls," says M. Guizot, in speaking of revivalists in general. "God constantly in relation to man, to each man, present in the actual life of each man, and about to decide his future destiny, the immense worth of each human soul in the eyes of God, and the immense weight of the future that awaits it, these are the convictions, the affirmations contained in this passion for the salvation of souls, which was the life even of our Lord Jesus Christ."

These words apply exactly to the sentiments which were the source of the missionary zeal of my father. I may be permitted to relate an incident of which I was witness, toward the year 1845, in a pedestrian tour that I made with him in company with a young Englishman who then resided in our house.

My father wished to revisit with us the picturesque gorges of the Bishopric of Basle, which, since a tour he had made there as a young man, had left with him an indelible impression. After having taken the boat from Geneva to Lausanne, we went on foot to Yondon, my father not neglecting on the way any opportunity of preaching the Gospel. On the Lake of Neuchalet, I recollect that I sketched him seated on the bow of the boat by the side of a young man "to whom he spoke of his soul," his New Testament in his hand, while a mountaineer, leaning against the railing, let his pipe go out while listening to him.

Some days after, on a superb evening, we ascended the road which rises from Bienne in following the deep gorges of the Suze.

Arrived at the inn of Sonceboz, my father in taking off his haversack said to the mistress of the house, that after supper we would have our evening prayer, to which she and her people would be welcome. "We do not need all that here," replied the woman, apparently very busy, adding some expressions of impatience. Immediately my father resumed his haversack, and seizing his alpenstock—"Can you walk another hour, my boy?" said he; then without regarding the astonishment of our hostess, who was preparing to detain us, "Come, my children," added he, "I will not pass the night under a roof where prayer is despised, and where God is not feared." Some minutes after, as we were following the road which, from Sonceboz, ascends through the pine-woods to the defile of Pierre-Partius, we rejoined the carts loaded with planks, which were taking the same route. My father called me, and pointing out to me a tall young man who drove the first of the vehicles, he gave me a tract, telling me to hand it to him. The young man thanked me very civilly, and I rejoined my traveling companions, who had stopped a moment to admire some details of the landscape. Soon, however, he to whom I had carried the tract, and who had begun immediately to read it aloud to the other drivers, withdrew from them, and came to ask my father to be so good as to explain to them "the things that we do not well understand," said he. My father approached the men, and we left them to walk slowly up the hill by the side of their horses. A little after, when they had joined us, I heard my father, as he extended his hand to the reader of the tract, invite him and his companions to be present at our family worship at Tavannes. They promised to be there, and they kept their word. "Is it not God who moved us to leave Sonceboz?" asked my father when we were alone.

The next day we were early on the road. After having walked about two hours, we entered the inn of a little hamlet to take coffee. While we were waiting to be served, my father remarked that the young woman in attendance interrupted her work from time to time to put her apron to her eyes. "You appear to have some sorrow," said he. "Alas! sir," replied the peasant woman, bursting into tears, "it is only a few days since I lost my poor husband, and I am very unhappy." My father, making a place beside him on the bench, said: "Come, seat yourself here, my poor woman, and I will remind you of the consolations of the Gospel." He had not spoken long before his auditor interrupted him, saying: "Allow me, sir, to go and seek my friend Jeannette; it is she that will

be glad to hear you! She, also, often speaks to me of these beautiful things." Soon after we saw her return with a young peasant girl, and my friend and I went out, leaving my father conversing with these two women.

In a moment's time he opened the window, and asked us to go with him a few steps to see Jeannette's father, who was ill. When we reached a small wooden house, Jeannette introduced us into a large room, in the end of which, near the window, lay an old man with white hair. "Father," said she, "I bring to you a minister of the Gospel." "Blessed be God!" replied the invalid, near whom my father hastened to seat himself, and in whom he soon recognized the marks of a sincere and touching piety. In conversation, he inquired how he had obtained the knowledge of his Savior. "It is in this bed, where I have lain for many years," replied the sick man, "and by the reading of a book written by a Mr. Malan, of Geneva. Ah! if I was not old and infirm, I would have gone long ago to Geneva to find him. O! sir, I have often asked God to let me see this man before I die! I have long thought that he would grant my prayer, but I am now obliged to give up the hope."

I cast my eyes on my father, who looked at his hands in silence. "What is the name of the book of which you speak?" he said suddenly to the invalid, as he raised his head. "There," he replied, "I always have it here; it never leaves me." At the same time, the old man drew from under his pillow a well-worn copy of "The Songs of Zion," and gave it to my father. "Do you sing these hymns?" asked the latter, turning over the pages of the volume. "O! Jeannette knows some of them. She sings them often to me, and each time they give me pleasure and do me good." Then he added, as if speaking to himself: "If I could only see the dear gentleman who has written these beautiful songs! He must be a true and good Christian." "Listen, my brother," my father then said; "I've come from Geneva, these young people and I." "You come from Geneva," interrupted the old man; "perhaps then you have seen M. Malan." "Undoubtedly," replied my father, "we all there know him, and I can well assure you that if he were here he would remind you that he has been for you only a feeble and imperfect instrument, and that he would speak to you, above all, not of himself, a poor sinner like you, but of the eternal and perfect grace of God."

The conversation was prolonged a few moments; my father prayed; then after we had sung all together one of the hymns that Jean-

nette knew, he prepared to depart, telling the girl that the day after the morrow being Sunday he would preach at Moutiers. As he reached the door, however, he paused, then turning toward the bed where the old man was still seated, with clasped hands, my father said, with emotion, "God himself, to whom you are going, God has granted your prayer! I am Malan, of Geneva, your brother in the faith of our blessed Savior."

The poor old man, fixing on him who spoke to him eyes bathed in tears, and raising slowly his trembling hands, "Bless me! bless me before I die!" cried he, "you for whom I have so long prayed to God. Bless me, since I have the honor of seeing you with mine eyes!" My father, kneeling beside the bed, said, with a voice which betrayed profound emotion, "It is for you to bless me, for you could be my father. But all blessing comes from God alone, and we will once again, together, ask it from him." Then pressing in his arms the humble brother, from whom he was to part only to see him in the heavenly country, he implored for him "the peace that Jesus gives," and we quitted the hamlet.

The day after the morrow my father preached in the morning at Moutiers, and in the evening in the village of Grandval. At Moutiers we saw the arrival of Jeannette, her neighbor, and a large company of the inhabitants of their village, who had walked more than three leagues to come and hear the strange minister.

An incident that occurred the day after the preaching at Moutiers will show the easy and cordial manner with which my father accosted the new-comer. While he was standing behind me, looking at me sketch some rocks at the entrance of an abrupt gorge, an old man of lofty stature approached us on the road. I do not know why I then said to my father, "That man appears to me to be a pious man." "Nothing is easier than to be assured of it," he replied, and rapidly drawing near the passer-by: "Sir," said he, smiling, "will you accept my hand if I offer it to you?" "Ah! sir," replied the old man, taking off his cap, "you do me great honor." "And if it is in the name of the Lord Jesus that I extend it to you?" "Ah! then give me your two hands, my well-beloved brother!" cried the stranger. This man, with whom my father conversed a long time, and whom we again saw in a neighboring village, of which he was the mayor, was a man well known in the country for his gentle and active piety.

The two following incidents are drawn from his correspondence, which, above all in his missionary tours, abounds in anecdotes of this kind.

In one of the towns of the north of France, a boot-black of a certain age, to whom he had recourse one day of rain and mud, said, in a low voice, looking at the boots: "Faith, they have great need of it." "Not so much as your soul has of the blood of Christ," replied my father, in a serious tone. The man paused. "That is to say, sir," said he to my father. After having heard his answer, he resumed his work, saying to himself: "Thou hast never yet heard that." He had understood him clearly, and it seemed to my father that he had listened eagerly.

A letter to my mother, dated Heidelberg, the 9th of September, the same year, contains the following: "The country is filled with Prussian soldiers, and two captains with a Jew have been my traveling companions to-day. They talked much along the road of their country, of Baden, and they pointed out here and there battle-fields, redoubts, burned houses, etc. I was silent, until at last, after three hours, when they were very warm in their recital, I said to the Jew: 'Tell them from me that in heaven there will be no more war.' He told them, whereupon one of the captains said to me: 'Yes, yes; if there are *Badois* there we shall not have peace.' 'There will be there,' I replied, 'neither *Badois* nor Prussians. There will only be found there the children of peace, the saved.' A great silence at once succeeded to the military tempest. Then I said to the Jew: 'Tell them that the Lord Jesus is called the Prince of Peace.' The Jew repeated it to them very seriously, and then the captain who was nearest to me turned toward me, saying to me in an undertone: 'If people loved order, there would be no war.' 'Say rather,' I rejoined, 'if people were Christians; but they are not. They kill one another, although they are men and of the same blood.' He sighed, and pressed my hand. The conversation became from that time very calm, and when we parted all three wished me a pleasant journey."

These modes of action were with my father the natural result of the instincts of his heart. And whatever astonishment might sometimes be caused by the manner in which he introduced the deepest views of the interior of the soul, I think that no one was ever offended by it. What prompted him was a constant and ardent desire to lead hearts to the love of Jesus Christ. That was a sentiment which never quitted him. How many times, when in our solitary walks we stood on one of the heights which surround our town, and looked upon the villages and hamlets scattered on every side, have I not heard him break in upon the admiration always excited in him by the view of our beautiful country, with the cry:

"If only one could hope that in each one of these houses, in each one of these villages, there is a single heart that knows and loves the Savior."

Until the year 1830 my father scarcely ever preached out of his own country, except in the journeys he made to Great Britain in 1822, in 1826, and in 1828. When he went there in 1822 he had no idea of preaching in English. He was led to do so in spite of himself. A clergyman, with whom he had dined, introduced him, without having given him notice, into a large room filled with a numerous congregation, saying to him: "These persons are here to listen to you." My father did as well as he could. He subsequently learned to preach in English with great facility.

It was to the relations that he thus formed with the religious world in England, and above all with the evangelical party, the dissenters, and the Presbyterians of Scotland, that he owed the special direction early given to his religious habits. It is there, for example, that he embraced the strict views which he retained all his life on the sanctification of the Sabbath, and by which he distinguished himself in the religious world of Geneva. It is there also that he became initiated into that liberty of invitation which accompanies the propagating zeal of English believers. He brought from them the public distribution of religious tracts, assemblies for worship in the open air, and in general that independence of form which characterizes the evangelical party in free England. He also became acquainted with the writings of the English theologians of the seventeenth century, writings which were then popular in the circle in which he always found himself, and which continued to be his favorite volumes.

His visit to Great Britain in 1826 attracted the most attention. With regard to what was then his missionary work, this is what I read in the preface to a pamphlet in which one of his auditors published stenographic notes of some of his discourses that he had preached in Scotland. After having said that one finds nowhere announced with more simplicity and power the assurance and the simplicity of the confidence that the believer ought to have in what God says, the author quoting the saying of an old theologian, sees the merit of the preaching of Malan in this, "that he brings the believer to make two heaps, one of his good works and the other of his sins, and to leave both that he may take refuge near Christ himself." He does not hesitate to say that the manner in which he presented the truth, seemed to take back his auditors to the days of Luther and Rutherford.

One incident, which portrays the effect produced by his preaching, was related to me by my mother. After having preached to an attentive crowd, he was accosted on coming down from the pulpit by a venerable man, entirely unknown to him. "I bless God," said the stranger, "for I have to-day heard Romaine and Whitefield." This old man was Rowland Hill.

His last visit to Great Britain was in 1843, on the occasion of the recent formation of the Free Church of Scotland. However, he had for a long time cast his eyes toward the continent. In England he had scarce any relations save with the religious world. What he sought above all was to carry the Word of God where it was still unknown. It was this desire that led him, in 1836, to the work of evangelization in France. He returned to this country in the Spring of 1841. In 1842 it was toward Belgium and Holland that he turned his steps. In 1845 he visited anew the churches of Scotland, and after having returned to France in the years 1849, 1852, and 1853, and having visited Elberfeld in 1856, he made his last missionary journey that same year in the Vaudois valleys of Piedmont. Already his age did not permit him to encounter alone the fatigues of an evangelist, and in this visit to churches which he had always desired to see, and which were for him the ancient country of his fathers, it was necessary that one of my sisters should accompany him.

It may be asked why the missionary zeal of my father should not be turned in the direction of Savoy. The fact is, that he had early tried to cause the light of evangelical truth to penetrate this country. It is well known, however, how completely the Jesuits then had the ascendancy. At that time my brother and I always took care to take with us, when we passed the frontier, a Gospel in Greek, to avoid the inconveniences to which we would have been exposed by having in our haversacks a New Testament in French. Here is a fact which was related when I was a child, and which shows what foundation we had for our fears.

One of the students residing with my father—it was about 1824—had given a Bible to a Savoyard of Chablais who knew how to read. He had even employed this man to introduce some in the province. This being discovered, the unfortunate Savoyard was in mid-winter carried off from his home by carabineers, and taken to the galleys at Genoa. The daughter of this man, who with her two little brothers had begun to run after the sledge on which they had bound her father, having been repulsed by the soldiers, took the route to Geneva, asking

alms as she went. But she died of cold and misery before she reached that town. The youngest of the boys having lost track of his brother was taken home by a gardener who had seen him once or twice at my father's. He lived several years in the service of this man. One day he saw arrive on the road near the gate of the town a traveler in rags, covered with dust and fatigue. The latter stopped to ask him the road to the dwelling of the same gardener for whom he worked. The young man led him thither; then he found that this unfortunate man was his father, whose term of punishment had been abridged, but who was almost entirely brutified by what he had had to suffer.

This single fact proves how difficult it was to carry the Gospel to a bigoted and fanatical population, and one, moreover, comprising few people who knew how to read. Notwithstanding this my father chanced one day to hear a Savoyard curate, with whom he conversed on the road, complain to him of two scourges which he said corrupted the youth of the village. On one side emigration to Paris, and on the other a certain Mr. Malan, of Geneva, who scattered every-where heretic writings and Protestant Bibles.

From before 1830, however, my father was obliged to abstain from setting foot in Savoy. Arrested, indeed, one day by the gendarmes at Chamounix, where he had been summoned by the illness of one of his students, and transported as a criminal to the capital of the province, he owed his liberty only to his firmness and presence of mind. He has himself related the episode, adding to it the details which made him believe that God had permitted it for the spiritual good of the officer who had been charged with his arrest.

On his French tours he preached often in Toulouse, and among other places in the military hospital. "The place in which I was to speak," writes he, "was large, and the soldiers who filled it, for the most part, had just left their beds, and they walked into the room supporting one another. There were here some wooden bedsteads taken apart. Come, my friends, I said to them, we must draw near this table of beds that you may be able to seat yourselves, otherwise they would certainly have been overcome with fatigue. I then spoke to them, but as to soldiers. I said to them, among other things, You may be taught, probably, that there are little and great sins, but that is not so. Suppose that in time of war you have received the order as sentinel—and, in saying that, I fixed my eyes on an old grenadier with

gray mustaches—not to let pass the enemy's cockade. While you are at your post there comes a little child wearing this cockade, who says to you, 'Mr. Sentinel, let me pass.' 'You can not pass,' you reply. 'But it is to go and see my mother.' 'You can not pass,' you will repeat, and the child will go away. Well, it is the same thing with those sins which are called little sins." The following Sunday the soldiers shut that door on their chaplain. "Go preach your *sornettes* elsewhere," they cried to him, "and bring us the *monsieur* of the other day." This made a great talk; it was even referred to Paris, and it finally resulted in procuring for the Protestant pastors a free entrance into the hospital.

I will add here some passages of a private journal that my father wrote every day during his visit to Perpignan:

"*June 3d.*—I have had the first service, at which were present about three hundred auditors of all ranks—officers of the garrison, lawyers, etc. On entering I said that I came to be useful to my congregation; therefore, that it was necessary that they should listen to me with attention. The exordium of my discourse was, that notwithstanding all the opinions that divide and trouble the thinking world, there are two facts that no error and no attack can overthrow. One, that man is a sinner; the other, that Jesus Christ has been crucified, and that he is risen from the dead. Now these two facts include all that man is in himself, and all that the love of God has done for him."

"*Saturday, 4th.*—He meets the soldiers, who manifest an interest in what they have heard, and a desire to hear him at greater length. They tell him that his preaching has made a sensation, and he receives visits from some of the great people of the town. "I perceived that every one looked at me with curiosity when I went out. . . . Amen. May the Lord only cast his net, and if the fish enter into it from curiosity, it will do what Zaccheus did." Then he adds, immediately, "I feel more than ever nothing in myself. It seems to me that I am nothing. . . . I am sometimes disposed to reason with the congregation, and prove at first the authenticity of the Bible, but I have been inwardly withheld from doing so. I will preach Jesus, and his name will not fail to justify itself to the conscience. At all events, as the sword of the Spirit is in question, it is better to use it to give blows to souls than to stop and discourse on the manner in which this two-edged sword was forged. In the evening, at half-past nine o'clock, seven hundred auditors were assembled."

"It seems to me that a Christian ought to be here below, in the midst of the noise of the world, like the cat that I saw through my half-closed blinds. It was seated on the other side of the street, on the threshold of its master's door. There was a great deal of noise about. Children were crying, mules were passing, voices were clashing with one another, but as soon as I had made with my lips a sound imitating a mouse, immediately the cat directed its ears toward me, and looked attentively at the window. Why, then, does not the Christian hear the soft and subtle sound of the Holy Spirit in the midst and above the tumult of the world?"

"*June 10th.*—As I left the N. N.'s I found, the Spanish gentleman whom I have always met. I had with him, for more than half an hour, a conversation on the efficacy of the death of Jesus. In the end he embraced me, and, as at this moment a mason had just put up a scaffolding before the door, I passed under it to go out. When I found myself on the other side my companion said, 'May God bless your voyage, and may we meet again above!' and he pointed to the heavens. Then I thought that what was really between my soul and that of this man, so devoted to the Roman religion, was nothing but the scaffolding of his practices.

"*June 13th.*—In leaving Perpignan how much I ought to bless and glorify the Lord! He brought me here. He has kept me in health and strength. He has enabled me to preach every day, and several times a day. He has permitted me to speak to many souls, and, above all, that he has enabled me to write four tracts which, by his grace, may to some recall all I have said, and make known to others the way of salvation."

Such was the mission to the South of France in 1836.

THE YOUTH OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

EARLY in the Winter of 1860 a relative of my mother's died in her eighty-eight year. She had retained to the very last the most precious qualities of heart and the rarest mental faculties. Long a widow and childless, Madame de M. lived in the strictest retirement, sometimes at R., at other times in the neighboring country, where she saw only a few friends. Her only infirmity in her old age was a deafness, which did not hinder her taking an active part in conversation. She displayed a singular sprightliness and an erudition that surprised those who did not know that, mistress

of several languages, she gave up almost all her days, and the greater part of her nights, to reading. An ardent legitimist, and so passionate in political discussions that she lost the independence of her judgment, though never her temper, she clung to the ideas of 1788. Scarcely did she recognize the restoration of the Bourbons; for her the monarchy of 1830 never existed. Yet her private affections never suffered from disagreement on this point between her and a part of her family; never was a single word of her violent tirades addressed to those who loved and respected her too much willingly to gainsay her, but who could not always help a gentle protest. Hers, then, was an original but charming mind, a petulant and firm character, a devoted, faithful, and trusty heart. I passed many hours of my youth at her side, and her tales enchanted my childhood. In later years the distance which separated us rendered an intercourse less frequent, that always remained pleasant and affectionate. Never did the year go by without going at least once to R.

One day, when Madame de M. had just evoked, as she often delighted to do, scenes of the last century with incredible faithfulness of memory, she placed a manuscript in my hands, where, years before, she had detailed the facts of her acquaintance with Charlotte Corday, and bade me publish, when she had gone, the pages that she had dedicated to the friend of her childhood. I now discharge this duty, and if I attach my name to this sketch, it will be understood, I hope, that my only motive is to vouch for its authenticity by my testimony, and explain how these papers came into my possession.

Great obscurity has always rested on the youth of Charlotte Corday; this is the first time, if I mistake not, that authentic and private particulars have been related by an unexceptionable witness on the early years of *this extraordinary woman's* life. I have not thought it right to change a word. I might have expunged passages intended to rectify facts now unquestioned, and refute slanders that nobody would dare to repeat; if I have not done so, it is because I desired to preserve this sketch in all its originality.

When Madame de M. wrote, Charlotte Corday had not yet obtained from all that impartial justice which posterity will grant her. Several histories of the Revolution, among others De Barante's History of the Convention, had not appeared. His faithful account would have found favor with Madame de M. Though she has applied herself with enthusiastic zeal to the portrayal of the character of Charlotte Corday

in its real physiognomy, I find nothing in her opinions to prevent her assenting to those of the eminent historian. "It is impossible not to feel sad as we see the deplorable disorder into which the influence of her times had thrown a soul so generous and pure. Neglect or scorn of religious and moral duties, pride in individual ideas, faith in emphatic and theatrical language, anarchy of opinions, had deluded and, as it were, intoxicated this naturally noble and delicate character; the insane deed that she executed was the crime of her time rather than hers; she went to assassination as she would have gone to martyrdom, and shed the blood of Marat less willingly than she would have shed her own in the cause of humanity."

Charlotte Corday was doubly mistaken. A republican and a federalist, she hastened the ruin of the federalists, and did not save the republic from its bloody rage, for Robespierre was to succeed to Marat, and no isolated act of abnegation and courage could save a nation bowed under the yoke of terror. Her name will pass to future ages associated with a deed which the worthlessness of the victim can not redeem. No cause, however just and innocent of all complicity it may be, will ever see its defenders grasp the poniard without deep injury to those inflexible principles of public morality, to respect and defend which is the first duty and supreme interest of honest men.

Much has been said, much written about Charlotte Corday. None yet has known or judged her well. Almost all have substituted fable for history, and attempted, by painting an imaginary portrait according as they were variously moved, to condemn or absolve the intrepid and devoted deed which will make her name eternal. The act, blameworthy no doubt, was inspired by a single sentiment, rare in our days—love of her native land.

Charlotte Corday sacrificed herself for her country. She thought so at least, and this error may, in a certain degree, ennoble a crime whose motive was so disinterested and pure. Charlotte Corday, in the bloom of youth and beauty, sacrificed her life to save the life of thousands of Frenchmen, and extinguish the torch of civil discord. So lofty an aim, so powerful a motive was necessary to induce this celebrated girl to act in a manner so contrary to the modesty of her sex, the gentleness of her manners, and the tenderness of her heart; but our writers, skillful in describing the scenes of past centuries, are often less successful in matters of the present times. Destitute of authentic documents, they make their heroes think and act as they would have thought and acted; in this way they have

dwarfed this great and lofty soul to their own narrow proportions. Incapable of rising to her elevation, they have attributed to her motives comprehensible to ordinary minds. They could not understand the exalted sentiment, the sublime devotion and masculine courage which, notwithstanding the repugnance of a gentle and compassionate nature, nerved the arm of Charlotte Corday, and guided her avenging steel to the breast of a monster unworthy to die by such a hand.

I can not, alas! silence falsehood and folly. I can not efface so many stupid writings wherein a deed, of which the Holy Scriptures alone furnish an example, is found basely misconstrued; but I, who knew the heroine, I, who was her friend, can at least contradict her traducers. I believe I owe her memory a kind of moral rehabilitation, and, neither condemning nor absolving her, I will show her in her true light, with particulars whose scrupulousness I affirm. She shall be seen as she was in her early years, and followed up to the ill-omened era when the misfortunes of the times, developing a rich and powerful organization, plunged the young girl into that delirium which made her inflict and accept death with equal intrepidity.

When Charlotte Corday had sent Marat to the bar of God, and human justice had pronounced her sentence, a thousand absurd fables were invented with regard to her who had arrested a career stained with so much blood and so many crimes. I remember seeing an image at that time which represented her in a simple servant girl's costume, with a small round cap on her head. They made her a kind of harlot seeking to avenge her lover, whom Marat, it was said, had sent to the scaffold. A lover of Charlotte Corday! But this explanation was simple, probable, within the reach of those who gave it and received it. Thus represented and brought down to the level of ordinary women, she was better understood. People petted her, thought her almost excusable, and many a young girl must have said in the secret of her heart, I would have done the same. But Charlotte Corday was quite superior to human foibles, and her dagger would have disdained to avenge a personal wrong, a common misfortune. To snatch her country from the tyranny of a scoundrel, to stay bloodshed, to silence forever that frantic voice which demanded a hundred thousand heads, were the true and only motives which made a Judith of this timid, modest creature, whose life, till that terrible day, had been quiet, innocent, and retired. This is what inspired that manly energy in her, which she carried to the scaffold. French by birth, Roman

in heart, she did not disgrace the native land of her heart, whose history had so much influence upon her destiny.

Charlotte was the daughter of M. de Corday d'Armont, a nobleman, and Mademoiselle de Méneval, and great-great-granddaughter of the famous Corneille. Monsieur d'Armont—for he was known by this name—had four children, two sons and two daughters. The elder boy was sent to a military school, and the second was to enter it in turn when he reached the proper age. This family, frowned on by Fortune, lived in a very small house, situated on the hill of Saint Gilles, within a stone's-throw of the beautiful Abbaye aux Dames, one of the ornaments of the city of Caen, and founded by the wife of William the Conqueror, Queen Matilda, who, after her death, was laid in the orchestra of the church. The d'Armont family lived with the greatest frugality, and went but little into society. My sister, eight years older than myself, was on intimate terms with Mademoiselle d'Armont. M. and Madame d'Armont made the greatest sacrifices to meet their eldest son's expenses, and prepare for those that the younger would soon require. The father, a mild and grave man, used to put his money in a drawer open to his children. He told them the amount, explained to them the use he intended to make of it, and by this confidence fully accomplished his purpose. To them he made known the scantiness of his means, and how necessary economy was that they might suffice for the wants of the family; accordingly all the children absolutely refused any superfluous expenditure of which they were the objects, and each of them was eager to help and aid such good parents. They had a perfect model in their older sister, gentle, quiet, and gifted with reason beyond her years; for she was scarcely twelve when we came to live in the neighborhood of Saint Gilles. She applied herself to all kinds of household labor, that she might relieve her mother, and although her health was then delicate, she performed the duties which she had taken on herself with the maturity of a little woman.

We often met at Madame d'Armont's house. I remember that one morning, in the elm-shaded walk which extended along one of the outside walls of the Abbaye, we met Miss d'Armont, whom they were carrying home, pale, her face covered with blood, and almost fainting, in consequence of a fall she had just got coming out of church. She smiled to reassure her alarmed mother, who could not obtain from her an acknowledgment of her sufferings, and who said to me: "Ah! Madame, this little girl is harsh to herself. She never complains, and I am

obliged to guess when she is sick, for she would not tell."

This Abbaye aux Dames left me very pleasant memories. Though so many years have fled, these are still present to my mind. They have survived the Abbaye itself, which has become, I think, the quarters of a military division. Madame de Belsunce was then its abbess, and she was educating, under her supervision, one of her nieces, Mademoiselle Alexandrine de Forbin d'Oppède, afterward canoness. When Madame d'Armont died at the age of forty, in childbed with her fifth child, that only survived its mother a few moments, the abbess, moved with compassion for these young girls left motherless, proposed to the bereaved father to take charge of them and let them share the education which Mademoiselle de Fourbin received in their community. The poor nobleman gratefully accepted this offer, the more benevolent since pupils were not admitted in this royal convent. He intrusted his young orphans, therefore, to this high protection, and left the city to retire to the country. About the same time my parents changed their residence and went to live in Rue Saint Jean. The Abbaye aux Dames became a far-off region to us. Our associations with the Faubourg Saint Gilles were almost broken off, and my mother, seeing the girls in good hands, paid no more attention to them.

The revolution was inaugurated at Caen under auspices foreboding its bloody rage. I shall never forget that terrible August day, when the young Viscount Henry de Belsunce, nephew of the abbess, and second major in the Bourbon regiment, was massacred by the populace. Horrible circumstances added, if possible, to the atrocity of the crime. Cannibals could not have done worse. The Viscount of Belsunce was twenty-one years old; he was a very handsome man, dark, pale, and slender, with an elegant figure, and accomplished, but haughty manners. The evening before, he took my poor Eleanor and me to ride through the walks of the garden of the Foudous house. Madame de Belsunce survived her nephew but a short time. Madame de Pontécoulant succeeded her, and continued the same protection to the d'Armont girls, whom we had entirely lost sight of.

The year 1791 had come. My mother had taken me for the first time to Paris, whither business had called my father. We witnessed the return from Varennes, and we hastened to leave that already baleful city, which so many new crimes were soon to pollute. We had scarcely arrived at Caen when Madame de Bretteville hastened to us. Here a short digression is necessary.

Born a rich heiress, Mademoiselle Lecoutelier de Bounebos was the daughter of an old miser who could never decide to give her a dowry. Accordingly, not till she was forty was she finally married to M. de Bretteville, a ruined nobleman, who ran his chance of the inheritance. He waited long, and died three months after his father-in-law. A widow with forty thousand pounds income, Madame de Bretteville did not change the style of life to which long years of penury had accustomed her; she kept the old house, old furniture, scanty table, and ordinary clothing. Timid and superstitious, she was forever in dread of being the victim of the intrigues of vulgar people who might try to take advantage of her. This united her with us, and led her to seek advice and support from my mother.

Madame de Bretteville, delighted to see us in Caen again, was at our door almost as soon as we. "How glad I am that you returned," said she to my mother. "I do not know which saint to thank. Here you are at last; I consider myself safe; but I am terribly tormented." "Ah! what about?" inquired my mother. "Well, during your absence a relative rained down upon me, whom I do not at all know, and whose family I have lost sight of for several years. She came down to my house a month ago with a porter who carried her trunk. She told me she had business in Caen, and that she hoped I would kindly receive her. She gave her name. She was, indeed, a relative, but I had never seen her, and it annoys me very much." "Why? You are alone; you have no intimate friends; she will make your house cheerful, and be company for you." "Hardly, for she talks very little. She appears taciturn and uncommunicative; she is continually buried in reflection; in short, I know not why, I am afraid of her; she seems to meditate some bad trick."

How many times my mother and I have recalled these words of Madame de Bretteville, that simple, narrow-minded woman! Can it be, then, that instinct is less deceitful than judgment? Madame de Bretteville, reassured by the support she knew she should find in my mother, finally left us; but we were obliged to promise to visit her that very day, notwithstanding the fatigue of two nights spent in traveling. She insisted that my mother should see her relative, and learn why she came in this unceremonious way, to install herself in her house, who did not know her from Eve nor Adam.

We were punctual at the appointment, and soon after saw a tall and beautiful person appear, who ran to my mother with open arms, and with tears embraced her. Astonished at this reception from a stranger, my mother looked

at her in silence, endeavoring to bring to mind her features. The young person perceived it. "What!" said she, "have you entirely forgotten me? Do you not recollect the little d'Armont girl?" This was a flash of light. The recognition was equally affectionate on both sides. Madame de Bretteville, set at rest about the identity of her young relative, lost all her fears; we met every day, and fell into the old sauntering, as if the intimacy of former days had suffered no interruption.

I had learned English and Italian. Mademoiselle d'Armont wished to be my pupil, but her progress did not meet my expectations. She had grown very tall and beautiful, perfectly symmetrical, though somewhat stout in form. She did not lack dignity. She paid very little attention to dress, and did not try in any way to make use of her personal charms. My mother took it upon her to correct her taste, and I often tied a ribbon in her hair, trying to arrange it in a more graceful way. Madame de Bretteville gave her a number of pretty dresses. My mother superintended the cutting of them, and Mademoiselle d'Armont became another person in spite of the little care she gave her toilet. Her skin was dazzling white and extremely fresh. Her complexion blended the transparency of milk, the crimson of the rose, and the velvety softness of the peach. The texture of her skin was very fine. One might almost fancy he saw the blood circulating in the petal of a lily. She blushed easily, and then she was truly enchanting. Her eyes, slightly cast down, were clear cut and very fair; the slightly prominent chin did not prevent a charming and remarkable total of expression. The air of this beautiful countenance was ineffably sweet, a quality shared by her voice. Never were more melodious, more enchanting tones heard; never was a purer, more angelic glance, a more winning smile seen. Her light chestnut locks harmonized with her face. In short, she was a magnificent woman. She bore herself ungracefully, inclining her head slightly forward, and for this fault we often remonstrated with her. She smiled, and promised to amend; but if she attempted it her efforts were unsuccessful.

My mother asked her why she had left the convent. It was in order to be with her father, long deprived of the society of his two daughters. Why she had come to Caen? Here her answer was not so clear and definite, and we learned afterward that she had quarreled with her father in consequence of a difference of opinions. The old gentleman, faithful to the traditions of his fathers, was a royalist to the marrow of his bones. The daughter, nourished

on a constant perusal of Greek and Roman writers, her dearest favorites, had manifested certain republican sentiments, which this study, perused from earliest childhood, had germinated in her even before the French Revolution began to propagate them. Public events had only developed these feelings. They were almost innate in her manly and proud soul. Ancient virtues kindled her admiration and enthusiasm. She despised our lax and effeminate manners; she longed for the good old times of Sparta and Rome; she ought, in fact, to have been born in those heroic days. "But," said she, "the French were not worthy of understanding and realizing such a republic with its austere habits, its sublime sacrifices, and its generous virtues, as she had imagined. The nation was too frivolous; it needed to be tempered, regenerated, to seek in the annals of the past the tradition of the beautiful, the true, the great, and the noble, and to forget all the frivolities which the corruption and degeneration of nations engender."

Such were her expressions when she yielded to the impulses of familiar conversation, and when she unwittingly, so to speak, broke over the habitual reserve with which she enveloped herself as with an impenetrable cloak.

It was not at once, but only gradually that the opinions of Mademoiselle d'Armont were revealed to us. Madame de Bretteville and all her associates—including ourselves—detested innovations, and looked unfavorably upon the pretended regeneration which showed itself in incendiarism, plunder, revolts, and massacres. The torch of new light did not enlighten; it scorched, and to begin by destroying every thing seemed to us a singular method of amelioration.

As a general rule, Mademoiselle d'Armont thought more than she talked. She liked to be silent, and when spoken to she often seemed to come with a start out of her habitual reserve. You might say that her mind, suddenly recalled from a distant flight, came back from some unknown region whither her thoughts had borne her. Perhaps she was apprehensive of showing herself too directly opposed to the persons who surrounded her, and of wounding their affections or belief; but when she could be drawn out by the questions of my mother—who truly loved her—or by the charm of the subject discussed, then she gave unrestrained play to her thoughts, and astonished us by the loftiness of her ideas, and by multiplied quotations relative to the heroines of antiquity. This was an inexhaustible theme for her. The mother of the Gracchi, of Coriolanus, Paulina, Portia, passed rapidly before our

eyes with all the pomp of history and the majesty of past ages. This was very well; but the mania returned so often that at last I feared lest my sister's old friend, my own at present, might appear rather pedantic, and make herself ridiculous. I warned her of it conscientiously. Thus when Veturia or Cornelia occurred to her she immediately glanced at me, blushed, and the quotation died on her lips. I thought for a time that I had succeeded in ridding her of this classical baggage; but though she suppressed the eulogy of her revered heroines on my account, she continued to worship them in her heart.

It has been repeatedly stated in print that Mademoiselle d'Armont was in love with the young Count of Belsunce, and that she stabbed Marat, four years later, to avenge him. The same thing was said of Barbaroux, for tragedy without love does not meet the taste of our times. Both assertions are equally false and absurd. Not only was she never in love with M. de Belsunce, but she ridiculed his effeminate manners. No man ever made the slightest impression upon her; her thoughts were elsewhere. I can, moreover, affirm that nothing was farther from her than the idea of marriage. She had refused several very suitable matches, and declared her firm resolution not to change her situation. Was it because this proud mind revolted at the bare thought of submitting to a being inferior to herself? Was it the repugnance of a virgin soul? I never knew; but, from the course of our private and frequent conversations, I affirm that nobody could ever boast of having pleased her. "I will never renounce my dear liberty," she said to me sometimes. "Your letters to me will never bear the title of Madame." Neither Barbaroux nor any of his colleagues, whose connection with her was subsequent to my residence in Caen, were able to alter this immovable resolution. Their associations with her were purely political. Her heroic heart was susceptible to but one love, the noblest of all, to which she sacrificed every thing—love of her country.

She was, I think I have already said, extremely reserved, even timid, devoid of coquetry. She neither sought to please nor to shine. Pious from tenderest childhood, she had been, in her long residence at the Abbaye aux Dames, strengthened in her religious belief, and she carried it to scrupulousness. She was not familiar with a single romance. The turn of her mind was too serious, too substantial, to allow her to find charm in that kind of fiction. *L'Histoire Philosophique des Deux Indes*, by the Abbe Raynal, however, pleased her; but she

would never read the works of Voltaire and Rousseau, fearing, she said, that they might *impair the purity of her faith*. She was remarkably rigid on this point. Having heard mention made of the eloquence of Abbe Fauchet, then just appointed constitutional bishop of Calvados, whom many royalists went to hear, not as Christians under his Episcopal authority, but as curious spectators disposed to criticise his doctrines, she did not allow herself to be led astray by their example. She very much regretted, she told us, that her conscience did not permit her to judge of that orator's eloquence for herself. She deplored the scandalous scenes which followed in the country on account of the jeering curates whom she called intruders, and her heart revolted from those blasphemous saturnalia. Then the quotations of Greek and Roman history came freely and uninterruptedly to prove how preferable the good old times of the Republics of antiquity were to these vulgar attempts fitted to inspire eternal disgust for this, the noblest kind of government.

In one of these involuntary professions of faith my mother, suddenly checking her, said, "Is it possible, my dear, that you are a republican?" She colored, then answered, calmly, "I should be if the French were worthy of a Republic." Had Mademoiselle d'Armont lived in the time of the persecutions of the Church, she would surely have died a martyr to her faith. The Christian virgin would have defied torture. None would have seen her blanch in the bloody arena. Born in a less glorious but no less stormy era, she died for her political opinions, and antiquity offers no example of stoical firmness which she did not equal, if not surpass.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMEN'S WORK.

NUMBER II.

I HAVE attempted thus far to depict the life of a young girl brought up in fashionable society. With slight modifications this is the story of many. Here I will leave her, only saying, that if she becomes desperate, crushes her best aspirations, takes the only course apparently open to her, and contracts a marriage without a particle of that feeling which alone sanctifies it, a great share of the guilt, and perhaps after misery, lies at the door of her parents of those generally accepted but false social maxims by which public opinion is influenced, of which they are exponents.

Robertson says somewhere, recognizing the

deep wrong which the spirit of modern society inflicts upon some of its best natures, that a certain number of noble women will be obliged to desire, and hunger, and thirst for that which is to them unattainable, in order that upon their sufferings may at last be founded a public sentiment which will grant to women who come after them that which, in justice, they ought to have had. It is a thought in a kindred spirit with that noble saying, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." If this indeed be true, from the seed already planted and tear-watered the field around must begin to be white with the harvest. And the field is the world.

When I see how poor this world is in workers—work waiting and pleading to be done on every hand—and then turn to fashionable society and see women—I had almost said by hundreds—to whom this work would be literally the bread of life and the water of life, grown desperate, attempting to strangle their higher natures, because, with neither scope nor outlet allowed, the pain which it costs to cherish them is too intolerable to be borne—women capable of better things turning to frivolity, or, worse, loveless marriages—I am ready to cry out, "Who shall deliver us women from this frightful social bondage, so subtle, so intangible, and yet stronger than ten thousand cable chains—that of losing caste if one works?"

If an unmarried grown woman finds scope for her nature, and healthful occupation of a kind agreeable to her sufficiently in her father's house, by all means let her stay there. That is her place beyond a question. But if not—if, in her opinion, her life is wasting and her powers consuming themselves through want of proper outlet—she should be helped and encouraged to fit herself for, and afterward to occupy herself with, whatever calling presents itself to her as the most desirable; and on this point she alone, the party most vitally interested, should be the judge. The bar which society as at present organized raises against such a step ought to be removed.

"It is all sentimental nonsense," said a lady in reply to some suggestion of this sort. "I have yet to see the woman, of whatever age, who can not make herself useful and happy if she will only behave herself properly, and turn her hand to the work which lies on every side of her, and which nobody will object to her doing, without making all this fuss about it." The real though unspoken misery caused by the attempt to accept a standard of life at variance with tastes and feelings, oftentimes, with convictions, which is destroying the happiness and usefulness of so many women among us, is

scarcely to be quietly put out of the way by calling it sentimental nonsense. Besides, granting the truth of the statement that there is, at this present moment, occupation enough for every woman, of one kind or another, is not this outside the question? Is not the occupying herself with whatever comes to hand, even allowing it to be of a useful character, a very different thing from the being untrammelled in the intelligent choice of whatever work she feels she is best fitted for? I claim for a woman in the matter of life-work neither more nor less than the same opportunities and privileges which a man enjoys without question, and as a matter of course. A woman should be able to do whatever she can do best, exactly as, generally speaking, a man is able.

But, it is objected, there are too many women who must have work in order to live now. Why increase the number, and crowd the already overfilled ranks with those to whom it is not a necessity? I reply, that work of some kind is an inward moral necessity to every one—that there is not a single department in life which, to-day, would not be infinitely improved and elevated by the preaching in it of a practical Gospel of work by cultivated women fitted for it. A woman's sphere is the limit of the development of her capacities in every direction, mental, moral, physical, and spiritual. The moment it is made an easy thing for a woman to choose her calling, educate herself for it, and devote herself to it, there will be new and before-undreamed-of applications and combinations of labor, by which the world will be the richer. Women can be physicians, ministers, architects, nurses, landscape-gardeners. The various phases of business would receive new vitality by the infusion into them of feminine ability and earnestness.

Do not fancy that I undervalue marriage. On the contrary, I set so high a value upon it, it is to me so infinitely sacred, that I can not see it desecrated, as I continually do, without a protest. No true woman will ever reject marriage if it come to her in such form that she may rightly accept it. There needs be no anxiety on that score. But women marry now because it is expected of them—often from sheer inability to withstand the public sentiment which demands that every woman past a certain age should be married—often from weariness with life, and the longing, almost the necessity, for a change—sometimes for the excitement attendant upon an engagement, a trousseau, and a wedding—from almost any and every reason except the true one. A higher standard in this most important matter is imperatively needed.

I would have girls educated in a radically different manner. They should have some object in life beyond a husband and an establishment. They should be taught that, while a true marriage is a gift from God, and to be accepted with devout thankfulness, any thing short of that is sin. And failing that for any reason, they should still have a resource in some honest, earnest work suited to their especial gifts, by which their own natures and the world would be benefited.

The happiest marriage I know is one where the wife was for many years previously occupied as a successful teacher. Marriage came to her: she did not go out of her way to seek it; and her work so fully satisfied her that, though she accepted with gratitude the crowning joy of her life, even without that joy she would hardly have felt her work wasted or thrown away.

But I hear it said: A woman will lose social caste if she do such things unless obliged by outward necessity, and then it is a great pity, and only certain modes of self-support should be permitted. Wherefore? Are women, cultured and refined, any the less objects of admiration and affection because they, believing that a natural gift in any direction implies use and responsibility, endeavor to employ it in the best manner possible for the glory of God and the benefit of the world, their own highest natures included? They may spend less money upon dress, perhaps, and visit, and dance, and gossip less, but would that be an evil? It is time a truer and less artificial standard were recognized. A girl may dance through the season with any and every man who asks her. No one protests against the physical outrage of late hours, heated rooms and wine, or the still greater shock such a proceeding ought to be to feminine purity and delicacy. All this is accepted as a matter of course. Let that same girl demand work outside the conventional limits, a profession or a business, and forthwith she is branded as "unwomanly" and "strong-minded." A social public opinion which fosters uselessness and vanity, and worse, to the exclusion of earnestness and endeavor in right directions, is simply not worth considering at all. The sooner such perverted notions are brought to notice in order to be done away with, the better for all parties concerned. Why is it considered a social degradation for the daughter of a rich man to earn money in any honest, suitable way, and a permitted, almost a required, thing for her brother?

There is a stigma of reproach cast upon the term "old maid"—too often justly so, I admit. But where does the fault lie? I know two

women who may be classed in this category, about forty years old and unmarried. Both are of good family, the daughters of wealthy men. The one, some dozen years ago, finding, as no sensible woman can fail to find, that fashionable life had nothing in it to satisfy her, rebelled. She told her family that she must have a life of her own. She had no especial gifts, except a remarkable aptitude for business inherited from her father. In a quiet way she had turned her attention to fruit-growing, a branch of industry offering many attractions to her, and into that business she determined to enter. Fortunately, she had sufficient money left her by her grandfather to be able to carry out her plans, despite the sneers of her fashionable acquaintance and the objections and obstacles raised by the home circle. She employed herself in the cultivation of fruit for sale. Her work prospered. Now she is the owner of several hundred acres, and has constant and remunerative occupation of a kind agreeable to her. After a few years her father died, and, instead of the rich man he was thought to be, was found to be bankrupt. This daughter had a comfortable home and support to offer her mother and invalid sister. She has quite a settlement of work-people, men and women, to whom she and her sister minister in various ways. In fact, she lives a life which is useful to others and develops her own powers, and in the consciousness of that she finds happiness and peace.

Now look at the other. Whether she ever tried to get permission to live her own life I do not know, but she has far too much character never to have desired it. Her sisters and brothers are all married, and have their own interests apart from her. She is not needed in their homes. Her father has taken a second wife, and has a family of younger children growing up around him. A person of a great deal of intellectual activity, with very unusual administrative and executive ability; yet she has taken to invalidism, and, with many noble and lovable qualities, has become so wrapt up in self as to be a burden and trial to her friends. "Well," says some one, "if she were married, and had a house, and a husband, and a family of children to care for, she would be a happy woman and a comfort, instead of a torment to those around her." Very likely. But because a right marriage would have been the best thing for her, does it necessarily follow that there is nothing else to which she might have devoted her life, and which would have produced an equally desirable effect upon her nature? For her it may be too late, but how for those younger, whose steps tend in the same direction? Who

would hesitate to choose between the life and occupation of these two?

One would almost think, in listening to the conversation of some very good people on this subject, that the possession by a woman of any nature or powers that can not find their scope within the limits that society prescribes, is a crime. Who gave her that nature? That question, seriously asked and honestly answered, would put an end to much talk about this matter that is little short of blasphemy. Such people, it is to be hoped, fail to comprehend the full tenor of their remarks.

I am sometimes asked, "Well, but would you women like to be men?" No. A woman becoming a man, if that were a possible thing, would be obliged to put aside her own nature and assume his. With all due deference to the other sex, we should, any of us, find our own more to our taste. Still, there are few among us who at times do not long for a man's opportunities.

I frequently hear it said—and grieve to know that in many cases it is true—that the women who are striving after their ideal of a nobler life have no more bitter opposers of their desires and endeavors than the young and happily married of their own sex. I appeal to all such. Is this right? Is it generous? Because you have been favored to obtain the happiest lot on earth, will you therefore condemn your sister women less fortunate than yourselves to moral starvation? Think one moment. Theirs must be a denied life at best, with something, the very happiest, consciously given up. Out of the abundance of your blessing will you not rather stretch forth a hand of loving sympathy and help where it is so much needed? Perhaps the matter has never been shown to you in this light before.

And to parents, and those who form and represent public opinion, I would again say, Take heed how ye offend one of these, Christ's little ones. "It must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." "My leave," once said a witty Frenchwoman, "was not asked before I came into the world." See to it that your grown women daughters are not led bitterly to appropriate that speech. It is a solemn thing to be a parent—a still more solemn one, if possible, to resist or in any way oppose the earnest, mature aspirations of a human soul.

After all, it is not so much the amount of work done as the character evolved in doing it which is the thing to be aimed at, for no one person can accomplish much compared with that which will still remain undone. But in

this case it amounts to one and the same thing. If the lives of women in fashionable life are to be redeemed from pettiness and lowness of aim, that much-needed redemption is to come only through work. As to the objection that it would take them from under their parents' roof, would not the marriage, conceded on all sides to be so eminently desirable and necessary, do that very thing? The father and mother of an unmarried daughter over twenty-five have already had many more years of her life than usually fall to the lot of parents. Girls ordinarily marry much younger. Besides, no one can judge in such a strictly personal concern for another; and perhaps in after life it will prove that this work, of whatever kind, may be to the woman who adopts it what a happy marriage is to other women differently constituted and under different circumstances.

One word to those to whom this question of occupation is fast becoming one of spiritual life or death, and I have done. Work for women is soon to be *the* question in this country. It may be given to this generation to solve it. It certainly is to begin to attempt its solution. It will never approach a settlement until women of education and culture and refinement grapple with it practically. Work done from necessity may be good work and well done, but it never can have the moral power of work undertaken and well carried through from conviction and without outside pressure. Therefore I say to all who are moved with a desire to serve their age and fellows, the thing most needed now is example. It will be easier for those who come after to follow in the trodden path.

PERE LA CHAISE.

I WAS strolling, one afternoon, idly along a not very public street of one of our large cities, when I passed an auction-room, where they were crying books. I am always interested in book-auctions, aside from the chance they may afford me of procuring, at half price, some long-desired volume for my library. As the auctioneer brings forth volume after volume, I read stories that were never written in their pages. In the soiled, dog-eared school-book I read of the promoted school-boy bartering, without a sigh, the familiar volume for a ball, or a jack-knife, or a half-dozen marbles. About some carefully preserved medical work or law book my fancy weaves the tale of the poverty-pinched student parting with one that he may command another book in his course. And then there is the story of the spendthrift, of the

bankrupt, of the defrauded man, of wealth yesterday, of ruin to-day, all of which, and many another, imagination conjures up as I stand amid the quiet, orderly multitude usually found at a book-auction. And when, as is sometimes the case, an entire library is "knocked down," at one blow, I like to argue from the character of the books the character and tastes of the buyer and of the ex-owner. Now I find a metaphysician, now a politician; here a conservative, there a radical; a plebeian, a patrician; the man of science, the man of dreams; the statesman, the poet.

So I can never resist a book-auction. And if this is a fact, I, of course, on the said afternoon, when idly strolling, paused at the door of the auction-room, as I saw the auctioneer flourishing a red and gilt volume before the upturned eyes of the moderate-sized assemblage, who did not seem at all troubled by the oft-repeated information that the book—"Willis's Poems" it proved to be—was "going, going," at seventy-five cents.

For some fifteen minutes I had stood watching the sales, which were by no means brisk, my purse reposing meanwhile, very indifferent, at the bottom of my deep pocket, when I am sure it must have started with sudden interest, as the auctioneer announced the name of two insignificant-looking volumes, which he exhibited with something like shame-facedness, as though they were not worth his efforts. They were bound in faded blue-mottled paper—marbled, I think the publishers call it—and were a trifle larger than the old-fashioned English Readers that were so generally in use thirty years ago. "Paris, or the Book of the One Hundred and One." This was the title that the auctioneer stumbingly announced. Pressing forward, I made the first and only bid for the book. I had repeatedly sought for it at the principal stores, and at the library, but had never been able to find a copy.

When I reached home, I seated myself, with "my things" still on, to examine the book. On a fly-leaf of the second volume, I found, in pencil mark:

BILST
UMP+HISM
ARK,

which my reader will perhaps recognize as the foundation of a practical joke on some celebrated antiquarians, and which may be thus translated: "Bil Stump+his mark."

I ran over some of the papers of this volume, and then I recalled the curious and interesting history of the original celebrated French work, "Le Livre des cent-et-un," from which my two

volumes had been extracted, and which was published in Paris in 1832. After the failure of the great Parisian publisher, M. Ladvocat, the most eminent literary men of France tendered their gratuitous aid, to be used in any way that might be thought most likely to restore his broken fortunes. The outline of the plan suggested was a series of papers, descriptive of Paris, Parisian manners and society; and since one hundred and one writers immediately subscribed their names as contributors, the title agreed upon for the work was "*Les Livre des Cent-et-Un*"—"The Book of the Hundred and One."

The reader may be interested in reading the names of some of these one hundred and one writers, eminent in France thirty-five years since, some of whom are still living: Jules Janin, Chasler, Salvandy, Roch, Luchet, Fournet, Deynoyers, (Derville,) James Rosseau, Dronineau, Count de Peyronnet, Paul de Koch, A. Dumas, Bazin, Casemir Bonjour, Jacob Gaillardet, Cordelier-Delanone, Mlle. Elise Voiart, Fontaney, Eugène Sue, Charles Nodier, Victor Ducange, Pommier, Delrien, Leon Gozlan.

But what has this to do with Père La Chaise? you ask. Just this: I found in my "*Book of the One Hundred and One*," a paper with this title from the pen of Roch, and its reading revived in me a long-cherished intention of writing an article on this subject. So I brought out the notes made a few years since, while visiting the most wonderful of the cities of the Silent. And then I wrote:

The gates of the two cities, of Paris living and Paris dead, are very near, so that the keepers may converse with each other. In front of the circling entrance, all manner of equipages are constantly waiting, for no one enters the cemetery but on foot. "Time," says a French writer, "imparts not a single oscillation to his vast pendulum without pushing the population of Paris toward this place. It is in the morning that funerals are most frequent. As soon as Paris is roused from its night slumbers, and heavy carts have passed through the streets, to cleanse it of its diurnal filth, the chariots of the dead proceed through the same streets, carrying off the corpses for interment."

Nowhere will there be found greater contrasts than in the burial divisions of Père La Chaise. Nothing can surpass the gorgeous display of ostentation that prevails in that division devoted to the eminent and the wealthy, the grounds of which are ceded in perpetuity. On the monuments and mausoleums of this division there are few affecting epitaphs, such as prevail in the division allotted to the poor. Magnificence

seems a sufficient epitaph for the former; indeed, a beautiful inscription would seem inappropriate, for it would divert the mind from the imposing and wonderful grandeur and beauty of the structures. And yet there is occasionally on one of these a brief inscription which is most expressive. On the tomb of Marie Simon is the word "Hope." She died in the St. Simonian faith. "God is all that exists. . . . All is in him, all is through him, and nothing is beyond him." Her fellow-sectarians, in taking leave of her, uttered the word that is engraven on her tomb. The monument of Lefevre is magnificent. Two winged Victories hold a crown over the marshal's head; a serpent, the symbol of immortality, twines around his sword. On the pediment of the monument is the simple and sufficient inscription, "Lefevre." On the tomb of a Greek patriot, written in the language of his country's great poet, and with the characters used twenty-two hundred years ago in tracing the sublimest of epitaphs, is the affecting inscription: "Passer-by, go to Sparta, and say that we lie here for having obeyed its sacred laws." But I can not amplify on the subject of the extent to which the pages of French history and the records of Père La Chaise are associated. In its soil have the revolutions of France during a quarter of a century been quenched.

It is in the division allotted to the poor that the visitor finds most to interest the heart. It is there that he will be surprised by the quick tears. In this division is the common grave. Here, without distinction of age or sex, the bodies are placed in rows scarcely a foot asunder, and covered by the indifferent grave-digger, with no voice to pronounce a blessing on the unhonored dust, for there is no attendant priest at the burials of the poor. There, amid the confusion of corpses, the mourner prays with a bewildered feeling, not knowing under what sod the loved form may lie.

In this division for the poor are the temporary cessions, which are for six years. At the end of this time they may be renewed, as they may be every six years. So this inclosure is neglected, for the bodies are liable to be *raised*. Yet there are many marks of cultivation and remembrance. Between two tombs, two hands, one a woman's with a bracelet on the wrist, are joined. On a small hillock, adorned with rose-bushes and other flowers, on a simple board one may read:

"De ces tristes ramaux l'ombrage solitaire
Cache aux yeux des mortels le trésor d'une mère."

[The solitary shades of these boughs conceals from mortal eyes a mother's treasure.]

Here are other inscriptions :

"ATTENDEZ !

"Te penchant vers ta mere, avec un doux sourire,
Tu repetais ce mot qui char mait son amour ;
C'etait le seul, hélas ! que tu pusses lui dire :
Ta mere te sourit, et redit a son tour—
ATTENDEZ !"

[Stay ! Leaning toward thy mother, with a sweet smile, thou spakest this word which charmed her love ; it was, alas ! the only one thou couldst utter ; thy mother smiled, and, in her turn, said—Stay !]

"Va completer le celeste phalange,
Alphonse, Dieu l'appelle il lui manquait un ange."

[Go, Alphonse, and complete the celestial phalanx ; God calls thee ; he has need of an angel.]

I give the translations of other inscriptions :

"In this sad cradle, O my child, thou sleepest the sleep of sweet innocence. Listen ! it is thy mother's voice. O, my only hope, awake ! thou art not accustomed to sleep so long."

"On the point of death, she said to us : Do not weep, papa ; do not weep, mamma ; I feel that I am better—and she died."

"Beloved angel, whose short life has passed away like a light wind, pity thy mother's tears ; and if God willed to afflict her, ask him to protect those whom thou hast left upon earth."

"Virtue, grace, talents—all repose under this stone. O, ye who visit this asylum of griefs, throw flowers upon her tomb ; keep your tears for her mother."

"Sleep, dearest Camilla, since such is the unchangeable decree of fate. When thou awakest, my daughter, I shall be near thee."

Two obelisks of veined white marble, delicately sculptured, contain each only two words :

"Adieu, Helene ! Adieu, Clemence !"

In a dull-like spot is a small urn of white marble on a pedestal of black marble, concealed by the thick foliage of acacia and elder. And this is the inscription :

"Le premier au rendezvous."

[The first at the place of appointment.]

This is to the memory of a young wife :

"She was exiled upon earth ; God called her, and her soul flew to heaven, but her body lies here."

And this is from a daughter :

"Here lies my best friend ; she was my mother."

And this from a son :

"Passeant, donne une larme a ma mere, en pensant a la tienne."

[Passer-by, drop a tear to my mother, as thou thinkest of thine own.]

In the following, a whole surviving family seem united in the lamentation :

"Sleep in peace in heaven, dear object of our love. Expect us there to-day, to-morrow—it is only a day."

And here is an offering of friendship :

"Repose in peace in thy dark abode ; thy heart had nothing to reproach itself with. Repose in peace ; friendship weeps over thy grave. Repose in peace ; thou didst nothing but good."

"She lived well, loved well, died well."

Such is the striking history of a woman's life, inscribed on a modest wooden cross, at the common grave.

Poor Marie-Anne Pallet lived long enough—eighty-one years—to arrive at something of an

understanding of life and its realities. One smiles as he reads :

"One day, that which has been said of so many others will be said of me : 'Marie-Anne Pallet is dead !' and then no more will be said about me."

There is something pathetic in the brief history inscribed on the tomb of a French exile, who, unable to live in a foreign country, obtained permission to revisit his native France, and died six hours after his arrival in Paris :

"A Frenchman ! His last sigh was for his country ; and the same day saw the end of his misfortunes, his exile, and his life."

"PAUVRE MARIE.

"A. 29. ANS !"

And who was poor Mary ? Many a passer-by has doubtless asked this question, as he stood by the simple, lowly stone, without railings, containing only these few characters.

In Paris, All-Saints' Day is the festival of the dead, and is solemnly kept. On this day there is a crowd in Père La Chaise, of all ages and ranks. It seems as though gay Paris had kept all the tears of the year for this solemn day. The sacred sod is watered by these tears as by a shower ; from every part of the cemetery there comes the sound of sobs ; on every yard of sod there kneels a mourner. On the highest point of the cemetery a chapel is built, from whose door Paris, the living Paris, may be discovered in all her glory.

"There is not in the world," wrote Roch, from whom we quoted, "another chapel of death placed in so sublime a situation as the one upon the brow of this hill. When the doors are thrown open, and the priest advances from the foot of the altar, at the very threshold his eyes command a view of the queen city, as far as she spreads on either side. This is one of the great social agglomerations ; it is the capital of the civilized world at the foot of Mount Calvary—at the foot of the cross of the suffering Savior. To a mind obedient to the faith of his religion, does not this minister of the Gospel, preceded by the sign of redemption, seem a personification of Christianity, calling, for nearly twenty centuries past, all men to death, in the consoling hope of everlasting life ?"

WE should hear praying of a mighty sorrow if believers sympathized with men in their ruin ; then groans and tears would not be so scarce ; then the soul pouring out itself in groanings which can not be uttered, would be an ordinary thing. Then shall we prevail with God, through the precious blood of Jesus, when we feel intensely the sinner's need, and realize intensely the sinner's danger.



MOSES ON PISGAH.

To his rest in the lonely hills,
To his rest, where no man knows,
By the secret birth of the rills,
And the secret death of the snows ;
To the place of the silent rocks,
Where no voice from the earth can come,
Vol. XXX.—7

But the thunder leaps and shocks
The heart of the nations dumb ;
To the long and desolate stand
On the brink of the ardent slope,
To the thought of the beautiful land,
And the woe of unanswered hope ;

To the fallen fate from God
On the life yet young within ;
To the sense of the smothering sod,
And the crush of remembered sin ;

To the moments that gather the years,
Like clouds on the heaven afar ;
To the tumult of terrible tears,
To the flush and the triumph of war ;

To the plagues of the darkness and dead,
And the cry of a conquered king,
To the joy of the onward tread,
And the beat of a cageless wing ;

To the march of the pillar of cloud,
And the rest of the pillar of fire,
To the song of the jubilant crowd,
And the passionate praise of the lyre ;

To the mountain, ascended alone,
And the law in its thunder given,
And the glimpse of the feet of the throne,
And the light of the shadows of heaven ;

To Memory, beating her wings
In the tremulous cage of the mind,
And a harp of a myriad strings,
That is swept by the hand of the wind ;

To a grave, where no marble above
Can be voiceful of peril and praise ;
Where no children can weep out their love,
No widow recall the lost days ;

To these—but his step is not weak,
And he moves as one moves to a throne—
Alone with the past on that peak ;
With his grief and his glory alone.

LITTLE LIZZIE.

O, LITTLE soul that has left its clay,
And gone to the world above,
Does it not come down to your hearts to-day
With a new, undying love ?

O, little heart that has ceased to beat
At sound of the mother-words !
Do not its throbs still fall as sweet
On your hearts as the songs of birds ?

O, little voice—so silent now
In a cold, dark bed of clay !
How the mother's heart with grief will bow
As it floats so far away !

O, little curls of shining gold,
That shone in the Summer sun,
Has she not one tress, bright as of old,
To kiss when the day is done ?

O, little eyes of heaven's own blue,
That are dim forever here !
In that better land is their radiant hue
Not far more bright and clear ?

O, little ears that drank the sound
Of a mother's music-voice !
Do you ever in that enchanting ground
At a sweeter tone rejoice ?

O, little rose-bud, tender lips,
Held up for papa's kiss,
How he grieves to-day at the sad eclipse
That robbed his life of bliss !

O, little tongue that may call no more
On either much-loved name,
Your baby power was checked before
It had breathed one word of shame !

O, little feet, so cold and still !
Ye are saved from thorny ways—
Saved from a thousand snares that fill
The earth, as a wildering maze.

O, little hands, crossed on the fair young breast,
Ye are free from toil and sin ;
And in God's own paradise of rest
Ye have entered safely in.

O, little form ! how their hearts will shrink
To lay it beneath the sod !
Yet it is but another shining link
To draw their souls to God !

"NO OTHER GOD BUT ME."

"No other God but me," my child,
While traveling through earth's mazy wild,
So prone to wayside shrines art thou
In adoration warm to bow ;
So apt at "broken cisterns" brink
To stoop in fond belief to drink,
So fain thy weakness and thy need
To lean upon a fellow "reed."

So speaks the voice of Him to me,
Who dwelleth in eternity ;
Who oft doth cast a tender eye
To where my lowly path doth lie ;
Who marks with patience infinite
The wandering of my wayward feet,
And with a Father's heart doth yearn
The weary prodigal's return !

"No other God but me, my child,"
Whispers the Father's accent mild ;
I've heard it, when in grief I've lain,
"Steeped to the lips" in bitter pain ;
I hear it, like a warning voice,
As 'mid earth's treasures I rejoice ;
Clasping most closely to my breast
One object dearer than the rest.

O, Father, tender—infinite—
I bow my spirit at thy feet !
I own that thou the fountain art,
Of all that doth enrich my heart ;
Home, friends, and love—the golden crown
Of all the gifts from heaven sent down ;
O, Father, here I bend my knee,
And own no other God but thee !

THE SLANDERER AND HIS VICTIM.

HOW often we have wished there were no slanderers in the world; how many pleasant dreams they destroy; how miserable they make us by instituting doubts of those we have been so happy in believing were good and true; and even though we know the slanderer's charge to be without foundation, still it will haunt us and present its hideous face between us and the friend we loved and believed in.

The slanderer is a most mischievous element in the world, causing disaster and ruin by vile whispers and secret machinations, silently working out his ends whose effects are sure, and certain, and prostrating as a blow from Death. The innocent go to sleep in fancied security upon their pillows, awaking to find that some power more cruel than the grave has been at work to quench the sun of their happiness, has sowed suspicion in the heart of the friend they best loved, and blighted the flowers of a radiant hope that had bloomed along their pathway, lending to their life such gladness, and fragrance, and beauty.

The slanderer has various weapons with which to ply his trade. It is not by words alone that he accomplishes his foul deeds, but by the smirking smile, the upraised brow, the silent shrug of the shoulder. When one friend speaks approvingly of another, he shakes his head, may be, or looks away as if to avoid the subject, making no reply, and the friend begins to question as to what mean such signs; then the very reply of the slanderer that he "never wishes to speak to the detriment of any one," implies that there is something evil to be spoken of; then with well-assumed conscientiousness he closes his lips firmly, refusing to utter another syllable, all of which, as he well knows, tends successfully toward deepening the impression he designed to make under his cunning cover of a deprecatory and guileless countenance.

A stranger takes up his abode in a town. Some one innocently inquires, "Do you know any thing of our new neighbor?" "I can find out very little," replies the slanderer with his evasive tone and compressed lips, and adds, "but I have very little to say." The impression has dropped, silently as a leaf, and some wind will blow it about. Perchance the very reason that the new-comer is modest and reticent concerning himself and his own affairs affords the slanderer all the material necessary to weave into a conclusion that because he can learn nothing, what there is to be learned must be of an inferior quality. Pursuing the tenor of his way, the slanderer is the foremost one to

initiate himself into the favor and confidence of the new-comer, and to poison his mind gradually but surely in regard to those around, and who are to form his associates for the future.

If the neighbor over the way has been kind to the stranger, the slanderer insinuates that state of things will not continue by remarking in a disparaging tone, that he "trusts it will always be the case." If the neighbor has contributed from his abundance to the transient necessities of the one newly arrived in a strange place, the slanderer in his jealousy whispers of those who give expecting to receive again.

The slanderer is uneasy when he hears a fellow-mortal well-spoken of; and he rejoices in his heart when there is opportunity of listening to words of reproach against those who he knows in his inmost soul do not deserve them, but largely to the contrary.

There is a wide difference in the personal bearing of these pests of community. Some, strange as it may seem, are gay and mirth-loving and innocent-appearing, and steal upon the senses imperceptibly with their cargo of mischief; others, more in conformity to their practices, are unsocial, haughty, repellant, but they lose no time by this, for when they do speak their words have an effect; when they express their blighting opinion it falls like a breath from the frost king, leaving blackness behind it.

"O," said a young girl, shuddering as she contemplated one of the latter class, "how I should fear if S. were my enemy"—foolishly supposing that as long as she refrained from doing any violence to this person's feelings she would escape her calumny. Vain belief—the cold slanderer, watching silently like a spider upon her web, soon saw opportunity, and soon added another victim to her spoils.

The slanderer waits not until he is provoked or has the shadow of an excuse for his attack. He assaults the inoffensive and unarmed. His most intimate friend is neither sacred nor safe from his aspersions; he will turn from the smile of affection, from the embrace of confidence, and without remorse let fly the arrow that endangers, and fix the shaft that poisons and brings low.

In some cases, aware that his own character is faulty, he strives to invest others, and without one pillar of evidence to build upon, with the misdemeanors peculiar to himself. If he is guilty of immorality, he ascribes the same impure proclivity to another; if he has taken possession of what is not his own, he is ready to accuse another of theft, and seems to ease his own conscience by assuming the frailty and the sin of those around him.

Very few, who have advanced a score of years in life, have escaped entirely the spleen of the slanderer. To some it has proved a benefit in teaching them to beware of the self-same sin, and the bitterness of their own experience has caused them to have a care of how their speech may affect their fellows.

But on the other hand, almost unknown to themselves let us charitably believe, many good Christian people in other respects, have fallen into the sin of slandering their neighbors and associates. Slander is defined as any thing uttered which tends to injure the reputation of an individual, whether false or true; for a fault needs not be published if it really exists, for if a fault be spoken of it seldom fails of an increase in size and form. With exceeding few lies the duty of exposing a fault unless the fault is tending to the manifest injury of another's person, property, or well-being generally; if confined to the single individual, injuring none but himself, *he* is the one to be made aware of it, to be kindly reprov'd and induced to reform it if possible.

To some the temptation to make a disparaging remark concerning the subject of conversation is well-nigh irresistible, almost, it would seem, a part of the nature implanted within them, and if one should take them aside and ask them for what reason they do this, they would be at a loss even in their secret mind for a reply; these, though working much wrong, are not guilty as *he* who, with his purpose known to himself, the result of envy, malice, or desired revenge, goes to work deliberately to pull down the fair reputation of a fellow-mortal.

But the victims of successful slander, they who have been brought low by accusations—made not to their faces so that they could refute them or defend themselves—are placed in a more cruel position than the prisoner at the bar, who is allowed to speak or employ those instead who can speak in his defense. Often the victim of the slanderer is ignorant of the nature of that which is laid to his charge, though painfully conscious that it is something tending to his present discomfiture, perchance to his final ruin. He is compelled to grope in a maze of uncertainty, for his accuser has a care not to be met face to face by the one whom he has defamed, lest the light of truth reveal to the world his own villainy and corruption.

During the present era of suicidal mania, how many victims of the slanderer, driven to desperation and despair, have sought to escape from the malaria of his breath beneath dark waters which roll, telling no tale of the tragedy; by the aid of narcotics which deaden the sense

of mortal suffering; by the leaden messenger of death; by quivering steel, whose icy thrust was delight compared to the pain of a life calumniated and harassed by the remorseless malignance of an unbridled tongue!

It has been maintained, long and often, that woman is the worst enemy of her sex, and, in a large number of instances that we personally can bring to mind, this charge, alas! has been too true, though we must not overlook another fact, also, that there are noble examples of women who have shielded a calumniated sister, and lifted her from the depths of shame and despair, infusing hope and activity into heart and hands that have enabled the unfortunate one at last to triumph over her own misfortunes and the animadversions of her foes.

The state of youth and the gift of beauty form sufficient points of attack by some who possess neither of these, and who forget that they ever possessed the volatile spirits of the one, even if unamended by the graces of the other; and it is pitiable to see a woman, wrinkled and soured perhaps by various causes, seeking enviously to despoil a young and fair maiden of her pure and rightful heritage of innocence and mirth. The mischief that one such person can accomplish is fearful when we remember how slight a word will breed a nest of foul suspicions which will forever brood around and darken the air wherein the victim moves with a shadow on her brow and disquiet in her heart. This is not an idle picture of the imagination; we have seen it from its incipient stages to its culmination, and also how the slanderer went down to her grave unrespected and unmourned even by those to whose like appetites she had administered, in the mistaken belief that she was gaining renown for herself in the downfall of another younger and more defenseless.

Distinct from the active slanderer is what might be termed the passive, who does almost as much mischief by listening and receiving, instead of speaking and shaming down the scandal that is brought to him. Though he may not repeat it, the one who bears the tale to him infers at least that it is not displeasing, and thus his manner is a tacit encouragement of its further report.

If we would lend our influence to the cause of right and justice, we can not halt at such a place as this, but must repel the advance of wrong promptly whenever we discover its approach, march up to the slanderer and demand of him his credentials and his proofs of what he presents to the gaping world. Were all who profess Christianity thus to challenge the vari-

ous evil elements of society, how soon would dawn the rosy era when the members of the vast human family would meet as children of one loving Father, and each one grow as responsible and tender for the reputation of his kinsman as he is now for his own!

A SOJOURN IN JAPAN.

II.

WE gradually established friendly relations between our Residence and the Yakonin quarter by means of trifling presents, such as sugar and coffee, to some sick persons, which were gratefully received. One afternoon, when I was the only person at home, the monban came to tell me that a deputation from the Yakonin quarter wished to see me, consisting of females who had been authorized by their husbands to present their thanks, and who at the same time expressed a desire to be allowed to inspect the interior of the house, as they had never seen any European furniture. I told him I should be happy to receive them, and presently was heard the sound of a number of wooden shoes on the walk, followed by the appearance of a group of smiling faces at the foot of the steps leading into the veranda opposite the sitting-room. Among them were four married women, two grown-up girls, and children of various ages.

The first could be distinguished by the simplicity of their attire, the absence of bright-colored materials or ornaments in their dresses; their faces were not painted, but their teeth were stained as black as ebony, according to the Japanese idea of what is proper for a matron. The young girls, on the contrary, heighten the natural whiteness of their teeth by coloring their lips with carmine, and rouging their cheeks. They wear bright-colored sashes, and twist bands of scarlet crape through their hair. The children wear variegated robes or sashes; they have no head-dresses, and even have their heads shaved except a few locks, which, according to their sex, are either fastened up or allowed to float loosely.

After the usual salutations and reverences, the spokeswomen—for two or three always spoke at the same time—made various complimentary speeches in Japanese, to which I replied in French, making signs to them to come in. I saw that they understood me, but were embarrassed about something. At last, between words and gestures, I made out that they did not know whether they ought to take off their shoes in the garden, or wait until they were in the veranda.

I decided for the latter, on which they all came up the steps, took off their clogs, and ranged them along the veranda; the women had on socks made of calico, with a division for the great toe, but the children ran gayly over the carpet in their bare feet. They first appeared struck with astonishment, followed by universal merriment, when they saw themselves reflected from head to foot in the long pier glasses. While the children remained riveted to the spot with admiration of this new and striking spectacle, the mothers inquired the meaning of the various pictures suspended round the room. I explained to them that they represented the Tycoon of Holland, with his wife and other members of the royal family, and they bowed respectfully before them, one girl timidly asking whether one of them was not a likeness of his Majesty's groom; and I had some trouble in explaining to her that it was the custom for a prince to have his portrait taken standing beside his horse and holding the bridle himself.

After carefully examining the easy-chairs and sofas, they came to me to inquire whether they were not intended for sitting on cross-legged, and when I showed them our way of using them they seemed to pity us very much for being obliged to sit in such an uncomfortable attitude, with our legs hanging down. My room, being the next, was soon invaded, and I can not attempt to describe the numerous objects which excited the curiosity of these Japanese daughters of Eve. They seemed most tempted by some military buttons bearing the Swiss federal cross, and I was obliged to give them a few, though I could not imagine what use they would make of them, as the clothes of the Japanese, both men and women, are invariably fastened by silk cords. They were much pleased with a present of some articles of French perfumery, but declined a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, as cambric handkerchiefs are unknown in Japan. It was to no purpose that I showed them some beautifully embroidered ones, as they assured me that the humblest person would disdain to carry about her a piece of muslin which she had used to blow her nose. There is apparently no chance of our barbarous fashion supplanting the use of the little squares of paper which they carry in a fold of their dress, or in a pocket in their sleeves, and throw away as soon as used.

Our visitors also considered themselves to have a decided advantage over us in the sort of writing materials they use, consisting of a roll of mulberry paper, a stick of Indian ink, and a pencil; they carry the former in their bosom, and the latter articles in a little case suspended

from their belts, along with a little tobacco-pouch and pipe. In order to regain their admiration I showed them a box furnished with pins, needles, and sewing cotton, and invited the Yakonin ladies to try them; they at once allowed their superiority over their own, which

are not made by machinery; needle-work, indeed, is not much practiced by Japanese women; its place in friendly meetings is filled by the pipe. I ended by giving the children some prints of Swiss landscapes and costumes, and showing the women an album of family photo-



JAPANESE WOMEN GOING ON A VISIT.

graphs, which they examined with touching interest.

In the eyes of this people a traveler is an object of profound pity, on account of his absence from his friends and family—all, in fact, which makes life happy. To this is added a

feeling of religious admiration if he is performing a pilgrimage; but it is beyond their comprehension that any one should leave his home and cross the ocean for merely worldly motives. They, therefore, supposed me to be the victim of political animosity, and that I was banished

from my native country, so that on my explaining to them that I was neither an exile nor a pilgrim, they regarded me with a mixture of astonishment and compassion.

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

One of the attractions of our residence was the number of birds with which it was surrounded. A quantity of vegetable matter, as well as thousands of fish and mollusks, killed or stunned by the force of the waves, were daily washed to the foot of the terrace which bounded our garden next the sea. A crowd of birds, of various forms and plumage, assembled here at low water to seek food for themselves and their young, and with the return of the tide flocked back to their places of shelter, some in the spacious roof of our house, and others in the cedars of the garden, the sacred groves of Ben-ten, or the hills and marshes round Yokohama. I noticed among them the cosmopolitan sparrow, carrying on a noisy warfare against flies and other insects, and finding its reward in the stray grains which fell from the sacks of corn that were embarked in the neighborhood. There was a colony of pigeons in our roof, which had settled there no one knew how, and lived in a most independent state. The ravens are somewhat different to those we are accustomed to see in Europe; they are smaller, and their croaking seems to form two distinct syllables—*kā-wā kāwā*. The crows utter a plaintive cry like the human voice. The shrill notes of the eagle and hawk are to be heard, mingling with the roar of the waves and the harp-like sound of the wind sweeping through the cedars. Our feathered neighbors were very tame; the hawks often perched on the flagstuffs or on our roof, which probably served them as a store-house for their fish, and the crows and pigeons scarcely moved from our path when we walked through the garden.

Besides these there were large flocks of gulls and sea-mews hovering round the vessels in the harbor, to pick up the refuse which is thrown overboard, and in the creeks which separated us from the village of Kanagawa, numbers of wild geese and ducks sheltered among the rushes, and at nightfall sought their homes in the canals of the distant rice-fields. I could see them describing geometrical figures in their flights, and perfectly silent, except now and then two prolonged cries, which sounded like the word of command given by a leader to rally his lagging troops. Among solitary birds there is none more picturesque than the heron, patiently watching for his prey, with his eyes fixed on the limpid water, and his body balanced on

one leg, while the other is tucked under his wing, the dazzling whiteness of his plumage being shown by the background of rushes, and, perhaps, the branches of a weeping willow. The appearance of the crane, as it slowly descends from the upper air, is so impressive and majestic that the Japanese associate it with one of the demi-gods with which their mythology abounds. They imagine this divine personage resting on the back of a crane, or "Tsuru," and even give it the title of "Sama," by which they address superior beings—"O, Tsurisama," his lordship the crane! The crane shares with the tortoise the honor of being the symbol of longevity and happiness.

A large proportion of Japanese, living on the shores of the bay, exist in a manner very similar to the birds which I have just described. While the fishermen spend whole days at a distance from land, floating in their frail skiffs, a swarm of women and children assemble on the shore. When the tide begins to ebb, they follow it as it retires, and heap their wicker baskets with the abundant harvest it supplies, consisting of edible sea-weeds, oysters, mussels, and shell-fish. The crabs are objects of lively pursuit; bamboo-sticks, furnished with iron hooks, are used to draw them from among the stones in which they take refuge; they sometimes came up the steps of the terrace, and as far as the foot of the veranda, and one evening I discovered a very fine one under the washstand in my bed-room; it was no easy matter to induce him to take his road home; namely, a trench in the garden leading to the sea. I used to carry on friendly conversations with the people on the shore; the children brought me the prettiest shells, and the women explained the culinary properties of the ugly little sea monsters which they picked up. This friendliness is a trait common to all the lower classes of Japanese; often when I have been walking in the neighborhood of Nagasaki and Yokohama, the country people have invited me into their inclosures, showed me their flowers, and gathered the finest to make a bouquet for me; they always refused to accept money in return, and never allowed me to leave without offering me tea and rice-cakes in the house.

The season which is most agreeable on the bay of Yeddo is Spring; from the top of one of the hills which surrounds it there is a view, extending as far as the foot of Fusi-yama, of wooded hills and cultivated valleys, intersected by rivers and gulfs, which in the distance look like lakes; villages are seen on their banks, half hidden among the trees, and farms surrounded by gardens scattered here and there

over the country. The precocity of the vegetation in the rice-fields and on the cultivated hills, and the number of evergreen trees on all sides give a degree of sadness to the Japanese Spring; and yet there is nowhere a more luxuriant flora. Tufts of flowers and brilliant leaves adorn the hedges and orchards around the villages; camellias, grown to the height of our apple-trees;

cherries, plums, and peaches loaded with blossoms of two colors, red and white, sometimes on the same branch, for the Japanese cultivate and graft these trees only with a view to their producing a variety of flowers, and do not care for the crop of fruit. The bamboos, which are frequently used to prop the young trees, often mingle their light foliage with thin rafts of



WOMEN OF SIMODA.

blossoms; but I prefer to see them growing in single groups, like sheaves of enormous reeds. Nothing has a more picturesque effect than their long, green polished stems and tufted crowns, surrounded by a multitude of smaller shoots and long waving leaves. Bamboo thickets are among the favorite studies of the Japanese artists, and they generally give animation to the picture by adding some of the living

forms which haunt these leafy asylums—dragonflies, small birds, butterflies, and, in lonely places, squirrels, and little red-faced brown monkeys. The roads are bordered with violets, but without any perfume, as is the case with most of the flowers; and it is remarkable that there are very few nightingales, larks, or other singing birds. Perhaps it is the want of song and perfume, amid the luxuriance of animal and

vegetable life, that prevents one experiencing the sort of pleasure that is excited in the mind by the sight of a beautiful landscape at this season in Europe.

The country here is almost over-cultivated; with the exception of the forests and plantations which Government insists upon being maintained, every spot is occupied by agriculture. As a specimen, I will describe the aspect of one of the valleys near the Bay of Yeddo in the month of April. On the skirts of the woods are large fields of buckwheat in full flower; a little further, wheat and barley, which had been sowed in November, nearly ripe for cutting. The Japanese sow corn as we plant potatoes, in regular rows separated by furrows, in which they raise a crop of beans, which shoot up when the corn is reaped. In another direction, and looking like a field of wheat in the blade, there was a large extent of millet which would be ripe in September—it is preferred to wheat by the natives; they grind and use it for cakes and porridge. On a neighboring table-land, a countryman was preparing the ground by means of a small plow, drawn by a single horse, for sowing grains of cotton, which in September or October would each produce a plant two or three feet high bearing about twenty ripe pods. He was followed by some storks and cranes, who gravely plunged their long beaks into the furrow, and pecked up the grubs as they were turned up by the plow. The lower part of the valley is devoted to rice plantations; about a month previous they had been put under water by opening the sluices of the canal. When in this condition the soil is turned up by the plow, and trampled under the feet of the buffaloes and laborers; the latter up to their knees in the ooze, and breaking the obstinate clods with spades.

In rice cultivation, when the earth has been reduced to a sort of liquid paste, men and women proceed step by step along the surrounding bank, throwing handfuls of grain into the beds which are to act as nurseries, and which are then harrowed in order to make them level, and to bury the seed. After a time the water is drawn off, and the young plants which are growing in a close mass are pulled up by the roots, and carefully transplanted at regular intervals, into other beds, where they are left to grow and ripen till the month of October, at which time the crop is ready for the sickle.

In order to protect the ripening grain from the birds which come in flocks to devour it, different kinds of scarecrows are placed here and there; but they do not succeed in frightening the birds effectually; so, in addition, a sort of network of straw plaits is stretched across the

field, fastened to poles, and covered with a number of movable tails. These are kept in motion by a little boy, who has a cord which he pulls like a bell-rope; and when the bank of the rice-field is not high enough to afford him a convenient position, he is perched on a seat raised on



RICE CULTIVATION.

four bamboos, and sheltered by a little roof made of rushes.

Japan produces several kinds of rice; the best is grown in the plains. The irrigation of the hills involves the formation of reservoirs at the top, and a number of canals to direct the

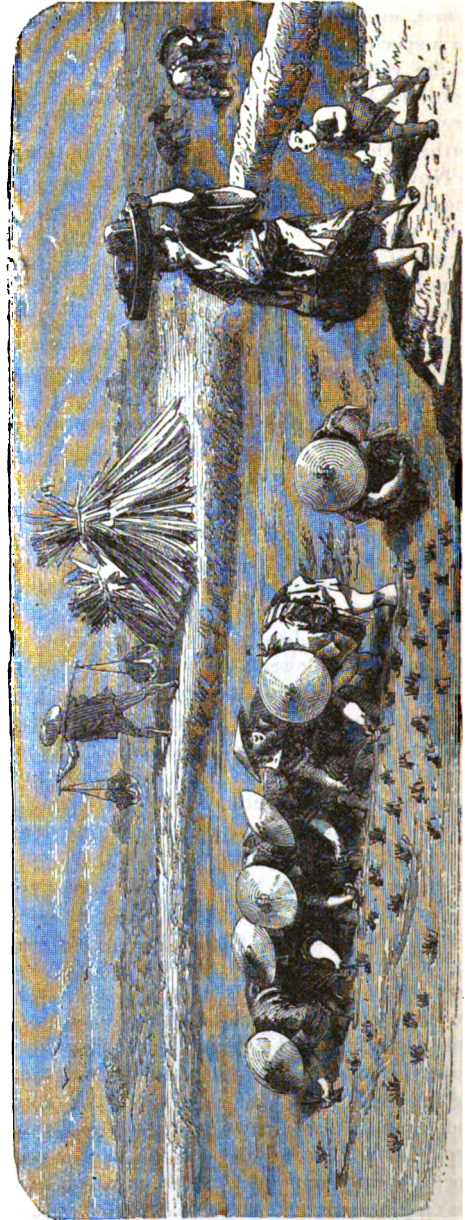
water to the various terraces on which the rice-fields are formed. The Japanese have from time immemorial practiced the succession of crops. Every rice-field is sown with wheat or millet every alternate Autumn, but they never allow land to lie fallow. The tea-shrub is not much cultivated in this district; it is to be seen occasionally in favorable aspects, but the real tea district is some degrees further north. The production of silk is not much attended to, for want of room for the cultivation of the mulberry. To sum up, it seemed to me that the surrounding population, and, in fact, all the inhabitants of the southern coast of Nippon, leave the production of the most important articles of trade—such as tea, silk, and cotton—to those in the interior, while they devote themselves either to fishing and navigation on the one hand, or to agriculture and horticulture on the other, united to the manufacture of articles made of straw, hemp, bamboos, and rushes.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

In going from Benteu to the country it is not necessary to pass through the Japanese town, as a wide causeway has been constructed on piles near the river, overlooking the low streets and marshes of Yokohama, inhabited only by some poor work-people, and protected by a military guard-house and a custom-house station. Here a fine wooden bridge, raised on pillars high enough to allow sailing-boats to pass under, crosses the river and joins the causeway on the left bank, following which toward the north-east, we come to the great road of Kanagawa, and, toward the south-west, to the country roads leading to the Mississippi Bay. We noticed many detached houses near the main road, and even some opening on the village streets, quite open on all sides; their inhabitants, in order to produce a current of air, draw back the sliding frames which inclose their dwellings, and so leave them exposed from one end to the other to the view of the passers-by. Under these circumstances, it is easy to form an idea of their domestic life. The conventional division of classes among the Japanese is not founded upon an essential difference of race or manner of life. From the governor of Kanagawa's residence on the top of a hill I have had several opportunities of overlooking, on one side, a block of buildings appropriated to Yakuin families, and on the other, a group of houses and cottages belonging to artisans and field laborers, and I observed that the same habits and manner of living prevailed inside the inclosed yards which separate the military quarters, as in the public space in front of the plebeian dwellings. Subsequently, on associating with high government

functionaries, I was confirmed in the opinion that the same general features pervade the domestic manners of the whole central population of the empire—that is to say, of the three large islands, Kiusiu, Sikok, and Nippon.

The Japanese are of middle height, much



JAPANESE IN THE RICE FIELD.

smaller than the people of the German races, but not unlike the inhabitants of Spain and the south of France in figure. There is a greater disparity in the relative height of the men and women than among the European races. According to Dr. Mohnike, an old Dutch physician

at Nagasaki, the average height of the men is five feet one or two inches—French measurement—and of the women, four feet two or three inches. The Japanese, without being absolutely ill-proportioned, have generally large heads, rather sunk between their shoulders, wide chests and hips; their legs are slender, and their hands and feet small, generally well shaped. The outline of their heads, seen from the front, often presents the geometrical figure of the trapezium rather than the oval. I have often noticed that the cavities of the eyes being somewhat shallow, and the nose a little flattened, the eyes have a more staring look than those of Europeans. Still, somehow, their general appearance is not of the same type as that of the Chinese Mongolian; the head is thicker, and the face longer and more regular in its features. To me they appear to resemble most the natives of the Sunda Islands.

According to Dr. Mohnike, the head of the Japanese is of the Turanian type. Their hair is, without exception, smooth, thick, and as black as ebony; that of the women is not so long as among the Europeans and Malays. The Japanese have beards which they shave at least every other day; the color of their skin varies according to the different grades of society, from the tawny or copper-color of the inhabitants of the interior of Java, to the dull white or sun-burnt shade of those of the south of Europe. The prevailing shade is an olive brown, but never the yellow tint of the Chinese complexion. Unlike Europeans, their faces and hands are generally of a lighter shade than the rest of their bodies. Among the children of both sexes, one sees the same rosy cheeks which among ourselves are considered the indications of health. The women have clearer complexions than the men, and among the higher and even the middle classes many are perfectly white; a dead white is looked upon as the most aristocratic tint. Both men and women have black eyes and sound white teeth, regular and somewhat prominent. It is the custom for married women to blacken them.

The variety of physiognomy and expression that one sees among the Japanese, is, I think, the result of a freer and more spontaneous intellectual development than is to be met with in the other Asiatic nations. The Japanese national dress is the "kirimon," a kind of dressing-gown, made a little longer and fuller for men than for women; the former fasten it across by means of a silk sash or narrow scarf, and the latter wear a wide piece of stuff, fastened in an odd-looking knot at the back. The Japanese bathe daily, they wear no under-linen, but the

women have chemises made of red silk crêpe. In Summer the peasants, fishermen, artisans, and coolies, go about their business almost naked, and their wives wear only a short petticoat round the waist. In rainy seasons they protect themselves by cloaks made of straw or oiled paper, and hats of bamboo bark, the shape of bucklers, like those of the Javanese. In Winter the common men wear a close-fitting jacket and trousers made of blue cotton, under the kirimon, and the women wear wadded mantles.

The dress of the various classes differs only in the materials of which it is composed; the nobility alone have the right to wear silk, but they only attire themselves richly to go to court or to pay visits of ceremony. Government officers wear full trousers, and instead of the kirimon, a short garment with wide sleeves, and not elegant in shape. Every one is shod in the same way, with sandals of plaited straw, and socks of cloth or cotton, or wooden clogs fastened by a string. When the roads are muddy they wear a mere wooden sole raised on two pegs, and all on entering a house take off their sandals or clogs and leave them on the threshold. The floors are always covered with mats made of rice straw carefully plaited; they are all of the same size, six feet three inches long by three feet two inches wide and four inches thick, and are used as a current measure; there is consequently no difficulty in suiting them to the different rooms, which can also be modified at pleasure by means of the sliding partitions which the Japanese use to divide their apartments.

The mat supplies the want of other furniture; it is the bed on which the Japanese passes the night, wrapped in a large wadded covering, and his head resting on a stuffed wooden socket; it serves as a table-cloth on which to spread the porcelain and lacquered vessels which he uses at meals; it is the carpet which his barefooted children tread on, and the divan where, squatting on his heels, he invites his friends to seat themselves and enjoy a prolonged gossip, while sipping a decoction of tea unmixed with any other ingredient, and puffing tobacco in liliputian pipes. In the inns we see what is called in Java a "bali-bali," a kind of table, raised only a foot from the ground and covered with mats; on it the traveler sits, eats, drinks, or takes his siesta.

The dwelling of the Japanese is adapted every hour only to the needs of the hour, and retains for the time no traces of its uses at other periods. All that is poetical about it is owing to its harmony with the outer world for



JAPANESE PEASANT IN WINTER COSTUME.

the time being. Thus, at the approach of night they close the windows and draw the partitions which form the sleeping-places, and light a large lamp in a sort of cage covered with oiled paper, which diffuses a subdued light like that of the heavenly luminaries. But with daylight all that forms the arrangements for repose is carried away; the sashes are withdrawn, and the house swept from end to end; the morning air circulates through it, and the sun gilds the mats in broad streaks. During the afternoon

heat they close the house so completely with hangings and screens that it seems like a dark cavern. This way of looking on existence as a mere succession of days, hours, and years—of living entirely under the influence of the present—gives a simple vivacity to all their enjoyments, a character of fatality to their sufferings, and of triviality to death which excludes repining. The children are the greatest gainers by this mode of life; and those travelers who state that Japanese children never cry, have only been guilty of a slight exaggeration of the real fact.

The Japanese are strict monogamists; the women marry very young, and preserve their childish character long after, their infants taking the place formerly occupied by their dolls. Custom, however, does not allow them to bring up their nurslings too delicately, and they make them hardy by exposing them daily to the air, and even to the mid-day sun, bare-headed. The countrywomen are often to be seen at work with an infant fastened on their back, between the chemise and kirimon. At home they let them creep and roll about on the mats, as there is no furniture for them to hurt themselves against, and nothing that they can overturn or break. Their companions are domestic animals, little poodle dogs with fat, round bodies and short legs, and a species of cat, with white fur, marked with yellow and black spots, very playful, but very bad mousers; like those at Java, these cats have no tails.

Every family that can afford it possesses an aquarium, stocked with gold, silver, and red fish; some of the latter round as a ball, others with long and wide tails, or webbed fins, which act as rudders. They also make pretty cages of bamboo bark, on the model of the most elegant dwellings, in which, on a bed of flowers, they confine butterflies, or large grasshoppers, whose monotonous noise pleases them continually. Such are the surroundings among which the Japanese child grows up. The paternal

residence is little more than a place of shelter; its parents do not interfere in its games or amusements; its education consists in shouting in chorus the "irova," and other reading exercises, and in drawing with Indian ink, first the letters of the alphabet, and afterward words and phrases; there is no coercion used, and yet the whole adult population of both sexes can read, write, and calculate. On the whole, the Japanese educational system is not to be despised.

THE IMMIGRANT'S STORY.

CHAPTER III.

JOYS AND SORROWS.

THE few months which intervened between Esmond's departure, and the time set for the wedding, rolled swiftly away. Bright and blissful were the hours, and undarkened by a single shadow. It is true that it gave me pain to think of parting from my kind, good father, but he promised to visit me often in my new home, and I already anticipated the time when he should come to live with me.

"One's wedding day," said my father to me one day just previous to my marriage, "should be the happiest of their life," and accordingly nothing was left undone that his purse could afford to make mine brilliant and delightful.

The new home to which my husband took me was in the southern part of Germany. It was very unlike the one I had left, for it was an inland town, and the surrounding scenery was far from being as grand and imposing; but the city itself was not less beautiful, and the home which Esmond had prepared for us was all that the most fastidious could have desired. Constance was now out of school, living with her parents in a mansion not far from ours, and with her so near, with a frequent visit from my father, and with the best and noblest husband in the world, I should be very happy, I thought. And surely no one could ask for more happiness than we enjoyed during the first few years of our married life. No husband could be kinder than mine, I thought, and no children lovelier than the two which God had given to us. But this bright dream was not always to last. In the course of time things arose which occasioned hard thoughts and feelings between us. I had seldom, when at home, had my patience taxed, or had occasion to bend my will to another; and now, when my husband seemed to me to be unreasonable, I would sometimes lose my patience. It was a long time before I said any thing about this to any one, but one Summer, when home on a visit, I determined before

leaving to open my heart to my father and seek his advice. It so happened that a convenient opportunity soon presented itself, and I told him all. He listened kindly to my story, and when I had finished he said, "I am truly grieved to hear of this, Gertrude, for I had supposed you were living very happily. Are you quite sure that you, too, have never been unyielding and unreasonable?"

"I don't know," I said. "I have never meant to be."

"I presume not, my dear," he returned, "but it is such an easy matter to be mistaken. The heart, as saith the Scriptures, is 'deceitful above all things,' and very few of us understand ourselves as we ought. You will not take offense if I talk very plainly, will you, daughter?"

I assured him that I would not, and he proceeded.

"I have sometimes feared that I was not faithful in the performance of my duty to you in the early part of your life. You were, as you know, left motherless, and the tenderness which I felt for you prevented me oftentimes from reproving you when it had been better for you if I had been less indulgent. When I discovered that you had inherited something of the high spirit possessed by your mother's poor, unfortunate brother Bertrand, I should have seen that it was early and thoroughly subdued. But I fear that my love for you has made me blind to my duty. If so, may God forgive me!"

"Why, father," I said, "you talk as if the whole blame in this trouble between Esmond and myself rested upon me."

"No, I did not mean that; but in order to cure a wound it is sometimes necessary to probe it. And I would have you look thoroughly into this matter, and find where the fault really lies. You love your husband and desire peace?"

"I do," I said, "above all things."

"And if you found that any share of the blame was yours, would be willing to admit it, and would strive not to err in the same way again?"

"I should," I replied.

"Let me say, then, my dear child, that I fear you, too, have been unyielding, and have too frequently given way to your angry passions, and that this is, in part at least, the cause of the trouble between you. But you now know your fault, and I trust will try to remedy it. You have been a good, affectionate daughter, and I am confident will make equally as good a wife, if you will strive to bear in mind the caution I have given you. Remember that 'he who ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' Whatever Esmond's faults may be you can aim

to do right, and so bear an approving conscience, and rest assured that the surest way to win him from his errors is a kind and patient forbearance on your part."

"But, father, I have in the past tried to do right, and yet we have not been happy."

"Have you ever sought strength from on high to aid you in this matter, my daughter?"

"No, I have not, father."

"Then let me counsel you to seek it at once. Here is another duty in which I fear I have been also too remiss. I should long ago have led you to 'Him who is an ever-present help in time of trouble.' But his gracious invitations to 'come unto him' are never withdrawn, and if you will but go to him he will surely bless you."

And thus the conversation continued for some time, but when it was finally finished, and I was left alone, I thought "how easy it would be to do right, if I could always be with my father, he is so kind, and wise, and loving," and for a moment I wished I had never left his home for another. But it was only for a moment, and then I began to reflect upon what he had been saying. "Is it true," I thought, "that so much of the fault is mine as his words seemed to imply? If so it shall be so no longer. Never again shall Esmond have occasion to find fault with my temper, if it is in my power to prevent it. But if I can not prevent it shall I seek that aid from above which my father so warmly urges?" And for a moment I was almost drawn to kneel as in childhood, and ask God to forgive my past, and to guide me in the future. But I hesitated, and finally said, "If I am again so drawn, and feel the need of this assistance, then will I seek it." I was waiting for a more convenient season, and so allowed the golden hour to pass which, improved, had saved me from the terrible future. For, had I then, when my heart was tender, and when God seemed so near, and so willing to bless, given my heart to him, and afterward habitually sought his aid when temptations arose, all would have been well.

But I went forward in my own strength as in the past. The next morning, when I bade my father good-by, and stepped into the carriage which was to take me and my two little ones back to our home, I felt very confident that I was going to succeed in keeping the new resolutions which I had formed.

When we reached home my husband gave me a warm and cordial greeting, which I returned with heartfelt joy. I did not tell him of the resolutions which I had been forming, but I intended at once to put them into practice. And I almost longed, in the weeks that followed,

for some trial of my patience to occur so that I could test their strength. But for a long time I waited in vain. Never did peace and harmony exist for so long a time in our family as at this period.

In the course of time, however, difficulties arose calling for the exercise of my newly acquired power. Sometimes I could resist the temptation to yield to my angry passions with a success that fairly surprised myself. At other times I would fail, and was almost ready to give up in despair the thought of ever being able to gain the control of my temper. I had not done so in youth, I thought, and I certainly could not expect to now. Yet I continued to hope that a determined will would, in time, accomplish something.

I sometimes think that if my husband could have known how much I had to contend with, how earnestly I was striving to overcome a naturally high spirit, together with the faults of my early training, or rather want of training, he would have been more patient with me at this time. But he did not seem to, and I never explained it to him, as I now sometimes wish I had done.

One day at this period of my life the children were not well, and had been unusually cross and troublesome all day. I had had my patience severely taxed, and before night had become exceedingly weary and nervous.

It so happened that Esmond on this day had also been greatly tried with numberless vexations in his business; and besides, through the villainy of a partner, had met with some serious losses; and these things were not calculated to put him in an amiable mood. Soon after he came home at night he began to find fault with something I had been doing. I bore it patiently at first, but after a little both of us became angry, when Esmond said something that was so harsh and aggravating, that I lost all control of myself, and *struck him in the face*. In a moment after I would have given worlds if I could have recalled the act. He did not speak, but stood looking at me like one who could not credit his senses. At length he broke the silence. "Gertrude," said he, in a tone in which he had never addressed me before, "I can endure this no longer. I can not have my children brought up under the influence of such examples as this, and we must separate."

He said no more, and I knew from his manner that nothing I could say would avail me any thing. I had sealed my destiny. I felt that my sun of earthly happiness was set forever. And so it indeed proved. In a few days I was back at my father's house, and in the settlement

which followed, it was too easily shown that my temper, uncontrollable as it was, unfitted me for the care of children, as well as the performance of other important duties.

I had not realized the extent of my loss till this hour. I was never again to have the privilege of folding to my heart the two little ones who were dearer to me than my own life, and never again to hear their sweet voices as they lisped the name of mother, or made my heart joyous with their childish prattle. They would be brought up by strangers, perhaps, and taught to cherish no affectionate remembrances of their own mother, who still loved them so dearly. My husband, with whom I had spent so many blissful hours, and whom I still loved, though I thought he had been hasty and unjust with me, would never again call me to his side; and sadder than all things else, was the thought that I was cast back in disgrace upon the hands of my poor father, who was now in the decline of life. I had formerly rejoiced in the thought that it was in my power to make his life bright and peaceful as age advanced, and now to bring him only grief was more than I could endure.

In the days that followed I have no recollection of what passed, for I sank under the weight of my grief, and was for a long time delirious. When I again became conscious, my father was bending kindly over me, together with the servants who had ministered to my wants from infancy, and my first thought was that I was still a child. But suddenly the truth flashed through my mind, and in a few moments I was again delirious. After a few days, however, I recovered my reason and began to nerve myself to endure the joyless life which was henceforth to be mine.

From my father I received naught but unwearied kindness, while I was looked upon by the servants as one who had been most unjustly treated. Each seemed striving, by increased kindness and devotion, to make me forget as far as possible my great misfortune. I was most grateful for this kindness, and strove in every way to manifest my appreciation of it; but for me there was no forgetfulness, no joy.

One day, when I had so far recovered from my illness as to be able to walk about the house, I went to the bay window, which with me had always been a favorite spot, in the hope of seeing something that, to some extent at least, would help to disperse the gloom that rested upon my mind.

But as I cast my weary eyes over the bright scene without, it served only to remind me of the happy, innocent days of my childhood, and to make me sadder, if possible, than before. Moreover, it was the same place where, a few

months before, my father had so earnestly striven to lead me to the Savior. If I had then sought Divine aid, I thought, I should have been able to resist the temptations which subsequently came, and to which, without it, I had yielded. But I had not, and there was now no hope of earthly happiness for me, and it seemed as if God would not now listen to my petitions for pardon and peace if I should go to him.

A book, which had the appearance of having been much used, and which I recognized as my father's Bible, lay in the window near where I sat. It was the one from which he daily read, and I had often observed the sweet, heavenly expression of his face as he arose from a perusal of it, and knew that it betokened the peace and serenity of his soul. As I took it up, I felt a new and intense desire to drink in the same way from that fountain of peace and joy. But my heart again sank within me at thought of my unworthiness. I felt that in God's sight I was the chief of sinners, and I dared hope for nothing but his frowns. And a feeling akin to despair began to settle down upon my heart. With this feeling I opened the book, and on the page to which I opened a leaf was turned down to the following verse: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In an instant my soul was melted. I felt that it was indeed the voice of God speaking to me, and that there was, even now, hope of rest and peace. A sweet sense of God's infinite love and compassion filled my heart, and I obeyed the uncontrollable impulse I felt to kneel down and pour out my soul to him in prayer.

All the contrition that I felt for the errors of my past life, all the boundless love and gratitude that welled up out of my heart to Him for this blessed assurance of his never-failing love, I tried to express in this prayer. And I felt that it was heard and accepted, for, when I arose, that "peace of God which passeth all understanding" filled my soul, and I knew that, whatever might be before me in the future, I now had one unfailing source of light and joy.

CHAPTER IV.

UNEXPECTED CHANGES.

About three years after my return to my father's house, I began to notice a depression of spirits unusual in him, and, although he said nothing as to its cause, and tried to appear cheerful in my presence, I could not be blind to the fact that something weighed heavily upon his mind.

I longed to know the cause, but did not like to question him. One day when he returned

from business, I met him in the hall, as was my custom, when he asked me to go with him to the library, for he had something he wished to say to me. I led the way, and wheeled his easy-chair into a comfortable and pleasant corner, and when we were seated, he said:

"You have, perhaps, observed, Gertrude, that I have not of late enjoyed my usual peace of mind."

"Yes, father," I replied, "and I have desired to know the cause so that I might do something to cheer and comfort you. But I have thought that if it was any thing you wished me to know, you would speak of it of your own accord."

"I should have explained it to you before, but I did not wish to give you needless pain. I have been hoping that the gathering storm would pass over, but to-day I am convinced that my worst apprehensions are to be realized. A train of causes, which it would be unnecessary for me to explain, have brought my affairs into a state which must inevitably end in ruin. My goods, without doubt, will soon be in the hands of my creditors. I hope to retain this our home, but I am not confident that I shall be able to do so, for I shall cancel every debt if it requires the last penny: and I hope, my daughter, you will prepare yourself for the worst."

"O, is that all, father?" I exclaimed, feeling a sense of relief at what he said; for in my anxiety in the few days past I had imagined deeper sorrows.

"All! my child," he repeated. "Is not the loss of my goods, and, without doubt, this home, where we have lived so long and around which cluster so many delightful and sacred associations, enough!"

"Do not, my dear father, misunderstand me. I do not undervalue these things, but I have had much anxiety about you of late, and have sometimes feared that your health was failing, and that the time was approaching when I was to lose you, my best and only earthly friend, and I was rejoiced to find that it was only the loss of your wealth. If the worst comes, and we lose all, even to this home, we could still be happy, for we should have each other left; and you know not how gladly I should improve such an opportunity to prove to you the gratitude I feel for the kindness you have ever lavished upon me, especially in my hour of need. Indeed, I believe nothing could make me happier than to labor for you. I have health and strength, and there are many ways in which a person with the education which you gave me could earn more than enough to supply our needs."

"But, my child, have you considered what it

would be to leave this home where you were born, and to give up the ease and luxuries to which you have been accustomed from infancy, and to toil for the means of subsistence?"

"I should not grieve for these things, father, except for your sake. You know I have long since ceased to look for happiness in this life, save what I find in your society, and in the performance of my duties to my fellow-beings and to God. In fact, I have sometimes thought that if I had something to do I should be happier, for it would help to draw my mind away from my sorrows."

It was late before he retired that night, but when he did so, I had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing him look happier and appear more like himself than he had done for weeks; and I was very thankful for having been able to lighten his heart, and felt that in so doing I had lightened my own.

But when I came to sit down in my own room alone and contemplate the probable future—the loss of my beautiful home, and the relinquishment of the pleasures and privileges to which I had so long been accustomed—the bitter, regretful tears, in spite of me, would flow. But I dried them as quickly as possible, for this calamity, I thought, for my father's sake, must be bravely endured; and I began as well as I could to lay my plans for the future.

In a few days we should, without doubt, be without food or shelter, and I must act at once, for my father was too far advanced in life to begin business anew, even if he had the means.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN, to me, is not the song
 Saints are ever singing;
 Not the holy bells of peace,
 Ever, ever swinging.
 Not the street of glistening gold,
 Not the flowing river,
 Not the swaying of the palm,
 Not the harp-string's quiver.
 Not the many mansions fair,
 Though of Christ's preparing;
 Not the joy eye hath not seen
 Which the saints are sharing.
 Not the thought that all the wants
 The heart is ever knowing
 May at once be satisfied
 From the fountain flowing.
 Not the dreams that fill the mind,
 Not the golden story—
 But to see thy blessed face,
 Jesus—that is glory.



BISMARCK.

THE BISMARCK FAMILY.*

THE name of Count Bismarck will always be identified in history with one of the most decisive and fruitful wars of the many which have already distinguished our century. And, turning prophet for the nonce, we question whether in the remaining three decades there will be a briefer campaign, in which an equally large number of combatants shall be engaged, than the one which terminated at Königgrätz on the 3d of July, 1866, and in one day gave the Black Eagle of Prussia sway over the Guelphic kingdom of Hanover, which had stood a thousand years; over the Electorate of Hess, the Duchy of Nassau, the Duchies of the Elbe, and the old imperial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main; which destroyed the predominance of

Austria in Germany, and sent her to attend to her Slavonic peoples; which made Prussia the absolute leader of Germany; and, withal, raised the most abused man in Europe, Count Bismarck, to a higher pinnacle of popularity than is now enjoyed by any subject, or even by any sovereign.

Bismarck, in his character of Prime Minister, cast all his influence in favor of a war with Austria. His Prussian fellow-citizens saw this, knew it well, and throughout the country peace-meetings were held, when strong resolutions were passed, urging the King to discontinue his equipments, dismiss his Premier, and meet his Austrian rival at least half-way with a friendly hand. The masses fully believed that, in case of war, they would get badly worsted by the Austrians, and this no doubt had its influence on their disinclination to fight; for they no more than any other people have yet attained

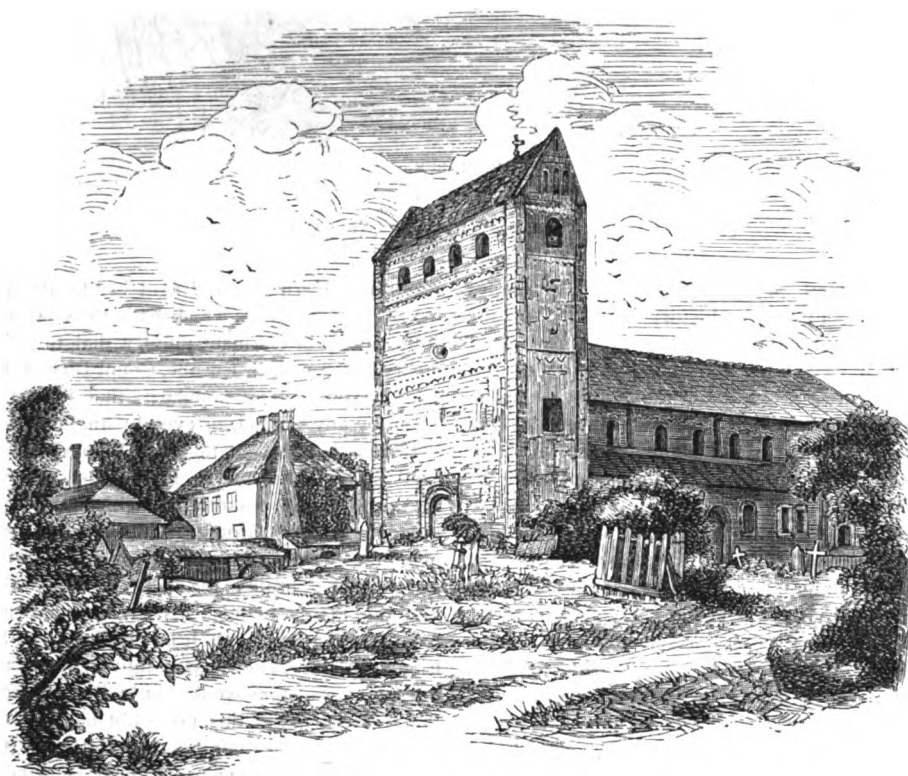
* *Das Buch vom Grafen Bismarck.* Von George Heseckel. Zwei Abtheilungen; mit Illustrationen von Diez, Grimm und Pietsch. Bielefeld und Leipzig: Velhagen und Klasing. 1869. Vol. XXX.—8

that height of national virtue which prompts them to disapprove of a conflict out of which they are quite sure of coming off victors. But Bismarck had long been getting the sinews of war ready, kept well posted on Austria's unreadiness for immediate action, and was confident of the most brilliant results long before a blow was struck.

King Frederic William IV must have had severe mental struggles for months previous to the stiff ultimatum which he sent down to Vienna; for, as M. Guizot clearly proves in his late article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, he was, and still is, a man ardently inclined to peace; he is so by nature, and would make any reasonable sacrifice for the sake of satisfying his pacific disposition. President Lincoln was never more immoderately importuned to displace Grant at Pittsburg Landing, and even at Vicksburg, than was the Prussian King to dismiss his daring and exacting Minister. Frederic William IV was in a dilemma between the popular clamor against Bismarck and the laudable wish to elevate his kingdom to leadership in Germany, and, therefore, to Protestant leadership on the Continent. He chose the latter, the iron die was cast, and Prussia won. When the war was over, and Bismarck's name was on

every tongue, he had no thanks to return to the applauding masses. On the welcome of the soldiers to Berlin, with their Königgrätz laurels fresh on their brow, a multitude of citizens surrounded the Prime Minister's house, and, quite Americanly, insisted on his making "a speech," beslaving him meanwhile with ejaculations of praise. But he kept his seat, gave a nervous twitch or two with his lips, as his manner is, continued smoking his cigar, and said substantially in his blunt style, "I shall not see them; they would have pulled down my house if I had lost. No thanks for their praise!"

It was then, after the return of peace, a grave question whether Bismarck could maintain himself, whether he could prove himself to be one of those men who are as able to occupy as they are to attain a higher position. But all misgivings on this point have long since ceased, for he has shown himself as capable of reaping the fruits of victory as he was to organize and achieve it. We need only mention, in proof of this, his dealing with the Luxemburg question. Hence, as might be expected, the popular curiosity to know his antecedents has been increasing ever since the close of the war, and, until the appearance of Mr. Heseckiel's *Book about Count Bismarck*, nothing had been done



THE OLD SCHÖENHAUSEN CHURCH.

to gratify it. This writer had previously been known as a fair novelist, but has now proved himself to be a good biographer, just such a one as you like to *read* but not to *be*, a veritable hero-worshiper, a literary toady, in a word, a German Boswell—as near an approach to his prototype of the eighteenth century as Germany and the nineteenth century have been able to produce. But *truthfulness*, it must be remembered, is a Boswellian virtue, whatever vices there may be besides, and hence we shall follow Mr. Hesekei's guidance without any hesitation. We do this with all the more confidence because the Count has himself acknowledged the reliability of his Boswell's narrative, which, by the way, betrays throughout complete access to family records and traditions, and, what is more, to a goodly share of what every body does not

like the public to become a partner to—the correspondence between the hero and his wife. We think, therefore, that our readers will agree with us, that such evidence is not to be despised.

THE BISMARCK HOMESTEAD.

Mr. Hesekei takes us, first of all, to cold, flat, bleak Pomerania. Schœnhausen, the Bismarck homestead, is a very old village in that province, and, in the Middle Ages, was an episcopal possession, given by the Emperor Otto I, in the year 946, to the Bishopric of Havelberg. The two principal edifices in the village are the Bismarck villa, dignified by the name of Schloss, or castle, and the village church, which stand beside each other upon a hillock. The first patrons of the church were the Virgin Mary and the martyr Willebrod. In those



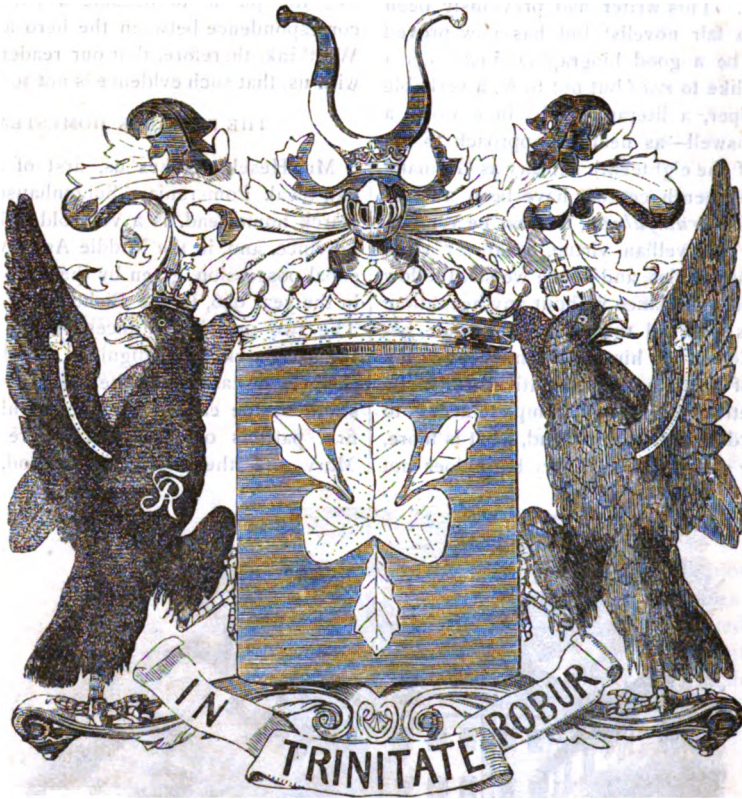
THE BISMARCK HOMESTEAD.

times, whenever it was desirable to increase the wealth of a Church, it was only requisite to spread abroad the report that it contained precious relics. Accordingly, the Schœnhausen sanctuary, being once in a struggle between life and death, the news spread abroad that it contained relics of the Martyrs of Thebes, Saints Sebastian, Ægidius, Albanus, and others. Of course the Church profited by the reputation, was placed on a firm financial footing by the aid of the wealth which flowed into it, and became the established seat of episcopal power over a large extent of country. All the Bismarcks have taken a great interest in it, and have contributed largely toward beautifying it, and supporting the clergy.

The Bismarck homestead, as we have said, is beside the church, and is a plain, three-story house, with steep roof. It was built at the close

of the seventeenth century, but its walls are still apparently as strong as ever. The floor is on a level with the ground, and the front door is therefore entered without a single step. Over it stands the shield on which is inscribed the Bismarck coat of arms, which consists of a clover-leaf, inclosed by three nettle-leaves. The legend which gives rise to the family escutcheon is substantially as follows:

Ages ago there was a beautiful Pomeranian princess named Gertrude of the Bismarcks, whose enchanting beauty and many graces attracted suitors from all parts of the country. Her heart was attached to a relative, her first cousin, and her father had given his consent to the alliance. Among the princes who came was a great lord of the Wends, who came from the German Ocean with a hundred horsemen, and sought the beautiful Gertrude's hand. She



FAMILY COAT OF ARMS.

gracefully declined it, and told him that it was pledged to another. The Wendish prince was then inflamed with wrath, and, beckoning to his followers, said:

"I will break this clover-leaf with my own hand! Yes, if there were a nettle to boot, however much pain it would give me, I would break it too."

On the same day he stormed the castle, slew the father of the princess, made his way over the ramparts and the moat, and was at last within the battered walls. Now rejoicing that he had, as he thought, so fully triumphed as to need only to put forth his hand and grasp his prize, he made his way into the room of the beautiful Gertrude, and said to her:

"I come to break you, you golden clover of my heart. You are no nettle, and do not sting; the clover-leaf causes no pain!"

Thereupon he passionately embraced her, but soon losing his hold cried, "Mercy!" and sank down into his own hot blood. Young Gertrude had received his embrace, but in the same moment plunged a dagger, which she had concealed upon her person, deep into his heart, and then exclaimed, "Sadly mistaken! I am a

nettle, when I will, and can sting; and so do nettles ever sting the one who would break a clover-leaf of the Bismarcks!"

So, ever since the days of Gertrude, the clover-leaf and the nettles have been the Bismarck coat of arms.

Mr. Hesekei, in describing his visit to the homestead, says: "We entered the house, not by the principal entrance, but by a side door, which leads directly into a beautiful and spacious room fronting the garden. We cast a look into the kitchen, whose immense size, together with the magnitude of the ancient-looking cooking utensils, forced me to the conclusion that the proprietors had been very hospitable. In the middle of the kitchen stood a pillar, on which was hung a great wooden salt-box, which, in Northern Germany, is the symbol of ancestral hospitality. On the old staircase we were met by the Frau Inspektorin Bellin, the aged mother of our friendly guide, and who had, when young, taken charge of all the children of the family, including the present Prime Minister and his brothers and sisters. The people of the whole surrounding country have long learned to associate the Frau Inspektorin with the Bismarck

homestead, and she has become the genius of the place. She received us in a friendly way, and soon began to pour forth her praises of her 'gracious master,' meaning Count Bismarck. She led us first into the dining-hall, which was trimmed with white tapestry. Busts of Kings Frederic William III and IV rested on pier-tables; that of the latter represented him with a youthful face, when he was crown-prince. The furniture was plain, as, indeed, it was throughout the house. It reminded me of the simple, unpretentious, and impoverished times succeeding the War of Liberation from the Napoleonic supremacy, when, undoubtedly, the house was furnished last. A door at the left of the dining-room leads into two large drawing-rooms, the walls of one of which are painted in oil colors,

while the other is decorated in Japanese style. Here I saw, in the corners, copies of Kiss's Amazon, and of Rauch's Walburga Riding on a Stag. After crossing the dining-room again, and passing out at a door to the right, we came to the sitting-room of Countess Bismarck, which is furnished in green. The pictures and lithographs on the walls are from the time of Frederic William III, and over the mantel-piece there is an inlaid medallion picture of a lady, probably an antique beauty. But the most striking portrait in this room is that of the present Prime Minister's mother. It was evidently painted with great care, and the features are so striking as to make upon any visitor the impression that they are true to life. I was then conducted into a sleeping-room, in an alcove of which,



THE BISMARCK LIBRARY.

now separated by a green curtain, Count Bismarck was born. His cradle long stood in this alcove, but has now been taken out of it. The bed that is in it was the one on which his father died.

"Another door led into the library, a broad room with red furniture. In the middle of it stands a heavy, substantial table. The books were in two cases, and were not remarkable either for number, scarcity, or arrangement. They seemed to be put together pell-mell. I had been already told in the village by certain rustics that at this heavy table in the library Count Bismarck, when very young, used to sit by the hour, and read books that were 'six inches thick.' Yes, that he would read day and night for weeks together, and this was how he

became so 'mighty.' The old Frau Inspektorin now confirmed all this wonderful reading, and added, that she had often enough gathered together the books which the 'great Herr' had piled up over the floor, among which were a plenty that were 'six inches thick.' Though the books were not of any extraordinary value, I took time to look leisurely at some of them, for the fact that Count Bismarck had read them in his youth made them interesting to me. In one book-case I found the good old Zedler's Universal Lexicon of all Sciences and Arts, and just beside it the *Theatrum Europæum*, in many volumes, still highly valued, and regarded as an indispensable source of historical knowledge. Then I saw a History of Germany, a Universal History, both written in the prag-

matic style of the last century. I noticed also Gledow's Imperial History, an Historical Labyrinth of the times, and Ludwig Gottfried's Historical Chronicles of the Four Monarchies. Theology was represented by Martin Luther's German works. Besides Busching's Description of the Earth, there was an old Lexicon of the Country and of Newspapers, together with a Collection of Travels. I could not tell which of these ponderous books were the real ones that the Premier had read in his boyhood, though my suspicions fell upon the *Theatrum Europæum*. The other book-case, at least the upper shelves of it, seemed to be appropriated chiefly to belles-lettres. Voltaire and the Letters of Count de Bussy stood in friendly fellowship beside Frederic Schlegel's works and Lopolod Schefer's Layman's Breviary; while, beside Basedow's Elementary Work was Herschel's Popular Astronomy."

SUPERSTITIONS.

It would be a rare exception among old country houses in Germany if the Bismarck homestead were not "haunted," and its authentic history were not well interwoven with ghost-stories. The servants say that at certain hours of the night they sometimes feel a "hot breath," and that often they have heard footsteps at midnight on the old, hard stairway. Even the dogs have heard strange noises, and have barked furiously, without venturing far from their kennels.

It is said that Count Bismarck himself has been greatly troubled at Schœnhausen by the ghosts with which the homestead is associated, and that some of his own experiences even border on the wonderful. Long after he became a man, though before he was Prime Minister, he was lying in the bed-room in which he was born, and had an experience which he never could explain. Several of his friends were his guests at the time, and among them Baron von Dewitz. Arrangements had been made for them all to go out hunting on the following morning, and directions had been given that the servants should awaken them in good season. Bismarck was suddenly awakened from his sleep by a noise which he heard in the neighboring room. The doors of the library then gently opened, and he believed that he heard stealthy footsteps. All at once he thought the servant had come to waken him up, and immediately he heard in the third room the voice of his friend, Baron von Dewitz, exclaiming, "Who comes there?" The Count sprang from his bed, the clock immediately struck twelve, and nobody was to be found anywhere in the vicinity. Another Bismarck,

an uncle of the present Count, had an odd experience in the same house. He saw, though it was in a dream, a white figure gently moving before him. It beckoned to him, and he followed it. It led into a division of the cellar which was the oldest part of the building. He was there shown a door, in which was cut a hole shaped like a heart. The figure then disappeared, and the dreamer awoke. The impression made was so strong upon his mind that he believed the dream was a revelation to him of treasure concealed behind that cellar-door. The next morning he had the cellar carefully examined, and, as really proved the case, he did find behind a great deal of rubbish and old lumber, a little door which had a heart-shaped perforation, and of which nobody in the family could give any account. The door now being found, the great object was to search for treasure. A passage-way was discovered which led from this door to the church. The dreamer's inference now was, that the treasure lay before the church, but, alas! all the digging never brought a groschen to light.

In the door of the library there are three broad rents, which are the traces of evil spirits that once visited the room; namely, French soldiers who, in 1806, pursued the young and beautiful Frau von Bismarck to the library-door, which she closed and locked after her, and which the pursuing soldiers tried in vain to enter by piercing it with their bayonets. Her husband fled into the neighboring forest, having previously taken pains to bury his treasure, which consisted of a large sum in louis d'ors, under a pavilion in the corner of the park. After the soldiers had left the place the old man's indignation was very great, when, on his return, he found that his treasure had been discovered, though not, as he feared, by the French, but by the dogs, which had scratched away at his buried money, and scattered the louis d'ors all around. It can not be proved that Schœnhausen was ever in the possession of the Knights of St. John, the "militia of the Holy Virgin." But in the legends connected with the place the Knights Templars play a very important part. Their long, white mantles, with the red cross, are very appropriate for ghostly offices, and not a few have been seen—if we credit the tales of many generations of servants who have occupied the house—in their nocturnal peregrinations.

COUNT BISMARCK'S PRESENT RESIDENCE.

Whether or not the ghosts have frightened the Count away from Schœnhausen we do not know. But it is certain that in 1867 he bought

property elsewhere in Pomerania, and has made his new estate his principal country residence. An English correspondent of the *Daily News*, London, who visited his new property, thus describes it:

"Nobody ever thought any thing about that country before the Chancellor, in 1867, bought his property there. At present the melancholy steppes which border on the Baltic are well frequented, and Vertzin is now spoken of as Sans Souci was formerly. The railway from this town to Koeslin ought certainly to burn tapers in honor of Count Bismarck. His residence is simply a grand seignorial mansion, large and comfortable, but without any architectural style, the ideal of a dwelling of one who is half countryman and half townsman. In front is a garden laid out with great regularity, and further on is a large park, which is well stocked with game.

The Count frequently invites his friends and neighbors to hunting parties, at one of which he had that fall last Autumn which might have proved fatal to Prussia. The sea is about fifteen miles off, and during the Winter the north wind must be particularly keen there. The proprietor of this domain is engaged in numerous commercial pursuits. The Minister of his Prussian majesty sells wool, manufactures tiles and bricks, and distills brandy. His sheep-walks are renowned, and the proceeds of the shearing are sought for far and near. One of these days you will hear that he is making paper, and he has entered into partnership with one of the principal men of Koeslin, M. Behrend, to establish a factory where this article will be produced by a new process. I believe that the firm Bismarck & Behrend is going to make their produce from bark. The vast woods of Vertzin, Wussow, Chomitz, and Charlottenthal will furnish raw material in abundance. Formerly, the place had a manufacturing reputation, as large glass-works were established there, but they are now abandoned. The Count is, without doubt, a country squire, but he is one who possesses genius. In him there is something of the peasant, with his rude cunning, but also indomitable energy. There is in him something of the Norseman, which is the antipodes to the German whom we have hitherto known, almost a contradiction. Count Bismarck has simply transferred to politics the proceedings, manners, and principles which he and his colleague land-owners of Brandenburg and Pomerania apply in part to matters of domestic and rural economy. He treats the Prussians and Germans as he treats his peasants, if we may so describe the colonists of those countries."

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE BISMARCKS.

There are many versions of the origin of the family and name of the proprietors of Schoenhausen. One is, that the Bismarcks are of Bohemian extraction, and that at a very early period they came to the Altmark, one of whose villages still bears the name of Bismarck, and is connected with the earliest history of the family. There is another tradition that the Bismarcks are of Wendish origin. According to this, the real name of the family is "Bij Smarku," which, in Wendish, is, "Beware of the way-thorn!" But the fact is, that the Bismarcks, like all the knightly families in the Altmark, are descendants of the old German warriors, who, under the guidance of Welfish, Askanian, or other princes, conquered the Slavic land lying on both sides of the Elbe, and laid it as an offering to Christianity and German civilization. The Bismarcks belong to the great estate of Biscopesmarck, at first abbreviated to Bischofsmarck, and finally to Bismarck.

The first appearance of the Bismarcks in history is, when Rule or Rulo (that is, Rudolph) von Bismarck figures in the year 1270 in the town of Stendal, as a prominent member, or really the head, of the guild of tailors. The Prussian archives are singularly minute on this dashing fellow's history, which, in fact, has some striking points of resemblance to that of his most distinguished descendant. Rule Bismarck was equally noted for his wealth, shrewdness, and daring. He represented Stendal in all the most important negotiations at the German courts, directed all the political affairs of his district, and maintained until death a very high position. He was one of the founders of schools in Stendal, and defended the cause of education as long as he lived. At his death he left four sons, the oldest of whom, Klaus, became the most prominent and influential. He exhibited rare political dexterity and indomitable will in opposing the democratic party of his times. On his gaining a great political victory in his district, he was presented with the Castle of Burgstall. This placed the Bismarcks at once among the nobility, and, in all the subsequent political movements of that section of the country, some one or other of the family played an important part. The very Klaus of whom we have spoken was the soul of the great and successful effort in Brandenburg to resist the attempts of the German Emperor Charles IV to incorporate Brandenburg into the kingdom of Bohemia, which he was designing to place under the dominion of the Lutzelberg family, and should stretch from Lubeck on the north to the shores of the Adriatic.



THE TREATY OF LETZLINGEN.

The proprietors of the Burgstall castle became renowned in time of peace for their hunting proclivities and for their hospitality, as, indeed, the Bismarcks have always been. It was no uncommon thing for a score or more of hilarious devotees to the chase with retinue of man and beast, to be entertained there by the week, and at night to forget, over their cups, the fatigues of the day. Burgstall was situated in the midst of an excellent game district, and this proved its fatal gift, for it was because its forests had the best game in Brandenburg that the Elector, Hans George, in the year 1553, was attracted toward it; and when he proposed to the Bismarcks to buy it, or exchange it for Schœnhausen, the terms seemed to be at once so favorable, or, as we suspect, the penalty of refusal likely to prove in the end so severe, that they were accepted. The affair was ten years under negotiation, however, and, in 1563, the treaty of Letzlingen was signed with great formality, by which Schœnhausen became in future the Bismarck homestead.

The succeeding period of two centuries was marked by almost a continual series of wars between conflicting sections of what was in time to constitute the larger part of the kingdom of Prussia. But always some Bismarck peered above the common level of diplomats or soldiers, and was in every case distinguished by

an intense, nay, passionate love of his country. Indeed, as we notice the development of the kingdom of Prussia from an obscure province to one of the leading powers in Europe, we can scarcely recall a family which has grown with it, uniting its energies for the prosperity of the country to a greater degree than that of the Bismarcks; and that a scion of that family should be the present Prime Minister of Prussia is but the natural and well-merited crowning of the patriotism, energy, and talents of a long line of ancestors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHRIST was the first certain practical teacher of the immortality of the soul. For it is one thing to conjecture, to wish, and to believe the immortality of the soul as a philosophic speculation, and quite another to direct the inner life and outward acts by it. And this Christ was, at least, the first to teach. For although the belief that bad actions were to be punished in the future life had been introduced among many nations before the time of Christ, yet they were only such actions as were injurious to civil society, and consequently had also received their punishment in that society. To enforce an inward purity of heart in reference to another life was reserved for Christ alone.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER IV.

BREAD.

WHATEVER of wholesome variety we may find in the boiled grains, whole or broken, we must take them ground and baked to lean upon as the "staff of life." No other article of food is so indispensable as bread; there is no other which is found in some form on every civilized table at every meal. It is made of a variety of grains, but wheat is that most commonly used by at least the majority of civilized people in the temperate zones. And looking back to the summary already given of the constituents of this grain, and its perfect adaptability to the wants of the human system, we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the prevalence of so excellent a food.

Having, then, so perfect a material put into our hands, it becomes us who are intrusted with its preparation to see that a perfect article is placed upon the table. It must be fine, light, white, homogeneous, palatable, and tender every time, and all these qualities must last several days. Bread-making is one of the most difficult tasks that devolves upon the housekeeper or cook, and perfection in this is considered the touchstone of excellence. Papers abound in recipes, cook-books devote long chapters to its consideration, pamphlets are written, farmers' clubs discuss, and learned men lecture; but after all how little good bread is seen; how our papas grumble and predict dismal futures, and husbands scold and quote their mothers, and sons rudely denounce the miserable compounds placed before them! Many women shuffle blindly and carelessly on through all this blame and responsibility, bringing out something "hit or miss," not using judgment enough to discern whether it is good, bad, or indifferent, often actually unable to tell whether it tastes sour or not; others, struggling nobly and determinedly on, after weary months, or perhaps years, of toil and trial, are able to present a white loaf, which is indeed a monument of triumph over difficulties. Draw near, O trembling and despairing young housekeeper, the task is not impossible. Repress the blinding tears awhile and let us inquire how this has been accomplished.

First, there is the flour; your husband has provided the best brand; he has done his duty, so if you do not do yours it is not his fault, please remember. Ah, my reminder was needless, as that stifled sob testifies. But the flour you see is not a dirty nor a dead white. It has a clear look with a slight tinge of cream color. You press a little between the fingers, it retains

the shape; you throw it against the wall and a portion of it sticks. You first pass it through a sieve to make sure that no foreign matter has fallen into it, and to reduce the lumps. At nightfall place two or three quarts of it in a wooden bowl, add warm water enough to make at least a quart of thick batter in the flour, adding a gill of Hartford yeast, or some other equally good. But perhaps you can not go to the grocers to get Hartford yeast, and you do not like brewer's yeast, nor the place where they get it, any better than I do. Well, then, you must get some good yeast somewhere, say one pint of it, or if you get good yeast-cakes, soak them in half a pint of blood-warm water, add the "shorts" or the "middlings" of wheat enough to make a thick batter, and keep it warm till quite light. In the mean time boil a pint of hops in four quarts of water, strain, and keep warm, and when your yeast is light add it to the hop-water, with "shorts" enough to make a thick batter. When this is light add corn-meal enough to make a hard dough. Make this into a roll three inches in diameter, and cut off the cakes half an inch thick. Dry them quickly, say in two or three days, but do not scald. If you keep these in a dry place they will last some months, and will also serve to make another supply. If you use these, one or one and a half must be put to soak in the afternoon in a tea-cup of warm water, and then it will be ready to put into your "sponge" at night. Remember, it is of vital importance to have your yeast good; if it is not, you may as well stop before going any further.

The water for mixing the sponge must be warmed to about one hundred degrees; but you have no thermometer—it pays to keep one in cooking—so the water must not be hot enough to scald the yeast nor so cold that it will not rise. In the Winter, if the flour is cold, the water will need to be warmer than in Summer. In the latter case, too, you will not commonly need to set the sponge until ten o'clock at night, and if you have no warm water you must build a fire if necessary to warm it. Spare no pains, and experience will eventually teach you what is right. But it is Winter now, and after the sponge is mixed it must be kept warm. Draw up a chair by the stove, set your bread-bowl in it, spread a napkin over it, and then cover it with a blanket as carefully as you would your first-born babe. Do not think me joking, for this is no joking matter. One writer seriously remarks that a good bread-maker watches the process with about as much assiduity as a mother watches the cradle of a sick child.

If the weather is quite cold, warm some bricks and set the bread bowl upon them, or cover up some fire in the stove before leaving it for the night. Look at it as soon as you rise in the morning. From this time you must not really forget it one moment. Every thing depends on constant vigilance. If it is coming up too fast set it where it is cooler; if it is already sour it is spoiled. True, saleratus can be added, but its perfection is irreparably gone. As soon as it is light enough—and nothing but experiment will enable you to decide that—add about two quarts more of flour, and gradually warm water enough to make a dough as stiff as you can well handle. Knead it thoroughly, the more the better, then make it into two or three loaves and set to rise in a warm place away from any cool draught.

Of course, all your engagements for the morning were shaped the day before to accommodate your bread, and now your oven must be hot when your bread comes up. You can not tell beforehand exactly when that will be. It will depend on the temperature, the yeast, etc. Close watching is now more indispensable than ever. Husband, children, company, and callers must all stand aside—a few minutes too much will spoil the bread. And if you should be lucky enough to put it in at just the right moment, if the oven is not hot enough it will rise and spoil after it is put in, and if it is too hot it will not rise enough. Bake an hour and a quarter or more, according to the size of the loaf and the heat of the oven. Judge when it is done by the color, or test it by knocking it with the knuckles.

At last it is done, and your face is glowing with pleasure as well as with heat and toil. "We will have the bread for dinner. Husband shall see that I can—" But, my good woman, it is not fit to eat yet. It must stand twenty-four hours and *ripen*. You can have it to-morrow for dinner. "To-morrow noon! why, that will be twenty-four hours from the time I put the yeast-cakes to soak. Two days to make a loaf of bread! Can it be that a kind Providence demands so much toil, and time, and care to produce the commonest necessities of life!"

In due time, if they can wait so long, the bread is cut, is eaten, and praised. The dear, patient woman foresees as nearly as possible when her bread will be out, and tries to forestall the time so as not to have either a superfluity of the old or a deficiency which will need to be made up with unwholesome hot biscuit. She tries the two-days' job again, and thinks herself happy if, after six months of such care,

and toil, and experiment, she succeeds in hitting it nearly right half the time. By middle life she has probably established her reputation as a good bread-maker. Her family often say they like nothing so much as some of her good bread and butter. They eat it freely—bread and butter and coffee for breakfast, bread and butter often at dessert for dinner, and bread and butter and tea for supper. And yet they do not seem to thrive on it. Some of them have liver complaint, others dyspepsia, others something else, and all are costive. To be sure, they do not think much of the latter, it is so common. Why, two-thirds of the women of America, and nearly as many of the men, are said to be habitually costive, and besides, it is not a delicate thing to talk about.

Well, it is our business to find out the truth about our eating, and so we can afford to be a little venturesome. If we inquire into the nature of costiveness, we will find it to be a torpid state of the lower portion of the alimentary canal, so that the waste matter of our daily eating is not passed off promptly. Of small consequence, is it? Why, waste matter of any kind retained in the system is one of the surest of poisons. There are three great outlets for the different kinds of waste matter in the system, the lungs, the skin, and the bowels. If either of these is obstructed, the others undertake to do its work for it. So when this waste matter comes to a stand-still in the lower part of the alimentary canal, minute absorbents soon begin to take up the fluid portions of the fecal mass and return them to the blood, which carry them to the skin and the lungs, giving to the former the sickly yellow hue so frequently seen in bilious people, and to the latter that knock-down sort of an odor so like—what it really is. But as the skin and lungs already had their own work to do, it is impossible that they should perform this additional labor perfectly, so the blood remains very impure, rendering the whole system much more liable to inflammations, fevers, and, in fact, to all kinds of diseases, than when it is pure. The liver, that great strainer of the animal system, labors diligently to correct this state of things, and is soon overtaxed and not able to work at all, causing the common liver complaint.

But what has all this to do with the bread? Much, every thing; because if it had been made of the whole wheat, coarsely ground, the fibrous portions—now taken out in the bran—would have so distended and incited to healthy action the alimentary canal that the waste matter would have passed out by its natural channel, leaving the whole system incomparably

more healthful. The latter can not be in healthy condition unless it clears itself daily and easily. One of the first questions the good physician asks, when called, to most of his patients, is, "What is the state of the bowels? Are they open?"

"But why is this?" asks some man. "Has not wheat been called a perfect food?"

Yes, wheat in its entirety, but you have been tampering with it, sir. Wheat has its self-clearing properties, but you have taken them out as bran. It has its lime for the bones, and you have taken that out too under the same name, and your poor, rickety children proclaim the results. It has lime and silica for the teeth, but they too have disappeared, and this toothless generation accuses you of the abstraction. The pallid ones call for more iron to color the blood, the demented ones call for more phosphorus to nourish the brain, and the feeble ones call for the gluten to strengthen the muscles, while the greater part of all these you have taken out of their daily food and given to the cattle.

"Nothing was in the bran," you will say, "but the husk, the mere skin of the berry, no nutriment whatever."

If you examine this bran carefully, you will find it a rich crust, containing the most of the ingredients just mentioned to the amount of about forty per cent. of the nutrition of the entire berry, and, besides, the very skin which you despise is needed to clear the waste matter out of the system. After destroying the nice proportions in the perfect kernel, we are obliged to eat more than we need of the starchy matter that remains, in order to get a supply of the deficient materials. The result is, that many other kinds of food are now better than this good bread. The "staff of life" has become a broken spear, piercing the hand which leans upon it.

The remedy for this state of things is to eat the entire kernel, and we shall then have a perfect article which will correct these ailments and deficiencies. The proofs of these statements are neither few nor difficult to find. Numerous and decisive experiments have been made upon animals, of which our readers have doubtless seen more or less mention. Human beings are continually making experiments on themselves with similar results, though not intentionally carried so far as to be fatal. It has been successfully used as a restorative in a great many cases of failing human health. Physicians, taking the cue, prescribe the lacking constituents in bran tea, or bran cakes, or more cunningly envelop them in some curious

name, as medicine, and give them to people who never would have needed their aid, if they had eaten the whole wheat as God gave it to them. Experiments on a larger scale have been tried in hospitals and asylums, and in provisioning ships and troops, which have resulted always in favor of the bread made of the whole wheat meal. Respectable scientific men give their undivided testimony in its favor. Dr. Bellows's popular books on eating and health are especially elaborate on this point. Our physiological text-books, almost without exception, favor this view. Cutler, and Youmans, and Beecher, and even the mischievous Johnston—*Chemistry of Common Life*—who, as Dr. Lees says, knew not the a b c of the science he pretended to teach, and many others acknowledge the importance of eating the whole wheat meal.

So let us go back to the miller and get a good article if we can. If possible we will have good white Winter wheat—the better the grain the better the flour. Clean it well, for it will show what is ground up in it—things which people eat in fine flour without suspecting them. You will not be allowed to take out any tell-tales with the bran. One great cause of the distaste for Graham flour, or, as it is more properly called, wheat meal, is that consumers not knowing how to judge of it are often imposed upon by the vilest imitations—poor dirty wheat, rye, oats, "feed." A little practice will enable you to distinguish the good from the poor more readily than in the case of bolted flour. It should have a clean yellowish or reddish look according to the color of the wheat, a light, flaky texture, the bran plainly visible, but no oats, nor husks, nor other foreign matter. To aid in testing it, run it through an oat sieve, which will retain nearly all foreign matter with the coarsest of the bran. If it is a good article you will find no chaff nor oats—nothing but the clean bran or crust, which should all be returned to the flour and intimately mixed with it. It is right as it is; you can not improve it by any separation. If it has been ground coarsely all the better. We spoil most of our grains by grinding them too fine. The sieve you may put by for future use. It is a good plan to examine all your flour and meal by its aid, especially in warm weather.

There is no "scratching" about this wheat meal; that was in the oats and chaff. Pure wheat bran is a glutinous crust that softens completely in cooking. And now for making it up. Begin about an hour before it is wanted for the table, having the oven hot. Take a pint and a half of pure, soft, cold water, if you can get it. Slowly scatter in the meal with one

hand while stirring with the other, until you have added about a quart, making a batter a little too thick to settle flat. A salt spoon of salt may be added, though it is more tender without, and you soon forget to miss it. Then polish with a cloth and some oil a dozen three-and-a-half-inch patty-pans and dip into them the batter just thick enough to round up slightly, put them into a hot oven and bake on the top first. Or if the oven is hot enough, as with most wood stoves, to scald them on all sides promptly, it does not matter where they stand. They should be in at least thirty minutes without burning, then take them out, slip them from the tins to a plate, and let them cool enough before eating, so as not to melt the butter. They are then perfectly wholesome, and as light as any good fermented bread.

Now what becomes of your elaborate bread-making. Here is perfect bread in one hour, instead of two days. I do not say it requires no skill, and very possibly there may be some failures. Skill and care are requisite in all good cooking. But in common fermented bread we find that the great demand for skill and care arise from false conditions that man himself has imposed. He has taken out the ingredients that would make the bread light, and sweet, and nutritious, and woman is called upon with infinite labor and skill to make up the deficiency. The miller has spoiled the wheat and woman is called upon to restore it to its original value. Surely the man is far more exacting in his demands upon woman than is her Maker.

This simple way of making bread is of course familiar to many of my readers; but some who have tried it superficially, and others who have not tried it at all, will doubt of its lightness because "nothing has been put in to make it light," not because nothing was necessary. The pure atmospheric air abundantly stirred in with the coarse and flaky flour is plainly seen in bubbles in the batter, and it is the expansion of these by the heat of the oven that makes it light. If you let it stand long before baking some of these will escape. If you let it cook on the bottom while the top is still soft, more will escape. For this reason it should crust over the top first, or promptly on all sides at once. If you put it into a large tin, it will not heat through so quickly, and the air will escape usually into one large bubble, or air chamber, instead of being fixed in small bubbles throughout the bread. Even common muffin rings are a little too large. Nothing that is easily accessible is better than the three-and-a-half-inch patty-pans of pressed tin. There are cast-iron bread-pans, made for this kind of bread, which

some prefer, but they are by no means indispensable. These should be heated and oiled, and the batter dropped into them while they are hot, and then put at once into a hot oven.

If these are wanted very tender—though thorough mastication is a very wholesome process—cover them up tight, say in a tin pail, with a cloth under them to absorb the moisture. If not wanted at once, put them into a jar for the same purpose. If wanted warmed up, steam them thoroughly. Some like them better thus than when fresh. For distinction this may be called *batter bread*, or *batter biscuit*. When fairly tried it often becomes so well liked as to be a daily requisite. But I like variety, and I find that people grow tired of this as they do of any other new dish, especially if eaten too freely. All dietetic changes should be gradual. A perfectly wholesome thing may disagree with the system that is not ready to receive it. House-cleaning is a good thing, but it is very uncomfortable to have all the rooms cleaned in one day. We can not expect to break ourselves of bad habits, especially of so unclean a habit as eating bolted flour, all at once without some commotion. But adopt it gradually, persist in it cautiously, and you will come around right at last, and be very thankful for it. It is important to remember, however, that it is not medicine—it is simply good, wholesome food. Even those troubled with chronic diarrhea—which is only weakness of another portion of the alimentary canal—have been cured by it. It strengthens and builds up every part of the system.

But when liked and adopted it is better to make up the wheat-meal in a variety of ways. One variety is made by taking one-fourth part corn-meal, scalding with boiling water and mashing out the lumps, then adding water enough to make it with the three-fourths wheat-meal into a batter a little thicker than the last described. Bake in the same way, only ten minutes longer, then cover close and let them stand half an hour after being taken from the oven.

Very good *breakfast rolls* may be made by stirring the wheat-meal into tepid water until it makes a dough just firm enough to handle, roll out three-fourths of an inch in thickness, cut with a biscuit-cutter and bake in a quick oven thirty or forty minutes. These are not quite so spongy as the batter biscuit, but are much liked by many, especially by those with good teeth.

The *scalded rolls* are better to my fancy. Pour boiling water into good wheat-meal, stirring and working barely enough to make it into

a dough just firm enough to roll out half an inch thick. Cut with a small cake-cutter, or, better still, into squares with a knife, and bake in a moderate oven from twenty to thirty minutes. They will be light and crisp, or if wanted very tender cover them in a jar. This is really the most wholesome of any of these styles—they will keep the longest in hot weather, showing that they are the most thoroughly cooked, and they are very convenient for those whose coal-stoves or ranges can not readily be brought up to the heat requisite for the batter bread. But it is more difficult to make than the others; it requires practice to acquire the skillful manipulation, or sleight of hand, so that they shall be neither hard nor heavy.

Wheat-meal can be made into bread with yeast after the directions already given for bolted flour, only the sponge should not stand so long—at least not in the same temperature; the dough should not be made so hard, nor stand in the pans so long before baking. It also requires a hotter fire and more time in the oven. If made right it is sweeter and richer than bolted flour bread, and, therefore, it does not need the sweetening commonly added to conceal the effect of too much fermentation.

Now I fancy I see the ladies looking over these carefully prepared dainties with doleful faces, and one of them whispers that she does n't like the color. So now the men are not entirely to blame after all, are they? I have heard it said that you can not raise one of the sexes very much higher than the other; so it is likely we are both to blame in this bread business, only I think the women have the hardest of it. But they are brave even in that, and have come to pride themselves on their dexterity in doing even these unnecessarily hard things well. As to the color, my dear sister, that is altogether a matter of taste. You do not object to a much deeper color than that in your fruit-cake; and when you consider that the paleness of the bread is due to the loss of the life-giving principles, you will no more admire its color than you would the paleness of a corpse.

HE who can not find time to consult his Bible, will one day find that he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray, must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect, is most likely to find time to sin; he who can not find time for repentance, will find an eternity, in which repentance will be of no avail; he who can not find time to work for others, may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—*H. More.*

ON THOUGHTLESSNESS.

WE commonly treat want of reflection as an excuse for many faults. Thoughtlessness has now usurped the rightful place of charity, and is allowed to cover a multitude of sins. A young man may waste his time in idleness, and degrade his faculties by excess, yet kind friends will believe that they have almost vindicated his character, when they remark that he is only "thoughtless." A young woman may betray a passion for admiration and display, and heartless disregard for the feelings of others, and she, too, will be excused as "thoughtless." A Christian may forget the dignity of his calling, and fail to vindicate his Master's name, yet when conscience becomes alarmed, and the light of the soul is seen to be too manifestly burning dim, it is well if he also do not urge the same plea, and avoid a confession of his sin, by a ready admission of his "thoughtlessness."

But the source of so many vices is surely no small evil. That which leads in society to contempt and desertion, ruin and shame—in religion to guilty compliances and the estrangement of God, seems a dangerous excuse to press; and we learn by a little reflection to understand those passages where it is urged, not as a palliation, but a distinct and glaring offense. In the opening verses of Isaiah, thoughtlessness takes its place among the foremost of those great offenses of Israel which heaven and earth are invoked to bear—it stands between the rebellion of children whom the Lord had nourished and brought up, and the provocation of the Holy One to anger, the revolt which smiting can not arrest. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, *my people do not consider.*"

The world was thoughtless when God swept away a generation from the earth; they ate and drank, married and were given in marriage, and knew not till the flood came, and took them all away.

In every great convulsion, whenever the scourge of God has fallen upon a State in the exceeding bitter stroke of conquest, revolution, or civil discord, the wonder of after ages has been the blindness of the victims—"They knew not the time of their visitation." And the final scene of trial and decision will come upon the nations like a thief, it will find the people eating and drinking, and the Church, too, possibly asleep.

It is thus a serious question, How shall we know whether we meet the just demands of religion upon our meditation—how much is

required of us by the duty of devout thoughtfulness?

The man who deliberately neglects God's ordinances or his Word, to whom heaven is a strange thought and prayer a rare exercise, knows pretty well that he does not come to its demands. The formalist, whose prayers are bendings of the knee, and his praises movements of the lips, who receives the communion rather as a charm than as food for the faithful heart—a moment's reflection might well convince him how far short he comes of true thoughtfulness. But even a moment is seldom given. He is too thoughtless to detect his thoughtlessness. He resembles a dreamer, too thoroughly deceived to suspect of falsehood the dazzling images which crowd upon his brain. Infatuated men are like an ox going to the slaughter, or a bird hastening to the snare, and knowing not that it is for his life. The ox knoweth his owner; but they dream of being the friends of God, when Satan has bound them in fetters of brass. The ass—knowing little else—knoweth, at least, his master's crib; but they dream that they are fed with the finest of the wheat, while their souls are perishing for lack of bread. Men should, therefore, apply themselves to find a test, independently of mere opinion and self-indulgent estimates; and this rule, at least, we are safe in laying down—that some proportion should exist in the allotment of our thoughts; that an occasional moment of listless dallying is not enough for the profoundest theme and the most overwhelming interests. So far as earth is outweighed by heaven, and time transcended by eternity, and our hopes of worldly prosperity by the result of the Divine decrees—so far should our temporal anxieties be subordinated to our spiritual concerns. Can we be anxious when the markets are adverse to some enterprise, and yet careless when Divine realities fall dead upon our hearts? Alas, the whole property of the world will have perished in the final flames, when the influence of sacred things begins to be perceived. Shall the day's exertions go for the chaff of time, and for the wheat ten drowsy minutes in the morning, half awake; and at night, ten more drowsy minutes, half asleep? For time, shall we be all on flame, like a soldier in the shock of battle; and for eternity, cold and listless as that same soldier upon drill?

Here an objection is raised. The world would be neglected entirely, and we should think of nothing but devotion, if this rule of proportion were admitted. The markets would be forsaken for the churches, and the earth would be overrun with weeds, while men were busy about

their prayers. Now, if this objection were not urged until the danger showed itself, the answer might be indefinitely postponed.

But, indeed, it gathers all its force from the false assumption that prayer and systematic devotion are the only means of grace. To the Christian, on the contrary, all earth is one great training-school, its pleasures call forth his thanks, its crosses educate his patience; the poor recall the Lord who has declared that we may help him in them; its friendships are types and remembrances of that great Friend who is above; wealth teaches to give, like the Father; and poverty to be in want, like the Son; and even bereavement is wholesome in its bitterness, when it frees our affections from the dust. Earth speaks to him of a curse turned into a blessing; of exile from Eden transmuted into education for the skies; of banishment from the face of God converted into the communion of the Spirit, so that for his purged affections nothing is common or unclean, but the bells of the horses have inscribed upon them, as in prophetic vision, "Holiness unto the Lord."

Every one, however, has a special excuse to urge. Each admits the general obligation; but tempers the confession by referring to some peculiar obstacle that besets himself.

1. One is candid enough to own that other concerns drove this out of his mind. Every trifle that presents itself gets share of the attention, and then introduces some other trifle, and God is crowded out, while he, like the guests in the parable, is proving oxen or visiting a piece of land. "I had other things to think of, other expectations filled my hopes." "What things," may not the Judge reply, "to compare with eternity and God? What hope to weigh against the hope of heaven? You chose the unreal and the base, then be content without the substantial and exalted. You consciously built upon the sand, and refused to think of storms and rains, therefore you must not complain that you are homeless now."

2. But a second urges that temporal things are present and tangible; they press upon the senses and solicit the attention; they take men by force against their will.

And is not God also present? or is it a valid excuse that men have banished him from their attention? One ought to tremble as he confesses that his soul is blind; that the ever-present has drawn a veil over his face, and left the sinner undisturbed among his idols. When faith is demanded, it can not be sufficient to answer that we do not see. Doubtless, also, there has been some moment when the soul felt Him near, and bowed before its Maker; we

bent down, as did Elijah, when wrapping his face in his mantle, because the Lord went by. Why has the impression faded?

3. "But, after all, it seems very desirable that God would reveal himself more clearly." Yet, if this objection were granted, it would make a poor excuse for carelessness. Surely, if the task of knowing him be difficult, the greater is the need of earnest and thoughtful endeavor. By showing that our minds require to be strained, and our attention strung to the uttermost, one does not prove that he may safely refuse all exertion and effort whatever.

The patriarchs never saw God at any time, but were content to walk by faith. The martyrs who glorified him in the fire were sustained by no help, except what we also may have when we require it. The apostles had the positive drawback of knowing as man Him whom they had to receive as God. Has any man seen God at any time, that I should complain of an obstacle which I share with all the sons of Adam? It is possible, however, that God's seclusion is the greatest help to thoughtfulness. We might see flames of fire, and hear a trumpet waxing greater and greater, but that impression would soon become familiar, and, at the most, sight would only be dazzled by an image of splendor, while conscience is now free to create her own image of holiness and love. God is not revealed to the senses, chiefly because the senses are incapable of comprehending Deity.

4. Another complains that the thought of God is too high and grand, and we feel oppressed as upon mountain tops, where the air is not dense enough to breathe. Yet how dreadful a confession is this! When the heathen did not like to retain God in their thoughts, he gave them over to a reprobate mind. A danger so terrible demands every effort to escape.

Thus each of these excuses has crumbled under a careful examination. Yet God has condescended to provide against them all in the person of Jesus Christ. He mixed with our common world, that what presses so heavily upon our time and attention might suggest instead of banishing thoughts of God. He brought God to our very doors; he revealed him in that visible shape which we have desired, and he made the thought of his Father to be no longer chilling and austere as the hills in Winter, bleak in the dazzling whiteness over which the very winds are frozen, but like the same hills in the verdure of Spring, winning and soft with the mild virtues of Christ's human life below.

His people do not consider! yet He remembered them when to remember was to die.

They put him off with such poor excuses as no earthly friend would offer to another; yet if He were to cease for one moment to think of them, their souls would know the bitter pains of eternal death before that moment were expired!

THE SCROLLS OF THE YEAR.

SLOWLY, slowly fell night's curtain
Till within my room
Darkness stole, and shadows thickened,
Yet amid the gloom—
With its dancing, leaping beauty—
Bright the firelight shone.

Idling, O, so sweet, I watched it,
Loving thus to lie,
Thinking, pondering, thoughts how anxious,
Thinking with a sigh
How the years were swiftly fitting
With their burdens by!

Slower, slower danced the firelight,
Duller seemed its glow,
Then I heard a sound of rustling,
Gently, light, and low;
Then I knew that sleep was coming,
Stealing soft and slow.

Nearer still—until, soft sweeping
O'er my face, there fell
Rustling wings, whose shadowy foldings
Round me threw a spell;
O, how sweet to be thus captive,
Weary souls can tell!

But more precious far than resting
Came a dream to me,
Who so weary, weak with breasting
Billows o'er life's sea,
Often longed for deep, still waters
From commotion free.

I upon a path was standing,
Many here had trod,
Footprints lay all thick around me—
For the way was broad—
And I weary stood and marked them,
Trembling 'neath my load.

While I stood thus fainting, weary,
On my ear there fell,
'Mid the silence, deep and solemn,
Sound of tolling bell;
Then I knew some life was ending,
This its funeral knell.

And I saw as backward gazing—
O, mysterious dream!—
Slowly, near, a form advancing,
Softly, strong in mien,
Quick the step and sure of footing,
Bright the dark eyes gleamed.

Step of youth and frame of vigor,
Yet how strange the sight,

In a graceful, rich profusion,
Ripples snowy white,
Flowed his hair, and seemed to scatter
Rays of silvery light.

Mute I stood, his coming waiting
When upon my ear
Fell these words in tones of music,
Accents sweet and clear,
And I listened, grateful, eager,
Each true word to hear.

"Mortal, I have watched thee standing
Bowling 'neath the weight
Of thy burden, weeping, wailing,
'None like thine so great ;'
I have heard the words of murmuring,
That each prayer do freight.

I have heard thee sighing, grieving
O'er this dying year ;
Mortal, hast thou now forgotten,
Fast is drawing near
A New Year, whose face so hopeful
Shall to thee appear ?

I am Time, thy father ever,
Thee, my child, I love,
Loth my heart to see thy tear-drops,
Dear thy smiles would prove,
Discontent my hand would gladly
From thy heart remove.

Look, behold, the old year cometh,
Bowed and bent his form ;
Tired his back with bearing burdens
Men have cast thereon ;
Weary now he waits the moment
When his rest is won.

He, O mortals, pure scrolls bearing,
To this fair earth came ;
Now, O, sad the tale and painful,
Stain is hid by stain ;
Then their load was light and easy,
Now 't is borne with pain.

This is why his form, once towering,
Now is bending low ;
This is why his step, once agile,
Now is weak and slow ;
In his burden thy scroll presseth,
This thy soul should know.

Soon through yonder shadowy portals
Will this old year pass,
This thy scroll, so blotted, bearing
Far beyond thy grasp ;
Yet, O mortal, long not, hope not,
Its foul leaves to clasp.

Turn thy back upon its blackness,
And when thou shalt see,
Young and glad, the new year rising,
Smiling joy on thee,
Then O, pray thy scroll may never
Marred and blotted be !"

Thus he ceased ; so fast his footsteps
O'er the way had sped,
That beyond me, near the shadows,
Now his tall form led ;
With a quickened pace I followed
Near those portals dread.

Then I watched their outlines gloomy,
Till the burdened year
Fell within their dark embracing,
Weak, and bowed, and sear,
And there fell, in quiet grieving,
O'er his death a tear.

But why tears ? with joy I murmured,
For behold yon youth !
Ah ! his load of scrolls, I see them,
Gaze I now with ruth,
Wondering if those scrolls will only
Feel the kiss of Truth.

Then I prayed, O, Savior, grant thou,
When the year is done,
All my scroll may glow with brightness
From thy beaming Sun,
And all spots beneath its shining
Hid be every one !

This my prayer, and when awaking
Still the firelight gleamed,
Still the room in dimness mantled
With strange shadows teemed,
Through my soul so long enshrouded
A new glory streamed.

From my couch I rose with thanking,
Blessing that dear Hand
That I knew would safely guide me
Through this toilsome land,
Till at last it should, untying,
Loose this fleshly band.

O, my sister, brother, toiling,
Weeping oft, I ween,
Let not these thy loud repinings
Thy scroll's fairness screen,
Cast thy care upon thy Savior,
He thy woe hath seen.

And while seeking, ever seeking
Thus to deck thy scroll
With a pure and true appearing,
Joy will fill thy soul ;
Light and glow thy footsteps gilding
Upward to thy goal.

THE watchman on the battlement partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour ; he feels
The silence of the earth ; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which, in that brightest moonlight well-nigh
quench'd,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with everlasting influence
Toward eternity the attemper'd mind.

ABEL STEVENS.

JOURNALIST—AUTHOR—PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL.

WHAT is a great man? It is an easy matter to discover within the immediate limits of personal observation and reading, minds who, by reason of the prominence of one or several of their faculties, are noticeable above their fellows. But out of fifty of such leading men, as we call them, it will be hard to find five that may be grouped under the genuine distinction of greatness, if we bear in mind the right significance of the term. For the hero, wherever we discover him, is not simply a reproduction of his ancestors in the line of his natural nobility, but in common with the influences that make him—the physical world, science, art, religion, and that which includes all these, the diffusion of illumination, whose result we call civilization in the aggregate and culture in the individual—in common with those elements of life, he is subject to the law of evolution; and himself and his work are at once summations and developments of the hero-mind and heroic work of the past. He is the great man whose wisdom discerns beneath the aspect and surface of existence the realities unseen by ordinary vision, and whose power, working in one way or another, makes them evident to the race. Prophets, seers, meek, pure, inspired spirits were sent aforetime, promulgators of the truth most essential at the opening of the historic period. With them and following in subsequent eras, were the captains and conquerors; mighty men of valor who exemplified the strength of the individual man, its inseparable connection with dominion and right to it. Their work was wrought with hardness and cruelty, and we are willing to share the comfortable hope of those Peace Congressmen and other deprecators of war, who consider Napoleon the Great as the last of the ancient order of conquerors, believing that henceforth the Ruler shall bear sway, not by despotism and arms, but rather by rectitude and beneficence. Be that as it may, one fact is deducible from history and the dominant opinions of the present; namely, that the higher attributes of character are demanded and developed in increasing proportion with the more distinctly intellectual faculties; that the Founder of Christianity, with his immediate followers, who received the injunction to be wise and harmless, by their exaltation of patience, philanthropy, sacrifice for the weal of others, and like “fruits” of the Spirit, which had been comparatively, nay, some of them totally unknown, have irrevocably al-

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tered the standard once used by men in measuring their fellows.

But owing to the rapid growth of population, the incredible activity of the press, the numerous and complex public interests attendant on a swift-expanding civilization, and the consequent multiplication of laborers in the higher grades of work, it has come to pass that those who are known, perhaps read of thousands, whose work would have been received with acclamations some centuries ago, are nevertheless not famous, as possibly they might have been in the times when ground was not broken for the rail-track and telegraph post; when many did not run to and fro, and knowledge was not increased to the extent that news a day old from antipodal regions should become the table-talk of households; when international Congresses, expositions, and scientific conventions were not so much as dreamed of; when bountiful minds like rivers enriched and beautified each his own land, but were not as to-day like outflowing currents, moving in large circuits, invisible, often unnoticed in the vast ocean of which they are but a part! Moreover, by the elevation of the common people greatness, in common with art, literature, and most other select things, has become popularized, so to speak. There are merchants in our prosperous communities who are royal in extent of enterprise, abundance of wealth, sometimes happily more than royal in their munificence. But in a period when many are kings, and all are free to aspire after kingship, the dignity is recognized indeed, yet the homage we pay is far less than is accorded to one who stands isolated and solitary in renown.

Foremost among those toilers for the general good, in whom inheres some desire at least for the realities searched for by noble minds, are the journalists and authors. Preachers should also be included within the same category. Whether they belong to the number of capitalists in merit who receive small returns of distinction, we need not now discuss; but there can be no doubt concerning the *status* of the powers behind the press; the brain-workers and pen-wielders. Some of the most remarkable minds in France, England, and America are devoted to journalism; their personality concealed in the last two countries by the custom of anonymous writing, and their influence, like the advancing tides, widely spread but imperceptible. Men of eminent capacity in all professions, especially the higher ones, are pressed into the department of the public service; witness Gladstone in England, and Bismarck in Germany. Men who are sure of an historic record become

aids-de-camp in the field of periodical literature, but the generals of the field must rest content with the privileges of work and influence, with at best a passing record remembered only somewhat longer than their own editorials. Authors, too, since literature has become popularized, can reasonably expect no finer monument than a paragraph in a revised encyclopedia; for when the rate of sending books from the press to the bookstore is calculated by the hour, when one summary of thought or erudition is covered like a rich Autumn leaf by numbers of its kind following in quick succession, how few are the books which we do not consider superannuated after five or at most ten years! One has only to turn to literature itself, especially modern literature, for confirmation of this fact. In a collection of standard authors, open almost any volume—say the works in prose of Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, whose learning was as wonderful as his genius, and we find numberless allusions to authors for whom he has evidently great admiration, yet their productions are out of print to-day, and were forgotten when he studied them some thirty years ago, except to a few book-dealers like himself.

The face that greets the reader at the opening of this magazine is that of a man whose labors have been abundant in all the professions above mentioned, and who, consequently, has had a good share of their chagrins and compensations. He has a good and wide repute in the Churches; he has the endowment of character, which, as we have seen, is esteemed to-day as a most precious talent for the world's service; he possesses the power of imparting, included in our definition of greatness, and has exemplified it in no small degree; for the denomination which he has served from boyhood, in whose homes his name is a household word, numbers above two million adherents; and if with these is counted the public beyond its limits, whom he has instructed by the pen or the ministrations of the pulpit, it is safe to claim that tens, nay, hundreds of thousands of men and women have been direct recipients of the knowledge and truth that have been committed to him. The sales of his published works indicates half a million as a more accurate conjecture. In truth, we must thankfully confess our times to be better, on the whole, than the "good old days" of the past. How an ancient Greek would have rejoiced in such a possible imparting of his philosophical precepts to the multitude!

Yet inasmuch as a considerable share of Dr. Stevens's life has been occupied with tasks from which no permanent recognition occurs, it is befitting and grateful to us who have observed

his career, to show how heartily such a man puts forth his strength alike in ambitious enterprises, or in unobtrusive attempts to meet immediate public requirements.

That which first and most clearly impresses an observer of his character is a martial valor of spirit, a certain buoyant courage in enduring or achieving, a right stirring key-note of confidence and cheer, that regulates and inspires the whole nature of the man. And in connection with the general observations we have made on great men, it may be added, in passing, that this element of joy, blended with courage, belongs almost universally to those who may be taken as representative of the class. It was a quality of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Fielding, Goethe, Lessing, and hosts of others in the literary guild; it is noticeable also with modifications in Franklin, Lincoln, and similar models of American character. Inherent to the temperament, it is established as an endowment by a happy, well-directed childhood; and this blessing in some good portion was given to the subject of our sketch—placid dawning to a life that was to mature in battling energies, wrestlings with adversities, and "shocks that come and go."

The eight years succeeding his birthday, January 19, 1815, were years of modest plenty for the home in which he was born. The father, Samuel Stevens, was a Massachusetts copper-plate printer and engraver of good repute, who had removed to Philadelphia in order to establish himself in his craft. The mother, of German or so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch" origin, exemplified much of the domestic virtue and affection of her people. Books, such as were the luxuries of comfortable homes before the present diffusion of periodical and ephemeral literature, works of biography and travel, flanked at one end of the shelf by history, and kept in place—it may be by such juvenile tales as "Jack Halliday," or "Thinks-I-to-Myself," squeezed in at the other—furnished family recreation for the evening, with amusement for the children at any leisure hour. Pictures from the father's work-shop adorned the rooms; and when he narrated to his boys and girls stories of the faces and scenes that hung on the walls—the achievements of Washington, the chivalrous philanthropy of Lafayette, the capture of the British Serapis, by the invincible captain of the *Bon Homme Richard*—at least the eldest boy of the group listened with kindling eyes, eager for the time to come when he should enter the great outside world, where one could do "all that becomes a man" and find gladness in an honorable career. Family picnics on the banks of the Schuylkill or Delaware; diversions planned

for them by their mother, who observed many pleasant domestic customs of the Father-land; hilariously performed and emulated feats of swimming; barbecues of mammoth oxen, which boys were wont to patronize without discrimination of the politics urged upon the public by means of these decoys to its appetite; playing at mummers in the neighbors' houses on Hallow-Eve, and other prankish delights filled the lad's leisure, and confirmed his good spirits in this golden time. One night he told a falsehood; as it is the only authenticated one that can be laid to his charge, and indicates a certain obtuseness of intelligence when exerted in the direction of untruth, it may bear repetition here. After a hearty play with his comrades, and probably a corresponding hearty supper, the little fellow retreated to a favorite resting-place in the kitchen, beneath the high-legged German stove, where he was prone to lie asleep till late in the evening; not, however, with the mother's approval, since the practice interfered with the children's retirement at their regular hour. When, therefore, she discovered him settled in his warm hiding-place, she called, "Abel, are you asleep?" After a moment's debate with himself the boy concluded that the mother would not have the heart to wake him, provided he was asleep; he answered, "Yes, ma'am." But, alas, for his logic! His eyes were summarily opened by means that he dreamed not of as he lay in his simulated slumbers. The mother might moderate irregularities, but untruth must be punished; and, with decision and a leather strap, she sent him, rueful and mortified, to bed. This attempt at deceit was so foolish and unsuccessful that I think he never was tempted to a second one.

These early years confirmed for life the vivacity natural to the boy's nervous, sanguine temperament. But the valor that is equally manifest in his character, and closely related to its good spirits, was developed in a succeeding period of conflict; and with it, what in delicate natures is often the counterpart of moral courage, an acute sensibility to suffering. First, in a long series of misfortunes, was the decline of the father's health. Gradually his working hours were diminished; at last they ceased altogether. Anxieties that shaded the mother's face were quickly discovered by the children, whose very steps were subdued in the new atmosphere of gloom that pervaded the home. A modest income which, with the regular earnings, had maintained the family in comfort, was now far too small to supply its wants and the added expenses of illness. Abel was burdened with solicitude. A peculiarly endearing hand had

united the father and son; for the latter was so intelligent and vivacious a companion that the love of the former was deepened by great content and pride. The boy shut himself, day after day, in his own room to weep over the little keepsakes that his father had given him on birthdays and other festivals, while he trembled at the sound of the invalid's cough, and recalled the ominous words of a neighbor: "Poor Mr. Stevens will never be any better." Death, the merciful but stern-visaged angel, delayed his coming through many languishing months. When, at last, he appeared suddenly, Abel, terror stricken, besought the father to stay; at least to speak one word of farewell. But the dying man's eyes were fixed, his arms rigidly extended; he uttered no response. The children, overcome by a sight as new as it was appalling, were led from the room, and for many sad weeks thereafter would the boy resort to his father's grave, to lament in loneliness, sometimes in darkness, over the loving heart that lay so near, yet so irremediably separated from him.

Now that the support of the house was gone, the mother, although infirm in health by reason of watchings and toils, tried "to pick her bread by a needle's point," and thereby also to feed her five young children; for the estate left by the father had fallen, after his death, into mismanaging or untrustworthy hands, and no income could be derived from that source. It would be needless to report here the well-known history of a struggling needle-woman; the removal to comfortless quarters; the selling of one household treasure after another; the paleness, care, foreboding that overspread the faces of the little group. One glimpse, however, of this dreary period should not escape our notice—a glimpse into the chamber where the mother sits all night over her work, struggling under a burden that continually exhausted her strength and resources. Abel stays to cheer her, nor can he be persuaded to go to rest. He prophesies artlessly of the good time coming in a year or two—he is but nine years old—when he shall be strong enough to work. He paints with love and imagination, impassioned by sorrow, the restoration of the former days; the homestead reoccupied; the outdoor rambles and indoor plenty renewed; the home all restored except for that sense of something lost—the presence of its head. Boyish pictures were these, extravagant and immature, but they would never have been drawn by any but a prematurely strong spirit. No wonder that when the night watches drew toward the dawn, the mother, broken with grief, yet upborne by her child's

innocent confidence, should press him to her bosom, nor that both should learn the secret consolation which is the fruit of love and sorrow.

The extreme feebleness of the mother's health, and the sight of his helpless brothers and sisters pining with want, so wrought upon the boy that, one morning after a meager breakfast, he went unnoticed from the house, determined to apply at every shop in the city before giving over the attempt to find some work. All day he trudged the streets, hungry and forlorn, but keeping a brave face, and hoping, as often as he was repelled from one place, to fare better at the next. But the tradesmen had no work for such a little fellow. They interrupted his plea at the outset with the objection, "You are too young to do any thing here." Something, however, in the boy's face—perhaps the urgent need that betrayed itself under the simulation of cheerfulness—compelled the attention of a tobacconist, into whose shop he strayed late in the afternoon. After some preliminary questions put dubiously and answered with but half-concealed eagerness, the man asked, "Will you be faithful to your work if I'll let you try?" "O yes, sir, I will indeed; you may depend on me for that," answered the child. "Well, then," said the man, continuing his scrutiny of the pleader's face, "go in the back room yonder, and let them see what you're fit for." The child obeyed forthwith, and was set to turn the wheel—a task performed manually in small manufactories of this kind. But he had not eaten a mouthful since breakfast, and was ready to drop with hunger. The odor of tobacco made him faint and giddy. His puny arms, though urged by the most resolute of wills, failed to control the wheel. The rude apprentices made sport of his awkwardness. When they tired of this means of diversion they drew a large box to the middle of the room, and set him on it, saying that such a wonderful "wheeler" ought to sit at ease and do nothing more than "boss" the other hands. Heartlessness and hunger have broken many an older spirit than the boy's, who was as yet but a novice in the school of suffering. He submitted unresentfully to their jeers, leaned his head on his hand, and thought of the hopes of the morning, and the group whom he must meet at home with no cheering announcement of good fortune. When the apprentices stopped work they bade him go home to his mother and stay; he need n't come back. He asked for the store-keeper whom he had first addressed, but the man had gone. So, exhausted, and utterly cast down, with a heart well-nigh broken from fullness of unshared trouble, the child returned home.

But his courage rose with the morning, for natures like his do not sink with heart-break. The resolute will, guarded by prudence, stimulated by discrimination to see and use opportunity, was growing strong under the very adversities that threatened to destroy health and spirits. If he could not turn a tobacco-wheel he could at least pick up chips, and forthwith he set about providing for Winter by filling the vacant room in cellar and closet with kindlings from the building yards. The bits of pine sent forth a wonderful light and comfort for the virtuous, loving, suffering family. They could forget the cold that pierced their thread-bare garments when they gathered before the brilliant flames; they could even forget, while the warmth and brightness lasted, the meagerness of their two daily meals, nor long for better fare than their rye-bread and water; and if, as sometimes happened in their increasing necessity, neighbors only less needy than themselves brought in humble gifts of food, their reluctance to accept it was tempered with such gratitude as enabled them to partake of it with thankful hearts. Later in the season the boy renewed his search for employment, and found it in a cotton factory located in a part of the city known as the Northern Liberties. A place of liberty it was indeed to him—of deliverance from the bondage of anxieties and helpless inaction. He arose at four, returned from the factory at eight in the evening, and received a dollar for two weeks' work; the only regular means of support for the family, for the mother, now sinking with consumption, was entirely disabled. The anticipation of her death, the falling of the keystone, which, despite many a shock, had held together the arch of their domestic life, was an appalling trouble to her children. Yet in their extremity they were not left without evidence of the Divine protection. For instance, one evening as Abel was returning from his work, pondering how the wolf could be kept outside their door through the week, and utterly unable to call up any means of defense, inasmuch as his wages were spent, and no more could be had till the next Saturday, his anxieties were suddenly dispelled by the sight of a half dollar glistening on the pavement, in the clear Winter's moonlight. It was as if an angel had dropped the coin at the feet of the boy, who, in the quick revulsion of feeling, shed tears of relief, kissed it, and carried it home with great rejoicing. Moreover, by reason of his diligence and sweetness of temper, he was ere long promoted to a higher post in the factory with advanced wages; he also obtained a situation for his brother in the same establishment. And, just before the long-

dreaded calamity overtook them, a friend appeared to solace the last hours of the invalid with assurances of protection and suitable provision for the children—an excellent woman who had known the mother intimately in happier years, and who, after a long separation, had learned casually, or more truly providentially, of the illness and loneliness of her former companion.

After his mother's death, and the consequent dispersion of the children, Abel continued at his work in the factory; but his hardships were much relieved by the good offices of friends, a comfortable home-like boarding-place, and an introduction to the Sunday-school. He resolved to begin a devout life, though but twelve years old when the decision was made manifest in his conversion, and to recover his small, forgotten store of instruction acquired at the day-school before his father's death. This turning of his thoughts to knowledge and the service of Christ were two most significant facts in the outset of his career. The superintendent of the school, who, for abundance of good works, deserves to rank with John Wesley's lay preachers, is still alive; a venerable guest on certain periodic occasions at the home of his "son" in the Gospel. At such times he discourses with the complacency that one feels in recalling circumstances involving one's own personal interest and effort, of the progress of the young scholar, of his insatiable aspirations after knowledge and righteousness; his Romish saint-like ardor in prayers and deeds before he rightly understood the efficacy of faith; of the hours he passed in praying in hidden places, and at night; of the lines of chalk-marks on a pipe in the factory, recording the number of his daily prayers; of his ultimate deliverance from this self-imposed righteousness into the liberty wherewith Christ makes his followers free; of the hunger of his intellectual faculties, that could not be appeased by study trenching upon sleep or needful relaxation; of the book held open by cords to the same pipe that had borne the record of his prayers, in order that the reader might use every moment in the brief intervals of respite from his manual work; of the simple, fervent addresses made first to his own classmates, and later in other Sunday-schools and churches, whither people assembled in crowds to hear the little preacher, who was obliged to stand on something higher than the altar floor to be seen of them.

Thenceforth his course of self-development and achievement was unmistakably discerned in the future, while encouragement, help, prosperity, stood as guides and postmen ever ready

to convey him from one stage of advancement to another. He went for an education to New England. Here a new world was opened to him, for here, above all other lands, are wisdom and the powers that acquire it exalted in very truth above rubies or even diamonds. Wisdom is doubtless "a good thing," as the speculators say in New York, though by no means always the principal thing; and one needs no spectacles to observe that diamonds are the insignia of rank, that is, of excellency of any sort, in the prevailing society of the metropolis; whereas in the Eastern States he who is wise and instructs is the acknowledged prince, whom men delight to honor, albeit jewels never made any part of his family possessions.

At Wilbraham and Middletown young Stevens confirmed himself in the habit of public speaking. While studying at the College of the latter place, in his sixteenth year, he received a license to preach; and, considering the precocity manifest in his scholarship and oratory, the sudden change in his fortunes from obscurity and affliction to the friendliness and applause of the public immediately about him, the wonder is that his head was not turned by so rapid an accession of intellectual power. At the quarterly-meetings particularly—those high festivals of Methodism forty years ago—his sermons attracted large audiences, and elicited that general admiration of youthful talent, which is more fervent than judicious in its modes of expression. But the boy had kept his spirit intact under the pressure of suffering; he was the stronger, therefore, in his years of early maturity to maintain its balance when tried by the severer tests of rapid transition and success. Carlyle somewhere affirms oracularly that almost any commonly made man can behave himself when he is curbed by the tight reins of affliction; but that only an uncommon man—a reality—knows enough not to run wildly at random when he is allowed the freedom of prosperity. According to this test of integrity, young Stevens proved himself to be without doubt a "reality." Moreover, he was helped toward becoming one by steadfast habits of industry—a virtue so strenuously exemplified throughout his career that had he ever selected an armorial devise its motto should have been the old maxim, "He hath no leisure who useth it not."

The recognition of his abilities served only as a healthful stimulant to them; and among the old people still living in the hill country around Wilbraham are some who yet recall the eloquence and power of the young student who used to preach in their meeting-houses.

One of these aged Methodists, in retrospecting the growth of the denomination, alluded to the young man's early ministerial labors in substantially the following words: "There was little Abel Stevens; he studied up to the 'cademy, and preached round, here 'nd there wherever the folks could get him to go, and there was generally half a dozen Churches after him to once. The first time he 'tended our quarterly-meetin', he put up at my house. I remember 's well as if it had been yesterday a-drivin' him over from Wilbraham. A modest, good little fellow he was, too! His cheeks were round and red as Winter apples, and sich a handsome pair of black eyes I never see before nor since, nor you nuther, I guess. While I was a-bringin' of him over, I kep' still, at the first, thinkin' he'd be busy with studyin' out his sermon for nex' day. But he had some remark to make about 'most every thing we saw 'long the road, and what with askin' questions an' talkin' 'bout this, that, and what not, he never thought a mite, leastways not that I took notice of. When we got to the house, he had the children 'round him; they took him out to see the farm, and he come to the barn at milkin' an' kep' me company while I 'tended to the evening chores, an' bless you, we stayed up till nigh onto ten o'clock talkin' 'bout the 'cademy, Sunday-schools, Methodism, an' I do n't know what all. I enjoyed to hear him, much as if it had been a regular sermon; yet I felt concerned fearin' that he would n't be on hand with his sermon nex' day; for he had n't made no preparation for it, and geniuses have to work in order to get along well; that is, I never heard tell of one that did n't. In that respec' they 're just about as well off as us common folks.

"Well, come Sunday, we took an early start for mornin' class, and I tried again to give him a chance to collect his thoughts. 'T was on my mind often to say, 'Had n't you better be gettin' your ideas together, and straighten 'em out for your sermon, my lad, so 's not to feel embarrassed when you stand up before the congregation?' But somehow it seemed as if 't would n't be exactly proper to give him advice; not that he pretended to any thing extra, nor put on airs; not a bit of it. If he had, I could have taken him down in a minute. But modest as he was, I knowed he did n't want for sense nor manliness; an' on the whole I concluded to let him take his own course, though by this time I'd had such an interest in the boy that for the life o' me I could n't help feelin' a leetle oneasy. By and by I spied him walkin' off quietly toward the woods, an' when he came into the meetin'-house, after a spell, I knew he was all

right, if only by the way he walked up to the pulpit. And certain, if he'd been brought up in it he could n't have been more at home there. Lord bless you! the little fellow preached as if he was inspired. I believe I 've got some warmth in my heart yet from the fire of that sermon. The windows of the meetin'-house was all took out and men sat on the sills and listened outside, for 't was jam full inside. He brought in geology, 'stronomy, and other kinds of learnin'; some things he'd said we'd kinder known before, but somehow he set 'em in such a strong light, they struck us altogether different from hearin' of 'em told over in the common way. Often had he to stop for a minute on account of the amens and halleluiahs that went up from all parts of the house. And I remember when we went out from the meetin' all the natural world about us looked new and beautiful, jest as if it really was full of the glory of God; for we'd had wonderfully impressed on our minds that there is a Divine presence by whom and in whom are all things."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHURCH FOR THE PEOPLE.

"HOW can we secure a more general attendance of the people in our cities upon public worship?"

The first business of an intelligent physician, when called to minister to a patient, is to make a diagnosis and determine exactly what is the disease. Without this he prescribes in the dark, and is a mere empiric. The intelligent Christian, when meeting with obstacles in the way of Christian success, with a state of society that seems peculiarly antagonistic to his efforts, will pursue the same course, and inquire carefully into the exact nature of the disease, into the real state of things, and then wisely adapt his means to them. The question, "How can we secure a more general attendance of the people in our cities upon public worship?" assumes a fact that every earnest minister and Christian has been sadly realizing. There are multitudes in our cities, and, indeed, there is no need to limit the statement to cities, who do not attend public worship; multitudes that have little if any sympathy with public worship; multitudes that are in actual hostility toward the Church and its services.

We take this fact for granted, or the question would not be presented to us, and purpose to look first at what is the real condition of things that originates this apathy, or indifference, or hostility, and then at the best means of adapt-

ing public worship to meet this condition of things. In other words, we will answer the question by considering modern society, and the Christianity for modern society.

Human nature is a fixed fact in the constitution of man; it is only its manifestations and modes of action that can vary. Christianity is one and unalterable in its origin from God, and its adaptation to the nature and necessities of men. It can only change in its manifestations and in the methods by which it is brought to bear upon men. When we speak of Christianity for modern society, we can only mean such phases and modes of Christian action as are applicable to the peculiar phases and methods of human society at a particular period. However fixed may be the great elements of human nature, human history has not presented to us a blank uniformity, but an ever-varying and ever-progressing series of impulses, aims, actions, and results; and Christian history, too, has been ever-varying and ever-advancing in wisely adapting itself to the advancing history of the world. By "the Christianity for our times," then, we mean the Christian spirit and methods best adapted to the spirit and methods of society in the times in which we live. In studying this adaptation, our first duty is to glance at modern society.

In almost every aspect—in its spirit and aims, in its convictions and aspirations, in its governments and social customs, in its methods and means, modern society differs from ancient, and even from medieval society; and in most characteristics of social life, the nineteenth century differs from every century that has preceded it, even its immediate predecessor. So sudden, rapid, and marked have been the changes that many of our readers have lived through an entire transition from what we might call the old into the new. We do not purpose to occupy much time in indicating the characteristics of modern society, and yet we must glance at some of these.

1. Our cities are characterized by intense activity in every department of life. This is obvious to all, and we only affirm it and pass on to notice the bearing of this intense life toward Christianity.

It is apt to become all-absorbing. Society may be so much occupied with its business, so intensely devoted to earthly and daily claims as to have but little time for spiritual and eternal concerns. There grows up out of this earnest life an earthly absorption—a materialism in the sense of devotion to the present life and interests, implying an indifference and forgetfulness toward things unseen and future. There is so

much to be accomplished, so much to be acquired, so much to be learned, and all this, too, with reference to our present life, that we have but little time for the interests of the life to come. Our plans are so large and comprehensive that they really obscure what we are pleased to consider the distant and less pressing purposes and interests of religion. Our times, therefore, are eminently materialistic in this sense as well as in other senses. This intense world-life is over-mastering, and the Divine Teacher long ago said, and said truly, "Ye can not serve two masters."

Worldliness is always blind to the future, and is ever ready to sacrifice it to the present. The great interests of religion are unseen, spiritual, apprehended by faith, and, in the false estimation of many, remote from the present. Wealth, honor, pleasure, business, science, self, are here to be used and enjoyed now—tangible realities to be made the most of. With the facilities for self-aggrandizement and self-enjoyment characterizing our day, it is easy to become absorbed in these present, tangible, and selfish interests. Hence the wide-spread indifference with regard to religion.

2. Another characteristic of our American cities is the intermixture of nations. Steam has diminished distance, and intelligence has conquered national bigotry and prejudice. Nations flow together. Their institutions blend with each other, sometimes harmonizing, quite as often meeting in dangerous antagonisms. Our own country is more than any other subject to this influence of the importation of foreign ideas, customs, and tendencies, and these influences concentrate in our cities.

The great secular prosperity of our country, the rapid growth of our cities, the opportunities for personal enterprise and success which they offer to all, have been inducements drawing into them multitudes of citizens from other countries. They come to us trained in the school of European history. They are fresh from the scenes of infidel and revolutionary strife. They were born and grew up amid the great reactions of European society, against errors, and tyrannies, and superstitions of past centuries. They are yet in the midst of those reactions, are agitated with those unsettled questions and problems, and many of them still in those extreme states of antagonism to the former things which characterize all revolutions. They bring with them the habits and customs, the feelings and modes of thought which characterize the reactionary and revolutionary condition of the countries from which they came. They perpetuate their own modes and customs, and their

own beliefs and unbeliefs in this land of freedom. In many respects they become gradually assimilated to our American life; in many respects they are assimilating our lives to theirs. The social and religious revolutions through which they and their fathers have passed leave many of them in a condition of impatience of all restraint, antagonism to all authority, and skepticism toward all past faiths.

We certainly will not offend them by simply referring in this manner to what many of them are constantly demanding for themselves. They tell us they are not Christians in our American sense; they disclaim the inspiration and authority of the Bible; they set aside the Divine character and claims of our Lord and Savior; they declaim against our Christian Sabbath; they proclaim themselves rationalists and humanitarians; they denounce the Church as a center of priestcraft and superstition, and they declare the great evangelical doctrines of Christianity to be theological fictions; they transform liberty into libertinism, and freedom of opinion into liberalism of thought and speculation. We do not mean thus to characterize the whole foreign element of our country; we know that it is only applicable to a part, but we also know that these dangerous elements are abundantly prevalent, and are rapidly permeating American society with the leaven of their anti-Christian modes of life and the poison of a transplanted skepticism and infidelity.

3. Another characteristic of our cities we know not better how to characterize than as an antagonism growing up among the poor and laboring classes toward fancied or real wrongs and neglects on the part of Christians to these classes. Somehow multitudes of people in the humbler places of life believe themselves to be suffering great wrongs from society; that in many of the habits and customs, and forms of social life great injustice is done to them. In the light of the great doctrines of human equality and universal freedom, they can not understand the vast disparity in the circumstances which surround them and those of others. Reasonably or unreasonably, multitudes of these aggrieved ones entertain the idea that the Church, and Christianity as it is illustrated by the Church, is on the side of wealth, and rank, and power, and against the poor and laboring classes, or at least indifferent to them. In Europe and Great Britain large classes are asking the significant questions—what does the Church do for us? what benefit have we from Christianity? how are our circumstances improved, our burdens lightened, our lot in life made better by your Christianity?

The same threatening circumstances are rapidly developing in our own country. Multitudes here look upon the Church first as caring nothing for them, then as hostile to them, then as mere organizations in the hands and under the control of the aristocracy and wealth of the land. The protests of the Church against some of the customs, even against some of the so-called pleasures of the poorer classes, thousands interpret to mean hostility to them, and thousands assume at once this attitude of enmity toward the Church. "The Church is against us," they say; "Christianity is in our way;" "she is on the side of the rich and powerful;" "she does nothing for us;" "she intrenches herself in elegant churches, in formal services, but has no place for us, and no help for us." No fact of our times is more sad and significant than the seeming loosing of the hold of the Church on the toiling, and suffering, and needy masses.

4. But we proceed to notice another characteristic of modern society. It is the spirit of earnest inquiry developing an age of widely diffused intelligence. All are thinkers and all are thinking. The breath of science penetrates all classes of society; education is rapidly becoming the inheritance of all. We need not occupy time in describing this intellectual activity of the age, but shall study it briefly in its relations to the subject before us.

A formidable amount of uneasiness, indifference, and skepticism must be traced for its source to the increased knowledge and all-pervading science of modern times. Not that increasing knowledge leads of itself to unbelief, or that the discoveries of science weaken the evidence of religion, but that the progress of knowledge and the discoveries of science, like all other good things in this world, have their responsibilities and dangers, and are subject to misuse and abuse. It is the natural tendency of advancing intelligence to make the world less credulous than it was, more disposed to examine what is proposed for belief, to demand a degree of evidence which it did not demand in less enlightened times, and to apply an unsparing criticism to what was once accepted as undoubted truth.

Mere authority, or assertion, or tradition avails but little in our times. The age is sharp, keen, searching. The reign of superstition is at an end; an era of fact, of investigation, of demonstration has dawned upon the world. Christianity is allowed to be no exception to the right of inquiry, of close and searching criticism, and like all other things addressed to the belief of men, must come with full, and clear,

and satisfactory evidence of her truth and divine claims. Hence, more than at any other period of her history, these evidences and claims of Christianity are now subjected to a rigid and searching investigation. While this searching investigation is going forward, thousands of minds are standing in an attitude of perplexity, anxiety, doubt, and thousands more in downright skepticism.

We propose now to consider some principles and the best methods involved in the judicious adaptation of Christian activity to these necessities.

For practical purposes these characteristics may be considered as presenting themselves under two phases—moral and intellectual. Under the former we may embrace all the forms of impiety, recklessness, worldliness, and indifference; under the latter the tendency to skepticism so sadly manifesting itself in philosophy, science, criticism, and literature.

The former must be met by manifestations of the moral power of Christianity; the latter, by the reassertion and enlargement of the evidence of Christianity, and reaffirmations and more exact statements of evangelical Christian doctrines.

To overcome the former—the skepticism of the heart that lies at the foundation of the impiety and recklessness, the indifference, worldliness, and estrangement of the multitudes—Christianity must make herself felt more powerfully among the masses as a divine religion; as “good news” from God to the people; as not only “glory to God in the highest,” but also as “peace on earth, good-will toward men.” The Gospel must be so preached and so lived, and the Church so organized and so worked as to make it always and every-where apparent that the religion of Jesus is the religion of humanity; a religion not only for man’s best welfare in eternity, but also a religion to promote his highest happiness and welfare on earth. Jesus must more than ever be known as “the friend of publicans and sinners,” as the Savior of the guilty, the burdened, and the sorrowful.

It must be demonstrated that Christianity in its promises and threatenings, its restraints and its commands, its hopes, its fears, is the friend and not the enemy of man—is *for* man and not *against* him; that it is infinitely more a revelation of the Divine love toward man than of the Divine anger; that Jesus comes to bless, not to curse, to offer life, not to bring death, to save, not to destroy, and that it is not till every resource of love and good-will is exhausted that the terrible wrath of God falls upon the obstinately and immovably impenitent.

Nothing is more lamentable than the common mistake of multitudes that the Gospel—the claims and requirements of God, the limitations of Christianity are against them and not for them; that the demands of religion lie on the opposite side from man’s interests and are hostile to him. Such a thought is a reflection on the wisdom, goodness, and justice of God. God hates sin, forbids it, and will punish it; but he hates it because it is the opposite of his own holy nature, and is antagonistic to every thing good and blessed in his creatures.

What God prohibits he prohibits for the good of man; what he commands he commands for the purpose of exalting his creatures in every true interest and every real good. When the Bible forbids intemperance, profanity, injustice, and Sabbath-breaking, the Bible stands forth as man’s best friend. When God commands us to love him and to love our neighbors, to cease to do evil and learn to do well, he points out to us the only road to our true happiness and our best interests, both for time and eternity.

The world must be convinced of this terrible mistake, not only by presenting the true theory of the Gospel, but also by making Christianity, in its true spirit and purposes, *live* before mankind. The Church must exhibit more of the spirit of Christ in her life and action; she must annihilate all caste, all exclusiveness—every thing that separates her from the people; she must show herself with the people and for the people; her doors must be ever open to them, her altars ever free and inviting, her message ever glad tidings unto all men. Christians must be *Christ-like*, as if so many Christs going about doing good.

The Church must get outside of brick and stone walls, or make the openings through these walls so large that all can freely enter—outside the mere pretension of gentility and the trappings of millinery, and come in contact with the wicked, reckless, thoughtless, indifferent masses. She must solve somehow the great practical problem of being in the world and yet not being of the world. She must be the bush in the midst of the flames, yet unconsumed. “I pray not,” said Jesus, “that thou wouldest take them out of the world, but that thou wouldest keep them from the evil.” She must meet the materialism, the worldliness of the age, by throwing into society the living exemplification of an earnest spirituality.

The Church, clergy, and laity must “march right into this wilderness of week-day sin, and fight its way to the very strongholds of Satan.” The truths of the Gospel must be carried to those who will not come to them. Under the

very eaves of our temples are multitudes as godless and as essentially heathen as the Brahmins of Hindostan. The Church must go out to them. A score of godly men and women might be sent out every Sunday from every Church in every city, bearing a simple, practical Gospel to multitudes who never hear a discourse on spiritual things. Can we not learn from the Great Master the power of direct personal appeal to the erring and the outcast? More religion of the common, most practical, every-day sort, is the sovereign need of the mass even of intelligent people to-day.

There must be no "eclipse of faith" in the Church, however dark may be the eclipse in the world. She must prove her faith in the unseen, eternal, and divine, by her more earnest spiritual life; by using the world, but not abusing it; by visiting the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and keeping herself unspotted from the world. *

This is a high standard of Christian life and activity, but it is the only standard consistent with the grandeur of the Gospel; any thing less than this seems a contradiction to the Gospel and gives the lie to our profession. It is only Christianity realized and in earnest, the only Christianity which can impress the realistic and earnest age in which we live. We hail, therefore, every movement that looks like bringing Christianity practically and earnestly forward into the necessities of human society. In this practical, humanitarian age, the Church must show herself of practical value, of essential and indispensable need to society, or society will place but a small estimate upon her. She must be the leader and director of the progressive and reformatory movements of the age, especially of every movement to ameliorate and improve the condition of men and nations, or these movements will go on without her, and she will be left standing in the background of society, an obsolete and effete thing of the past.

What is true, and right, and wise, and Christian in all these movements, she must assist; what is unwise and unchristian, she must expose and correct. She must be felt every-where and in all things that affect society as a great moral power, and a power always on the side of man's best interests, on the side of wisdom and goodness.

Christianity has had to bear the burden of the unhappy history of a Church which, through many centuries, occupied a position of hostility to every discovery, every advancement, every reformation. Discoveries in knowledge had to be fought out against her authority and influence, and reformation had to be carried forward

in despite of her violent opposition and persecution. Earnest and far-seeing spirits found her generally in the way—the immovable barrier to every advancement of the race. Nearly every earnest spirit of European history has had to cry out against this terrible incubus, pressing down every aspiration of humanity, and impeding every movement toward the liberation of nations and the emancipation of men.

The secret of half the infidelity of Europe and Great Britain to-day, is the mistake of even earnest, thinking men attributing to *Christianity* the wrongs and oppressions of *Romanism*, and mistaking the aristocracy, and exclusiveness, and immobility, and millinery of the Church of England for the religion of Jesus Christ. The Church of the nineteenth century, the only Church that will have power, and influence, and success, the only Church that will win the hearts of the people, and rise above the contempt of earnest, thinking men, is the Church that will embody in her life the spirit and life of Christ, whose doors are open to all for whom Christ died, whose felt mission is to all whom Christ redeemed, and that is in sympathy with every thing that pertains to the happiness, the welfare, the elevation of all whom Christ loves, the Church that is with the people and for the people—the Church of humanity, as Christ is the Redeemer of humanity.

The Christianity for the present and the future, for the city and for the country, is a Christianity that carries with it the demonstration of its own divine origin and power in the holy, earnest, and spiritual lives of those who profess to believe it. The most powerful and convincing argument for the nineteenth century will be the argument presented by a Church whose life is the visible exemplification of the doctrines and principles of the Gospel; a Church that lives and works after the manner of Christ; a Church that exhibits an activity and earnestness commensurate with the sublime truths which she teaches, with the momentous issues which she presents, and the immortal destinies of men which she professes to believe.

Let us have a Christianity full of Christ, full of the Holy Ghost, fresh, and strong, and fearless, in all its supernatural and heavenly characteristics, with no concessions, no compromises from the high and divine standard set up by Christ and his apostles, and a Church full of faith, whose life realizes the doctrines she believes, and whose zeal sends her forth to all men, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, as the ambassador of Christ, bearing in one hand the revelation of the righteous indignation of God against sin, and in the other the

message of his love and mercy, and the indifference, the skepticism, and the worldliness of our day will pass away before her as the mists before the rising sun.

THE CITIZEN AND HIS PARTY.

FIRST PAPER.

IN a country governed by political parties the relations of citizens to political organizations have a very high importance. The theory and ethics of party construction, fealty and action, are outside of law, and, so far as our literature goes, almost outside of morals. The law ignores parties in the interest of perfect electoral freedom; the Church ignores them in the interest of spiritual independence.

But there has grown up among us a science of parties and a system of party ethics, though neither exists in writing. These two bodies of principles, inter-related and organized, form our unwritten American constitution, and they govern us in a more intimate sense than the State and National bodies of laws. If the people govern they do so at second-hand, through parties. These parties are as thoroughly organized as the National Government, and one or other of them holds the power to set up and pull down persons and laws. Such an institution deserves careful and frequent attention. If we jealously watch the constitution, we ought also to mark the progress of party science and the growth of a system of party ethics. I propose to trace a few of the outlines of this science, and some of its relations to morals.

I.

A democratic government may be maintained through a system of voting in three ways: By unanimity, by maximum, or by majority. That is, you may ordain that nothing shall be done except by the voice of all, or that the highest number who are agreed shall rule, or that a majority of those taking part in political action shall govern.

It is generally believed that the democratic idea of government requires political expression. There is room for doubt whether this is strictly true. A government might be democratic through a system of unanimity like that of the jury-room, or through one of maxima, such as prevails in most elections of officers. The first would reduce the freedom of choice much below its present value, and the second would considerably increase it.

Let us suppose that a President could only be chosen by the voices of all. This rule would

develop a kind of tyranny of public opinion, demanding that voters should repress "their prejudices" and support the popular idol. Parties would be regarded as enemies of the State, and despised as "third parties" now are.

It strikes us as absurd to require every one to vote for the same person; but perhaps it is not theoretically different in kind from requiring every one to vote for one of two persons, or requiring a majority to vote for one person. There may be something inherent in human nature which is symbolized by a battle-field; at all events men love antithesis, antagonism, and this favors the two-sided system of politics. The main fact, however, is that an election by unanimity would be democratic. The President would be formally created by the whole people.

On a system of maxima each voter would record his preference, and the person receiving most votes would be elected. This system gives the highest degree of freedom. There is no restriction upon choice except such as is unavoidable. The limitations on preference are reduced to their minima. This form of democratic expression has been used with satisfactory results as a substitute for the primary system. In the progress of democratic government it is not unlikely to become the favorite system. But, historically, democracy works by majorities. A government by the people is theoretically a government by a majority of the people. Its formula is, $50 + 1 = 100$. The object of parties is to divide the people into two unequal parts, called majority and minority.

At first view it would seem that ours is a government of maxima; the election of persons is usually effected by the highest number of votes. The votes might be so distributed that ten per cent. or less might elect. And, so far as officers with executive or judicial functions are concerned, elections are for the most part by maxima. Legislative officers are chosen in the same way, but they act by majorities. A bill can become law only by the votes of a majority of the members. This provision reacts upon the whole system of elections, and practically converts a system of maxima into one of majorities. The first thing is to make laws; if you can secure the passage of such laws as you desire only by gaining a majority in the legislative body, parties must be formed to divide the voters into two divisions. There is then a resistless impulse to use the same parties for the election of executive and judicial officers. The majority system in legislation has nearly the same effect as a constitutional enactment of elections by majorities. Our cumbersome system of presidential elections does permit a minority

to choose our chief magistrate, but it is an odd piece of political furniture of no importance to this discussion.

Our system is, therefore, one of majorities. If any doubt remain whether it is necessarily so, none can be indulged that we are practically under the government of a majority system. The parties may have made it so, or an inherent force in our system may have created the parties. One of the most important questions arising under such a system is the security of the minority from oppression.

II.

It is agreed that the minority shall enjoy without danger civil rights, including freedom of action to make themselves the majority. The tyranny of majorities is a peril to be avoided by constitutional barriers against aggression, and by a just public opinion—perhaps mostly by the latter. In State legislation there is doubtless need of reform at this point. The truest idea of democratic government requires a very narrow field of legislation. A good deal of co-operation in public improvements which a debauched public opinion exacts through legislation—as the building of railroads by county and town bonds, the paving of streets by special taxes, the creation of corporations by charters—could be more economically secured by individual action and voluntary association. It is bad policy and intolerable democracy to allow majorities to dictate to minorities what use they shall make of their private property. State legislation in these matters has lately displayed a surprising recklessness of property rights.

It has been proposed to create an additional check upon majorities by allowing minority representation in the legislative bodies. This is an approach to the idea of maxima. It actually exists in England to a limited extent, and there is an element of it—not recognized by law—in our system. Suppose that a district elects two members of the legislature. If the minority be allowed to cast all its vote for one it can elect him. This is the English idea. The American method is extra-legal, and consists in trading votes. A cunning minority can in this way often secure a slice of power. It is probable that the English system will eventually be introduced into this country.

III.

The dividing principle of parties should be a question of national interest. In the first place, it ought not to be a question of loyalty. A disloyal party must be a relatively small minority without influence with the majority. The dis-

loyalty of a powerful section of the Democratic party during the war was a national calamity. It reduced the opposition to a feeble position; it left the majority without effective restraint; it permitted a mass of reckless and even corrupt legislation. At no period have we so much needed a loyal and powerful opposition. The situation was new and untried; much experimenting was necessary. A strong opposition could have checked rash experiments, and assisted in devising better.

The principle of division ought not to be sectional. If the East and West are arrayed against each other, all State legislation is left to chance, to powerful majorities who do not fear love of power, or to local and non-national political parties. Either fate is to be deplored. The Republican party was by national necessities, unfortunately, organized in one section of the Union.

The evils of sectionalism were lessened by the gradual growth of the party, by the presence in the Northern States of a powerful antagonist party, and by the breaking out of the rebellion at the moment of its national victory. The last incident might have been substituted by a diffusion of the party over the Union. The dividing principle ought then to be national. Happily, there are never wanting questions of national extension on which people in every State take opposite sides. Such questions relate to money, taxation, tariffs, public debt, internal improvements, naturalization, foreign policy, acquisition of territory, etc. It usually happens that one or other of these questions is of such supreme interest that it becomes the dividing line for an election, and it happens that the line shifts from one quadrennial to another, raising another question to the first place.

Another element desirable in a dividing principle is simplicity—one plain question. An issue made up on a complicated question is about as troublesome as a sermon with seven heads and ten horns to the average citizen. It is part of the art of parties to simplify the issue, if it be complicated, by pitching upon one branch of it, and contesting mainly that single branch. The more numerous the questions really in issue, the more difficult it is to make up parties. Voters are on both sides. The skillful politician selects the main issue, states it clearly, and fights it courageously; all the other issues are expressed vaguely, and often so as to read both ways. The net result of this demand for simplicity in issue is, that only one thing is really voted upon; all other questions stand adjourned until this is settled. They must, like the customers in a barber shop, take their turns.

This is a vice of the majority system of a very grave character. It leads to a large amount of utterly unrepresentative legislation. To illustrate: Last year we elected members of Congress. The main issue was the justice of suppressing the rebellion. In other words, we voted the rebellion down, as we have been doing for eight years. A combination of circumstances made this the issue, although there was not then, and is not now, the slightest probability that Congress will meet to take any action or pass any law on that subject. The pressure to this singular political action came from the folly of the leaders of the Democratic party who forced a dead issue upon us. If they got power they might nip up a number of Republican settlements in Southern questions.

But the next Congress will legislate without instructions, practically, on money, the public debt, acquisition of territory, the tariff, taxation, and foreign policy. There was never a time when questions of taxation, currency, and tariff were half so important, and yet they are all to be legislated upon by an uninstructed Congress. The reason lies in the subdivision of Republicans into several sections on these questions; as they could not agree, the managers disposed of these matters by vague resolutions, and by pressing the main issue.

It would seem that national welfare required a reconstruction of parties to meet the needs of these questions. Republicans are not agreed; Democrats are not agreed. There are in both parties

On money.	{	Hard money men.	{ Hard money only.
			{ Do. diluted with paper.
		Paper money men.	{ Who want more of it.
			{ Who want no less of it.

On specie payments some in both parties want to return to them at once; others to return pretty soon, but not yet; still others to put off that evil day as long as possible, or to the Greek kalends.

But though public opinion is vague and uncrystallized, or divided and discordant—no majority seeming possible—the Republican Congress, elected to bury the rebellion, must vote in no vague or double sense, must take positive actions on money questions.

On taxation there is a like diversity. In both parties there are men who want to reduce taxation to current expenses and interest, and leave posterity to pay the debt; and also men who want to pay off the debt slowly, and men who prefer to pay rapidly. There is no decided public opinion about the Danish islands, and though there is a good deal of opinion there is no policy about our Alabama claims. On the

tariff, Republicans are divided into protectionists and free-traders very sharply, and if the rebellion would stay whipped, and the Democrats turn their attention to the next war, probably the free-trading Republicans would join them. But I do not desire to dwell upon this, only to point out that these grave questions can not be reached by the ballot without a readjustment of parties. We shall have irresponsible legislation until such readjustment takes place. A Republican policy on tariffs, currency, etc., must be two-faced, for the simple reason that the party has at least two faces on these questions. Against any such readjustment there is the pressure of both the present organizations, especially of the one in power. Readjustment means breaking up and melting over all the machinery of the party, and consenting to the destruction of a great organic body which first saved and then redeemed the Republic. For reasons given above, the laudable attachment of the majority to this party may prove calamitous.

The shifting of issues is, therefore, laborious, painful, retarded by vast combinations of political forces, and the disability of the majority system may be stated to be,

1. Inability to settle more than one question at a time.
2. Inability to pass readily, by readjustment of party lines, to another question.
3. Non-representative legislation. The most important issues are settled without reference to the ballot-box.

I suggest that it would be possible to organize a system of extra party reference to the people of such questions. A constitutional convention often submits a question independently; why might not Congress appeal to a general vote on currency, tariff, and debt maxims, with the pledge that the maxim adopted should control legislation? It would bring the voting majority into power and supplant the oligarchic system of power vested in an uninstructed elected body.

IV.

The organization and working of a party implies machinery of some sort. There must be conventions, and committees, and orators, to which may be added drummers and drill-sergeants.

These are kept in motion by somewhat different methods in England and the United States. In England, the whole organization is in a general party committee—who, however, do not direct all action—and mainly in the *purses* of the candidates for Parliament. These purses

supply drummers, drill-sergeants, in fact, except in special cases, the purse is the party organization. It organizes.

Our system is more complicated and searching. With us the *offices* organize. Every elective post becomes a part of the living organism. The committees, conventions, etc., are made up of candidates for office, present or future. It is a kind of army where every man works for promotion.

The first scent of political corruption meets us here. The system smells of jobbery.

It would seem that if men are associated in political action for patriotic purposes, they might manage to conduct their operations at their own expense. In fact, minority parties are often compelled to do this for years. It is not, therefore, impossible.

The vice is, 1. The office-holder has a double allegiance to the State and to his party, and often the latter absorbs him to the detriment of public interests. 2. The personal fitness of the candidate is reduced by attaching a higher value to his party fidelity. 3. The offices being few, compared with the aspirants, a system of rotation for the mere sake of passing round a good thing is introduced. 4. To make it pay well, salaries or fees are made higher than would be necessary on a permanent system. 5. The solidarity of all office-holders leads to legislation in the interest of incumbents of office. 6. The resources of the people thus unjustly appropriated are taxed to make a political fund to propel the party.

Greasing the wheels of party with public money indirectly taken from the people, is a much worse system than that of directly appropriating money for such purposes. It reduces the effectiveness of public servants, it squanders money, and it corrupts, for no man is as good after as before obtaining money without the consent of its owners.

It seems to be very desirable to detach the public offices from this system of party machinery. It is wholly unimportant whether a postmaster be Republican or Democratic. What you want is a good postmaster; and if a good man will serve you for life for \$1,000 per annum, it is corrupt waste to pay \$2,000 per annum to men who require more, because they are changed quadrennially, and who are worth less. It costs, on the average, twice as much to maintain a poor civil service on the party system as it would cost to maintain a good one with permanent appointments, low salaries, and, of course, removals for cause.

A large part of the office-holders are laborers only, clerks with duties that do not touch the

sphere of politics, no more than the labor of carpenters and smiths in navy-yards. Indeed, the political spirit often carries its influence even into navy-yards, and common laborers are expected to vote for the Government.

Probably all this class of officers serve in the United States less than four years on the average. Their efficiency is impaired by the incessant changes. It is like learning a carpenter's trade and ceasing to follow it so soon as one has learned how to work. The *principle* of action is given by legislation; the *method* of doing business is developed in clerk rooms. Good methods require men entirely devoted to their study, who can accumulate experience and the fruits of study. Incessant change is fatal to progress in method.

The political idea of using offices to promote party ascendancy is developed in three directions:

1. Rotation in office on the plea of diffusing the right to hold office.

2. Increase of remuneration so as to make the offices a coveted prize worth striving for, even though the term of office is short, and sufficient to yield a fund for party purposes.

3. Making the office-holder a servant of the party to render it gratuitous service, to spend a considerable part of his time and salary in promoting the party organization.

The opposite plan would cut off all three by, 1. Fixing the salaries at a point high enough to secure fair ability, and too low to make the office a lottery prize of high value, and by, 2. Considering only the fitness of the person chosen. If the incumbent were fit there would be no reason for change; the salary being low there would be nothing desirable in change, since other men would be as well paid as the office-holder. In view of the fact that good men will always take permanent places for lower wages than they would ask for transient ones, and the desirability of removing offices of only clerical importance from competition, good sense would dictate a low rate of compensation. For instance, the clerk of the county in which Chicago is embraced would probably be adequately paid by a salary of \$2,000 in a permanent office. On the present system he is said to receive over \$50,000. The moment that office-holding is only decently paid, all the rodomontade of rotation in office collapses. The answer to the demand for it then is, clerks are paid, as carpenters are, only what their work is worth; and it would be just as wise for a dry-goods merchant to rotate his clerks as for a county or State.

Political corruption, jobbery, intrigue, in legislative or executive offices, spring directly out

of the system of making all offices party prizes. The principle of a lottery is not more certain to appear in the debased moral character of those who buy tickets. Men enter politics to make money, because the nation offers great prizes to competition. To get nominated by the majority party for any one of several of the offices of our large counties is worth more in money than any prize offered by a lottery company, and the prize is practically no more incumbered.

Public opinion is lenient to an officer who neglects his duties, though it would crucify one who changed his politics.

Many people have a vague notion that *resolutions* against corruption will cast out this pestilent devil. Have they noticed that nowadays both parties pass these terrible resolutions? Of course we are all opposed to corruption, and are glad of a chance to say so. We are very like the fellow who pinned a printed prayer to his bed-post and jumped into bed, ejaculating, "O, Lord, those are my sentiments!"

If we really desire to stop corruption, we must begin by earnestly striving to get the clutches of party off from the clerical offices of the country. When public opinion requires party organizations to maintain themselves, and clerical office-holding to be a trade or profession, like carpentry or medicine, and rebukes an office-holder for "meddling with politics," we shall begin to reform. The public conscience is drugged with immoral maxims and weighed down with the weight of a vast system of organized crime against society—party control of public offices.

MY HOUSEHOLD.

"IF it had been either of the others I could have borne it better."

I do n't know why I said that to Wade Logan's wife the morning she tried to condole with me about Edward. She looked shocked: I suppose she felt so; but then she has never had children and do n't know what it is to see her first-born die, after toiling, and hoping, and fearing for his success during seventeen years; and how I had worked to keep my boys in school—I and Athalia! Ever since their father died we have sewed in the shop, day after day, to keep them progressing; for I would risk every ill for myself rather than see them go backward, as children do who are set to work as soon as they are out of pinafores. Often when passing through the great store over which our work-room is situated, I have watched the cash-boys running, here and there,

at the call of the salesmen, and my heart has given a great thump of gladness to think mine were not among them.

Edward was only ten when his father died, and we've had a hard struggle with poverty ever since, but they have been spared whatever mortifications Athalia and I could go out and take. They have never gone patched nor ragged to school, for I could n't bear to have them ridiculed by other boys; but I have often sat up until two o'clock at night sewing on garments I had bought for them with over-work. I have gone in clothes ragged and faded enough, and so has Athalia, though we always come from our work through the alleys and byways to keep out of sight of the boys' acquaintances. I had been so happy all that year. It was Edward's last year, and one of the trustees told me that he stood a chance of recommendation to West Point. His class graduated the day he was buried, and as our little funeral procession—there were only two carriages and the hearse—went by the high, gray-stone edifice, the girls were coming down the steps in their white dresses and the boys in white waistcoats, and all with their diplomas in their hands. It seemed as if I could never be resigned and never take any comfort in my other children.

Edward was so manly and thoughtful—more like a companion, or counselor, than a son. Ever since he was tall enough it had been his custom to offer me his arm when we walked out; for we sometimes attended Church, when I could get together a presentable suit. He was independent about it, too. I remember one evening, in coming from the shop, I chanced to meet him with two other young fellows. Pulling my old black bonnet over my face I hurried along without noticing him, but he stepped up, just as he was always wont to do, and offered his arm. It pleased me to have such gallant attention from my darling boy, and yet it made my eyes fill with tears to think his stylish companions should see him with such a shabby woman. "O, Edward," I exclaimed as soon as we were out of hearing, "what made you recognize me! I turned my face away on purpose."

"I know you did, mother dear," he answered cheerily, "but is n't it enough to have you slaving your life out at an old sewing-machine, without being denied the privilege of supporting you home when I chance to meet you?"

"I never want my children to blush for shame when I can help it," I answered.

"I do blush for shame, mother, whenever I think of you toiling at treadle and shuttle, while I, a great, healthy, muscular boy, am idle."

"There, there, Edward, you shall not slander

my son," I interrupted reprovingly. "Idle, when you study science and pore over that puzzling Latin until midnight? And, if I mistake not, when the fire-bells woke me at three o'clock this morning, you were still working out geometrical problems."

"Yes, but that kind of work brings no money," Edward replied sadly, while a troubled frown gathered in his forehead.

"It will bring more than you could earn now, my son. Only wait till old Harvard or West Point has done its duty by you, then honor and knowledge will descend upon you, bringing you riches, as the ravens perched upon Odin's shoulders brought him news."

By this time we had reached the tenement house which was our home, as well as that of ten other families, mostly German emigrants. Our room was on the third floor, and the stairs, like all those where economy in space is more of an object than convenience, were very narrow and dark. Norman heard us coming, and opened the door to let the light out, otherwise we would have needed to feel for the knob. Norman is my second son, and a good boy about working, but it never seemed to me that he was Edward's equal in other respects.

Our little uncarpeted room presented quite a cheery aspect, with its shining fire and broad window, in contrast to the narrow, dark hall which led to it. Hugh, my baby still, although a half-grown lad, was busy setting the table with brown bread and salt mackerel, which was to constitute our evening meal. With us, as with most of shop laborers, this repast is not properly supper, but dinner and supper combined, for noonday furnishes only a dry lunch, which we eat hurriedly and without any preparatory process. This much is necessary to explain the mackerel, for if we had cooked a dinner we should have had bread alone for supper.

How happy I felt, as we chatted around our small table, with the blessed sunlight streaming through the panes, over the boys' faces and over mine! We could look down from our window on the shining, silver leaves of two young poplar-trees which grew by the curb-stone, while away over the western hills came the evening song of a bird that had wandered within hearing of the tumultuous city.

My boys! Cornelia's jewels were not dearer to her heart than were they, my jewels, to mine. We talked of the few weeks which must intervene before Edward would enter upon his busy college life, and the few years before Norman and Hugh would follow. We always ate in a hurry, and were half through when my sister came in.

I remember, now, that she wore a discouraged expression wholly different from the hopeful one which lighted up my boys' faces, and reflected itself on my own. A stranger would have noticed it, and, also, that it did not leave her as she stitched by the lamp on a coat for Hugh, while I worked on a similar one for Norman. All that evening we were busy, Athalia and I sewing, the boys studying, one of us asking a brief question occasionally, another pausing to return as brief an answer; then, only the click of the needles, the turning of the leaves, the ticking of the old clock on the mantel-piece, vied with each other in breaking the almost solemn quiet. Ah, how many evenings we had spent in this way! I kept thinking it over, and wondering if we should be lonesome the next year with Edward gone—gone! it never once struck me that he would have gone never to return.

A few mornings subsequently I went to my work, carrying a cold luncheon in my hand, and an uneasy feeling in my heart, for my darling had left his cup of black tea untasted, and had not even appeared to relish the dry toast that I left my own breakfast to make for him. Every thing went wrong that day; the thread broke, and I had some of my work to rip out. My feet hardly touched the ground between the shop and my house when six o'clock set me free, but I went none too quickly. The boys were all there, but Edward lay upon the lounge, his cheeks flushing like coals of fire, his breath labored and heavy, his whole frame restless and suffering. I told Norman to fly for a doctor, and then, kneeling by Edward's side, bathed his face and hands, calling the while, in all the anguish of King David, "My son, my son!"

The doctor's looks confirmed what I had felt intuitively before, that Edward was seriously ill. The next day Athalia went to the store alone, and the younger boys went off to school, while I watched by the bedside of my suffering Edward. So long, so fearfully long was the day! If I could have talked to him it would have been some comfort, but, aside from two or three lucid intervals, he tossed the weary hours away in unconscious pain, giving me no evidence of recognition. The next day and the next passed in the same way, then he became more quiet, and I began to gather hope. When the doctor came that day the smile in my heart rose to my lips, and I exclaimed, as excitedly as a child, "See, he is better." But the doctor said never a word, and when he was gone Edward called me softly. "Mother, I shall never be any better. Promise me not to grieve when I am gone, but to let Norman take my place.

It will be easier to die if I know you are not unhappy."

What a promise to exact from me, his mother—when he was gone! The thought bewildered me. I looked at him in stony calmness, and without power to answer. I heard him ask for the minister—even called in a neighbor's child to carry his message, but my mind seemed to be in an abnormal condition. That night his young life went out, while the sad faces of Athalia and his brothers bent with mine over the couch.

When he was laid in the coffin, and carried through the dark hall his feet had trod so often, my heart rose in rebellion against the Divine will, and I said, I have no more reason for gratitude. I turned my face away from those white-robed boys and girls who came down the steps chatting so cheerily, and holding their rolls of parchment so daintily, for I was sorely tried, and my spirit was very bitter. My two younger boys, dear as they were to me, could never be half that Edward was. Did the poet realize the sad truth embodied in that single line,

"There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away!"

How wretchedly plain it came to me that bright morning, and how persistingly it took root in my soul! The minister rode home with me, and spoke words which he intended should be comforting. He pictured Edward in a home where there was no more sorrow nor sickness; where, clothed in the raiment of angels, he might be singing hymns of praise and thanksgiving; and at last the good man concluded by urging me to seek resignation in the thought that what was my loss was my child's gain.

"O," I cried, "it matters not to me how bright, and beautiful, and happy he may be up there, I want him here. I want to talk to him, to work for him, to look forward to a time when he will be a man and receive worldly honors."

After the minister had gone there were few to offer comfort. Athalia and the boys only joined their tears and sad faces to mine; they, at least, felt that I could receive no consolation unless my dead were restored to me. So the days passed, and the long, lonesome Sabbath followed, with its solemn church bells and quiet streets; then I went back to my ceaseless stitching and fitting, for the body must live though the soul starve. Athalia had only stopped her work that one half day, so that she had earned more than I for the week; but as it all went toward keeping up our common expenses, it really made no difference who received the most. When Wade Logan's wife paid me that visit of condolence, she said that Athalia

must be a remarkable young woman to take such self-sacrificing interest in her nephews. It was strange she should have made such a remark, I thought, for Athalia has no one else to care for, and really she feels as much affection for them as if they were her brothers.

As the days and months rolled around we settled back into our old routine, for there was no family reorganization needed. There were only the vacant place by the lamp, a chair standing empty at the table, a set of books lying idly upon the shelf. We ceased to mention Edward's name, and, aside from the air of abstraction, and the restless, nervous movements peculiar to us—for we are a nervous family—no one would have known that we had unusual trouble.

In this way two years passed, and while the boys studied Athalia and I kept at our work, the only change being when my sister was taken from the sewing-room and put in the sales-room. From this time I began to discover that she grew more particular about her dress. She wore her clothes till they were quite threadbare, turning them wrong side out and bottom up, but she would not wear calico as she had done in the sewing-room, and, on the whole, her wardrobe cost more than formerly. I never relaxed my energy, although my heart mourned constantly, for the love and ambition I had felt for my first-born was gradually transferred to the two who remained. I bought nothing for myself, but took Athalia's dresses when she cast them off; and I've been afraid since that I sometimes took them before she was ready to cast them off.

Toward the close of Norman's senior year my sister bought herself a black alpaca dress, which she spent the evenings of two weeks in making. I ventured to suggest that if she had cut it without a trail less material would have been required. My tone must have proved how very unnecessary I considered the length, for Athalia looked up quickly.

"The floor walker objects to the dress I am wearing because it is not long enough in the skirt," she answered. "Cloaks show to much better advantage over long skirts."

I did not understand why they should do so, and I sorely needed that yard of alpaca to make a roundabout for Hugh. After a moment's silence I asked, "You will let me have the dress you are wearing when the new one is finished, will you?"

"Yes."

The answer was made in a low voice, and with some hesitation, but it was the usual answer, and satisfactory. This was the Sum-

mer Norman graduated. Gradually he had drifted into the same path which, years ago, I had marked out for Edward; and, although my expectations of coming greatness were hardly as sanguine for him as they had been for his elder brother, my time and energy were none the less employed. I lived entirely in the future. There was a past buried deep in my heart—it began and ended with the life of my lost Edward—but not my personal past any more than the future was my personal future. If I could have realized how completely my existence was sunk in that of my children, it might have aroused me to a sense of my shortcomings, but even the power of thinking for myself seemed suspended. I was a mere machine, doing nothing, needing nothing for my own comfort; but when my feet were on the ground, my elbows chapping in the wind, and my dress fringing at the hem, sister Athalia, like a thoughtful god-mother, would step in with the offer of garments a little less worn.

Norman and Hugh repaid my devotion with diligence and consequent success, besides a respectful and tender love different from that which children usually feel for a mother; but I often said to myself, "My boys are smarter than others, else how could they, under such adverse circumstances, equal, much less excel, their classmates who have nothing to do but study?" How often we shut our eyes to reality in dwelling upon fine theories! My own boys had nothing to do but study. They were poor, yet, aside from our tenement house and coarse fare, had been kept from realizing their poverty. Their clothes were good; their time their own.

One balmy May evening, as I felt my way along the dark passage leading to our room, Norman sprang to open the door, exclaiming, as he caught my hand, "O, mother! guess what good news I've got for you?"

Many fond, ambitious mothers would have thought of a legacy, but my mind turned instantly to some educational preferment, and I said, "Your class position entitles you to declaim on commencement day."

"Better than that, mother dear; I have been awarded the valedictory."

I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him, while my tears wet his cheeks. I was tired when I came up the stairs; my limbs ached, but the aching was all gone now from lightness of heart. When Athalia came home the news was told over again, and she kissed and congratulated Norman with almost the same affection that I had done.

As we sat around the table that evening I could not refrain from saying, as I had said a

hundred times before, "You have done well, my son, to take so honorable a place in your class, when you have studied always in the midst of poverty and hardship."

Norman smiled, but said nothing, for he felt that he had done well. After a silence Hugh looked up from his book.

"Mother, in two years I shall leave school, and then we will move out of this old room into a nice little cottage by ourselves. You won't need to run that old sewing-machine any more either."

"Yes," I said, smiling proudly, "but Harvard is to be gone through with first, my dear."

"A work of four years," said Norman; "but when the end comes we three will go away together and live like the little people in fairy tales, 'happy forever after.' You shall quit the old workshop, with its rattling machine, then, for I can take care of you, and help Hugh in his college course."

"Ah," said I fondly, "few mothers have such sons."

"And few sons have such mothers," smiled Norman, while Hugh looked at his brother and said:

"I can scarcely wait for the time when you, and mother, and I shall leave this old barrack and live in a snug, cozy little home by ourselves."

Something made me glance at my sister. She was bending over her work, but her lips trembled, and a forlorn expression passed over her face, as if her thoughts were not, like ours, of future prospects. I would have asked what troubled her, but Hugh called my attention to a philosophical experiment he was trying, and I forgot it. June brought with it commencement day, and the dog-days brought preparations for Norman's departure to Harvard University. For months Athalia had kept up our house expenses unaided, because, every Saturday night, I deposited my money in a tin-box for Norman's use the coming year. This had required close management, but our wages had been increased a trifle in the last year, and our diet reduced to corn-bread and the cheapest vegetables.

A national holiday dawned, and the great store where we worked was closed; even the sewing women let their machines rest for the day, but found work for themselves at home. Norman asked me, after breakfast, if I would go down to the market with him to get the fresh air and buy some potatoes for dinner. It seemed so great a treat to walk out with my children that I instantly took my bonnet from its peg, and begged Hugh's company also. As

for Athalia, we left her sitting by the window patching—she always had a great deal of that to do.

At the market the air was made fragrant and the stalls bright by pots of gay-colored fuchsias and geraniums exposed for sale, which, with my darlings' cheery conversation, made my walk a delightful recreation to me. As we were returning home the boys stopped to watch a procession and listen to the band music, so I went on alone. Over the slope which led to the house, up the stairs, through the dark hall, I kept thinking of my angel boy, Edward—ah! when did I not think of him?—and not until my hand was on the knob did the sound of voices arrest my steps. So seldom people came to our house that it startled me, and then I stood still to listen.

"It was right to assist your sister when the boys were small," I recognized Wade Logan's wife in the voice of the speaker, "but you do yourself great injustice to apply your earnings to the same use now."

"I have thought of that," answered my sister, and it seemed as if she were choking back a sob. "Until Norman graduated it was plainly my duty to make every sacrifice in my power for them; but gradually I learned that they do not appreciate my labors as they do their mother's. I ought not to expect it, and yet the knowledge makes me consider whether there is not something due to myself."

"It should be no question with you. You have spent the best years of youth in their service; you have helped them to advantages you could never have, and now that youth is passing, you see foreshadowed the time when they will consider you an incumbrance."

"I do see it," answered Athalia in a voice mournfully even. "They already talk of a time coming when they shall occupy some snug little house with only their mother, and yet they are good boys, and have done well to get through with the amount of studying they have when they are so poor."

"You mean that you and their mother have done well," interrupted Mrs. Logan energetically. "They have done just what other boys do, no more. You have struggled unceasingly with penury and much work that they might have their time. True, they have used it, but wealth could have given no more hours and no less care. You have watched Norman's progress from childhood to the threshold of manhood. He has now an education as good as the majority of young men, and it is not required that you shall continue this life of self-sacrifice until health and spirits are gone forever. God gives

us a certain amount of strength, but it is to be used like other good gifts—with judgment. Thrown recklessly away it will never return; and is it not better, after you have nobly toiled in self-forgetfulness for more than ten years, to manifest a reasonable regard for yourself?"

"But how can I disappoint the boys merely to save a portion of my earnings for my own use? Norman is not able to go to college, nor Hugh to school without my continued exertion."

"Long before you were as old as Norman is now," interrupted Mrs. Logan, "you were working for them. So long you have done it that they have ceased to regard the source of their comfort and supply, and whenever they can get along without you will regard you as a clog to their advancement."

"It is n't natural that they should feel the affection for me that they do for their mother, I suppose."

"And this is why you should make some provision for yourself."

The feeling of indignation which I had been nursing against Mrs. Logan began to give way to sober reflection. I walked on tiptoe back through the entry, and opening a door which led into a kind of lumber closet, sat down on an empty flour barrel to think. Had I been so selfish for my darling children that I had all these years been wronging my sister? My mind went back through the decade that she had been with me. From the high-spirited, blithe young girl with joyful hopes of the future, she had grown to a thoughtful, care-worn, prematurely old woman. She had given the best years of her life to my family, and I had required it. I had even been jealous of the few dollars which went, here and there, to supply her own wardrobe. It had seemed to me that, by assiduous patching, she might have sometimes made her clothes last longer, thereby replenishing those of the boys sooner, for what did it signify how we fared so they were provided? And the boys considered themselves entitled to this labor. So completely had I taught them that our duty was their interest, they accepted the years, the life given to their service, as they might have done an inheritance from a deceased parent. This donating of one's entire existence to the support of others had been of no moral or religious benefit to the receivers.

I would not have wronged one child to advance another. Dearly beloved as my Edward was, I never thought of giving him advantages at the expense of his brothers, and yet I had unjustly exacted of my sister the relinquishment of every enjoyment or opportunity the young

crave that they might be lifted up higher. What was to be her reward? Surely not the grateful hearts of her nephews, who had been taught to think themselves the modern Hercules' for the accomplishment of great personal good. The record of my motherhood frightened me.

Divine wisdom had punished my idolatry by taking away my dearest treasure, and, in mercy, had opened the way for me and mine to lead a broader life, but I had not profited by it. I had been figuring in the rôle of Robin Hood, but, worse than he, had taken both time and money. To Wade Logan's wife was due this retrospection with its accompanying remorse, and to her, also, was due the frustration of Norman's plans. Was she to be blessed or blamed for her agency?

While I sat thinking how Norman could be comforted or compensated, Mrs. Logan opened the door, passed by me in the dark hall, and went down stairs. No Harvard for my son! At the thought a sharp pain went through my heart as if it were pierced by a dagger, but suddenly the plan of his going at Athalia's expense had deserted me. I could not give back to her the past, but I must not take the future. I went in where she was at work, and quietly hung up my shawl and bonnet, observing, meanwhile, that she had been crying, yet resolved to say nothing until Norman's return.

The sunlight filled the room and noon drew near, bringing closer my child's disappointment. The agony of those morning hours was little less than on that other morning when Edward was borne from my sight, and yet it was mine alone. Often Providence is more just to us than we are to ourselves, and the ordeal I had dreaded proved woeful only in anticipation. The quick, light steps of my children made me start with apprehension as never before, and I turned my face from the door, and bit my lips to keep back the sighs that were forcing themselves from me.

"Mother, I have something to ask of you," were the words which greeted me while the creaking door sounded above them. "I do n't want to go to college, at least not this year."

How these words would have grieved me a week ago; how they rejoiced me now! I could scarcely refrain from shouting out in my gladness, and yet I asked, calmly, "Why, my son?"

"Because I have been offered a clerkship in Mr. Kearns's commission house at a salary of eight hundred dollars. Only think, a little fortune compared with our present income."

I was silent from thankfulness, and he went on coaxingly: "Please, mother darling, consent to my becoming a business man for this year,

and we will see what the next year will bring about."

Athalia glanced up in surprise at my ready consent, and her countenance brightened with a look of relief. As for me, I could not so soon forget the hope of years, and her look met no answer, but I tried to be satisfied. And I prayed for light and strength. It ought to be easier for me to change my imperfect plans, and, as the days pass by, I will ask aid to banish rebellion and vanity, which have made their dwelling in my heart. There are other lessons than those taught at Harvard for my boys to learn; they are justice, gratitude, and a trust in joys beyond this life. These were not taught to me by Edward's death, but by the candid words of Wade Logan's wife.

One day I told my boys that whatever success they had met was not due solely to their energy nor to mine, but to Athalia's self-denial. Afterward, in their pretty air castles of a home remote from tenement houses, she was always recognized as a full member, and her right to an equal share in our household privileges gladly conceded.

Even this tardy justice has brought its reward in my own peace of mind. My Edward no longer seems removed from me by inconceivable change and distance as hitherto, but often, when going to my work or coming from it, I almost feel that he is by my side telling me of that better home and more exalted school, where we shall meet to learn lessons of love and worship for evermore.

Next year will be Hugh's last at the high school. Whether he will pursue a college course, or enter upon active business life, I know not; but I do know that Athalia sometimes spends her evenings in reading instead of patching old garments, and that the gloom of her countenance diminishes as her days grow more prosperous.

SPEAK LOW TO ME.

SPEAK low to me, my Savior, low and sweet
From out the halleluiahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet—
And if no precious gems my hand bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber while I go.
In reach of thy divinest voice, complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To loose the sense of losing! As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to, in its stead, by mother's mouth,
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

LUCY'S GOOD RESOLUTION.

"I'M going to be the best little girl you ever saw, mamma; I'm not going to do one single bad thing this whole afternoon; I am surely not," said Lucy.

"I am very glad, my little daughter, that you make such a good resolve; but you must be very careful, for temptation comes very suddenly sometimes. You can be a good girl, I know, if you try; but you must watch and try very hard, because, you know, you are apt to be exceedingly selfish and passionate."

"Yes, mamma, I know I am; but I feel so good now that I know I can't be naughty again, ever. Now see if I am."

Mrs. Nelson kissed her little girl, and then left her to arrange a box of paper dolls which her aunt had bought for her that morning.

This was the prettiest set Lucy had ever seen. There seemed to be no end to the variety of dresses it contained, and the ways of arranging them. There were pink dresses and blue, green bonnets and yellow; caps, aprons, sacks, and sashes without number; at least Lucy thought them innumerable as she took them, one by one, from the box in which they had been nicely packed by her aunt.

She took out the mother-doll, as she called one of them, and dressed her for a walk; then she arranged the little ones also in their walking suits, and stood them up against the wall.

Just as she had them all standing in a row her little brother Charlie came into the room. His eyes at once fell upon the gayly dressed dolls. They pleased his fancy very much. Lucy was busy, and did not observe that he was trying to reach across the table to get hold of them, until he had succeeded in getting what he thought the prettiest one in his hands. He quietly slipped from the chair, which had helped him to obtain the treasure, and was in the act of pulling off the bonnet when Lucy turned and saw him. In an instant she sprang to snatch the doll, but Charlie pulled it away, saying, "petty dolly, petty dolly; me want it."

"You naughty, bad little boy!" said Lucy, as she roughly tried to free the doll from Charlie's grasp; but the more she tried the more tightly he held it in his little fat hand. When she did, at last, succeed in getting it from him it was torn and ruined.

"There!" pushing him so violently that he fell against the leg of the table, "you shall never come near my dolls again, never; and I am not going to love you, not the least little bit, ever any more," Lucy angrily exclaimed.

Charlie was hurt, and he cried loudly. Lucy instantly thought of her good resolution, and the small voice within her heart said, "You are very wicked now."

"O dear! O dear! I forgot all about being good. But I could not help it. Charlie is such a little trouble, and he always is bothering me just so. I can't be good, and it's no use to try, unless they keep Charlie in the nursery."

"Susan! Susan!" she called in a very impatient tone at the door, "I wish you would come and take Charlie away. I can't have a bit of a good time unless you take him upstairs."

"Me tell mamma 'ou pussied Sarlie, 'ou did," Charlie sobbed.

"O, what shall I do!" thought Lucy. "I would n't have mamma know I have been so bad for any thing. I just told her I was going to be so good. But it was not my fault. It was all Charlie's," seeking to excuse herself by throwing the blame upon her little brother.

She put her arms around her brother's neck, and coaxed him to stop crying and not tell mamma. Then she gave him some old paper dolls, which had lost their value in her eyes since the new ones came, and Charlie soon forgot his sorrows in tearing them to pieces.

Lucy busied herself with her dolls again, but she could not feel happy as she was before. The voice kept saying to her, "Charlie is a baby, and does not understand that he ought not to have every thing he wishes. You have treated him very unkindly, and have not kept your resolution to be good."

"O, I'm so sorry!" said Lucy to herself. "But Charlie won't touch my dolls again, and maybe nothing else will happen to make me bad. But it is very stupid playing here all alone. I'll put my dolls in the box, and ask mamma to let me take them over to cousin Fanny's and show them to her."

She ran to her mother and asked permission to go. Mrs. Nelson said, "Fanny's mother is very ill, and I can not allow you to go there to-day; but you may ask Jennie Reed to come and play with you."

Lucy had made up her mind to play with

Fanny, and she did not wish any one else to play with. She replied, petulantly, "I don't want Jenny, I want Fanny."

"But I have told you why you can not go to Fanny's house. I hope you will not forget your promise to be very good, my daughter," said Mrs. Nelson.

"O dear! I can't do what I want to, and how can I be good?" Lucy replied.

"It is very easy for a little girl to be good if she can always do what she wishes, and always wishes to do what is right," her mother said. "But you must learn to give up your wishes when they are wrong, as they now are."

"I guess mamma will let me go if I tease her," thought Lucy. So she said, "Do please let me go to Fanny's; just this once, mamma, do. We'll be very still, and aunty can't hear us way up in her room."

"You can not go," her mother replied very decidedly. When Mrs. Nelson spoke in that tone Lucy knew that teasing would be of no use. She turned herself rudely from her mother, and went out of the room, slamming the door after her as she went.

"That is always the way when I want to do any thing. Mamma will never let me do any thing I want to."

Again the faithful little voice spoke in Lucy's heart, "How ungrateful you are, and what a falsehood you have told of the dear, kind mother, who does so much to make you happy!"

But Lucy was very angry, and would not listen to the voice.

"O dear! O dear!" she said to herself, "if Charlie only had n't done it; and if mamma would let me go how happy I should be, and I should not have been naughty; it is all their fault. But I'll do something else." She ran to the garden. "I'll pick some flowers. There are these lovely Johnny-jump-us, and the lily of the valley. O, how sweet they are!" as she picked some. "I wish I had some roses! There is a lovely pink bud half open on Willie's bush. I wish I had it. O, I do want it so bad! I wonder if he knows that it is there! O dear! I must have it," as she stooped to smell of it. "He will never miss it, I am sure, and there will be plenty more open in a little while." The voice again reproved her, but she was delighted with the fragrance of the bud, and had allowed herself to think about it and to covet it, and so she refused to listen to the faithful monitor, and quickly pulled it from the stalk, trying to satisfy her conscience by the thought, "Willie would let me have it, I know, if he knew that I wanted it, and I will give him one of mine when they bloom to pay for it. Perhaps he does not know

that it is opening." Adding some green leaves, she arranged a very pretty bouquet, and turned to take it to her own room, when Willie came running into the garden.

"O, sister," he said, when he saw Lucy, "have you seen my pink rose-bud? It is almost out, and it's so pretty! As soon as it opens all I am going to give it to mamma and surprise her."

"O, what shall I do?" thought Lucy. "Perhaps he will think some one else did it, and I will hide my bouquet behind me."

"Now some one has gone and picked it," cried Willie in bitter disappointment, as he reached the bed and saw the broken stalk.

Lucy's face reddened with shame, but she was tempted to conceal her fault, and she asked, "Who do you suppose would want your rose?"

"I believe you took it," said Willie, "because I saw you put some flowers behind you. Let me see them," he added.

"No, I won't either," said Lucy, in a passion. "If I choose to pick some of my own flowers it is nobody's business."

"If you do n't let me see them I'll know you took my bud, and I'll tell mamma all about it," said Willie.

Lucy began to see that detection was certain. She became alarmed as well as angry. She tore the bud from the bouquet and threw it at her brother, saying, "You are such a stingy boy. There, take your old rose-bud!"

"I am not stingy," said Willie. "If you had asked me for it I would have given it to you, perhaps; but you stole it."

This accusation increased Lucy's anger, and she struck her brother, saying, "Now, take that for calling me a thief," and ran away to hide her shame, and stifle the small voice within her. Tea was soon ready. Willie in the mean time had forgotten his loss and his sister's bad treatment. Lucy hoped that he had not told her mother, but she could not help feeling very uneasy. She went to bed that evening without kissing her mother good-night, as she always did when she had been a pretty good girl.

After Lucy had been in bed some time Mrs. Nelson had occasion to go to her own room, which was next Lucy's. The door was open, and she heard violent sobs. She listened a moment, and heard her little girl's voice, calling, in a low tone, "Mamma, O, dear mamma! won't you please come and kiss me? I have been a naughty girl, and I said I was going to be very good. I am so sorry. O, how can I be a good girl!"

Mrs. Nelson went into the room, sat down by the bed, and took Lucy's hand in hers. She

was very unhappy, and had been so ever since she heard Lucy's angry tone to her little brother, and her impatient call to the nurse. She knew that her little girl would feel happier after she had confessed her faults, so she asked her to give an account of all she had done that afternoon.

Lucy faithfully confessed all. She was greatly distressed. While she could run about and play she had not allowed her conscience to trouble her much; but in the silence and darkness of the night the voice had again spoken, and so plainly that she could not help listening to it. She had waited in an agony of remorse to hear her mother's step, that she might ask her forgiveness.

When Lucy had finished her confession her mother said, "You have, indeed, my poor child, been very wicked; you have brought all this misery upon yourself by yielding to your selfishness and anger; you have made your little brothers unhappy, and have set them a very bad example, instead of teaching them to do right; you have pained your mother's heart, and, worse than all the rest, you have displeased your kind Heavenly Father. I feared you would not be able to keep your resolution for several reasons."

"Why, mamma," said Lucy, "I did really want to be good."

"Yes, for the moment you did, my child. But you resolved hastily to be so, without realizing how necessary it is that your wicked heart should be changed. Then, because you were very happy with your new toys, and did not wish to do any thing wrong just then, you thought it would always be easy to do right. You forgot that your heart is always full of evil passions, ready to break forth into wicked words and actions when any thing happens to displease you. And you felt so sure that you could not be naughty again, that you did not watch your heart as you should have done. If you had thoughtfully determined to conquer yourself, you would have feared temptation, and would have watched for it. You would have asked God to help you to remember and to try. That you did not think of doing, because you felt strong in yourself. This is the cause of all your trouble; you felt that you could make yourself good, and you did not ask God to help you."

"O, mamma, I will try not to forget again. I will ask him to help me. But will he, can he forgive such a wicked girl as I am?"

"He not only can, my child, but he wishes to forgive you and to help you. He wishes you to be good and happy more than you can wish

it yourself. He surely will help you and save you if you ask him."

Mrs. Nelson talked longer with Lucy, and prayed earnestly with and for her, that God would give her the help she needed in battling with her evil passions.

And God answered her prayers, as he always does the sincere requests of his children. Lucy from that night gave evidence by her conduct that she was trying to be a faithful, Christian child. Her example had a most beneficial effect upon her little brothers, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that, instead of making them wicked as she had formerly done, she was aiding them to become good also.

Lucy's example should be a warning to us all not to trust to our own strength to be good, but to "watch and pray" continually, that we be not overcome by temptation.

BE SLOW TO ACCUSE.

"MOTHER, I can't find my seventeen cents anywhere," said Arthur, coming into his mother's room with quite an anxious face. "I put it right here in my pocket-book, and that into my overcoat pocket. It had been hanging up in the hall all day, and I do believe that new girl has taken it out. She saw me have it last night and put it away."

"Look in your pockets, Arthur. A little boy who is so apt to forget things must not be too positive that he put his money in his pocket-book. And never accuse any body of stealing without a shadow of evidence. That is very sinful as well as unkind. What if Susan should lose her money and accuse you of stealing it? Would you feel very pleasant about it? Remember the golden rule."

"But, mother, she looked guilty when I said I had lost it, and that I knew some one had taken it out of my pocket."

"Very likely she did look confused on hearing you make such an unkind speech. She knew very well there was no one in the house you could suspect of taking it but herself. You might as well have said so in plain words. An innocent person is more apt to look guilty, when accused of a crime, than one who is hardened in wrong doing. The latter usually has a face ready made up to suit any occasion. A gentleman once said that the most guilty-looking person he ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse which afterward proved to be his own."

"But what has become of my money, mother? It is gone, that is certain."

"I believe you lost a fine top once, that was supposed a little neighbor had stolen," said his mother with a smile.

"But I can't have left this down in the grape-vine arbor this Winter weather."

"But there are plenty of other losing places about. Did you have on that jacket last night?"

"No, mother, I had on my gray one, but then I *know* I put it into my pocket-book."

"Do n't say you know, dear, for it may be an untruth. Please bring me your gray jacket."

Arthur walked slowly up to his room, but he walked back slower still, and looked very foolish when he came into his mother's room again.

Mother comprehended it all at a glance, and smiled as she said, "I wonder who looks guilty this time!"

"O, mother, I am sorry, but I did not mean to accuse Susan so wrongly. I remember now wrapping up those three five cent pieces and two pennies in that bit of paper, and putting it into my jacket pocket."

"It is a very serious thing, Arthur, to make such charges as you did a few moments ago against an innocent person. What if you had mentioned it among your school-mates? It would not be long before it would be told all about: 'Susan at Mr. Reynolds' steals. I wonder they keep her.' If she ever wished to get another place it might be a very difficult matter. Though you contradict the story afterward, it would never undo the mischief. Many will repeat an injurious story, who will never take the trouble to correct it. I will pray for you, dear boy, that you may learn to correct this sinful habit, and I hope you will pray with me. You never will improve a bad habit until you pray over it. Run now and tell Susan that you have found your money, and try to make some amends for your injustice by being more than usually thoughtful and obliging."

WEEP WITH THOSE THAT WEEP.

THE cold wind whistled and whirled along the narrow streets in a perfect tempest of rudeness, defying the protection of cloaks and comforters, and causing large and small to shiver at his keen and searching roughness. Little Bettie More was standing by the window, wrapped to the chin in a large shawl, looking out into the street at the passers-by. In the room behind her burned a large fire, and her little brother rolled on the rug, very happy in the enjoyment of comfortable indolence.

"O, George!" said Bettie, "do come; only see this old man buttoned up to the chin, and

wrapped to the eyes, blundering along against the wind. Now here comes a young lady trying to walk gracefully, but she can not for pain. See, now she stoops forward, as if to let the blast drive over her head. Ha! ha!"

"What next, Bettie?" said George. "I am too lazy to come and look; if you'll tell me it will do just as well." And with this he yawned, and stretched his feet toward the glowing fire.

"O, George! will you believe it? a man is coming with a coffin in his arms! There, he has placed it on the stone steps at the gate, and is looking so sad; I'll run down to the door and ask him if I can do any thing for him;" and forgetting the cold, little Bettie ran down the stairs, and swinging open the front door, rushed out to the gate.

The man glanced upward at her a moment, and then, dropping his head on the lid of the coffin, burst into an agony of tears. Little Bettie stooped down and wept also. What a scene! The little finely clad child, and the rough, half-dressed man, weeping together over that small, unvarnished coffin.

"God bless you, little miss; sure it must be that you are an angel that God has sent to feel for the poor and broken-hearted. May the spirit of her that's in this coffin attend you, and shield you from all evil!"

"Is it your little girl?" asked Bettie.

"Yes."

"Well, you can meet her again when you die, if you'll be good. Mamma says we'll meet our little buried sister in heaven if we love God, and tell the truth, and do to others as we would have them do to us. O, I'm so sorry for you! But you'll try to meet your little girl in heaven, won't you?"

"I will, with God's help," said the man, looking at the child through his moistened lashes. "Will you pray for me, little lady?"

"Yes, sir; I'll pray for you every night before I go to bed; and if you'll come to — Church on Sunday you'll hear our good minister pray for you; he always prays 'for the sorrowing ones of the earth.'"

"God bless you, little darling; I'll go to church for your sake! Good-by. Run into the house; it's cold for the like of you;" and the man gathered up his child's coffin and resumed his journey. Thank God that there are mothers who teach their children how to go to heaven; that there are ministers who never forget to pray for the bereaved and afflicted! The poor, sorrow-stricken man did go to — Church, the minister did pray for him, and he finally joined the Church, and died at last in the hope of reunion with his lost babe.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

GOD'S STRAIGHT WAY.—God's ancient people were led through strangely circuitous paths into the promised land. If we take a map of ancient history, and study out the road over which they traveled, we marvel at its crookedness. They were literally wanderers, and yet our God expressly declares it to be a "straight way." Their faces were turned away from the beautiful Canaan, after repeatedly getting glimpses of its beauty, and hungry and thirsty, with fainting souls, they wander on in the wilderness. But their Great Leader, who in far-seeing wisdom knew their need of discipline, "led them forth by the right way that they might go to a city of habitation."

God's children are being led "through paths they have not known," ere their tired feet may rest in the land of promise. The burdened, foot-sore, fainting wanderer, through earth's dreary wastes, amazed at the crookedness of the path, cries out in dismay,

"Is this the way, my Father?"

While the firm answer is,

"It is, my child. But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand
And quick and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate,
My child."

Tried believer, the time consumed in thy wanderings is but as a drop in the ocean of eternity. Faint not because of the desert. Thou mayst even now drink deep from the wells of salvation, and, anon, thou shalt walk in the green pastures and beside the still waters of the promised Canaan, rejoicing because of the straight way and the right way of thine earthly pilgrimage. "Fear not, only believe."

WHAT SLEEP WILL CURE.—The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy, and efficient.

Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will cure insanity; it will restore to vigor an overworked brain; it will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia, particularly that known as nervous dyspepsia. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives; it will cure hypo-

chondria; it will cure the blues; it will cure the headache; it will cure the heartache; it will cure neuralgia; it will cure a broken spirit; it will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness, however, is not so easy, particularly in those who carry grave responsibilities. The habit of sleeping well is one which, if broken up for any length of time, is not easily regained. Often a severe illness, treated by powerful drugs, so deranges the nervous system that sleep is never sweet after it. Or, perhaps, long-continued watchfulness produces the same effect; or hard study, or too little exercise of the muscular system; or tea and whisky drinking, or tobacco using. To break up the habit are required:

1. A clean, good bed.
2. Sufficient exercise to produce weariness, and pleasant occupation.
3. Good air, and not too warm a room.
4. Freedom from too much care.
5. A clean stomach.
6. A clear conscience.
7. Avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.—*Herald of Health.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—More than one of the great men of this nation have, in their ripe age, carefully put it on record that they owed the self-control and steadfast principle by which they rose to honor, directly to a mother's influence, in the critical days of their youth. If any of us were asked what one thing chiefly saved him from waywardness and evil companionship, and has kept him to this day free from vice, I believe he would answer, "Under the grace of God, the reverence or the memory of a mother." Her appeal had power when all other influence failed. Her unspoken wish restrained us. Her purity and love made all that was base abhorrent. Her devotion was felt as a safeguard all along the walks of temptation. We could not wound or dishonor her. The mere remembrance of such a mother, though dead, has many a time been a man's lifelong protection. And never till she dies do we know how powerfully her life has invested ours to

shelter and purify it. It is a day of heart-searching to any man when he buries a true mother out of his sight. Then he sums up the blessing which he has received in her. And though he may be conscious that he discovers her worth only in part, he finds cause enough to wonder at the patience and faithfulness which have been spent on him. It would be strange indeed if some contrite tears should not flow, as he recalls the haste, the ignorance, the willfulness, possibly the disrespect with which that unwavering love has sometimes had to bear. There's many a man of us who would gladly redeem one hour of that lost past, that he might speak some words of tender sorrow for neglect irreparable, or of fuller gratitude for a loving sacrifice, never realized till it was taken from us forever.

TWENTY MARRIAGE MAXIMS.—The following "marriage maxims" are worthy of more than a hasty reading. Husbands need not pass them by, for they are designed for *wives*; and wives should not despise them, for they are addressed to *husbands*:

The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth is in the cultivation on both sides of absolute unselfishness.

Never talk at one another either alone or in company.

Never both be angry at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self-denial be the daily aim and practice of each.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Neglect the whole world besides rather than one another.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

Never make a remark at the expense of each other; it is a meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.

Never meet without a loving welcome.

Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievance.

Never let any fault you have committed go by until you have frankly confessed it and asked forgiveness.

Never forget the happy hours of early love.

Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.

Never forget that marriage is ordained of God, and that his blessing alone can make it what it should ever be.

Never be contented till you know you are both walking in the narrow way.

Never let your hopes stop short of the eternal home.

A GOOD WIFE.—Archbishop Secker in his "Wedding Ring," has the following, which is worth reading twice: "Hast thou a soft heart?—it is of God's

breaking. Hast thou a sweet wife?—she is of God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, 'He is not a man that hath not a woman.' Though man alone may be good, yet it is not good that man should be alone. 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.' A wife, though she be not a perfect gift, is a good gift, a beam darted from the Sun of mercy. How happy are those marriages where Christ is at the wedding! Let none but those who have found favor in God's eyes find favor in yours. Husbands should spread a mantle of charity over their wives' infirmities. Do not put out the candle because of the snuff. Husbands and wives should provoke one another to love; and they should love one another, notwithstanding provocations. The tree of love should grow up in the midst of the family as the tree of life grew in the garden of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing, good children a greater blessing; but a good wife is the greatest blessing; and such a help let him seek for her that lacks one; let him sigh for her that hath lost one; let him delight in her that enjoys one."

THE UNHOLY DESIRE OF DRESS.—You wish to dress your wife better than your circumstances will allow. She wants to have you. She is a woman of spirit, it is said, and she does not mean to be a drudge. "Why should our neighbors," she says to her husband, "dress any better than we? They are made of the same flesh and blood that we are. See how they come out. I do n't think any man of spirit would let his wife and children go to church dressed as you let us go. Look at these children. You would think they had just come out of some slop house! If I had married as I might have married, we should have had different times—I and my children!" How many men are stung to the quick by such remarks from their wives! Oftentimes their moral sense revolts, at first, and they feel indignation; but "continual dropping wears a stone;" and by and by the man is dressed a little better than he can afford, and his wife and children are dressed better than he can afford, and somebody must pay for the extravagance. I do not mean that they are tempted to steal, but I do say that they grind. They mean somehow to get it out of the milliner, out of the dress-maker, or out of the merchant. They intend to make one hand wash the other somehow, and they go into petty meanness to bring it about. And this desire to dress better than they can afford is taking off the very enamel of their virtue, and taking out the very stamina of their religious life. Unimportant as it seems, ostentatious vanity in dress has ruined many a family, and damned many a soul.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

EVENING.—To youth, evening is delightful; it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the fervor of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. It is also the delight of virtuous age; it seems an emblem of the tranquil close of life—serene, placid, and mild, with the impress of its Creator upon it, it spreads its quiet wings over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

AGAIN we find on our table so many contributions from the publishers, that we must group them under the names of the publishers, and do but little more than notice the books themselves, reserving some of them for more careful examination in the future :

L. METHODIST BOOK CONCERN. CARLTON & LANAHAN, NEW YORK ; HITCHCOCK & WALDEN, CINCINNATI.

History of the Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. By K. R. Hagenbach, D. D., Professor of Theology in the University of Basle. Translated from the Last German Edition by Rev. John F. Hurst, D. D. Vols. I, II. 8vo. Pp. 504, 487.

This is a valuable contribution to the most recent history of the Church, and a most excellent help to the study of the present actual state of the Church. It is a little too exclusively German in its relations, as if the history of the Church in the German States and their near neighbors constituted pretty nearly a complete history of ecclesiastical movements in the two latest centuries. There is a brief reference to the Wesleyan movement in Great Britain, a résumé of the recent tendencies of the Anglican Church, and a lecture on the present relations of Catholicism and Protestantism, but nearly the whole of the two volumes is occupied with the study of German movements and tendencies. Still the work is very valuable to the student of recent Church history, from the very intimate and profound relations of German thought to theological and ecclesiastical movements outside of Germany. Dr. Hagenbach's position is evangelical. "He belongs to the middle group of the Mediatory School, whose chief representatives are Tholuck, Julius Muller, Dörner, and the late Richard Rothe; a school which takes its rise in Schleiermacher, is the reaction of orthodoxy against the long-dominant Rationalism, and aims at the reconciliation of reason and revelation, science and faith." The translator is well known to the readers of the Repository. We shall have more to say about the work.

The Divine Mysteries: The Divine Treatment of Sin, and the Divine Mystery of Peace. By J. Baldwin Brown, B. A. Author of "The Divine Life in Man." 12mo. Pp. 397.

This handsome volume, coming from London with the imprint of our own publishers, is one to be read and inwardly digested. There will be no difficulty in finishing it after you have begun. It is flowing, ardent, eloquent in style; it is pious, evangelical, and only a little adventurous in its views; it is thoughtful; perhaps a little exaggerating in some of its opin-

ions and statements; but it is a good book, and thoroughly interesting. Get it and read it.

The Garden of Sorrows; or, The Ministry of Tears. By Rev. John Atkinson, M. A. 12mo. Pp. 203.

The New York publishers have given a most choice setting to the reading matter of this excellent book. It is printed on very fine, toned paper, with red line border; it is bound in heavy boards, beveled edges, and handsomely gilt; it is embellished with a few very choice and finely printed illustrations. It is one of the most beautiful books artistically ever issued by the Book Concern. "The Garden of Sorrows" on its first issue, a year ago, received very high commendation from the press. The appreciation of it by the religious public is shown in the fact that three editions have been exhausted, and the fourth thousand is now issued in a style adapted to the holiday gift season. The work is entirely unsectarian, and is suited to readers of every denomination.

A Garden of Spices: Extracts from the Religious Letters of Rev. Samuel Rutherford, by Rev. Lewis R. Dunn: with an Historical and Biographical Essay by Rev. A. C. George, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 288.

This is a holiday edition issued by the Western Book Concern, and vies in beauty and mechanical and artistic finish with the Garden of Sorrows. They should go together, making beautiful companions for the center-table, as beautiful as they are good, and as good as they are beautiful.

Russet Leaves: By James Pummill. 12mo. Pp. 213.

Just here we wish to direct attention again to Mr. Pummill's "Russet Leaves," a gem whose forthcoming we noticed some time ago in our Editor's Table. It is issued also from the Western Book Concern, and by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Of its composition and mechanical finish Mr. Pummill took personal charge. We think we can safely say that The Garden of Sorrows, The Garden of Spices, and Russet Leaves are the most artistically finished books of their kind that have been issued by the Methodist Book Concern, and that they place the "Concern" on a full level with the capabilities of any publishing house in the country.

Golden Hours. A Magazine for Boys and Girls. Vol. I. 1869. Large 8vo. Pp. 582. One Hundred and Thirty Illustrations. \$2.50.

Hitchcock & Walden have bound up a few volumes of this popular magazine in handsome cloth, heavy backs, and gilt, and offer them for two dollars and a half. If any of our patrons made the mistake of not subscribing for this magazine last year, this will give them an opportunity to rectify the mistake. We know of no prettier, more entertaining and instructive, or cheaper present than this volume.

Household Stories. From the German of Madame Otilie Wildermuth. By Eleanor Kinmont. Series I. 16mo. Pp. 307. Eleven Illustrations.

Agnes Morton's Trial, and the Young Governess. By Mrs. Emma N. Janvier. Author of "Cameron Bells," "Andrew Douglass," etc. 16mo. Pp. 281.

These are two excellent books from the press of Hitchcock & Walden, and we can heartily recommend them, the first to the children, and the second to young people.

Misread Passages of Scripture. By J. Baldwin Brown, B. A. Author of "The Divine Mysteries." 12mo. Pp. 128.

The Discipline of Alice Lee. A Truthful Temperance Story. By Isa Bell. Four Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 248.

I Forgot; or, How Katie Learned to Think. Three Illustrations. The Little Wendals and their Foxes. By Miss Sarah Maria Wells. Nos. 297 and 298 of Youth's Library.

True Stories of Real Pets; or, Friends in Fur and Feathers. By Gwynfryn. Beautifully Illustrated by Keyl, Cooper & Rice. Square 16mo. Pp. 179.

II. HAKPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. ROBERT CLARKE & CO., CINCINNATI.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, Relating to all Ages and Nations. For Universal Reference. Edited by Benjamin Vincent. 8vo. Pp. 541. Double Columns. \$5.

This is the best and completest work of its kind ever published; its record of events reaches to the present time. It is indispensable to the student and scholar's library.

Old Testament Shadows and New Testament Truths. By Lyman Abbott, Author of "Jesus of Nazareth; his Life and Times," etc. With Designs by Doré, Delaroche, Durham & Parsons. Square 8vo. Pp. 213. \$3.

A very excellent book, written in very pleasing style, entertaining and suggestive, and issued in a style of beauty adapting it to a holiday gift.

Wild Sports of the World: A Book of Natural History and Adventure. By James Greenwood, Author of "The Adventures of Reuben Davidger," "The Seven Curses of London," etc. With One Hundred and Forty-Seven Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 475. \$2.50.

A book of thrilling adventures in hunting various animals, from the elephant and the lion, to the kangaroo and the devil-fish; sports in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Lost in the Jungle. Narrated for Young People. By Paul Du Chaillu. With Numerous Engravings. 12mo. Pp. 260. \$1.75.

Every body knows Paul Du Chaillu, and the "young people" will be glad to have this new book from his thrilling adventures.

History of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples and of Italy. By John S. C. Abbott. 16mo. Pp. 391.

Abbott writes very readable histories for the young, and condenses history into a small compass for the convenience of grown people who can not read larger works.

The History of Pendennis. By Thackeray. Paper. 8vo. Pp. 349. 75 cents. The Cloister and the Hearth; or, Maid, Wife, and Widow. By Charles Reade. Paper. 8vo. Pp. 255. 50 cents. My Enemy's Daughter. By Justin M'Carthy. Illustrated. Paper. 8vo. Pp. 162. 75 cents. Bound to John Company. Paper. 8vo. Pp. 169. 75 cts.

III. FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON. ROBERT CLARKE & CO., CINCINNATI.

The Gates Ajar. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. With Illustrations by Jessie Curtis. Square 12mo. Pp. 248. \$3.50.

This is a splendid holiday edition of this very popular book. It is printed on toned paper, red borders, and full gilt. We have on hand an extended notice of this book, which will appear next month. In the mean time we commend this one as a charming edition of it.

The Story of Elizabeth, with Other Tales and Sketches. By Anne Isabella Thackeray. 12mo. Pp. 282. Double Columns. \$1.

The second volume of Miss Thackeray's writings which these publishers are issuing in a household edition.

The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell. Complete. Diamond Edition. \$1.50.

The complete poems of Lowell in a nutshell, a most compact and neat form, and for a dollar and a half.

IV. ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON. R. W. CARROLL & CO., AND ROBERT CLARKE & CO., CINCINNATI.

The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition. By Frederick Henry Hedge. 16mo. Pp. 283.

A very readable book, which we will reserve for further notice.

Great Mysteries and Little Plagues. By John Neal. 16mo. Pp. 271.

The great mysteries and little plagues are children, and they will be pleased to read about themselves in a book like this, and their parents will find some good things here to read about them.

German Tales. By Berthold Auerbach. With an Introduction by Charles C. Shackford. Square 16mo. Pp. 352. \$1.

Another issue of the "Handy-volume Series." Auerbach is one of the best of German writers of fiction. His stories are pure, bright, and simple.

The Pope and the Council. By Janus. Authorized Translation from the German. 16mo. Pp. 346.

A timely book, which we will notice next month.

V. ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.
HITCHCOCK & WALDEN AND GEORGE CROSBY,
CINCINNATI.

Bessie at School. By Joanna H. Matthews. 16mo. Pp. 357.

A book we should have no hesitation in placing in the Sunday-school or in the hands of our own children.

Words of Comfort for Parents Bereaved of Little Children. Edited by William Logan. 16mo. Pp. 337.

Its title indicates its character and use. It contains treasures of consolation for all that are bereaved.

How Jennie Found her Lord, and how She Thanked Him. By the Author of "The Golden Ladder Series." 18mo. Pp. 99.

A beautiful story beautifully told in poetry for the little ones.

Butterfly's Flights. By the Author of the "Win and Wear Series." Six Volumes in a Box. \$4.50.

These neat little volumes contain "Butterfly's" Adventures at Mount Mansfield, Saratoga, Niagara, Montreal, Sea-side, and Philadelphia. They will be very entertaining and instructive reading for the little ones.

VI. HURD & HOUGHTON, NEW YORK. ROBERT
CLARKE & CO., CINCINNATI.

White and Red; A Narrative of Life Among the North-West Indians. By Helen C. Weeks. Author of "The Ainslee Stories," etc. With Eight Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 266. \$1.50.

Indians and bears, panthers and lynxes, wolves and foxes, three hundred miles through the forest, startling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, are told and talked about in a pleasant story.

A Little Boy's Story. By Julie Gouraud. From the French by Howard Glyndon. Eighty-six Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 306. \$1.50.

These memoirs contain the story of the every-day life of a little French boy and girl living in their own country. An interesting book.

An American Family in Paris. Fifty-eight Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 319. \$1.50.

More about Paris, and in an excellent form. It is a story of American children seeing Paris and learning its history, aided by a profusion of attractive and truthful illustrations. These are the kinds of books for children to read.

Among the Trees: A Journal of Walks in the Woods, and Flower-hunting through Field and by Brook. By Mary Lorimer. With Illustrations from Drawings after Nature. Square 12mo. Pp. 153.

A splendid book for young lovers of trees and flowers. Get it and read it, and in the early Spring take it in your hands and go out and hunt for the plants it talks about.

VII. SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK. ROBERT
CLARKE & CO., CINCINNATI.

John Plowman's Talk; or, Plain Advice for Plain People. By C. H. Spurgeon. 16mo. Pp. 177.

These practical common-sense words are just what the title-page calls them—plain advice for plain people. Refined taste and dainty words have been discarded for strong, old proverbial expressions and homely phrases. They are well worth the reading, even by people who perhaps would not like to be called plain.

Cipher: A Romance. By Jane G. Austin. Cloth. 8vo. Pp. 175. \$1.50. *Put Yourself in his Place. Part First.* By Charles Read. Paper. 8vo. Pp. 208. \$1. *Susan Fielding.* By Mrs. Annie Edwards. Illustrated. Paper. 8vo. Pp. 279. \$1.25.

VIII. M. W. DODD, NEW YORK. HITCHCOCK &
WALDEN, CINCINNATI.

Lamps, Fitchers, and Trumpets. Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher. By Edwin Paxton Hood, Minister of Queen-Square Chapel, Brighton. Second Series. 12mo. Pp. 303. \$1.75.

We noticed the first series of these lectures some months ago, and have read them more closely since, and have no hesitation in saying the volume is one of the most interesting and suggestive on all questions pertaining to preaching we have ever read. Glancing through this second series we find it to be of the same character. Both volumes consist of lectures delivered in Mr. Spurgeon's "Pastor's College," and instead of being dry lessons in homiletics, they are clear, full, interesting in their propositions, and abundantly illustrated by anecdotes, biographical, historical, and elucidatory, of every order of pulpit eloquence. We know we will be doing every preacher a good service if we persuade him to buy these volumes.

The Spanish Barber. By the Author of "Mary Powell." 16mo. Pp. 309. \$1.25.

This is a story, very happily told, illustrating the operation and success of the Spanish Evangelization Society, which has now been operating in Spain for only about fourteen years, placing missionaries and agents in the very heart of the country, circulating tens of thousands of Bibles and Testaments, and many thousands of evangelical publications, and securing many more converts than the outside world has any idea of. The conversion and labors of one of these sons of Spain is the subject of the book. It is good for the Sunday-school and the family.

IX. MISCELLANEOUS.

The Far East; or, Letters from Egypt, Palestine, and Other Lands of the Orient. Illustrated with Engravings, Maps, etc. By N. C. Burt, D. D. Author of "Hours Among the Gospels," "The Land and its Story," etc. 12mo. Pp. 396. \$1.75. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a neat edition of Dr. Burt's letters which were published a couple of years ago. The letters

are among the most entertaining and instructive that have been given us by the recent tourists in the ancient lands.

Benny: A Christmas Ballad. By Annie Chambers Ketchum. Square 12mo. \$1.50. New York: S. R. Wells.

A neat little poem, printed on fine toned paper, red borders, and full-bound and gilt. Handsome enough, but rather a small apple for a dollar and a half

Royal Road to Fortune. By Emily Huntington Miller. 16mo. Pp. 333. \$1.50. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewell & Co.

This is the first of a series which will compose The Little Corporal Library. The most of it was published in The Little Corporal, and to that a sequel has been added, making a handsome and interesting book. Mrs. Miller knows how to write for the young folks, and the book will be found both entertaining and instructive.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE BIBLE AND THE COMMON SCHOOLS.—As we write we have not yet received the decision of the Superior Court of this city on the question of the Bible in the common schools, and can not even anticipate what the decision will be. The case was copiously and almost exhaustively argued on both sides, and if the honorable judges are greatly influenced by the pleadings of the lawyers, and frame their decisions in deference to the lines of argument presented by the advocates, the decision must be either in favor of the Bible in the schools, and make the temporary injunction against the School Board permanent; or that, according to the principles of the Constitution of Ohio, and of the United States, the School Board has no power to order or enforce the reading of the Bible in schools where there are children whose parents are conscientiously opposed to such reading, which of course will be to rule the Bible out of the public schools; or, that the only responsible party in the case is the School Board itself, which is clothed with discretionary power to make rules and regulations for the government of the schools. This last decision will only throw the question back upon the people themselves, who must then see to it that they elect such members of the School Board as will carry out the desires of the majority of the people. If a majority of the people desire the Bible in the schools, they are able to elect directors who will so order. If the majority of the people, for conscientious or other reasons, prefer the exclusion of the Bible, they will elect a School Board that will carry out their wishes.

For the first of these decisions the advocates of the Bible earnestly and effectively pleaded on the basis of the Constitution of the State and the general Christian substructure underlying our civilization and nationality. The foundation of the argument of the plaintiffs or advocates for the Bible is the concluding sentence of the third section of the "Bill of Rights" of the State of Ohio:

"Religion, morality, and knowledge being essentially necessary to good government, and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of instruction shall forever be encouraged by legislative provision, not inconsistent with the rights of conscience."

The summing up of the argument thus drawn from the religious, and even Christian element, pervading the organic structure of the State and Nation, was ably given by Rufus King. His conclusion was as follows:

"1. That the common schools are established and maintained expressly by the State, as the means of instructing the people in religion, morality, and knowledge, as the basis of the Government.

"2. That the religion and morality intended by this provision in the Bill of Rights are the generally received and prevailing principles of religion to be derived from the Bible, and as such will be judicially recognized and sustained by the Courts.

"3. That the Bible, being the foundation and authoritative exponent of the religion and morality thus recognized by the Constitution as essential to good government, is inseparable from the education which it enjoins, saving always those who conscientiously object to the reading or hearing of the Bible, or any particular version.

"4. That, therefore, the total prohibition of religious instruction, and reading of religious books, including the Holy Bible, in the common schools established by the State, being utterly subversive of a cardinal principle and provision of the Constitution and government, and not being within the scope of the powers even of the General Assembly itself, the resolutions adopted by the School Board, November 1, 1869, are in violation of law, and a usurpation and abuse of power, and, therefore, ought to be suppressed by the perpetual injunction of this Court."

Two of the respondents, in behalf of the action of the School Board, argued for the second decision that we have given above, which in few words is, that it is unconstitutional to enforce the reading of the Bible against the conscientious scruples of parents; that these conscientious scruples are protected by the guarantees of the Constitution of the State and of the United States. We are sorry to say that the weight of the argument of these two advocates was against the Bible itself. Their utterances will, we believe, have little effect in the decision of the question, certainly will find but limited acceptance with the great body of American people. They

serve, however, to show the real source and animus of this recent movement against the Bible. It is not primarily a movement of Roman Catholics. Catholics desire no Bibleless and godless schools. That they are opposed to our public school system, and to any system of education that is not almost completely in their own hands, we all know. That they would aid in breaking down our system, or at least in bringing it into such straits that the people would feel they must either abandon the schools, or concede a division of the funds, is sufficiently evident. That Catholic members of the School Board voted in favor of the excluding resolution we know. But the movement did not originate with Catholics; there was no demand coming up from them for the expulsion of the Bible; the excluding resolution was not argued on the ground of the Catholic conscience; nor was there a demand from the Jews for the exclusion of the Bible. In fact, nobody had asked for it. It was an anti-Christian, anti-Bible, rationalistic movement. It was not a question of conscience, but a contest with the Bible itself. So it was presented and argued in the School Board, so the Bible was contested and even ridiculed in the demonstration in Pike's Opera Hall, and so it was argued by two of the learned advocates before the Court. The Bible, religion, Christianity, are unconstitutional; this is a godless, religionless nation, therefore the Bible can not be read in our schools against the wishes of any. This is the anti-Bible argument.

On the same side was found one who disappointed all his friends in being found there. Still no one can doubt the integrity, the honesty, and the conscientious convictions of Judge Stanley Matthews. We are not sorry that an able, Christian, Bible-loving advocate was found on that side. He at least presented to us the argument of the negative in its full strength, without feeling it necessary to degrade the Bible itself, or to cast slurs on Christianity. Indeed, his high appreciation of the Bible, his profound and acknowledged faith in its Divine origin, his eloquent and even tearful tribute to the truth and worth of Christianity, will serve as an excellent antidote to the many unjust and untrue things that have been said on the same side.

We have not space to review the argument of the learned Judge. We give him the credit of having made a thorough and masterly argument for the negative; almost exhaustive; we see the full strength of the argument against the Bible; we are driven to one of two conclusions, either that the argument is fallacious, or we are approaching the end of our free school system. If it be true that the reading of the Bible, the imparting of any kind of religious instruction in our public schools is unconstitutional, is un-American, is a tyranny over conscience, then the American public school approaches its end. Our reasoning is briefly this: The Judge claims that whenever a minority, however small, he reduces it even to one, declare themselves conscientiously opposed to religious instruction of any kind in the schools, the Constitution of the State and of the United States protects this conscience, and the ob-

jectionable book or order must be withdrawn! That is, a mere handful of infidels, or Catholics, or Jews, in a city, a State, or the nation, may command the vast body of the American people to halt, and expel the Bible, and exclude all religious instruction out of their school. Is it so that our State and National Constitutions, the organic structure of our American nationality is such, that it gives this immense advantage to infidelity, or Catholicism, or "nullifidianism," that a meager minority, a bare handful, need simply cry out "conscience," and thereby arrest every institution of the State or nation that looks to instructing her citizens in religious duty and obligation? Nearly every State in the Union has said, "Religion, morality, and knowledge are essentially necessary to good government." The Judge argues that in any city or State, a mere handful of people may thrust their consciences in the way of the government, and the government that has just declared that religion and morality is essential to its existence, must banish religion and morality from its institutions!

But the grand fallacy of this speech lies in the fact that it argues for the conscience of the few, while it completely ignores the conscience of the many. If, because a few unbelievers claim that they are conscientiously opposed to sustaining schools that have the Bible read or give any religious instruction, therefore it is tyranny to enforce taxation upon them for the support of the school, what will the Judge do when the multitudes of American people come forward and say, "We are conscientiously opposed to supporting schools that have no Bible and no religious instruction in them?" Will it not then be tyranny to enforce taxation upon the multitude? The Judge really seems to think that there are no consciences to be hurt on this side! That there is no Protestant Christian conscience to be roused into indignant protest against being taxed to support a system of godless schools, a system of education that excludes the Bible and religious instruction! But there is this conscience, and it is the conscience of the American people, and it will arise in overwhelming resistance; and, therefore, we have said, if the Judge's positions are correct, the end of the public school system approaches; the multitude of American people will be found conscientiously opposed to supporting godless schools.

The Judge seems eventually to apprehend that there may be a storm coming from this side, and he hints of a division of the school fund, and, in the very face of the resolution of the School Board, denies that it is intended to exclude religious instruction, and finally fails to press his argument to its full import and demand the exclusion of the Bible, but in a conclusion that has but little relevancy to his argument, simply desires to rule the question out of Court, and to remand it to the people; that is, to leave it to the discretion of the School Board, and the people are the creators of the School Board. This conclusion would of course be infinitely preferable to a direct ruling of the Bible and religious instruction out of the schools, and would be more American in submitting it to the action of the people.

It would have been well if the School Board itself had possessed sufficient grace to have delayed their offensive haste until they had given the people an opportunity to speak. But the true decision of this question is the one so ably and thoroughly argued by the advocates for the Bible. The Constitution of Ohio declares "That religion, morality, and knowledge are essential to good government, and the happiness of the people," and for this purpose makes it the duty of the General Assembly to provide schools for the education of the children. In the face of this letter of the Constitution, and against the whole spirit of our American life, the School Board resolves, "That religious instruction and the reading of religious books, including the Holy Bible, are prohibited in the common schools of Cincinnati." It is difficult to conceive a more direct infringement of the Constitution than is this resolution. The Court promptly arrested it by an injunction, and we trust that its more careful study will confirm the first judgment, and make the injunction permanent.

DR. NAST'S CATECHISM.—The Smaller and Larger Catechisms of Dr. Nast, put into English form and dress, have been lying for some time on our table awaiting an opportunity for a notice consistent with their merits. But even now we have not space for more than a brief reference. We have examined them with care, both in manuscript and as they were passing through the printers' hands. We welcome them as an excellent addition to the catechetical furniture of our Sunday-schools and homes. They were originally prepared under advice for the use of the German Methodist societies, and were submitted in German to the last General Conference, and were cordially approved by that body. This examination by the committee of the General Conference gave rise to the belief that they would be found valuable to the Church at large, if presented also in an English edition, and the author was requested to superintend their translation and to issue them in English. In this form they are now offered to the Church, requesting Sabbath-school officers, and teachers, and parents to examine and use them. The eminent author has devoted to this work much care and labor, and has produced in many respects a superior catechism. The Smaller Catechism contains two hundred and ninety-seven questions and answers, each accompanied by an appropriate Scripture proof. The Larger Catechism contains three hundred and sixty-three questions and answers, the questions and answers being the same as in the smaller one, as far as they go, but supplemented by additional questions and additional proof-texts. Throughout the Larger Catechism also are scattered very important, brief, terse, and valuable explanatory notes. The questions are clear, direct, and pointed, and cover the whole ground of Christian faith and practice. The answers are short, plain, expressive, and often striking, easily committed to memory and easily retained. The author has certainly succeeded in making an excellent catechism, and we recommend it to our Sunday-schools and families.

OFFICERS AND MANAGERS OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH FOR 1870.—The election held on Monday, the 15th of November, resulted as follows:

Officers: Bishop Morris, President; Bishop Janes, 1st Vice-President; Bishop Scott, 2d Vice-President; Bishop Simpson, 3d Vice-President; Bishop Baker, 4th Vice-President; Bishop Ames, 5th Vice-President; Bishop Clark, 6th Vice-President; Bishop Thomson, 7th Vice-President; Bishop Kingsley, 8th Vice-President; Mr. Enoch L. Fancher, 9th Vice-President; Rev. Morris D'C. Crawford, 10th Vice-President; Mr. Wm. B. Skidmore, 11th Vice-President; Rev. John A. Roche, 12th Vice-President; Mr. James H. Taft, 13th Vice-President; Mr. Oliver Hoyt, 14th Vice-President; Rev. Thomas Carlton, D. D., Treasurer; Rev. Luke Hitchcock, D. D., Assistant Treasurer; Rev. David Terry, Recording Secretary.

Managers: Ministers—Bishops Morris, Janes, Scott, Simpson, Baker, Ames, Clark, Thomson, Kingsley; J. P. Durbin, D. D., W. L. Harris, D. D., T. Carlton, D. D., J. Holdich, D. D., J. Porter, D. D., J. T. Peck, D. D., J. A. Roche, D. D., J. M. Tuttle, C. D. Foss, M. D'C. Crawford, D. D., D. Curry, D. D., G. Haven, H. B. Ridgeway, A. D. Vail, A. S. Hunt, T. M. Eddy, D. D., S. D. Brown, C. B. Sing, J. Lanahan, D. D., O. H. Tiffany, D. D., E. G. Andrews, L. R. Dunn. Laymen—W. B. Skidmore, Clinton B. Fisk, J. Falconer, W. Truslow, E. L. Fancher, S. P. Patterson, J. H. Taft, T. A. Howe, H. M. Forrester, H. J. Baker, J. S. M'Lean, C. Walsh, John A. Wright, J. French, J. H. Ockershausen, S. Crowell, O. Hoyt, C. C. North, C. Oakley, C. H. Fellows, W. W. Cornell, S. U. F. Odell, Isaac Odell, O. H. P. Archer, G. J. Ferry, Joseph F. Knapp, J. O. Fowler, John Stephenson, James H. Fuller, G. T. Cobb, George I. Seney, G. G. Reynolds.

Appropriations for the support of the foreign and home mission work for 1870:

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

1. Liberia.....	\$11,000 20
2. South America.....	10,119 00
3. China: Foochow.....	\$17,192 00
Kew Keang.....	13,543 60
Peking.....	6,182 40
4. Germany and Switzerland.....	31,500 00
5. Scandinavia: Denmark.....	\$7,961 97
Norway.....	9,732 80
Sweden.....	9,839 20
6. India.....	93,057 60
7. Bulgaria.....	11,809 16
Total.....	\$222,027 93

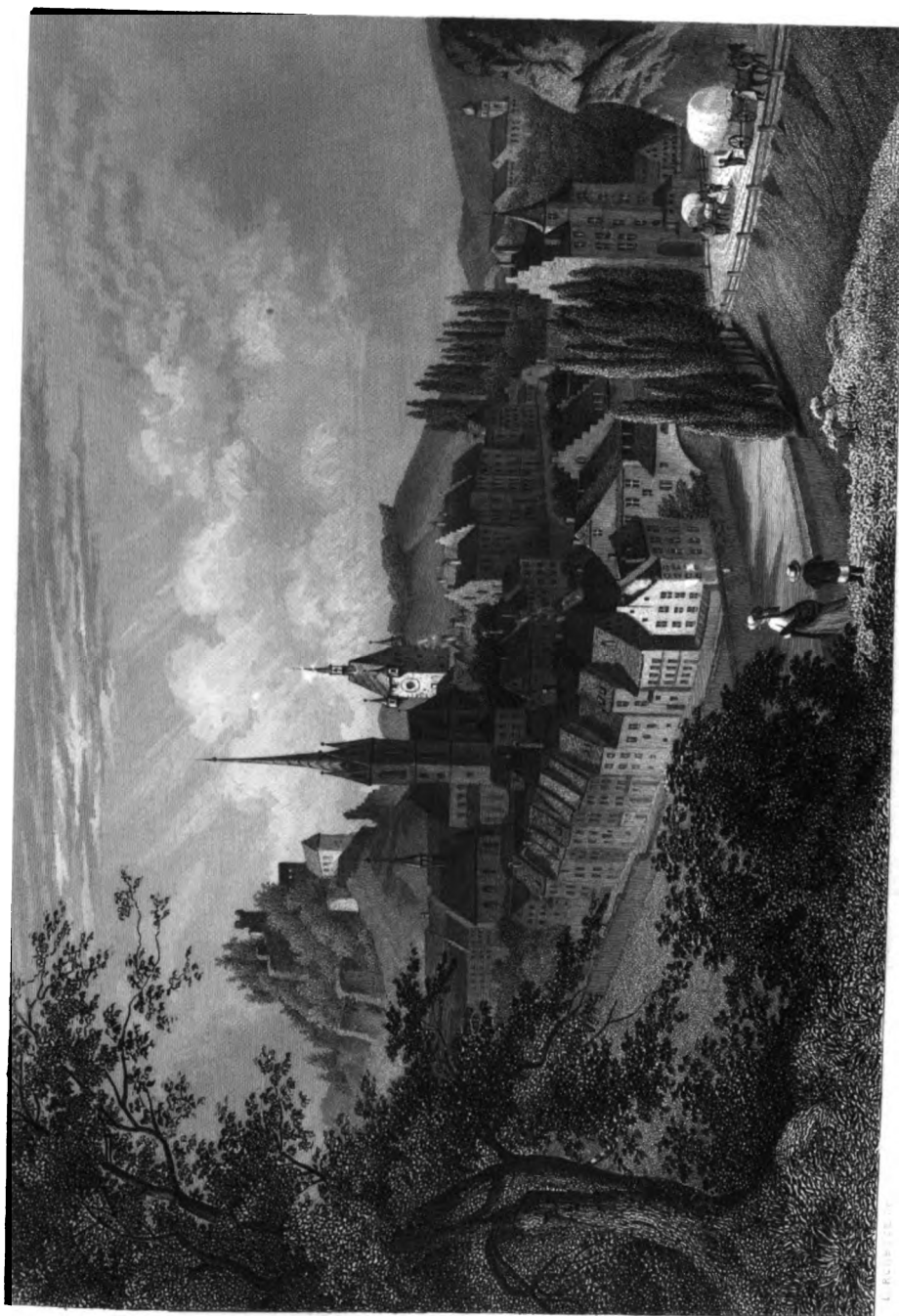
NOTE.—This amount includes the forty per cent. allowed for exchange.

FOREIGN POPULATIONS.

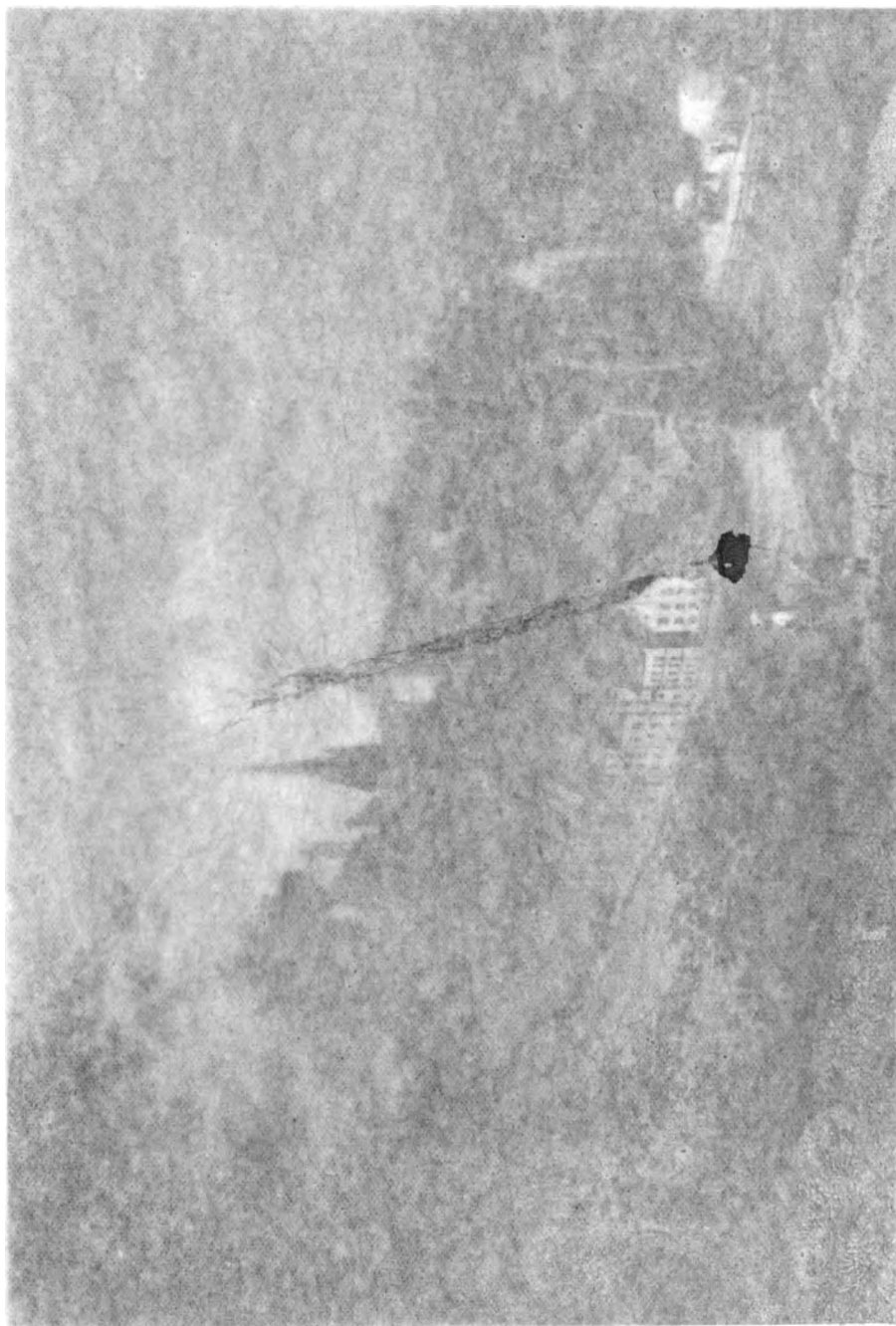
1. Welsh.....	\$150 00
2. Scandinavian.....	11,600 00
3. German.....	35,100 00
4. Chinese.....	23,000 00
Indians.....	69,850 00
	5,940 00

DOMESTIC PROPER.

American populations distributed through sixty-nine Annual Conferences.....	\$274,700 00
Missions in Territories.....	13,000 00
Miscellaneous.....	75,000 00
Total.....	\$660,517 93
Add for payment of outstanding drafts not yet matured.....	139,482 07
Making a grand total of.....	\$800,000 00









PAINTED BY T. BROOKS

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1870.

MARCH.

DR. MALAN IN HIS FAMILY AND SOCIAL LIFE.*

HIS house was situated out of the town, in the midst of a large garden, in the end of which was the chapel, a simple but convenient edifice. When I entered the place they told me that Malan was holding an evening service. After having, standing under the window, listened to the close of the service, I saw this venerable man come out in company with a Scotch stranger. He saluted me in the most affecting way with the grace and dignity which characterized him.

The first impression produced on me by the sight of Malan was that of a noble and imposing personality. A little above the middle height, he was well made and of a vigorous frame; and though there was something military in his bearing, his manner was perfectly natural, betraying neither restraint nor affectation. His large shoulders supported a superb head; his open, lofty brow gave the idea of power. His eyes were full of mind and of fire, at the same time that the affecting expression of his look at once won you over and retained you forcibly. His finely cut mouth betrayed at the same time a will of iron and the most cordial benevolence, and it possessed also that special mark of grace which denotes the orator. His abundant hair, already silvered—Malan was then fifty years old—flowed over his shoulders. His black coat, with its straight collar and white cravat, indicated the clergyman at first sight.

After having saluted me as an old acquaintance, Malan conducted me to a room which opened on the garden, where he presented me to several of his daughters as well as his wife.

The latter, simple as distinguished, at once brought before me the image of the mother of a German family.

"And what brings you here?" asked my host as soon as we were seated. Then, as I told him that I came to visit Geneva, he interrupted me by saying, "Where do you lodge? Go," added he, when I had named my hotel, "have your luggage brought here, and make yourself at home under my roof." I hesitated. Malan was not equally beloved by all the men whom I intended to see at Geneva; finally, I feared above all, on account of my youth and inexperience, his superior mind, and that sort of evangelical fanaticism with which he always tried to win people to the exaggerated rigor of his Calvinism. Divining apparently my thoughts by my silence, he said, "Fear nothing, you will be perfectly free with us. Go arrange your affairs and return to tea." This I decided to do, and I have often thanked God for it.

In the evening I found there, among other persons, the Rev. Bennett, well known by the voyage around the world he had made, with his friend Tyermann, to visit the different stations of evangelical missions. The evening was for me full of interest and instruction. In general, it may be said that the hospitable mansion of Malan was a rendezvous for the people of all countries, and not a week passed without its being visited by strangers of all sorts. He gave himself up to them with a just oblivion of self; but as he was not merely a man of society, but one who knew how to bring forth out of his treasure things new and old, the conversation soon took a character, if not always serious, in every case instructive. When he invited those who came to see him to take tea—which he frequently did—he took his place in the middle of the large table; his guests were seated

*Sa et les Travaux de Cesar Malan.

by the side or opposite him, and his numerous family on the right and left, so that he could with one glance embrace them all. A single look was sufficient to restrain within wise limits his sons and his daughters, or to make them perceive any accidental neglect. During the repast there was a mixture of German and English customs.

There was not in this family life more beautiful moments than those of the morning and evening prayer. They were precious hours of benediction and recollection. Of course all the members of the household took part in it, even the guests and the domestics. One of the children brought a stand that he placed, after having put upon it the large family Bible, and the book of hymns by Malan, before the chair destined for the father of the family. The eldest of the daughters seated herself at the piano, while all present were arranged around in a circle, their Bibles in their hands. Malan began by a very short prayer that he pronounced while seated, then he gave out a hymn that the people of the household generally sang from memory. He then read with much solemnity a chapter in the Bible, giving it an expression that might often stand instead of explanation. He spoke then about a quarter of an hour on what he had read, frequently with a special mention, and always taking care to make an application to the individual wants of those to whom he addressed himself. Finally came the prayer that he made kneeling, and which consisted, above all, in the praises of God and in thanksgivings for the great works of salvation. He was accustomed, also, in the prayer to recommend to the Lord great and small, the individual and man in general, the Church of Christ and its disseminations over the whole world—Switzerland and Geneva, his well-beloved town; his little church, with its specific wants; the members of his household, as well as the anxieties and the joys which the circumstances of the day brought with them. He mentioned also specially the guests who were there, and, in general, each one according to his vocation, his state of soul, his plans and his personal position. All this was placed before the Father of mercies, and in the name of the Lord Jesus, with so much confidence and intimacy that, on rising from such a prayer, one always felt refreshed and fortified.

I comprehended from that time whence proceeded that perpetual good-humor—that freshness of spirit which distinguished this worthy father of a family; what was the source of the cordial affection, and the reciprocal benevolence which reigned among all his children; where

was the secret of this tone of gayety and this joyous spirit which made so favorable an impression on every stranger who entered the precincts of this house.

It was soon evident to me that the spirit of prayer reigned in all the life of the family. I could perceive, as soon as one of the children or members of the household became agitated or troubled in any way, the father of the family either affectionately recommended him to seek God in prayer, with the assurance that he himself would intercede for him; or, taking him into his study, he prayed there with him, after having spoken to him unreservedly.

In the house of Malan the Sunday was kept with all the severity of Scottish Puritanism. This was for me a source of trouble and of conflict. Every one knows that on this point the Lutheran Church has a tendency and a teaching different from those of the Reformed Scotch Church. Without doubt, one can not help seeing in the Scottish severity a return to the weak and beggarly elements of the world from which Christ has delivered us—a return which is not an indifferent matter. Notwithstanding this zeal appears worthy of all praise, when one compares it with the habitual profanation of the Sabbath in our towns and villages, as well among the Protestants as the Catholics. One fact is evident—it is, that God has sanctified the seventh day; that he did it for humanity long before the Levitical law, and even long before there was a people of God, to the end that man might quit work for recreation, agitation for repose, distraction for recollection; in one word, the world for God himself. But let us return to Malan.

One day, it was a Sunday, I heard his voice calling me in the garden on which my window opened. "What are you doing now?" he said. "I am writing letters," I replied to him from the window. "Come down to the garden," he then said to me, "and let us converse on serious things." I hastened to join him. Scarcely were we seated on a bench in the shade of high chestnut-trees, when he said to me, "Do you know that you break the commandment of God in working thus on the Sabbath?" "In working on the Sabbath?" I cried in astonishment. "Do you not know the fourth commandment?"—the third according to the Lutherans. "Without doubt," I replied. "But how then have I broken it?" "Thou shalt not do any work on the Sabbath day." Then said Malan, with a solemn voice, and he repeated in emphasizing these words: "Any work! To write letters, is that not doing any work? Is this work in direct relation to God to whom the day belongs? Have you no leisure time for that in the week? Have

you nothing to-day to set in order with your God with regard to the past? nothing to tell him? nothing to listen to from him as regards the state of your soul? nothing to ask him for the days which are before you? My friend, you refuse God the honor which belongs to him, and you do wrong to your own soul."

I felt the weight of these words, but I kept silence; thoughts many, however, stirred within me.

"You would have doubtless many objections to make me, I know well," added he, "nevertheless listen to me. No true Christian has yet thought of declaring that the sixth commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' is antiquated, and of no more authority for Christianity. On the contrary, in the economy of the New Dispensation, this commandment is so interpreted that it extends even to the inimical word, even to the thought of hatred. It is the same with the seventh, the eighth, with all the commandments of the two tables. The fourth, should it really be abolished? Ought we not to admit, with regard to this commandment, that which is true of all the others, that it also is really reinforced under the New Testament? My friend, take then this word in all seriousness, not do any work."

I wished to reply, but Malan cried out, "Let me finish! Look at my household. The fourth commandment is there kept in a serious manner. My youngest children even feel the need of ceasing from the work of the six other days, and on the Sabbath day of living only for their God and Savior. And what do you see in our home as the result of this obedience? God has blessed the Sabbath day, and this benediction is still felt to-day in all its power: God has blessed my house. You can recognize this benediction in our family happiness, in the peace that reigns in our home. You can see it in my children. Yes, my friend, we must be serious with regard to the commandments of God; God will then be faithful to his promise."

After having told him why, notwithstanding these words so serious and so convincing, I could not, however, admit that the Christian Sabbath was the Jewish Sabbath, I assured Malan that I preferred its severity to the opposite tendency, and that in every case I would promise willingly during my sojourn with him to regulate my conduct according to the rules of his house.

Malan was not satisfied. He interrupted me constantly, and sought with much eloquence, and often with an astonishing skill in sophistry, to overthrow my arguments. Obligated to be

contented with the promise that I gave him, he ended by saying that he hoped that during this time I should be converted. This hope is not doubtless realized in the sense in which he understood it; nevertheless, with regard to it, I have carried from his house a great and durable benediction. Since then, in effect, I have lived, by God's help, not only for myself to keep holy the Sabbath day, but later to do all in my power to introduce the benefits of it in my home.

After having been at Lausanne at the anniversaries of the religious societies, a great number of us returned on the fourth of August on the steamboat which, thanks to the superb weather, was filled with strangers of all sorts. While I enjoyed the relaxation which so easily succeeds all tension of mind, I perceived that Malan had seated himself beside a strange lady, and in his courteous way had begun to exchange some words with her. The conversation became more animated. On the features of the lady appeared alternately either the expression of astonishment, or a smile of disdain. Her face became red and pale by turns. Evidently she was agitated by the conflict of opposing sentiments. Often we saw her speak and gesticulate with the greatest agitation; one would have said that she wished to defend herself against unjust attacks; then she put herself in the attitude of a listener, attentive, silent, with downcast eyes. Gradually these moments of silence became more frequent; finally she was entirely silent. Malan, on his side, seemed to become more serious, more persistent, more assured of victory. Soon tears were flowing down the face of the stranger, who, at each instant, put her handkerchief to her eyes.

For a long time I had, from a distance, observed this scene with the most lively interest; for it was evident that Malan sought to bring this soul to the Savior. Did I not know that he was animated with great zeal to win hearts for the kingdom of God, and that with this he possessed an extraordinary gift for seizing souls! How many admirable examples had I long known of what God had accomplished by his instrumentality! I had been told how, during walks, in *diligences*, in inns, and with people of all conditions, he had known sometimes by a single word to throw into hearts an arrow from which they could not free themselves! For the first time at this hour I saw this man at his work. While the rest of us were hither and thither without doing any thing, looking around us, and speaking of things more or less vain, Malan was evangelizing with an indefatigable zeal and with an ardent charity.

After about a half hour, while I was standing

near a young German of my acquaintance, Malan passed by my side and said in my ear, "A soul newly gained to the Savior." A quarter of an hour later, as I was still in the same place, and a young theologian from the North had just joined us, Malan again passing near me touched me on the shoulder, saying with a low voice, "Evangelize! sound the trumpet!" During all my journey after that, or, better still, during all my life, this cry has a thousand times resounded in my ear, and never, when I have faithfully followed it, have I had occasion to repent.

A proposition having been made to me to become a tutor in a great English house, I reserved my decision, according to my custom, until I had heard the advice of my family and the opinion of tried friends. As soon as I had written home, I went to speak to Malan.

After having listened to me tranquilly, he asked me what I had myself decided. "To accept this offer," I replied, "if I receive the approbation I anticipate from my home."

He shook his head, and began with vivacity and increasing warmth to describe to me the inconveniences of such a position, urging me in the name of my conscience to remember that I was called to preach the Word of God, to evangelize, and not to become the guardian of a young man of noble family. "Go to France," cried he, "to America, to Africa, where you will, provided that you preach Jesus, gain souls to the Lord! That is your task! Go! sound the trumpet of the Gospel!" A little annoyed at seeing thus all my beautiful dreams destroyed, I endeavored to show him the advantages of the offer which had been made to me. "Illusion! illusion!" he repeated in throwing down, without pity, all the scaffolding of my objections. . . .

Soon after, having retired to look over a German work on Calvinistic theology lent him by Mr. Malan, I heard Malan's voice calling me. He invited me to follow him to his study. Against the wall was a cabinet organ. He placed on the instrument a sheet on which was a beautiful hymn-tune with a French text, and he asked me to play it. Words and music were entirely unknown to me. It was a hymn on the communion of saints, on the sweetness of fraternity, and on the blessed hope that a day will come when all the children of God, having reached through Christ the perfection of the same knowledge will unite together to praise the Lamb. I was delighted, and I asked if I might be permitted to copy the words and the melody. "This sheet is yours," said Malan to

me with that expression of joy on his fine countenance, produced by an action which, springing from the heart, has accomplished its aim. "It is my farewell to you," added he, and I then observed that the sheet bore a kind of dedication to my name. It is an incident of little importance, but it gives us a glimpse of the admirable life of charity which animated the soul of this excellent man.

On the evening of the last Sabbath I passed at Pré-Béni, during the tea a box* was circulated with texts of Scripture. Each one read the passage he had drawn, and the father of the family took occasion from it to say some words of exhortation or explication. Before separating an English minister, who was present, made a prayer remarkable for strength and unction.

It was with tears in my eyes that I then took leave of this excellent family, as I was to depart the next morning at 5 o'clock.

As to Malan, he took my arm and led me into the garden. He there manifested his affection for me, placed before me with beautiful clearness the days we had passed together, then gave me excellent counsel for the journey I was about to undertake in France, and valuable addresses for a large number of his friends and acquaintances. However it was near midnight, and I wished to bid him adieu. "No, no," he said to me, "to-morrow I will accompany you to the post-office."

The next morning he was at my door at 4 o'clock. "Is your baggage ready?" he asked me after having given me a friendly morning salutation. He helped the servant carry it down, and accompanied it himself to the entrance of the garden. Then he returned for me. The town was still wrapped in silence. We did not hear a single sound in the streets which we traversed. On the edge of the horizon a band of sky, feebly lighted, announced the approach of day. "What will it be?" said Malan, "when the day of Christ shall appear, and he shall come suddenly to awaken those who sleep!"

Conversing thus we reached the post-office. The carriage and horses were ready. The travelers had already taken their places. Malan embraced me, invoked upon me the blessing of God, and the *diligence* began to roll noisily away.

I have never seen Malan since; he is at rest; but his memory remains a blessing, and that in an ineffaceable way to me and to many others.

* The contents of this Sunday box was appropriated to different objects of charity

THE YOUTH OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

YOUNG as I then was, I took it into my head to correct the erroneous opinions of Mademoiselle d'Armont, and the controversy was often renewed. I engaged in it with a zeal and enthusiasm which, in my opinion, ought to have triumphed over the most inveterate heresy. She did not refuse battle. Her arguments were concise, rapid, luminous, while my feelings predominated over reasoning. I bewailed the fate of Louis XVI, though nothing then announced the fatal end reserved for him to the eternal shame of France. Every thing for the King, was my motto. Mademoiselle d'Armont's maxim was that "kings are made for the people, and not the people for kings." This was, no doubt, true; but it offended me in the object of my idolatry. The imperturbable self-possession of my opponent amazed me, and I quarreled with her; then I apologized and strove to obtain concessions—impossible; she was too true to disguise her sentiments.

Alas! speaking of this incarnate royalism, then and now a part of my very being, I remember that one day, sitting in the pleasant walks of the garden of the Faudoas mansion with my beloved Eleanor, reading the history of England with her, I wept bitterly over the misfortunes of Charles I, and was enamored with the deeds of devotion which have immortalized the partisans of the Stuarts. "See, darling," said I to my friend, "I would do so if the same thing should happen in France. I would sacrifice myself for my king; I would die for him!" "O!" she replied, "I would certainly serve him with all my ability, but not to death. I should prefer to keep my head, even if it were wrong side up." This expression has never left my memory since the day that charming head fell under the revolutionary ax. She wished to live, but she perished; while I wished to die, and I still live to weep for many friends and sigh over my country's woes.

But let us return to Mademoiselle d'Armont. We were soon to be separated again, for my parents were preparing to leave Caen and take up their residence in Rouen. The hot-headed and bigoted population of Caen promised no safety. The inhabitants of Rouen, on the other hand, enjoyed a reputation for prudence which they did not belie during the reign of terror. Grieved to lose us again, Madame de Bretteville was almost determined to follow us. Her young relative urged her to do this with all her might.

A single obstacle hindered the realization of this plan, and this obstacle was invincible. The old lady had heard that a bridge of boats must be crossed in order to enter the city, and thereupon she was struck with terror lest this bridge might drift apart while she was on it and bear her out in mid-ocean. Ridiculous as this fear may appear, it was impossible to extirpate it from her narrow mind, which could not hold two ideas at the same moment. All our eloquence stranded upon the greatest stubbornness. We then proposed to go through Paris to avoid the bridge. That was much worse. Paris! one must be crazy to risk such a dangerous journey. We were, therefore, obliged to make up our minds to bid each other a farewell, which turned out eternal.

Four months had passed since the renewal of our acquaintance with the young school-girl of the convent. We were deeply attached to her. Our departure filled her with sadness; she was sorry to lose my mother, whose influence over her aged relative rendered her life more pleasant and reminded her of childhood's happy days. Perhaps, had we remained near her, she would not have been led into the society of the federalists, who assuredly would have been entire strangers to us. Good advice, pleasant friendship, our common occupations might perhaps have succeeded in calming this exalted mind.

A few days before our departure Madame de Bretteville gave us a farewell dinner. The guests interested us for more than one reason. M. d'Armont, urged by letters from my mother, had forgiven his daughter the impulsiveness which had led her from the paternal roof. Convinced that her youthful effervescence had yielded to the good counsels by which she was surrounded, he had consented to a reconciliation. He had come to Caen with his younger son and daughter, the former of whom was soon to go into exile as a royalist, and join his elder brother at Coblenz. A young relative of Madame de Bretteville, M. de Tournéllis, had also come with the same intentions. It was, therefore, doubly a farewell repast, since we were going to Rouen and the young men to the Rhine. M. de Tournéllis seemed quite pleased with Mademoiselle d'Armont. Both called Madame de Bretteville aunt, although she was only a very distant cousin, and my mother would have been glad if the respective claims of the two branches could have been blended in a very suitable union between the amiable young man and our friend; but the latter seemed no way disposed to favor this arrangement, and in a kind of contradictory spirit she disclosed her

opinions more openly than ever, wholly hostile to the hopes of the emigrants. Like the rest of us, M. de Tournéris tried to lead this stray sheep back into the fold, for he attributed the ideas which she advanced occasionally, to mental error. He forgave her infatuation for Rome and Lacedæmonia, not imagining that she could desire the overthrow of our ancient and glorious monarchy. A skirmish resulted from this opposition, in which each readily participated.

Never will this farewell dinner pass from my memory. It was Saint Michael's day, 1791. Mademoiselle d'Armont, arrayed in one of the beautiful garments which her aged relative had given her, was dazzling beautiful. I presided over her toilet and the arrangement of her hair, that her father might be subjugated in every possible way. I still see her in a dress of pink taffeta, striped with white, open upon a petticoat of white silk. This costume was admirably becoming to her figure; a pink ribbon bound her hair and harmonized with the color of her complexion, brighter than usual from her uncertainty about the reception she would receive from her father, and from the emotion of meeting her family again. She was truly an ideal creature that day.

M. d'Armont and my mother met with pain and pleasure blended. The entire past revived in an instant to the eyes of this worthy man. He embraced his daughter, whom my mother presented to him, with true paternal affection. There were no recriminations or reproaches, and he consented very willingly to leave her with Madame de Bretteville, herself rather dissatisfied with a favor she had in no wise solicited, but incapable, from her weak character, of trying to shield herself from what she probably considered a burden.

At first the dinner was very gay. We were full of hope. Our emigrants-to-be thought they should make but a short trip along the banks of the Rhine; they would be back to spend the Winter in Paris. Every thing would be quiet by that time. Mademoiselle d'Armont rallied them on the rapidity of their journey and their speedy return. She compared them to Don Quixote. They laughed, they joked, and so far every thing went on well; but at length some one proposed the King's health. We all rose up simultaneously except Mademoiselle d'Armont, who remained sitting, her glass on the table. "To the health of the King" was repeated a second time. The same attitude and the same silence. M. d'Armont knit his eyebrows; he dropped his eyes with visible displeasure. My mother gently touched the young lady's arm to prevail upon her to rise.

Mademoiselle d'Armont looked at her, calm and gentle as usual, but did not stir. "What! my child," said my mother, "do you refuse to drink the health of so good and virtuous a King?" "I believe him virtuous," she answered with that accent which was like melody, "but a weak King can not be good: he can not prevent the misery of the people." A deep silence succeeded this answer. I was angry; my mother hardly concealed her vexation. However, we drank the health of our cherished King; then each sat down again plainly annoyed and gloomy. Mademoiselle d'Armont surely did not aim to displease us; but, frank and incapable of deceit, she would have blushed, as at an apostasy, at what circumstances perhaps required of her, and what her rigid character and inflexible principles did not allow her to do. This opposition to her father's sentiments in a feast of reconciliation, this resistance to the entreaties of her friend was infinitely disagreeable to the whole company, and the expression of embarrassment and coldness which overspread every countenance could not be dissipated.

It chanced that the constitutional Bishop—l'abbé Fauchel—was that day to make a kind of episcopal entrance into the city of Caen, surrounded and followed by a venal multitude, who made the air resound with shouts of Long live the nation! Long live the constitutional Bishop! The young men, offended at these demonstrations, and irritated doubtless by the incomprehensible conduct of Mademoiselle d'Armont, went to the windows under which the procession was just passing, and declared their intention of uttering an opposing cry. This was to expose us all to certain death. The populace would have hacked us in pieces, for, in those hours of impetuosity and delirium, woe to whoever should provoke them unarmed with the force-necessary to conquer them! We threw ourselves mechanically between them and the window to prevent them from indulging this inexcusable madness. But they were excited, and, unable to break the barrier which in our fright we opposed to their impetuosity, they raised their voices so that their shouts of Long live the King, might reach the surging crowd hurrying through the street. Then Mademoiselle d'Armont, seizing M. de Tournéris with a firm grasp, dragged him into the middle of the room, while M. d'Armont commanded his son to be silent with all a father's authority. "How is it," said she to the rash young man whose arm she still held, "how is it that you are not afraid lest the untimely display of your sentiments become fatal to those around

you?" "And how is it, Mademoiselle," responded M. de Tournélis hastily, "that you were not afraid just now of hurting the feelings of your father, of your brother, of all your friends, by refusing to join your voice in a national cry so dear to our hearts?" She smiled. "My refusal could harm none but myself. And you, without any useful purpose, were going to risk the lives of all who are with you. On which side, tell me, is the feeling more generous?" M. de Tournélis dropped his head and was silent. The throng had passed by, and this incident was followed by no fatal consequences.

We had agreed to write to each other often, and make use of every opportunity which might offer. I received ten or twelve letters from Mademoiselle d'Armont, of which only two remain, because my mother, finding them in the hiding-place where I had put them—except the last two—deemed it prudent to burn them, fearing, lest in the domiciliary visits which marked every day of this *era of liberty*, they might learn that I had corresponded with this celebrated girl, whose mere name made our tyrants tremble. I deeply regret that I could not preserve those letters, for they were all characteristic; but I have not forgotten them. The catastrophe which shortly after came to smite her who had written them, engraved their least expressions upon my memory. In them I read loathing of life, the sadness of an unprofitable and aimless existence, in short, the complete disenchantment of a mind deceived in its hopes after being long nourished with seductive illusions. She mentioned politics but rarely, and did so only with a tincture of irony. She derided the immigrant royalists and their chimerical projects; she deplored the blasphemous scenes of which many churches were the theater. One day she told me of a disturbance in the parish of Verson, near Caen, where women, true to their old faith, had been insulted. The latter had avenged themselves by tearing the scarf of the municipal officers. "This was insulting the ass sorely," she said. Mademoiselle d'Armont was sorry she could not induce her aunt to come and join us in Rouen. "O, that she had a fairy's wand to build a more substantial bridge than the one which inspired the old lady's pusillanimity with so much repugnance! Were I near you," she added, "I would become your pupil again, and I would promise more attention to your lessons. Perhaps, then, I might find in your friendship, and in your good mother's, in literature and the study of languages, a compensation for the weariness to which I am a prey. When we can not live in

the present and have no future, we must take refuge in the past, and seek in ideal life all that real life lacks."

I answered her letters punctually; but, since we could put very little confidence in the mails, opportunities became rarer, and toward the close of 1792 entirely ceased. The cessation of this correspondence was very painful to me. For many months I had received no intelligence from Caen, when all the journals announced the assassination of Marat by a young girl called *Corday de Saint Armands*. The names mutilated thus could give us no suspicions. We remained, therefore, in profoundest ignorance until we received the legal examinations, which the public prints transmitted to us. The names were still changed, but at these questions: "Where do you live in Caen?" "With a relative." "What society do you frequent?" "M. de La Rue!" We uttered a cry of terror. The clouds scattered and showed us the tall figure of Mademoiselle d'Armont in a light quite new to us.

I shall not try to paint. I dislike to remember the heart-rending emotions I then experienced. What matters it what my heart felt on that sudden and overwhelming revelation of a character which I had so completely misunderstood. Mademoiselle d'Armont had acted under the impulse of a veritable fatalism. This woman's life, hitherto so insipid, a burden to her on account of its uselessness, had suddenly acquired a value in her eyes from the moment she could sacrifice it to the object of her adoration, of her constant thought, her native land. She thought with the price of her blood to purchase peace, the coalition of parties, the close of civil discord. She hesitated no longer.

"I never valued life," she said, "save for its possible usefulness;" and still later, "Marat appealed to passion in order to seduce and infatuate the minds of men. I thought that, this firebrand of anarchy once extinguished, every thing would be restored to order, and might yet be settled. I trembled for joy, thinking that a woman's life might save so much precious blood."

None urged her to her design, and she confided it to nobody. Her resolution once taken, any feminine delicacy, turning back, or domestic affection, was stifled before such a prospect. Her humane and gentle heart was clothed as with an armor, which rendered her inaccessible to all feelings foreign to her scheme. Calm, strong, resigned, once convinced that the blow she was about to strike would cast off an odious yoke, and bring back her fellow-citizens to more generous ideas, she turned not a single pitiful

glance on herself; she was without weakness as without remorse; she forgot her youth, her beauty, the long future which was promised her, the sorrow she was to cause her father, her relatives, her friends, besides the danger she would expose them to. The victim was marked, and the sacrifice must be fulfilled.

We know how she executed her design. We know what she did, what she said, what she wrote. We know with what courage she went to death, beautiful, calm, proud, and smiling, ruling the mob from the ignoble cart, almost silencing an unbridled multitude by her imposing dignity, and forcing those who had come to insult her even to admire her.

She had committed a crime before God and men; but in her own eyes she had performed a duty, and her crime was a virtue. Exalted by continual contemplation of ancient times, and exciting her imagination with the deeds of sublime devotion which have immortalized their authors, she meant also to sacrifice herself to the common safety, expecting justice and glory from posterity.

I neither judge, condemn, nor absolve her. My only purpose in writing these lines has been to make her character and the motives which inspired her rightly known. Never were these purer, nobler, and more disinterested. History will give its verdict upon this heroic woman, and I, who was her friend, shall glory in that friendship until my last breath.

I add to the recollections of Madame de M. a literal copy of the two letters which she was able to screen from her mother's fears. The spelling, often faulty, has been corrected. Nothing was less rare in the last century than this inaccuracy, even among well-bred women.

Letter from Charlotte Corday to Mademoiselle L., afterward Madame de M.:

March, 1792.

"Is it possible, my dear friend, that while I was repining at your indolence, you were the victim of the cruel small-pox! I think you ought to be grateful that you are free from it, and that it has respected your good looks; a favor it does not grant all pretty people. You were sick, and I could not know it. Promise me, dearest, that if you should have a relapse you will inform me of it in advance, for I think nothing so hard as ignorance of the condition of our friends. You ask me the news; just now, darling, there is nothing new in our city; sensible folks are gone away; the curses that you uttered against our city are having their effects; if grass does not yet grow in our streets,

it is because the season for it has not come. The Fautoas have gone, and also a part of their furniture. M. de Cussi has the care of the flags. He is soon to marry Mademoiselle Fleuriot. With this general desertion we are very quiet, and the less people there are the less danger there will be of insurrection. If it were for me to choose, I should swell the number of refugees in Rouen, not from fear, but, my dear, to be with you to profit from your lessons; for I would quickly choose you for a teacher of English and Italian, and I am sure I should improve every way with you. Madame de Bretteville, my aunt, thanks you very much for your remembrance and your desire to contribute to her welfare, but her health and her tastes admit of no relief; she is confidently awaiting future events, which do not seem hopeless. She begs you to express to Madame L. her gratitude for her kindly remembrance, and to tell her that nobody can be more sincerely attached to her; she misses you both very much, and is convinced, like myself, that you will not soon return to a city that you so justly despise. My brother went a few days ago to increase the number of knights-errant; perhaps they may encounter wind-mills on their way. I can not think, like our famous aristocrats, that a triumphant entrance will be made without a combat, so formidable is the national force. I think their soldiers are not well disciplined, yet the idea of liberty inspires something like courage, and besides, despair may yet serve them; so then I am at rest, and, moreover, what fate awaits us? A dreadful despotism; if they succeed in re-enslaving the people we shall shun Charybdis and fall on Scylla; we must still suffer. But, my dear, I am writing you a journal contrary to my intentions, for all these lamentations will cure nothing; during the Carnival they should be strictly proscribed. I will tell you sad news. I have mislaid your letter; I am not certain of your address. If this reaches you, send me immediately your address. Madame Malmonte has left for the country with Madame Malherbe, and I do not know to whom to resort. Therefore I will make known my name to those who, instead of you and against my wishes, might read my scribbles.

"I resume my letter which has been undisturbed for several days, dearest, because people foretold great events which I wished to write to you, and nothing has taken place. Every thing is quiet notwithstanding the Carnival, which was unobserved; masks were forbidden. You will think that right. M. de Fautoas has returned; we know not why; none understands his conduct. Remember me to Madame L.,

and assure her of my respectful devotion. Farewell, darling."

SECOND LETTER.

May, 1792.

"I always receive the tokens of your friendship with new pleasure, my dear friend, but I am grieved at your illness. It would seem that this is a consequence of the small-pox; you must be careful. You ask what has happened in Verson; every abomination that can be committed; fifty persons stripped, beaten, women outraged. It seems that they bore them special hatred. Three died a few days after; the rest are still sick; at least most of them. Some of the inhabitants of Verson, on Easter Sunday, insulted a soldier and knocked off his cockade. This was a sore insult to the ass.

"Thereupon stormy deliberations. The administrative body were compelled to permit them to leave Caen, and the preparations went on till half-past two. The inhabitants of Verson, being warned in the morning, thought it a mere jest. The curate had just time to flee, leaving a corpse he was burying in the road. You know that those who were there, and were taken, are the Abbe Adam and de La Palluc, the canon of the Sepulcher, a strange priest, and a young abbot of the parish; the women are the niece of Abbe Adam, the sister of the priest, and also the mayor of the parish. They have been but four days in prison. A peasant questioned by the municipal officers: 'Are you a patriot?' 'Alas! yes, gentlemen, I am. Every body knows that I first bid for the property of the clergy, and you know well, gentlemen, that honest folks would not have it.' I know not whether an intelligent man could have made a better answer than this poor fool, yet even the judges themselves, despite their gravity, could hardly repress a smile. What shall I say finally to end summarily this sad chapter? The parish changed in an instant, and became a club; they feasted the new converts, who would have betrayed their curate had he reappeared among them.

'You know the people, we may change them in a day, They lavish easily their hatred and their love.'

"All whom you mention are in Paris. To-day the rest of our respectable citizens leave for Rouen, and we remain almost alone. How can it be helped? Impossible things can not be done. I should have been perfectly delighted if we had taken up our abode in your province, especially as we are threatened with a speedy insurrection. We can die but once, and what gives me courage in the horrors of our situation is, that nobody will suffer in losing me, unless

you value my tender love. You will be surprised, my darling, at my fears; you would share them if you were here. You will be told what a condition our city is in, and how people's heads ferment. Farewell, my dear, I must close, for it is impossible to write any longer with this pen, and I fear that I have already too long delayed sending you this letter. I beg you to say the most polite and respectful things from me to Madame L. My aunt charges me to express to her, as well as to yourself, how dear her memory is to her, and to entreat you to depend upon her sincere attachment. I say nothing of my affection. I hope you will be convinced of it, if I do not continually say the same thing."

Either I am greatly mistaken, or these two letters present something more than a curious interest. Doubtless we can not expect to find in the confidence exchanged between two girls all that strikes and agitates us in the celebrated letter addressed to Barbaroux, commenced in the Abbaye and finished in the Conciergerie. Charlotte Corday, in 1792, could not be what she was in 1793; she could not write in Caen, a retreat less disturbed by outward seditions than by the secret agitations of her soul, as she wrote after she had shed the blood of Marat, inspired by that useful and, in her eyes, glorious deed, exalted by her sacrifice, more occupied with her native land and the hope of restoring quiet to it than with the fate which awaited her. Yet we see the chief traits of her character clearly defined in the recollections and portraits which she groups. It was scenes like these she witnessed in a city that she considered *so justly despised*; these patriots starting on an expedition to *outrage women*; the inhabitants of Verson ready to betray their curate if he should venture to return; cowards, like the peasant whose questioning she so ludicrously relates; simpletons, *lavishing their hatred and love*; it was all these wretches and idiots who made her say in 1793, "Almost all are selfish. What a wretched people to found a Republic!" She who wrote the evening before her death, "I never valued life save for its possible usefulness," did not cater for posterity, for it was she who said, a year before, to her friend, "One can die but once, and what gives me confidence in the horrors of our situation is, that no one will suffer in losing me." When we have made allowance for the difference which is the necessary consequence of diverse circumstances, we shall fully recognize the character of the intrepid woman of Normandy in the two letters of March and May, 1792. There is the same disposition to playfulness and irony; there is the

same enthusiasm for the republican cause, with the same contempt for those who polluted and dishonored this cause by odious violence and shameful saturnalia; there is the same scorn of life; there is, lastly, that medley of pure sentiments, juvenile gayety, artless grace, elevation of heart, firmness of soul and vigor of mind, which would have made Charlotte Corday a most remarkable and fascinating woman, if the evils of her time had not made her the victim of a sublime error.

HOW WALTER LANGTON WAS SAVED.

IT was not far from midnight, and in the month of November. A dull, cold rain had fallen all day, but now there were gleams of moonlight among the clouds, and the wind began to blow with a more determined will than during the early hours of the night. One by one the passengers had settled themselves in as easy postures as possible on the rail cars, and were asleep, or made a pretense of being so, except a clerical-looking personage about thirty years of age. He had tried to sleep but failed, and now sat upright with a forced look of interest, as he peered through the window into the mist outside.

The whistle of the locomotive blew suddenly, and the train was checked, as if a signal had been made not unexpectedly, and then, without coming to a halt, it moved on again. It was only a village of less than a hundred houses. But the matter was explained when the front door of the car was opened, for a man stepped in that any one accustomed to travel would readily recognize as a railroad official. There was an air of good-nature and energy about him that inspired confidence. You would have appealed to him in danger or difficulty with the conviction that he was both able and willing to help.

As he passed quietly, seeking a place to sit down, his eye rested for a second upon the face of our wakeful clerical friend. He was instantly interested, and approached him with a scrutinizing look that arrested the attention of the other. In a moment their hands were clasped, and they seemed half locked in each other's arms.

"Why, Charlie, my dear boy, how fortunate I am to meet you! Nothing but the most urgent duty started me out to-night; but I would have come through any storm to meet you."

"I believe you, Walter. But what will you think when I tell you that I was thinking of you

at the very moment when you came into the cars? Your sudden and unexpected appearance stunned me for a moment, and I scarcely knew whether I was sleeping or you were a spirit."

"There was a time when we would have accounted for it by some transcendentalisms, but now I am content to accept such facts without philosophy."

"It's quite a long time, Walter, since I saw you last. Can you remember where it was?"

Walter Langton looked sadly, and seemed to be rallying his memory. But he was not long silent.

"Was it not about ten years ago? Yes, yes!" said he, and a faint sense of pain and confusion played across his fine face. "Yes, it was in a car on this railroad, and we passed together over the same ground that we are passing over to-night."

"Time has not impaired your faculties, Walter, for you answer with the same exactness and confidence as in the old school-days. It was that fact that led me to think about you, and I wondered if you would recollect it."

"I can never forget those days," he replied with singular seriousness. "But I am not the same man now that I was then."

"No, Walter, you are a better man; I can see it in every feature of your face, and I am glad it is so. Then you were discontented and growing reckless, I thought. I had fears that you were on the road to ruin, which have always been in my mind when I thought of you, although I have never expressed them before now."

"You are right. I was going to ruin when you saw me last."

"But you are not going to ruin now," he returned, with a brotherly tenderness.

"No, thank God!" and his eyes were moist, and his voice trembled in thankfulness.

"Charlie, you and I had one heart and life nearly when we were boys. You don't know how it shamed me ten years ago when we met on the cars, and I felt that you were doing God's work in this world, and that I had grown unworthy your company. But it's not so now. Shall I tell you how I fell away from God and all goodness, and how I came back to a new and better life?"

"Yes, by all means."

"When I saw you last my wife, utterly wrecked in health, was in a lunatic asylum, and my little daughter was living away from me among friends. My life, which had been happy far beyond my deserving, had grown dark. I was fretful and discouraged, and wondering whether it would not be a good thing to die and be out of the

way. My heart was growing hard. It seemed to me that God was against me, and it was foolish to hope.

"In less than three months from that time I buried my little daughter. It was one of those fierce diseases that the heats of Summer generate that are so fatal to little ones. It's a hard stroke to have a child that you love suffer any harm. Perhaps you know something about it. Ah, yes! I see that you have had some such experience yourself."

"Yes, I know what it means."

"Well, it's hard to go away with the sweet moisture of a child's kisses on your face, and the pressure of a pair of little arms about your neck, and come back again before a month rolls around, and find nothing but a little grave with fresh sods of grass upon it, and a handful of faded flowers to mock your hopes.

"But I think," he continued, "I could have gotten over this blow if it had not been for my other troubles. They gave me to understand that my wife's condition of mind was hopeless, and that her life was ebbing away day by day. I went to see her. Pardon me," he said after a pause, and wiping away his tears, "I can not speak of it. I was entirely overcome, and I think the keepers of the asylum consulted whether I ought also to be taken under their care. In my depression I yielded to the temptation of seeking relief in drink. I was led on partly by my own morbid physical condition, and partly with the hope to get relief from my heavy heart troubles. I made the acquaintance of bad men, as a matter of course, and grew worse and worse.

"It's a terrible thing, Charlie, to be falling away from virtue and goodness day by day, as I was, and to be stupidly conscious of it all the time; to feel that you ought to break away, and yet have the conviction haunt you that an evil fate controls your steps. You get no happiness out of all your misdoings, and you fear to look steadily at the future or even to think of it. God's promises seem to be taken back one by one, and the sky grows darker and darker, till you no longer look up at all, neither to sigh for what you have lost, nor to pray for something better. At last my wife died. I knew it was a mercy to both of us, but the spirit of insubordination had possession of me. I saw the folly of rebellion against God's will, and yet recklessly persisted in it. I grew moody and ill-tempered, till I found myself without employment of any kind. For a time I was no better than a vagabond, wandering here and there, growing confirmed in my bad habits rather than actually worse in character. Wherever my fancies or

necessities carried me in my wanderings, I came back at times to the place where my wife and child were buried. How often, prostrate on the ground beside their quiet sleeping-place, did I promise to do better! I did make some weak attempts at reformation but easily failed, and each failure strengthened the conviction that possessed me that God had cast me off."

"Did no one come to your help in all those days? It seems to me that men are lost when they become outcasts."

"I was away, you know, from all my early friends and associates. I shunned the face of all whom I had ever known."

"If you could have best seen how God was caring for you!"

"Let me tell you how he did care for me. One day in my wanderings, not caring at all what became of me, I came to a little village, Millgrove. I was sicker at heart than ever before. Strange to relate, for a whole day the idea of drinking to dissipate grief or invigorate my wretched system, never came into my mind. I passed by a place where men were carousing, and became conscious of a repugnance for liquor, and had no disposition whatever to indulge, as was my custom upon every opportunity. Wandering on through the village, I sat down on the bank of a little stream over which a dam had been built for a large mill a short distance below. For the first time in my life the thought of self-destruction came into my mind. Many a time before had I wished myself dead and out of trouble, but not dead by my own hand. I said to myself that death was inevitable soon, that I had nothing to live for, and it would be just as well to meet it then as a month or year hence. This was the tenor of my thoughts when a shrill, childish scream startled me, and a glance in the direction from which it came showed me a child struggling in the water. In a moment, without a thought, so vigorous was the impulse, I plunged into the water and brought the child safely to the shore. It was a little girl not more than twelve years old, the daughter of a man in humble circumstances employed in the mill.

"The parents, who had heard the scream and hurried to the spot, overwhelmed me with thanks; and the quick eye and tender heart of the mother detected that I was footsore and dispirited in mind. I can not tell you how gladly I accepted the shelter of their humble home, which they pressed upon me in words that would admit of no denial. They were plain, intelligent Christian people, who had never seen any thing of the world, nor had any great experience of sorrow such as I had. They were kind and sensible

enough not to ask me many questions about myself, nor to press me by any excess of services. I think they comprehended in some way that I had been unfortunate, and was ashamed of the condition in which they saw me.

"That night, as I laid awake for a long time, restless, and my blood hot with fever, my whole life passing in review before, there came to me a glimmer of hope. The thought came to me, and I found myself cherishing it as a drowning man clinging to the wreck, that if God had given me up utterly to misery and ruin, he would not have put it in my way to do so worthy an act as to save the life of an innocent, loving little child. It had been a long time since I had done any thing upon which I could look with the least satisfaction. But this action, which I knew to be generous and worthy, seemed to bridge over many past days of sin and worthlessness, and I said, I will try and do better. I had no plans, nor did I try to form any; there was only the determination to redeem my life.

"The next day I was sick, prostrate, and wretched, and the thirst for drink came upon me, and then a fever raged for days, and, as they told me afterward, the wildest delirium they had ever witnessed. How thankful I was that I was still alive, and it touched me deeply to see that they were even more thankful than I was. That evening, when they thought I was asleep, I heard the father plead for me in their service of family prayer with such tenderness, and with such assurance of Christ's sympathy for such as I was, that tears came to my eyes, and something like hope and repose to my heart. But as I grew stronger the folly and sin of my life appeared so terrible that I am confident that I should have despaired except for love and faith which found utterance in the morning and evening at the family altar. There was a quiet, intelligent minister in the village who came two or three times to see me; no doubt he would have been glad to do me any service, but he evidently did not understand my case, and seemed to be at a loss what to say. Perhaps I was only slowly returning to my former self, and had strange ways. I know that I was in a kind of torpor, sensitive only to my sin and degradation on the one hand, and to sympathy on the other hand.

"The little daughter whose life I had saved, and who was the only child was constant in her services and devotion to me, and I began to feel that her presence was necessary to my comfort. Her sweet spirit seemed to drive away all evil thoughts from my mind. She was of unusual intelligence for one of her years, and well advanced in her studies at school, reading

in such books as she was familiar with in a quiet, appreciative way that was very attractive to one feeble in body and heart sore as I was.

"One afternoon—I had grown strong enough to sit up, but had not yet been out of the house—I asked her to read to me out of the Bible in which she had been studying her lesson for the coming Sabbath. It was the fifteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel that she had been studying. I don't for a moment doubt that God ordained it all, in that infinite care and compassion that he has for us even when we are entirely unconscious of his presence, and that the story of the Prodigal Son, that has comforted so many thousands of wounded, sobbing hearts, was the one portion of all that Christ said that I then needed. I was thinking that certainly God was not trifling with me in all that had happened in the few past weeks, but had some mercy and love yet in store for me, when she turned her eyes full upon me, and said to me in that charming honesty of childhood that is more striking than art:

"'If I were you, I would go back to Jesus!' and tears started in her eyes, and she began to sob as if her heart would break.

"My own heart throbbed, and a new sense of my wretchedness, and the great distance I had wandered from God and the happy experiences of my early days came rushing upon me, forced some pleadings for mercy from my lips. But there was nothing but dense darkness on every hand. I was conscious of nothing but myself and God. In despair I cast myself upon the bed near by, hiding my face from the light. I do not know how long it was, but I felt her little hand touching mine, evidently in proof of her sympathy, and perhaps fearing that she had done unwisely in saying any thing.

"I said aloud, more from the simple unrest of my soul than from any expectation of help, 'Will God have mercy on me!'

"She responded with confidence and surprising promptness, 'Did he ever refuse to have mercy on any one who came to him?'

"'I will go to Jesus,' was the instant exclamation of my soul. 'I am weary, and heavy-laden, and athirst, and I need such help as the blessed Savior gave to men when he was on the earth.'

"At once the tumult of my soul was quieted, and I began to acquire confidence in Christ's willingness to help me, and soon I was conscious of his presence, and tenderness, and forgiving love. I knew that the bonds in which I had been held all the weary, sinful years in which I had refused to hear his voice, were broken, and that life, and blessing, and Divine

favor were mine, and that I needed nothing more. Lines and verses of sweet hymns that I had learned when I was but a child, but which I had not thought of for years, came to my mind as the fitting expression of my new hopes and feelings. Passages of God's Word that had been a strange language to me, were now full of light and consolation, and my heart was full of comfort. My wife and child that had gone from me seemed now to come back, and were again the partners of my joys.

"But that which touched the depths of my soul was the assurance that it was Christ who had saved me from ruin. You can never have the consciousness of this that I had. You have never been in the paths where for years I wandered, nor had such experiences of being overthrown and held in bondage, and being hurried on to certain ruin as I had. It was out of the depths that I cried unto God, and he heard me and came to my help."

"But that which interests me most," said the other, "for I have heard many such experiences of God's mercy as this which you have related to me, is the means which God made use of in your conversion. A little child shall lead them, is one of the promises of the Divine Word, and here we have it proven in your case."

"Sometimes when I look back I can not see any other path by which I could have been taken back to Jesus. I do not think that a man, and especially a minister, could have directed me and led me as this child did. I had prejudices and doubts that, without any choice or design of mine, would have arrayed themselves in opposition to all such approaches. Yes, I clearly see in Christ's method with me a proof of his love and tenderness. He shows the wounds in his hands and in his feet to those who have such faith."

"And now, Walter, what are you doing since you have learned to believe in Christ?"

"With my new life came an intense desire to make my life profitable, and in some way to make amends for my folly. The way for a profitable livelihood opened before me without my seeking it, and in employment that I had not thought of. I am in a responsible position on this railway. I have what you would call probably an unaccountable desire to save life. My duties here are all in this direction, or, at least, they take that direction in my mind. It is my duty to see that this is a *safe* road. Others are concerned for the comfort of those who travel with us, and others still aim to make the road profitable to those who have invested their money in it, but my only thought and labor is to make it safe."

Both sat in silence for a moment as in reverie, when the shrill whistle of the locomotive announced again that they were approaching a station.

"What! are we at Oakhurst so soon, and I must leave you? Good-by, Charlie. Thank God that I have seen you again! I shall be stronger for having had your hand in mine again."

They rose clasping hands. "Be faithful, Walter."

"I have no other hope. The one conviction of my life is, that I have no strength except as I follow Jesus."

When the train was in motion I opened my eyes and said to my clerical friend, "A noble man, I should say. One worth knowing."

"You heard his story, did you?"

"Not a word escaped me."

"It is such experiences as his that makes the Divine life in men a revelation of Christ, and keeps faith in him fresh in the world."

"I should not wonder if God had some special work for him to do."

"Yes, sir, and he is doing it now."

CONDENSING.

DURING the timid days, when men crept along coasts, hardly venturing out of sight of familiar landmarks, there was little use for condensing apparatus. The sailor could go ashore for supplies: the landsman had them within reach. But since the pigmies that inhabit this little planet have learned to creep from pole to pole, and to scamper over continents, deserts, oceans, here, there, every-where, they must be able to carry in a satchel what they need for a season's campaign. These are the days that rushed and clattered before the prophet's ken. He cried out, when he caught a glimpse of the jostling and crowding, the din and confusion, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased!" People are skimming over the seas by the thousands. They are scrambling to this point, where a wonder is to be seen; to that, where the opening of a mineral vein promises a golden harvest. Science and invention must keep pace with their hurry. When men push out into new territory, where caravansaries are few and small, they must carry their food with them. Who would have thought, a few years since, that an ox could be brought down to small enough compass to go into a soldier's knapsack—and this without a pound of waste? all the nutriment in the unwieldy carcass extracted, solidified, and caked for carrying?

A few weeks since, a half day in Elgin, one of our thorough-going Illinois towns, gave an opportunity for a peep at the apparatus and processes by which these marvels of convenience are wrought. The machinery is simple, the operations far from complex, yet the results are wonderful.

• While the larks are rehearsing their morning psalm, farmers' wagons are rattling over the country to the Condensing Factory. Housewives glance after them with a sigh of relief, glad that instead of the old dash churn, pounding more rheumatism into their shoulders than they obtained butter from the cream, they can strain the milk into cans, and see it trundled off to the factory; handing the hard work over to tireless steel muscles and steam energy.

The dairyman takes the sheet of rules out of his pocket and looks them over. The days of cheating are at an end in this department. No guess work now. Science has taken the thing into its wise hands. It smells, tastes, measures, and weighs the contents of every can; and a departure from honesty or cleanliness will send him home with his load, in disgrace, and minus his money. One strange little item, just here. The lady who has the oversight of this department told us that one quart of bad milk would make the whole quantity, with which it was mixed, become as worthless as itself. I wonder if there is any thing like this in the moral world.

Probably the people who use this factory-made diet would find their squeamishness allayed, by a look at the woman who not only oversees, but in-sees every point and process of the work. Not an iota of dirt escapes her keen eyes. Not a careless or slovenly stroke eludes her vigilance. A thousand pities we could not have woman's neatness brought to bear upon all articles prepared, in the mass, for the palate. This Condensing Factory is a model in this particular: it employs both men and women, and does not fix the wages of one sex at one-half those of the other, no matter what their relative value may be. The hands are paid for their work by the piece. A premium is put upon deftness and industry, rather than upon caste. Each workman in the tin room, where the cans are made, puts his or her mark upon each piece. The work is carefully tested, and the careless ones fined for each flaw.

After the testing, and straining, and cooling, the milk is poured into the "heating well," where a certain quantity of the best sugar is added. Then it is pumped, boiling hot, into the condenser. This is simply a large, close boiler, from which the air has been exhausted. In this vacuum the milk boils at so low a temperature,

there is no danger of its being scorched. In three or four hours it is reduced to one-fourth the original quantity. It loses nothing in the condenser that is necessary to its nutritiousness or taste.

It is carried up-stairs by machinery, cooled as quickly as possible, put into cans, and sealed air-tight, ready to be sent to the world's end. Nothing can harm it while its tin case is kept whole. It can defy cold or heat, any climate, any change. It has been drawn hither and thither, up and down, boiled and cooled, till only the intrinsic worth is left, and now it has nothing to fear. I wonder if we humans are not in a condenser, in this troublesome, pitch-and-toss life.

In another part of the establishment the old principle of centrifugal force, that we learned about in our stupid, dog-eared "Philosophy," so long ago, never supposing it could be of any mortal use, is here set at cheese-making. The curd is put into a wire frame, and the whey is whirled out of it.

In yet another department sirloin and roasts are brought down to watch-pocket compactness. The utmost care is taken that the animal to be condensed shall be full of healthy, juicy substance. Then he must be brought quietly to the end of his clover-field life. His natural heat must be iced away as quickly as possible. Then the steam servant seizes him, stews him, tosses out his bones, throws off his fat, takes him up-stairs, down stairs, through the condenser, till for every hundred pounds of beef, only fourteen are left. An ordinary cow can be condensed to a cubic foot in bulk. A man can carry soup material for a month's dinners in his vest pockets.

In this same factory coffee and fruits are condensed. Exhilaration enough for a whole Sabbath-school picnic in a pound can of coffee! A morning's picking of blackberries in a teaspoon!

What a fine thing would it be for some one to invent a condensing apparatus for the intellectual world! Put all the talk of an afternoon's round of calls, a tea party, a sociable, an evening in a gentlemen's club-room, or any other room where male gossips do congregate—all into such a condenser at once, and how much food, nutriment, worth would you have left? Suppose our public journals were taken through the condenser. How many of them would come out mere paper rags, printer's ink, and foul gases? Much of our magazine writing would fare little better. Even such a condenser as a fairly discriminating brain, behind a pair of sharp eyes, makes its way through an ordinary monthly in

an incredibly short time. Pencil and note-book lie idly at hand. Possibly one line in five hundred is worth a second reading. One in a thousand may be fit to lay by for use. One in ten thousand will answer to work up into mental and spiritual tissues. Young writers are favored with abundant advice from old knights of the quill, most of it bearing directly upon this point. A reform might be hoped for but for the sad examples set by the sage advisers. When one has made a name that gives double force to every sentence, the temptation to dilute is quite too strong for ordinary intellectual integrity. Merit is usually sacrificed to bulk.

According to the French proverb, the adjective is the natural enemy of the noun. "I'll slaughter your adjectives," growls a critic of the "raw beef and vitriol punch" order. Nevertheless the adjectives are thrown in, just as the peas go into the coffee, and the old leaves into the tea. Bryant gives some good advice to beginners; though, after all, I fear each of us must learn under the hard ferule of experience. He advises the young writer to avoid French expressions. He says: "I think if you will study the English language, you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry; a place, a place, not a locality. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

"No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words, or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, if he lives on common air. Sydney Smith once remarked, 'After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is.'"

I believe a literary condenser might be managed upon these principles: Write only what somebody needs to know. Write it as attractively as may be, and at the same time as simply and directly. In literature, as in dress, there must be no borrowed finery. A profusion of ornaments, so far from displaying taste, murders it. Simplicity must be the rule; elegance, if one can afford it.

This is a condensed age. Men not yet gray are older than Methuselah. When life was measured by centuries condensing must have been of little account. What were a few scores of empty years, more or less? But now so

much is to be done, so much is possible—such glorious avenues open in all directions. We can not take the time to wade through libraries of words in quest of an idea. Who that purposes to work out the measureless good that the great God thrusts into his hand, can spend the priceless hours tossing up Dickens's aromatic chaff, only to get from it that good young people marry well and live happily, while bad ones come to grief, and it is a fine thing to be kind and benevolent.

Recently a set of books have flung themselves before the public eye, printed in signboard style, wide margins, type so large that he who runs may read. One might think they called loudly for the condenser. O, no; they are no cheats. We know that we are buying paper and pictures, with a little reading matter thrown in, by way of explanation. They flatter our vanity. They look so immense; and yet we master them at a sitting. Why, what readers we are!

There are books full of great swelling words, pretending to be somewhat when they are nothing—books pharisaically pious, books blasphemously irreverent, books full of cant, books full of sentimental *fol de rol*, all human husk, with not a grain of God's truth in them. I would vote them all, not into the condenser, but into the fire.

Nowadays teachers pick the hard words out of scientific treatises, as the bones were picked out of the beef. They condense their meaning, and bring it down to the comprehension of the public-school children. Sabbath-school teachers are learning this art also. The best disciplined brain teaches them simplicity and strength.

There is one book that comes to us a model of compact thought—God's book, ablaze with the brilliants of imperishable truth. Let us imitate it in what we may want to say to the world.

AT THE GATE.

I HAVE no power
In tempted hour
The snare to shun;
No wisdom, I,
The right road to descry,

Only as Thou, my God, the power doth give,
Only as I Thy wisdom do receive.

No strength have I;
My heart doth try
Its powers in vain,
One step to gain

Up the straight steep that climbs to Heaven's gate,
Only as I, my God, upon Thee wait.

I to the end
Thy strength must spend.

No riches I ;
 No houses, money, lands.
 If I do hold them, Thou hast only lent ;
 Way never yet was found whereby
 For things I most do need they could be spent.
 No righteous robes to cover me ; my hands,
 My heart I lift, empty, for their supply.
 Of every thing my soul hath need ;
 But give me now, indeed,
 Only the wealth, dear Lord,
 From heavenly hoard.

A beggar, see ! I stand
 With asking hand ;
 With asking heart, indeed,
 Sore is my need !
 Naked, and blind, and poor,
 Behold, O gracious Lord, me at Thy door !
 Wretched and miserable, I come to gain
 Cure for my pain.

I heard Thy voice : " I counsel thee," I heard—
 My heart it fluttered like a wounded bird
 Lifting its wings for life—
 " I counsel thee to buy of Me !"
 O, pitying Lord ! now do I come to Thee.

Supply me, Lord, I pray !
 Thou canst not say me nay !
 Gold thou hast promised, gold tried in the fire ;
 True gold, not dross ; dross is this world's poor gold ;
 Not this my hands would hold !
 But gold that shall pass current at heaven's gate ;
 That in my sweet estate
 Yonder, through all the ages shall not dim !
 Lord, give me gold !
 Clear Faith, that shall behold
 Thee with an eye untroubled, though the clouds
 Thicken about me, and the darkness shrouds ;
 Faith that shall keep fast hold of Thee, when all
 The props to which my weak heart clings do fall.

Faith, growing stronger still,
 When even Thy will
 Seemeth to my blind eyes 'gainst me to move.
 Fair Hope give me—Hope looking far above
 This land of tears—
 Hope, casting anchor down through all the years,
 Clinging with firm, true hands that will not fail,
 To the fair Land of Life within the veil.

And over all Thy gifts, dear Lord, give me
 Sweet Charity !
 That love which is the root,
 And perfect fruit,
 The Alpha and Omega of Thy will :
 The end, beginning, and the center still
 Of all Thou dost fulfill.

That love which reacheth up to heights unknown,
 And sinks to depths of sweetness unexplored ;
 Whose infinite lengths and breadths Thine eye alone
 Hath ever measured. Yea ! this love give me,
 Whose glory filleth heaven's immensity !
 But even unto my heart's poor, puny room
 Its light may come, its songs, its grace, its bloom,
 O cover me with its pure robes of white,

So in thy sight
 Their clinging sweetness over me shall flow,
 And all my paths shall know
 Only the pureness and the strength of love.

Mine eyes anoint, O Thou that givest sight !
 That they no more be dim and bleared with sin ;
 But strong and clear their vision shall embrace
 The radiant prize which crowns the victor's race ;
 Shall see afar, above the battle's din,
 Above the smoke and tumult of the fight,
 The blest inheritance that fadeth not ;
 Crown incorruptible ; nor stain nor blot
 Marreth its perfect beauty. Lord, I wait
 Here at Thy gate.

I hear Thee saying, " Knock ! and unto thee
 It shall be opened, even unto thee !"
 I hear Thee saying, " Ask ! thou shalt receive."
 Lord, I believe !

ONE LINK GONE.

TAKE the pillows from the cradle
 Where the little sufferer lay ;
 Draw the curtains, close the shutters,
 Shut out every beam of day.

Spread the pall upon the table,
 Place the lifeless body there ;
 Back from off the marble features
 Lay the auburn curls with care.

With its little blue-veined fingers
 Crossed upon its sinless breast,
 Free from care, and pain, and anguish,
 Let the infant cherub rest.

Smooth its little shroud about it ;
 Pick its toys from off the floor ;
 They, with all their sparkling beauty,
 Ne'er can charm their owner more.

Take the little shoes and stockings
 From the doting mother's sight ;
 Pattering feet no more will need them,
 Walking in the fields of light.

Parents, faint and worn with watching
 Through the long dark night of grief,
 Dry your tears and soothe your sighing—
 Gain a respite of relief.

Mother, care is no more needed
 To allay the rising moan ;
 And though you perchance may leave it,
 It can never be alone.

Angels bright will watch beside it
 In its quiet, holy slumber,
 Till the morning then awake it
 To a place among their number.

Thus a golden link is broken
 In the chain of earthly bliss,
 Thus the distance shorter making
 'Twixt the brighter world and this.

BEAUTIFUL VENICE.

VENICE once had the name of being the "Queen of the Adriatic," and then she was one of the largest and most powerful commercial cities of the Mediterranean; but the

discovery of the passage to India by water, around the Cape of Good Hope, was the signal for her decline. Every year the ceremony of espousing the Adriatic took place, and then the Doge, in his state barge, went out to the Adriatic and dropped a ring into the sea. Napoleon



ST. MARK.

first interrupted and put an end to this ceremony. Venice is built upon seventy-two islands. The main part of the city is built upon forty-two islands, closely clustered together; and there are thirty others upon which various public and private institutions are built. The houses are

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very high, and most of the canals high, so that, viewing the city from any lofty position, it looks as if the principal part was built upon a single island. The Grand Canal is, as its name implies, the principal canal of Venice. It is very broad, and has a winding course through the

city. Numerous smaller canals run into it. These canals are bridged over, so that foot passengers can travel from one part of Venice to the other. There is not such a thing as a carriage in the city, and even traveling about on horseback is not to be thought of. The travel from one part of the city to the other on foot is through narrow passages between lofty houses.

The Grand Canal, which takes a serpentine course through the city, is intersected by one hundred and forty-six smaller canals, over which there are three hundred and six bridges, which, being very steep, and intended only for foot-passengers, are cut into steps on either side. These canals, crossed by bridges, form the water-streets of Venice, the greater part of the intercourse of the city being carried on by means of gondolas. The gondola supplies the place of coaches, as carriage and even horseback riding is wholly out of the question here, the streets being so very narrow, not usually over four or five feet in width, with the exception of the *Merceria*, which is from twelve to twenty feet across, in the center of the city, which is lined on either side with handsome stores. The gondola is therefore *the* mode of conveyance; it cuts its way so rapidly through the water that in a short time you may be able to visit every part of the city. They are long, narrow, light vessels, painted black, according to an ancient law, containing in the center a cabin nicely fitted up with glass windows, blinds, cushions, etc.; those belonging to private families are much more richly decorated. One gondolier is generally considered sufficient, and the price is then four lire per day, but double that fare for two rowers. The most pleasant and healthy portion of Venice is in the vicinity of the Grand Canal, which is broad and deep, on either side of which are magnificent palaces and churches. This canal, which varies from one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet in width, is crossed by the principal bridge of the city, the famous *Rialto*, which was built of marble by Antonio da Ponte in 1591, and, like other bridges of Venice, has stairs, by which people ascend on one side and descend on the other. The view from this bridge is remarkably fine; the beauties of Grecian architecture meet the eye of the stranger on whichever side he feels disposed to turn. It is eighty-nine feet in the span, and is divided into three parts, a narrow street running through the center, with shops on either side, and two still narrower between the shops and balustrade. Its appearance is heavy, and by no means merits the great fame and attention which it has excited.

Venice was the earliest, and, for a long time, the most extensive commercial city in modern Europe. Her origin dates from the invasion of Italy by Attila in 452. Many of the inhabitants of Aquileia and the adjoining territory were compelled to fly from the ravages of the barbarians to the cluster of small islands on which the city is built, opposite the mouth of the Brenta. They were then compelled to cultivate commerce and its subsidiary arts as a means of subsistence. In the fifteenth century Venice was considered by far the richest and most magnificent city of Europe, with the single exception of Rome; and those who visited her were impressed with still higher notions of her grandeur, on account of her singular situation in the midst of the sea. It has been represented as a delightful place to reside in. At first, no doubt, the novelty gratifies and pleases, but it is too monotonous to be a favorite residence for any length of time. The streets being very narrow, the knowledge that you are dependent upon boats to carry you about, and the want of rural beauty, makes one weary of the scene. The saltiness of the water and the changes of tide make it more endurable than it otherwise would be. If the water were fresh it would be uninhabitable. There were formerly no springs or wells, and the inhabitants were compelled to use the water collected in cisterns from the tops of the houses; but in 1847 artesian wells were constructed, which afford an abundant and more agreeable supply. The Venetians are improving their taste for the cultivation of fruit, flowers, etc. Very extensive gardens, constructed by the French, excite much admiration, from the peculiar manner in which they are formed; the serpentine walks, fine trees, shrubbery, different views of the islands and lagoons, make this an agreeable and interesting promenade.

The houses occupied by the upper classes are from three to four stories high, generally built square, and have two entrances, one on the Grand Canal, and the other on the street. Some of the finest palaces are built of marble; the rooms occupied by the family are frequently small and badly ventilated, in consequence of setting apart the most desirable portions for the exhibition of statuary, paintings, and other works of art. Venice is a very reasonable place to reside in; rents are low, and living uncommonly cheap; society is pleasing and unrestrained, and foreigners are well received, and are usually much pleased. The manners and morals of the Venetians have been very much misconstrued and exaggerated, and what was merely holiday amusement was deemed by some to be corruption of morals.

Piazza San Marco is of an oblong form, six hundred feet by three hundred; it is the only open space of any magnitude, and, with the piazzetta leading to it, forms the state entrance to Venice from the sea. On one side is the old palace of the doges, on the other the mint and library of St. Mark; the architecture is regular, fresh, and modern, and forms a striking contrast to that of its neighbors. Two magnificent granite columns, each of a single block, one bearing the statue of St. Theodore, protector of the republic, and the other crowned with the winged lion of St. Mark, stand on the fourth side of the piazzetta, on the sea-shore. Public executions formerly took place between these two columns. On two of its sides are regular buildings with arcades; on the north is the long row of buildings called the *Procuratie Vecchia*, on the south the *Procuratie Nouve* and *Libreria Vecchia*. The Piazza and neighboring buildings are frequented daily at the hour of two, simultaneous with the striking of the great clock of the Torre dell Orologio, by a large flock of pigeons, which is fed at that place at the expense of government—so it is said by some authors—and, although government receives the credit of it, yet, as the story runs, they are fed and cared for by the liberality of an old lady, widowed and childless, who left a large amount to be expended for this purpose, she having been much interested in their welfare during her life.

The number of fine private residences is quite large, mostly built on heavy piles or massive structure; they are, however, with the exception of those built by Palladio, Sansovino, Scamozzi, and a few other eminent architects, devoid of good taste, and are more remarkable for their gorgeous style and great display; they are generally a mixture of Eastern, Roman, and Gothic architecture. Many of the ancient mansions have been pulled down, and the rest mostly deserted. The singularity of style in many of the buildings is peculiarly attractive.

Of all the wonders of architecture in the city of Venice, the church of St. Mark is by far the greatest, both for beauty of conception and beauty of design. To describe it in detail would require a volume; it will, therefore, be the object of the present article to point out, with its origin, its chief characteristics.

St. Theodore was originally venerated as the patron saint of the city, and before the ninth century, a church on the site now occupied by St. Mark's was erected to him, this church afterwards serving as chapel to the adjoining Ducal Palace. But when, in 828, the Venetians acquired the body of St. Mark, and deposited it

in the church of St. Theodore, they thought it only right that a relic so prized should have a suitable resting-place. Accordingly, the old church was destroyed and a new one built to St. Mark, who thenceforth became the patron saint of the city. This church, however, was destroyed by fire in 976. It was partly rebuilt on a much grander scale by the Doge Pietro Orseolo, and the work was carried on for nearly one hundred years, the main part of the building being finished in 1071, and consecrated between 1084 and 1096. It was again injured by fire in 1106, but repaired, added to, and embellished by each successive generation, so that it bears the marks of several successive schools of architecture. The principal part of the building of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries is Byzantine, of which the chief characteristics are the round arches to the doors and windows, and the cupolas; the Gothic pinnacles, upper archivolts, and window traceries were added to the exterior at the close of the fourteenth century, as well as the great screen and various chapels in the interior, while the restored mosaics are of the seventeenth century.

The great characteristics of the building are the exquisite proportion of all its parts, its incrustation with precious marbles, and the number of its variegated columns. It has been computed that there are in the exterior and interior more than five hundred pillars. The early builders of Venice were unable to procure marble and stone in sufficient quantities to make their buildings entirely of these metals, they; therefore, built them of brick, and the marbles and other precious stones, obtained from Constantinople and other cities, were split up into layers and fastened on to the surface of the bricks, the surface of the layers being often wrought with delicate tracings and sculpture. St. Mark's is the finest example of this method of treatment. There are five doors, all of bronze, in the principal or western façade fronting St. Mark's place—the grand entrance, under a succession of beautifully sculptured arches, being in the middle. From this the arches of the two doors on each side, with those of the two porticos, one at each extremity of the façade, are arranged in a gradually lessening proportion. The archivolts of these are wonderfully carved, while the recesses above the doors are filled with mosaics. On each side of the doors are clusters of pillars—in two ranges—of porphyry, alabaster, deep-green serpentine, and fine marble, with their capitals richly sculptured. Above the arches of the doors is a round-arched balustrade running round the whole of the exterior of the building.

At different intervals in the walls are inserted tablets of ancient sculpture. From the lower story of the building springs another series of white arches, edged with scarlet flowers, sheltering another series of Scriptural mosaics, their crests bearing statues of saints, and at their sides other canopied statues; and above these again, springing from the roof, are seen five white domes, a large one rising over the middle of the Greek cross, which is the plan of the church, and a smaller one at each of the four sides. In the archivolt of the large upper central arch is a sculptured lion of St. Mark, in a blue field covered with golden stars.

In the interior of the building a vestibule extends along the whole of the front, the roof covered with mosaics, and supported by many columns of precious marble. The choir is divided from the nave by a rich screen of fourteenth century work. The principal pillars that carry the nave and transepts are fourteen in number, each a single block of white alabaster veined with gray and amber, fifteen feet in height, and six feet two inches in width. The walls are sheeted with alabaster, the roof and the interior of the domes are filled with mosaics on a golden ground, while the floor is a tessellated pavement of many colors, and of varied and fantastic designs.

The interior of the church is but very dimly lighted by small apertures like stars set in the domes of the roof, and by the silver lamps that are always burning before the altars of the numerous chapels, so that it is difficult, even after the eye has become accustomed to the "dim religious light," to examine minutely all the wonders that the place contains, so beautifully described by Mr. Ruskin in the following passage from the "Stones of Venice." "Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds, that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal: the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together."

Our illustration, taken from the celebrated Piazza of St. Mark, will serve to give the reader an idea of the wonderful beauty of the exterior of this building, though it can not show the marvelous beauty of the mosaics, and the coloring with which the cathedral is so profusely decorated.

The Doges' Palace was built some five hundred years ago, and is still a very fine building. The entrance is by the "Giant's Staircase," so

called from the two immense statues of Mars and Neptune at the head of them. At the head of this staircase once gaped the lion's mouth which received the secret communications of plots, etc., against the republic. The lion's head was taken away by Napoleon I. Any person having a grudge against one in authority could denounce him to the State by simply dropping a note in the lion's mouth, accuse him of plotting against the Government, or some other high crime; and this was enough to secure his downfall, if not death. This was used more to satisfy private revenge than to benefit the State. Numerous instances, where innocent nobles and great men perished, are told by the guides. Of course you can take them for what they are worth, *cum grano salis*. At the head of the Giant's Staircase the coronation of the Doges used to take place. In the hall of the Great Council is the greatest oil-painting in the world, by Tintoretto.

It is eighty-four feet wide and thirty-four feet high. Its subject is Paradise. There are numerous other paintings in this hall representing scenes in the history of Venice. There are the portraits of the Doges from the beginning of the ninth century. One of them has a black veil painted over it, because that Doge plotted against the Republic. In one of the rooms are some old and curious maps made by the ancients; they show very well what ideas they had of the world at that time. Some are cut out in wood. They have the plans of various cities, with their fortifications raised in wood. There are numerous other rooms in this palace which are filled with things of interest. This palace is separated from the criminal prisons by a narrow canal, but is connected with them by a massive stone structure, called "Ponte de Sospire," or Bridge of Sighs. All criminals were first confined in the criminal prisons, and when tried were taken across this bridge to the palace, and if convicted of political crimes were confined in dungeons beneath the palace, and if of any other crime, returned to the dungeons in the prisons. A great deal of sentiment has been wasted by the poets and romancers on this "Bridge of Sighs;" but over its arches none but scoundrels ever passed to prison.

The condition of the dungeon was in accordance with the enormity of their crime. If the offense was not very great, the dungeon was lined with wood, with a plank bed to lie upon; but if it was a heavy punishment, the dungeon was cold and damp, and the air was such that a man could not live in it long. All light was excluded, and bread and water were passed through a small hole. In one of the passages

were all the arrangements for a private execution. The stone is there upon which the prisoner used to sit to be strangled. Then there is an arrangement for carrying off his blood, and a hole which had a spout into which the victim's body was put and slid into a gondola provided for the purpose, and from which was disposed the body. Very few who got into these prisons ever got out of them again. Any kind of escape was impossible. Every passage had numerous heavy doors.

Venice is of the past. There is nothing modern worth seeing. The Clock Tower, which is situated close to St. Mark's, contains a clock of very ancient date, and of an ingenious piece of mechanism. It was commenced in 1494. It has no dial, but Roman numerals show the time every five minutes. On what very much resembles a dial-face are the signs of the zodiac, and twenty-four divisions, numbered from one to twelve. In the center of this face is a globe, representing the earth, and outside of this, on the same face, is a ball, one-half of which is gilded, to represent the moon—the gilded part representing the full moon, and the other part the new moon; outside of this the sun. The face is made up of three concentric circles, so that all the planets maintain the relative position they have in space. The earth revolves on its axis, the moon around the earth, and the sun around them both. The different phases of the moon are shown on the ball; as much of the gilded part is presented as you can see of the moon. Of course this part of the clock is more modern, as many of the movements of these planets were not known before 1500. But few persons then believed in the rotundity of the earth.

Over this is a large gilded statue of the Virgin Mary, and on each side of her is a door. For fifteen days during the year, at certain times of the day, these doors open and five figures walk out, pass before the Virgin, bowing—taking off their hats as they do so—and pass in again at the opposite door. On the top of the tower is a large bell, and on each side is a large bronze figure, holding a large sledge-hammer, with which it strikes the hour on the bell. Some years ago one of these men committed a homicide. A party of visitors were upon the tower examining the figures, when, as one of them went to strike the hour, in carrying his hammer back he struck one of the persons, knocking him off the tower and killing him immediately. All these different things are done by the works of the clock, made four hundred and fifty years ago, and now in perfectly good condition.

A SOJOURN IN JAPAN.

III.

THE FIRST SOVEREIGNS OF JAPAN—HISTORY OF ZINMU.

THE history of Japan opens with the story of a conqueror, who came from the southern isles. The annals of the empire represent him as a native prince, lord of a small territory at the southern extremity of Kiu-Siu. Obscure traditions assign to him a foreign origin, the cradle whence his family, and probably he himself sprung, being the small archipelago of the Liu-Kiu Isles, which may be said to link together Formosa and the southern part of China with Japan.

Six centuries before him an expedition had set out from Formosa or the Asiatic continent, conducted by a prince named Taïpé, or Taïfak, and moving on from isle to isle, reached at length the coast of Kiu-Siu. However, the first historical personage whose memoirs have been preserved in the annals of Japan, where he is called Zinmu, made his appearance in the year 667 before Christ. Although the youngest of four sons, his father named his successor at the age of fifteen, and at forty-five he ascended the throne without opposition from his brothers. An old dependent, whose adventures had led him to distant islands, delighted to describe their beautiful shores, which the gods themselves had formerly chosen as an asylum, but which were now inhabited by barbarous tribes at war with each other. He represented to his chief that this people, although skillful in the use of the lance, the bow, and the sword, would be incapable of resisting a disciplined army, protected by iron helmets and breast-plates, since they were clothed only in coarse fabrics and the skins of wild animals.

Fired by the hope of conquest, Zinmu collected his forces, under his elder brothers and his sons, and taking the chief command himself, embarked with them in a few well-equipped junks, and sailed from his native place, which he was destined never to revisit. After doubling the south-east point of Kiu-Siu, they coasted along the eastern side of the island, landing here and there, giving battle to the tribes who resisted them, and forming alliances with such chiefs as were disposed to join in their enterprise. There were evident signs of this coast having been the scene of former invasions, the population consisting of a superior class of serfs bound to the soil. At the time of Zinmu's advent they surrounded themselves with walls and palisades, the warriors being armed with a bow and long feathered arrows, a long saber with a

chased hilt, and a naked sword fastened in a fold of their belts. Their most precious ornament consisted of a chain of magatamas, or cut jewels, which they wore suspended over the right hip. These jewels consisted of rock crystal, agates, jasper, amethysts, topazes, etc., some egg-shaped, and others carved into the shape of crescents and other forms. The women wore similar chains; and this custom of displaying all their wealth on their persons still prevails in the islands of Liu-Kiu and at Yezo in the north of Japan, but had disappeared in central Japan, under the influence of a greater degree of refinement.



ZINMU. (From a Japanese Painting.)

After ten months of difficult navigation, interspersed with brilliant feats of arms and successful negotiations, Zinmu reached the north-east extremity of Kiu-Siu. From this point he hesitated to proceed farther; but having met with a fisherman sailing courageously in an immense turtle-shell, he placed himself under his guidance as pilot, and safely crossed the strait which separates Kiu-Siu from Nippon. This latter extends from east to west, in the shape of a

semi-circle, which forms the northern shore of a sort of Mediterranean Sea, bounded on the south by the large islands of Sikok and Kiu-Siu, and interspersed with little archipelagoes. Zinmu advanced toward the east, carrying on his movements with great prudence and caution, and leaving no place of importance unsecured; and as the native tribes opposed him vigorously, as well by sea as by land, he fortified himself on the peninsula of Takasima, and spent three years in the construction and equipment of an auxiliary fleet.

On resuming the campaign he completed the conquest of the sea-coast and islands of the inland sea, and then penetrating into the interior of Nippon, he established his rule over the fertile country extending from Osaka to the Gulf of Yeddo. From this period all the cultivated countries and civilized tribes of ancient Japan were in the power of Zinmu. The remainder of Nippon and the southern islands of the archipelago consisted of vast forests, the home of wandering tribes of natives living solely on the produce of the chase, who had been gradually driven toward the north by the invasions of the southern tribes. Along the sea-coast, and in the islands of the northern part of the Pacific, there is still to be met a race of men with squat figures and hairy bodies, and broad, massive features, called by the Japanese Aïnos (the first men); and this type is even seen among their own lower classes, and seems to show that the Aïnos were the original inhabitants of Japan, especially as this name is never used as a term of reproach, "Yebis" being their equivalent for barbarian.

Japanese civilization seems to me the result rather of a fusion of races than a simple importation; this mixture, without absorption of the native element, having produced a new type, as it has done in the parallel case of Great Britain.

At the end of seven years Zinmu had attained the object of his ambition, but his three brothers had perished—one in battle, and the others victims of their devotion to his cause, having thrown themselves into the sea in order to appease a tempest which threatened the destruction of the hero's junks. Zinmu was believed to be under the special protection of the divinity of the sun, who on one occasion sent a raven to guide him through the dangerous and intricate passes of Yamato, a country which occupies the center of a large peninsula in the south-east of Nippon. It was there Zinmu built a strong castle on a large hill whose summit he caused to be leveled, which he called his "Miako," or head-quarters, and there estab-

lished his court, or "Daïri." Native historians often make use of the word Miako instead of the proper name of the city in which the emperor resides, and that of Daïri for the title Mikado. They say indifferently that such a thing is done by order of the Daïri, or by order

of the Mikado. Zinmu, who had been raised to the throne by the choice of his father, made a law that in future each Mikado should select his successor from among his sons, or in default of them, from among the princes of the blood royal.

CIVIL AND MILITARY OFFICIALS RETURNING FROM DUTY.



Zinmu had a glorious reign of seventy-six years, and at his death—B. C. 587—was enrolled among the number of the Kamis, and his chapel, known by the name of Simqyasiro, is placed on Mount Kamo, near Kioto, where he is still worshipped as the founder of the empire. The he-

reditary succession has remained in his family for more than 2,500 years, without being interfered with by the new power which, under the name of the Tycoon, now governs the empire of Japan. The ancient Mikados were a strong and handsome race, and their wives, who some-

times governed in the capacity of regents, showed themselves worthy of their dignity. One of them, of the name of Zingu, A. D. 201, equipped a fleet, and embarking at the head of a picked army, crossed the Sea of Japan and made the conquest of the Corea, returning to her capital only in time to give birth to a future Mikado.

EARLY INVENTIONS.

It was from the Corea that the Japanese brought the horse, ass, and camel; but the first only of these domestic animals has become naturalized in Japan. The formation of ponds and canals for the irrigation of the rice-fields dates from B. C. 36; the tea-plant was introduced from China; Tatsima Nori brought the orange-tree from "the land of eternity;" and the cultivation of the mulberry and the manufacture of silk date from about the fifth century of our era. Two centuries later they became acquainted with

"The earth which burns like oil and wood,"

and discovered the silver mines of Tsu-sima. Several important inventions date from the third century; for instance, the institution of a postal communication on horseback, the distillation of saki, and the art of sewing, which was taught to the Japanese housewives by workmen from Petsi in the Corea. In the fourth century the Dai'ri had rice-granaries built in different parts of the empire, in order to prevent the recurrence of famines, which had several times raged among the people. In 543 the court of Petsi sent the Mikado "the wheel which points to the south." The introduction of hydraulic time-pieces took place in 660, and ten years later the use of water-power in manufactories. It was only near the end of the eighth century that the Japanese system of writing was invented; but from the third century the Chinese characters had been in use at court.

The mystery which surrounds their ancient literature prevents our being able to judge the effect which it had upon civilization; but it is interesting to observe the civilizing influence of the fine arts upon them. Formerly it was the custom to sacrifice human victims at the obsequies of the Mikado or his consort the "Kisaki," and they were generally chosen from among their immediate attendants; but in the year 3 B. C., a native sculptor, by name Nomino Sukuné, was daring enough, on the death of the Kisaki, to lay some of his clay figures at the emperor's feet, and proposed to throw them into the tomb instead of the usual funeral offerings. The Mikado not only accepted the substitute, but gave him a signal mark of his favor

by changing his family name to that of Fasi—artist. Their laws remain to the present day more cruel than their customs.

The political administration has been calculated to develop the genius of the nation, and to preserve its strength and originality. In 86 B. C., the Mikado had a census made of the population, and ordered the erection of dock-yards. In the second century of our era, the State was divided into eight administrative circles, and these again into sixty-eight districts. In the fifth century a registrar was appointed in each district to collect and record the customs and popular traditions of his department. An imperial road united the cities, five in number, in which the Mikado held his court in succession; the most important of these in the seventh century was Osaka, on the east bank of the inland sea. The crowning event of founding a capital to be the center of the language, literature, and general civilization of the country, was accomplished in the eighth century, and Kioto has been the favorite residence of the Mikado since the twelfth century.

JAPANESE COSMOGONY—THE CREATION—THE GODS.

In the beginning there was neither heaven nor earth; the elements of all things formed a confused liquid mass, like the contents of an egg in which the white and yolk have been mixed together. From the midst of this chaos there sprang forth a god, who is called the Supreme Being, and whose throne is in the midst of heaven. Afterward came God the Creator, who is over all creation, and then God the Creator, who is the sublime spirit. Each of these three gods had a separate existence, but they were not revealed, except in their spiritual nature. Gradually a work of separation took place in chaos; the subtle atoms quickly rolled away and formed the celestial vault overhead. The grosser atoms agglomerated slowly into a solid body; and thus the earth was not formed till long after the heavens. While the terrestrial matter still floated like a fish sporting on the surface of the waters, or like the image of the moon trembling on the limpid wave, there appeared floating between earth and sky something like a branch of a thorn-tree, endowed with motion, and capable of being transformed. It was changed into three gods, their names being Kuni-toko-datsi, no Mikoto; Kuni-satsu-tsi, no Mikoto; and Toyo-kumu-su, no Mikoto. After these three principal gods, there were four couples of gods and goddesses, namely, Wu-hidsi-ni, no Mikoto, and his companion; Oo-to-tsi, no Mikoto, and his companion; Omo-taru, no Mikoto, and his companion;

lastly, Izanaghi, no Mikoto, and his companion Izanami.

THE LEGEND OF IZANAGHI AND IZANAMI.

One day Izanaghi, the seventh of the celestial gods, determined to call into existence a lower world. He felt attracted toward the new creation which he saw rising from the waves of the ocean, and proposed to his divine companion, Izanami, to descend with him to earth. The goddess willingly accepted his invitation, and the celestial pair, leaning on the balustrade of their ethereal dwelling, considered what part they would select for their intended peregrination. Looking down on the inner Sea of Japan, they with one accord made choice of the beautiful isle of Awadsi, resting like a basket of leaves and flowers on the calm, deep water, protected on one side by the rocks of Sikok, and on the other by the fertile shores of Nippon. Having reached it, they could not sufficiently enjoy the charms of this delightful retreat, now wandering through fields enameled with flowers, now climbing hills to breathe the fragrance of myrtle and orange groves, or sitting on the bank of a cascade, the murmur of whose waters blended with the warbling of birds. The middle of the island contained high mountains, whose summits were crowned with shady pines, camphor-trees, and other aromatic shrubs, and whose sides were pierced with grottoes carpeted with moss and curtained by waving plants.

On beholding these beauties, which they had themselves evoked from the elements, it seemed to them that a terrestrial existence was not unworthy of the gods themselves. Days, seasons, years passed away, and a group of gay children sported around the divine couple, on the threshold of their dwelling in a smiling valley. But as they grew up a veil of sadness clouded the vision of their parents; they could not ignore the fact that all that is born on earth is subject to death, and that their children must sooner or later submit to the inevitable law. The tender Izanami trembled at the thought; she could not realize the fact that she must one day close the eyes of her children, and yet continue to enjoy immortality herself; indeed, she would rather descend with him into the grave. Izanaghi resolved to put an end to a position which daily became more painful, and accordingly persuaded his companion to return with him to their celestial abode, before their happiness should be interrupted by the sight of death, urging that, although their children could not accompany them, he might leave them a legacy which would enable them to hold as

much intercourse with them as their mortal nature permitted.

When the time for parting had come, he exhorted them to dry their tears and listen to his last wishes. He commenced by describing, in language more than human, the perfect and unchanging happiness which is enjoyed by the inhabitants of heaven; he pictured it as a star, which, although far beyond their reach, appeared as though they could touch it from the top of a lofty mountain which bounded the horizon. "Thus," he added, "without possessing that happiness which belongs only to a higher sphere, it depends on yourselves whether you will enjoy the contemplation and anticipation of it by faithfully attending to my commands."

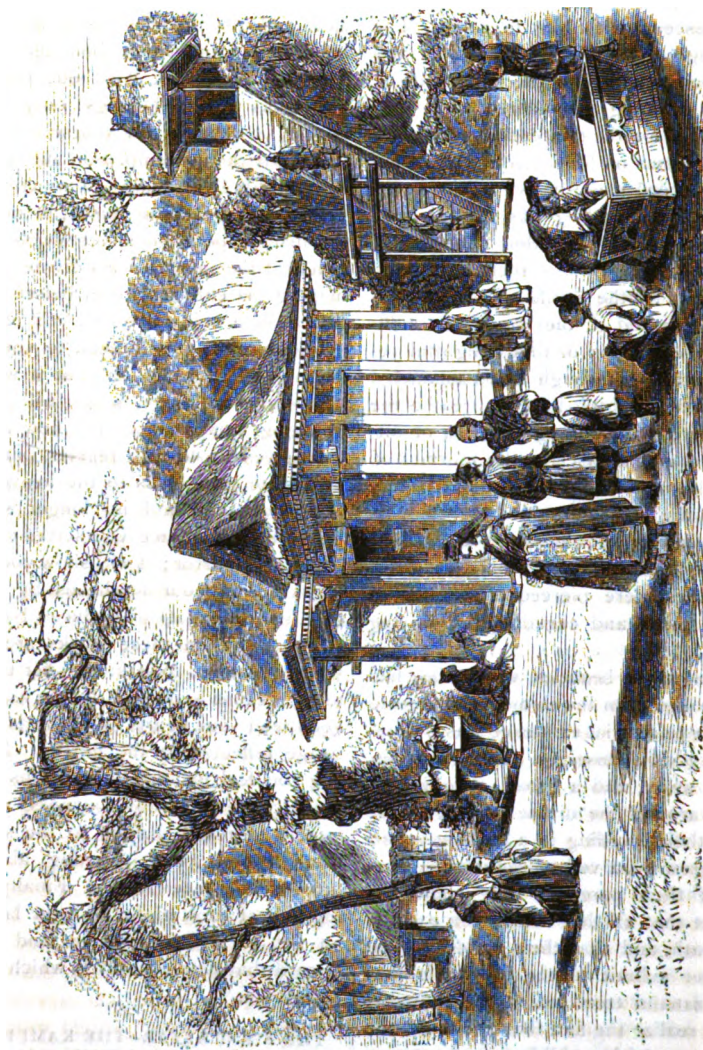
At these words he raised, in his right hand, the disc of polished silver which had so often reflected the image of his divine helpmate, and making his children kneel before him, he continued in a solemn voice: "I leave you this precious relic; it will recall to you the beloved features of your mother, but it will also show you your own image, which will suggest a humiliating comparison. Do not, however, give yourselves up to vain regrets, but endeavor to assimilate yourselves to the heavenly image of her whom you will no longer see on earth. Every morning place yourselves on your knees before this mirror; it will show you the wrinkles engraved on your foreheads by some earthly care, or the agitation produced by some deadly passion. When these marks are effaced, and you are restored to serenity, offer up your prayer to us without hypocrisy, for be assured that the gods read your hearts as easily as you read the image reflected in the mirror. If during the day you feel excited to emotions of anger, impatience, envy, or covetousness, which you are unable to resist, hasten to the sanctuary, and there renew your morning ablutions, your prayers and meditations. Finally, when retiring to rest each night, let your last thought be an act of self-examination and an aspiration toward that better world to which we have gone before you."

THE FIRST ALTAR—THE KAMI RELIGION OF JAPAN.

Here the legend ends; but tradition adds that, on the spot where they received the farewells of their divine parents, the children of Izanaghi raised an altar of cedar-wood, adorned only by Izanami's mirror and two vases made of bamboo-trunks, containing bouquets of her favorite flowers. A simple square hut, thatched with rushes, protected the rustic altar; in bad weather it was closed by sliding-shutters. There

the children of Izanaghi celebrated morning and evening the worship taught them by their father. They lived on earth from generation to generation for a period of from two to three million years, and became in their turn immortal *Kamis*, happy spirits, worthy of divine honors. Science confirms tradition, and proves that, six centuries before Christ, there existed a religion in Japan

peculiar to it, and which had never been practiced elsewhere, as is observed by Kæmpfer, and which is preserved to the present time, although in an altered form and in an inferior position to other sects of later origin. It is the worship of the *Kamis*, and has since received various names, borrowed from the Chinese language, which I therefore pass over.



SINTU TEMPLE AT YOKU-HAMA.

It can not be regarded as the worship of the spirits of their ancestors in general, nor of the ancestors of particular families. The spirits worshiped under the name of *Kamis* belong certainly to the mythological or heroic legend which reflects glory upon certain existing families, but they are especially national genii, the protectors of Japan and its inhabitants. Besides, who could the primitive *Kamis* have been if not

the fabulous persons of the national cosmogony, and some others of secondary rank, those genii and mythological heroes who receive divine homage in various parts of Japan, where chapels were erected in their honor in very remote periods? These rustic buildings are known by the name of *mias*, and the most celebrated of them are in the south-west portion of the archipelago, which appears to have been the cradle

of Japanese civilization. Even in these days, and especially in Spring, thousands of pilgrims flock there from all parts of the empire.

The chapel dedicated to Ten-sjoo-dai-zin, in the country of Isyé, is supposed to be the most authentic memorial of the primitive religion of the Japanese. Kæmpfer asserts that the *Sintōistes*—which is the Chinese name for this sect—make a pilgrimage to Isyé once a year, or at least once in their lives. "The temple of Isyé," he says, "is a low, mean-looking building with a thatched roof, situated in a wide plain. Great care is taken to preserve it in its original condition, as a monument of the extreme poverty of its founders, 'the first men,' as the Japanese style them. The temple contains only a mirror of cast metal, polished in the native fashion, and pieces of cut paper round the walls. The mirror is placed there as an emblem of the all-seeing eye of the Great Being they worship; the cut white paper represents the purity of the place, and reminds worshipers that they must present themselves with pure hearts, and bodies cleansed from all stain."

This account, remarkable as it is, is far from giving a perfect idea of the architectural type to which the Kami temples belong. The temple of Isyé belongs to a period when art was in its infancy, and had not attained the purer form which it took under the reign of the first Mikados. Its essential characteristics are the following: In the first place, the situation of the building is a special point, a picturesque spot being always chosen, and one where there are plenty of full-grown trees, with a fine avenue of pines or cedars generally leading up to it, and it is always approached by one of the *Toris* which I have already described. The mias are usually built on a hill, which is sometimes artificial, and faced with walls of Cyclopean construction; they are ascended by a staircase, at the foot of which is the chapel for ablutions, consisting merely of a roof covering a stone basin, which is kept full of water. The actual temple is raised one or two yards from the ground, supported by four massive pillars, and surrounded, like most Japanese houses, by a veranda, which is reached by several steps. It is built of wood, closed on three sides, and open in front, although furnished with movable shutters, which can be closed when necessary. The interior of the sanctuary is, therefore, exposed to view, and its severe simplicity is not without an elegance of its own, the wood-work being brilliantly clean, and the mats with which the floor is covered of the finest quality. The metal disc which decorates the altar is effective from its simplicity; and there are no hangings, statues,

or images to distract the attention and interfere with meditation. The roof of the chapel is not the least original part of it; it may be of thatch, slates, or tiles, but the frame-work is always of the same shape—it slopes gradually on both sides, and bends outward toward the base, where it projects over the veranda; and its height is greatly disproportioned to that of the building. It is finished at the top of each gable by two pieces of wood in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross, and along the point of the roof small spindle-shaped pieces of wood are placed at intervals, a style of ornament of which I have never been able to discover the object.

The strips of white paper mentioned by Kæmpfer are still in use among the various sects, and are suspended to the walls of the temples, the lintels of the houses, and to the straw ropes which they hang in the neighborhood of some of their sacred places, and in the streets on religious festivals. Still I am inclined to believe that the use of this consecrated paper is an importation from Buddhism, as the priests of that religion make use of little strips of wood surmounted by a tuft of paper-ribbon, like a holy-water sprinkler, which they have before them on entering the temple and approaching the altar to purify the air from evil influences; and this has, doubtless, led to the custom in some of the Kami temples of placing one of these sprinklers on a step of the altar before the sacred mirror.

Among innovations more or less recent, I may mention, first the introduction, at the entrance of some of the mias, of two mythological figures in bronze, representing, under fantastic forms, a dog and a kind of unicorn, both crouching on their hind legs, and symbolizing, it is said, the two purifying elements of fire and water; and next, the custom of placing a wooden coffer at the foot of the altar to receive offerings, which sometimes has a grated cover, to prevent the pieces of money which are thrown in being taken out except by the priests, who keep the key; but it as often has a solid cover surrounded by a ledge, on which the devotees throw their "*szenis*" (little iron coins) wrapped in paper. Besides these, I have sometimes noticed a gong or a bunch of little bells suspended to the front of the temples, to enable visitors to summon the priests when absent from the altar. The fact that these objects have been lately introduced into the Kami worship is plainly proved by the circumstance that their religion had originally no priesthood.

The primitive mias were, as we have seen, memorial chapels raised in honor of national heroes, like William Tell's chapel on the lake

of Lucerne. The chief of a country which could boast of one of these monuments watched over its preservation, but no priest served its altar, and no privileged sect interposed between the worshiper and the object of his adoration. The act of worship, performed before the mirror of Izanami, was not limited to the Kami of the particular chapel, but through him to the gods whom he represented; consequently the temple was free to every one, and there was an utter absence of ceremony in the worship. This state of things has not been preserved; the younger members of families were charged first with the superintendence, and afterward with the service of the sacred place. By degrees processions, litanies, offerings, and even miraculous images were introduced. The priests assumed the surplice during the performance of service, but resumed their usual dress and arms on quitting the sacred precincts; they did not form themselves into a distinct caste or class, but instituted an inferior brotherhood of a monastic character, especially devoted to the service of pilgrims, and called Kanouses. The deviation of the Kami worship from its original purity may be attributed to two causes—first, to the foundation of the power of the Mikados; and in the second place, to the introduction of Buddhism into Japanese society.

WOMEN AND THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

MR. MILL'S book on the subjection of women is in a great measure about wives and their miseries, but the atmosphere in it is not the atmosphere of wedlock. We seem to perceive as we read the presence around the philosopher of an audience totally different from that common mass of humanity which toils along the weary ways of the world two by two, with minds so much occupied by practical toils and difficulties as to have little time for fine discussions. A woman in the heat of her natural work, with her husband to care for, and her children to bring up, has seldom leisure to measure herself against him or any other man she meets and speculate which is the tallest. Neither has an ordinary man, with his daily work to do, much time to waste in such speculations. In ordinary life, notwithstanding what the newspapers say, men do not generally despise their wives. They have got to know in most cases after a few years what each other's opinion is practically worth. And their consultations are not biased by any theory about the abstract weight attaching to a man's or a wom-

an's advice. The fact is, it is Mary's opinion and not the abstract woman's which her husband cares for. And when she asks herself what John will say, it is not any immediate sense of subjection to the abstract man which mingles with her anxiety.

But apart from these matter-of-fact, ordinarily occupied people, who fulfill the duties of their several sexes without carrying the distinction consciously about with them, there is a class, of which we desire to speak with all respect, which is gradually becoming more and more influential, so far, at least, as speech goes. We mean the class of highly cultivated, able, mature, unmarried women who have never undergone the natural experiences of their sex, and really feel themselves in the position to compete with men, without fear or favor. This class is rarely taken into account in any discussion of the claims of women, yet it has inspired all such discussions, and is the only portion of the sex which can really benefit by them. Their influence is apparent in every thing—which may be supposed an injurious suggestion to make, but is not really so—for they are, without doubt, intellectually superior to the ordinary mass of women, and still more certainly are much more like men. We repeat that we desire to speak of them with all respect. Looking at them from a point of view totally different from their own, we can yet grant to these exceptional women the applause due to high motives, high spirit, great activity and independence of thought, perfect purity of intention, and the most generous desire to help and further all good works. At the height of life and health, superior to other women by their exemption from all the disabling consequences of marriage, superior to men by their more perfect temperance and self-restraint, it is but natural that they should resent with fiery indignation not unmingled with a certain bitter amusement, the vulgar theory of woman's inferiority. They know themselves full of power to work and act as men do, and can perceive no reason why they should be limited to those arts of domestic management and industry which are the natural accompaniments of a life interrupted by childbirth and absorbed in family cares. Their lives are subject to no interruption; they are as free as men, as able for fatigue, as ready to embark in any venture. Their education may not be so thorough—at least it is probably not classical—but in knowledge of the world and experience of it, in acquaintance with modern literature and the habits of the modern mind, they feel themselves no whit inferior. And if they ever dreamed of union with the other section of humanity, the

dream has either passed away or changed in character.

To them the plea of equality is natural—they have declined to accept any other standing-ground. Why should not all the professions of men be open to them? why should they lie under arbitrary disabilities which have not been laid on them by nature? Our old scruples and precautions are simply unmeaning to them, not because of any unwomanliness on their part, but because they have passed the age at which one set of scruples operate, and have kept themselves free from those engagements which promote another. And if any social reformer asks us candidly why these women should not exercise the suffrage or any other right they happen to covet, we feel ourselves driven into a corner, and have no answer to make. They are as strong, as courageous, as clever as their masculine contemporaries. They have no occasion to hide themselves, no mystery going on within them which shrinks from the eye of day. Their lives stretch on clear before them like those of men, unhampered by any of the usual feminine burdens. In short, they are quite able to stand up and try their strength against the first-comer. And if we are to be asked why should not they? we can give no satisfactory reply. Why not if they like it? is all the faltering response we can make. We might jeer at their boldness, but that is a cheap and not very telling argument. We might thunder against their unwomanliness and beat them back to the level of their sex, but that would be futile, and it would be foolish. They are quite able to judge for themselves, and we have no right to beat them back. If they like it why should not they have votes? Their position is exceptional, and so it is quite possible may be their rights. There is no precedent on the subject. Such a class has no place in the primitive records, and frankly we have no reasoning to bring to bear upon them. They are very well able to manage their own lives and those of their dependents, and we can give no reason why they should not be able to manage a learned profession or some department of public life.

We have our prejudices, but we have no right to guide our fellow-creatures by our prejudices; and no rational creature can assert, at least with any hope of being able to believe his own assertion, that a young fellow of four or five and twenty, just emancipated from the bondage of education, is by mere right of his manhood able to judge on any public or political question better than a highly educated woman ten or fifteen years his senior, who probably fills a much more important place than he does in the

world. Any such assertion would be ridiculous. The woman has most likely fifty times more experience, more practical knowledge, possibly more common sense, almost certainly more education, except as regards Latin and Greek; and to tell us that she is not equally able to choose her county member, or for that matter if she likes it, to propose him on the hustings, is simple nonsense. Why should not she do it, if she has a mind? The question is so utterly unanswerable that it awakens within us a certain comic bewilderment. Why should not she? For our own part we know of no reply.

If she likes it, the chances are that she would be of admirable use in many practical matters, and could work upon committees, and manage poor laws, and education, and reformatory movements, and boards of works, and all of the benevolent political work of the country, as well as any set of men. She is as she declares herself to be, a force unemployed, a capacity going to waste, and if she chooses to enforce and insist upon her rights, we can not see what reasonable argument can be brought against her; nor have we any doubt that she will obtain them in the long run, if she perseveres; and she is sure to persevere.

But the able, steadfast, self-sustaining being above described is not a type of ordinary women; she is not even a type of the mass of the unmarried, whose numbers we have so perpetually dinned into our ears. The authors of "Woman's Work" have a great deal to say for them, and enforce their rights to labor with reasonings sometimes sensible, but sometimes infinitely droll; as when Miss Jessie Boucherett appeals to the men and hairdressers of England with a highly wrought and sometimes indignant eloquence to emigrate, and leave their places to the unemployed women! This question, too, is of an entirely practical character, a matter which can not be settled on any general principle, but rather by the rules of possibility and expediency. We believe, for our own part, for instance, that educated medical women well qualified to treat female diseases would be a great boon to society. In one special branch of practice they would be simply invaluable, and such a consolation to suffering women as only women can fully understand. Even now in the existing state of affairs, the services of women imperfectly educated are eagerly taken advantage of, and the comfort it would be to many a pain-worn creature to see a person of her own sex at her bedside is simply incalculable. Every medical man must know how women shrink from the statement of their own symptoms in serious and delicate cases; and how universally

the patient's story has to be filtered through some female attendant, who may on her part boggle over the tale, and is certainly not bound to understand it. It is easy to laugh at Dr. Mary and Dr. Lucy; and, indeed, laughter has for long been the understood way, and a very cheap one, of begging the whole question. But this special advantage is one which we believe medical men themselves will not deny the truth of, and which women in general, who must be the best judges in the matter, would pray for with all their hearts. There would be of course, to start with, a certain terror of trusting themselves in untried hands; but this doubt has but to be removed to make women unanimous, we believe, on this point.

This is one thing, however, and the education which qualifies for it is another, and there are difficulties in respect to that, and all other professional training, which are far from easy to deal with. Miss Jex-Blake in an essay on the Medical Education of Women, and which is beyond question the most valuable we have yet seen, has given a very clear account of the difficulties attending medical education as respects admission to universities, studying along with the ordinary students, etc. From this it will be evident to the reader, that the steady energy and devotion to her object which a woman must possess in order to acquire the knowledge necessary to her entrance into this profession, are of so high an order as to raise her entirely above the level of those ordinary unenthusiastic neophytes, who do their work because they are obliged to do it, and are doctors because their parents destine them to be so. It can only be a personal choice, and the strongest bias of mind and sense of duty, which could nerve a young woman to confront all these obstacles, and force her way in spite of them. We avow that we do not understand how it can be done at all—but it has been done, and we are not called upon to understand but only to acknowledge the fact. We ought to add to all we have already said, a hope that henceforward the barriers will be removed and the entrance into the fields of learning made easy for every woman to choose it.

But the hope fails somehow at the moment of utterance. Not that we dislike female doctors, or fail to appreciate the admirable places they might fill and the good they would do; but because, frankly, professional education for women is a thing in which our belief is very limited. Of all the numberless crusades of the day there has been none more warm and lively than that which takes up the question of female education generally. There have been so many

words expended on the subject that we are reluctant to enter into it with further waste of breath; but yet it is a branch of the general subject, and can not be dismissed without notice. The result of the present commotion of the public mind on this point seems to be a general feeling that to extend that monotonous classical training in respect to which, for our boys, we now and then take a cold shiver of apprehension, asking ourselves with doubts which it is difficult to silence, is this really the best we can do for them?—to our girls, is to do them the fullest justice, and to provide for all possible necessities.

We are aware, all the same, that when the preparation for actual life commences in any but an academical career, we have to tear our sons away from the traditions of school and compel them to "go in" for a totally distinct kind of training; but yet we are told that an entirely superior new generation of women will be produced when we succeed in tying our girls to the system of education thus proved futile for all but one special class of our boys. This is surely a very unreasonable conclusion. So far as the higher classes are concerned, who can choose their own education, it seems to us that there is a great deal to be said in favor of the present theory, which makes living languages the portion of the sister, while the brother is fighting his way through Ovid and Catullus; and if, as so often happens, it is she, and not he, who reads Dante and Goethe, is she really so much his inferior in point of intellectual training? It is far from our desire to say a word which should imply indifference to the spread of education; but if women are virgin soil, as people say, in this respect, why should we conclude indiscriminately that the thing best to do for them is to extend to them the monotonous supremacy of an education which many of us regard as unsuitable for half at least of the minds at present subjected to it? If ever there was a case for selection, surely this would be the opportunity; though the authorities generally seem to prefer imitation and uniformity. With the same curious repetition of past efforts, we find that the courses of lectures which were to make our working men into sages and heroes, are cropping up again for the benefit of women. Even in such a matter as this are we never to find any thing new under the sun?

But when we turn to the consideration of professional education for girls, we feel that we have returned to the general fundamental conditions of women, and can only argue the one question by an appeal to the other. Professional education in man occupies all the season

of youth. He has reached his majority at least before he is qualified to put his powers to the test, and exercise the knowledge he has gained. Unless he steps into an exceptional position, reaping the benefit of some one else's labors, the first ten or fifteen years of manhood are spent in a struggle for position more or less hard in proportion to his talents and his character, and his power of awaiting a slow result. Under favorable circumstances, of course, this struggle is not mortal, but it always requires the man's full force, his clearest judgment, and most careful labor. If he is prosperously established in the exercise of his profession at thirty-five, with a clear prospect of gain and social honor, he has done as well as he could possibly hope, and can look forward with tolerable confidence on the career before him. During this early struggle he has to exert all his powers; if he pauses for a moment he knows that it is at the hazard not of losing that moment alone, but of sacrificing ten times its value. The road is so up-hill that he slides down one step for every three he makes, and is aware that to stop short or to turn aside on the way is destruction. A temporary illness sometimes neutralizes years of labor; he must be always at his post, pushing on with speed unbroken. Should he fall some one else is ready to jostle him out of the already too crowded way. Such is a very ordinary statement of the usual difficulties which beset the path, say, of a young physician; and the other professions are not less toilsome. Let us see what effect these obstacles would have on the career of the candidate were it a woman and not a man.

The first thing we have to imagine is, that the girl's entire youth, its bloom, and softest years should be passed like that of the young man in the steady pursuit of knowledge. At one-and-twenty, by the devotion of all her youth, she is qualified to enter upon the practice of her profession; when lo! there appears at the threshold of life the most natural of all interruptions to a young woman's career—a young husband ready to take upon himself the charge of her fortunes. She is married let us suppose, her education being no bar to the exercise of the primitive duties of her sex; and let us also imagine that she is loth to sacrifice at a stroke the labors of so many years, and that she attempts to combine professional exertions with the duties of a wife. She works for a year, let us say, with intermissions, finding it more and more difficult to maintain her place against the lively competition of men who have no divided duty. Then she is stopped short by the inevitable discharge of the primary function of

woman. This business over, she resumes again with a heart and attention sorely divided between the claims of the infant she leaves at home and the duties she finds outside.

During the interval of her seclusion, however restricted in point of time, every one of her male competitors has made a stride before her. Faltering and discouraged she resumes her laborious way; and if she has the energy of half a dozen men in her single person, if her courage is indomitable, and her determination sublime, she perhaps manages by a strain of mind and body which it would be impossible to continue long, to make up half of the ground she has lost; when lo! another interruption comes, and she has to step aside again and bear her feminine burden, and see her competitors, light and unladen, stride past once more. This is the inevitable course, known only too well to every woman who has endeavored to combine professional exertions with the ordinary duties of a man's wife. Other complications, such as we shrink from mentioning, probably come in to take all the elasticity out of a mind so burdened. Her children born amid these cares, and injured before their birth by the undue activity of brain which weakens their mother's physical powers, come into the world feeble or die in her arms, quenching out her courage in the bitterest waves of personal suffering.

This is no fancy picture. At every step in her career it becomes less possible to maintain the unequal conflict. Her competitors have marched far before her, while she toils and strives midway on the steep ascent. They have gone on without intermission; she has had to stop short again and again in her course. With what sickness of heart, with what a weary, hopeless sense of the unattainable, and desperate consciousness of the mistake, she maintains the struggle, only they can tell who have done it, and happily the number is not great. Such is all that a woman has to expect who attempts to combine the work of a man to which she has been trained with the common duties of female life.

On the other hand, let us suppose that she puts aside the profession she has acquired and gives herself up to domesticity and wifedom until the period of child-bearing is over, and her special responsibilities so far accomplished. This period can not be estimated at less than twenty years. It may be considerably shorter; it is sometimes longer; but we are not understanding the possibilities if we grant that at forty she may consider herself emancipated from woman's natural disabilities, and may stretch out her hands toward the tools which she put

from her all new and shining at one-and-twenty. Will these tools have improved, or will they have deteriorated in the mean time? Will her training of twenty years ago come back all fresh to her memory as if it had been but twenty days? Will the world be so good as to stand still in the mean time and keep every thing just as it was in the days of her apprenticeship that she may begin again with some chance of success? Alas, no! this is precisely what the world will not do. She will find her fellow-students a hundred miles ahead of her, and their sons ready to tread on her heels and gibe at her old-world principles. She will be of the old school before she has even begun to put in practice her rusty knowledge. She will feel in herself the painful consciousness of faculties blunted by want of use, and powers numbed by long inaction. If she is a wonderful woman, with the energy of half a dozen men, she will perhaps make a desperate effort and force her way along side of some plodding bungler whose indolence or stupidity have left him out of the race. This is the best that can befall her if she adopts this second course and waits until she can give to her profession the matured and steady powers of middle age.

There is, however, an alternative open to her. She can take a vow of celibacy. She can throw off altogether the yoke of nature, and fit herself to compete with man by consciously and voluntarily rejecting the life of woman. This is a possibility which is not to be rejected with disdain as out of the question. If all is true that we continually read about the number of women who can not marry, it is no unfit question for the more resolute souls among them, whether they should not make up their minds that they will not marry, and thus qualify themselves by one severe yet effectual effort for an existence resembling that of man. By this means alone can they procure for themselves fair play in the world, or a reasonable chance of success in any profession.

But this is a penalty which perhaps not one of all their male fellow-students would undertake to pay; and it is the most cruel renunciation which can be exacted from a human creature. Thus success in a profession—nay, the mere initiatory possibility of success—requires from a woman not equality with man, but an amount of intellectual and moral superiority over him, which can only be found in the rarest and most isolated cases. To him the prospect of marriage is the strongest incentive to industry and exertion. To her it is simple ruin, so far as her work is concerned. If then she has the magnanimity and self-devotion to cut herself

off from all that is popularly considered happiness in life—from all that youth most dreams of, and the heart most cares for—she is free to enter into and pursue, and very likely will succeed in a profession, which men, with all solaces of love and help of companionship, pursue by her side at not half the cost. Perhaps even then, after she has made this sacrifice, she will find that she is the pot of earth making her way among their pots of iron; and that their superior physical powers and bolder temperament will carry them beyond her, notwithstanding the superior devotion she has shown and the price she has paid. But this is the best we can promise her when all is done—to (perhaps) succeed as well, at the cost of every thing, as her competitors who go into it with the commonest of motives and at no cost at all.

This is a very serious, very weighty consideration at the outset of a career. Professional education, too, is very costly, and the parents of young women to whom self-support is necessary are not generally rolling in wealth; can we then wonder at their reluctance to purchase dearly such a training for their daughter, knowing that the expense will most probably be all in vain, and indeed hoping that her first step in actual life will be to render herself incapable of her profession by a happy marriage? We do not for one moment deny that the picture we have just drawn, and the truth of which we are but too certainly aware of, is the very contrary of encouraging to those hapless women who are seeking work to do and know not where to find it. We acknowledge sadly that it is not encouraging, but it is better to face the truth than to ignore it. These things would remain true were all the colleges in Christendom thrown open to-morrow with all their means of instruction to the girl-graduates who, we are told, thirst for improved education. By all means, we say, let them be thrown open. Let all contemptuous laws that teach fools to sneer at the mother who bore them be erased from our statute-book. Let the women who stand apart from woman's natural existence, be it by choice, be it by necessity, be permitted to assume men's privileges if they choose. And what then, O daughters of Eve? The most of you will still be wives, will still be mothers all the same, will still lie under nature's own disabilities and be trusted with nature's high responsibilities, and have your work to do, which no man is capable of doing instead of you. Legislation may help the surplus, the exceptional women. If it does really aid them to find a practicable standing ground it will do well; but for the majority, legislation can do little and revolution nothing at all.

THE IMMIGRANT'S STORY.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW HOME.

THERE was a neat cottage on the sea-shore not far from our dwelling, which I had often admired as I walked or rode in that direction. Its surroundings were tasteful, and it commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding country. If that could be secured, I thought, it would make us a comfortable and pleasant home. Then I should try to obtain employment as a teacher.

But in case I should fail to find it, what there was left for me to do I knew not. All at once a thought of the jewels which my father had given me in my girlhood, and which I had not worn for so long that I had almost forgotten that I possessed them, came into my mind, and I took up my lamp and went to a drawer in which I kept my choicest treasures. I took from thence the casket in which years ago I had placed them, and there they all were, as bright and beautiful as when I laid them away.

I had ceased to wear them, because their brightness seemed to mock my misery, and the sight of them now brought up mournful memories of happier days. I would fain have kept them for the sake of the past, but the price they would bring would furnish food and shelter for my father in his old age, and they must go. I laid them out one by one until I came to a diamond necklace which my father had presented to me on my eighteenth birthday. That was the Summer of my first acquaintance with Esmond, and I had then worn it on many delightful occasions. "I will part with the rest first," I thought, "and if necessity requires it, this also, but till then I will keep it."

I estimated what the others would probably bring, and concluded I should have sufficient to purchase the cottage, if it was to be had, and for our support for a considerable length of time. This removed a great weight from my mind. I determined, however, to say nothing of this to my father, for I wished if possible to give him a pleasant surprise. And this I thought I could easily do, for he was so absorbed with his business that he would not notice my movements.

The next morning I sought, as the night before, to cheer and comfort him, and to prepare him as far as I could for whatever the future might have in store for him. And it was well that he was thus in a measure prepared, for in a few days goods, home, every thing save a few articles, among which was my piano, that his creditors in kindness spared to us, was

gone. As soon as I saw that all must go, I disposed of my jewelry for a good sum, and went to the cottage to see what could be done there. Luckily it could be bought, and for a moderate price, and I had our goods removed to it at once, supplying by purchases whatever was needed to make it pleasant and comfortable.

I determined to keep one servant, who had long been with us, and who would have clung to us as long as her services seemed necessary, even with no prospect of any remuneration, and she entered heartily into all my plans. With our combined efforts we soon had every thing in perfect order.

The front and principal room of the cottage was a large and truly pleasant room, with a view from the windows not unlike that from my old home. On the floor of this room we placed a bright carpet, and covered the walls with our pictures, which, by the way, were among the things sacred to us. In this room we also placed the piano, with a sofa and chairs to match, with my father's easy-chair and books, together with numerous other articles, which I had caused to be purchased because I knew he prized and would miss them. When all was so nearly in order that I thought I could finish alone, I sent Dora into the kitchen to prepare dinner. "Be sure," I said "to have an unusually good one, and be particular to have my father's favorite dishes." She went about it with a will, and I knew it would be forthcoming. In due time the savory odors proceeding from that quarter proclaimed the good things being prepared for the table.

Meanwhile, in order to have every thing look as pleasant and homelike as possible, I laid the cloth for dinner in the room which we had just been fitting up, and really every thing looked cheerful and inviting. When all was in readiness, I put on my hat and went in search of my father.

It was the day of the sale of our home and household goods, and it was all over and the people gone. I found him wandering with a sad, heart-broken look about the empty, cheerless apartments. "Come, father," I said, "let us go and have a walk down by the sea-shore."

"No, my child," he replied sadly, "I must go in search of some lodgings for us somewhere, though where the means to pay for it is coming from Heaven alone knows."

"But come and take this walk with me first," I urged, and without scarcely seeming to know which way he was going, he allowed me to lead him away. In a few minutes we were at the little gate before the cottage.

"No, Gertrude, I can not stop to-night," he began as he saw me about to open the gate. "It will be night now before we shall get to the city."

"Please me in this, father," I replied, "and I will urge you no farther."

He reluctantly consented, and I went forward and up the steps to the porch, which was nearly hidden by climbing roses and honeysuckles, just then in blossom, and which filled the premises with their delightful fragrance.

From this porch a door opened into the room awaiting us, and when my father reached the threshold and saw upon the walls his favorite pictures, with a hundred other dear and familiar objects, together with the table full of smoking viands, all of which looked so cozy and inviting, he seemed, in part, to comprehend what I had been doing, but was too nearly overcome with conflicting emotions to trust himself to speak. "Does not this look comfortable and homelike, father?" I said cheerfully, when I saw the tears begin to trickle down his face, and wishing to have him joyful rather than sad.

"It does, indeed, and is a refuge unspeakably welcome to me in this dark hour. But whence came the money to pay for this, my dear child?"

"I will tell you, father; but first let us have dinner, which will be getting cold if we stop to talk longer." And as we ate I told him of all my doings in the few days past, and that my jewels had brought not only enough to purchase the house, and all the things he saw around him, but enough for our support for a long time to come. And I doubt if either of us in many years had passed a happier hour than that which we spent over our first meal in the cottage.

And as the days and weeks passed on, I had the pleasure of seeing a look of peace and content settling down upon my father's face, which, in time, wholly displaced the haggard, careworn expression it had so long worn.

I was also happier than I had ever expected to be again in this life. I devoted my time principally to those things which I knew would tend to make my father contented and happy.

Sometimes I would read to him from some interesting author, at others I would play his favorite pieces in music, or stroll with him along the charming walks of the sea-side.

But this pleasant dream was destined to be of short duration. When we had been at the cottage about four months, my father was attacked with a fever that was prevailing in the city, and in a few weeks I was bereft of my last earthly friend. I was now more desolate than ever before. Dora still clung to me, however, and together we lived till the following Spring.

By that time my funds—into which my father's illness had made large inroads—were so low that I could no longer support us both. I then began to turn my thoughts to teaching again, for I could not yet bring my mind to part with my diamond necklace. The thought, however, of going into the city among those with whom I had associated in my brighter days, to seek employment, was so humiliating to me, that at times I was almost tempted to let it go.

While I was still undecided as to what course to pursue, Dora told me one day that she had decided to go to America to a brother, who, with his family, lived in a thriving German settlement, and had become wealthy, and from whom she had just heard, and warmly urged me to accompany her. At first the proposition seemed a wild one, but by degrees it became familiar. "Why should I not go?" I began after a time to think. "I had no relative, no friend, not a single tie to bind me to my native land, and there was no reason why I should desire to remain in a place where every thing I saw served to remind me of the joys or sorrows of the past."

One day I had occasion to go to a store to make some purchase, when I met on the street one of my former friends and associates, and who still moved in the wealthy and exclusive circle to which I had formerly belonged. She passed me without even a look of recognition. From this time I was no longer undecided. If I became a teacher, as I should soon be obliged to, I should without doubt often meet my acquaintances, and the thought of being treated in that way I could not endure.

Dora was delighted with my conclusion, and we at once set about making preparations for our long journey. I improved the first opportunity that I found to dispose of my cottage and furniture, and which brought me money enough to take us across the ocean, and to supply my needs for some time after.

When we were fairly out upon the open sea, and I saw the last faint outline of my native land disappearing, I could not but feel unspeakably sad to think I was to see it no more, though if I had remained I had no reason to hope for more happiness than I had enjoyed in the past, for I had never once heard from my husband and children, and probably never should.

The first few days of our voyage the weather was fair, and no one seemed much affected by the change from the land to the bosom of the sea. But after awhile it was our lot to encounter a fierce and threatening gale. At first we watched it with intense interest, for many of us had never before witnessed a storm at sea. And

It was truly a grand and imposing sight to see the huge foam-capped billows rising in their fury seemingly to the very clouds, then sinking again to such fearful depths.

But the feeling of interest or of awe which it at first inspired soon gave place to that of fear, for the storm was not only endangering the vessel to some extent, but the lives of the passengers, who, with scarcely a single exception, began to suffer intensely from sea-sickness.

Dora was among the first to feel the effects of the gale. And so great a sufferer was she from the first that I early began to despair of her recovery. I ministered to her wants until I, too, was overcome with the terrible sickness, when others who were able took my place and did what they could for her. But no remedy proved effective, and before the storm, which lasted several days, had subsided, my poor, faithful Dora was no more.

Bitter, indeed, were the tears which I shed when the kind-hearted sailors committed her body to the deep. She had been a kind, true friend, and to lose her was to lose all. If I had dreamed that such a calamity was in store for me I should not have launched out into the world as I had. But I had not, and earnestly as I wished myself back in the father-land it was useless to repine, for there was now no alternative for me but to go forward to the strange, unknown land to which we were rapidly approaching.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN AMERICA.

When I reached New York I wrote to Dora's brother of her death, for he lived in another city; but I did not go there as we had intended, for I felt that I had no claims upon his hospitality. Besides, I was not sure that I might not sometime return to Germany if I did not meet with success here. I also wrote an account of poor Dora's death to a sister of hers, who was still living as a servant in my native city, and who had once been a valued servant in my father's house.

I did not at once seek a situation in New York, for I was still feeble from the effects of my journey, but hired a comfortable lodging in which I intended to remain until I recovered my strength.

But it would not do to wait too long, for my funds were rapidly vanishing, and as soon as possible I began to look about me to see what I could find to do. I desired a situation as a teacher, but failed to find one, though I made applications in many directions, because every post was filled. I next sought for music scholars

in various places, and in this I was rather more successful. I secured a few, but earned only enough barely to supply my wants. It was very hard work for me, too, for I was unaccustomed to labor, as well as to the exposure to the weather which I was sometimes obliged to endure in going from house to house to give my lessons.

Life seemed sometimes a weary burden, but I did not forget that, but for my own sin—that of giving way to my hasty temper—I should still have been an inmate of my own delightful home, surrounded by my own dear little ones, as well as the comforts and luxuries to which I had been always accustomed. I believed God's dealings with me to be only just, and I strove to bear with patience and resignation my sad lot. One day, after I had been teaching several months, I returned home from giving lessons and found a letter upon my table from Germany. I knew it to be from Augusta, Dora's sister, and I hastily broke the seal, for I longed to hear once more from home. It was a reply to the one I had sent apprising her of Dora's death. After speaking affectionately of her sister she wrote the news of the day, and of such other matters as she thought I would be pleased to hear, and ended by warmly urging me to return to Germany, for, as she said, "she could not endure the thought of my being so alone and friendless in a foreign land."

She was a warm-hearted girl, and while a servant in our family had become very much attached to both my father and myself. In fact, I had taken her more into my confidence, and told her more of my heart-history than any other person save my father. But after his failure she had been obliged to seek a new home, though she still seemed to cherish for us the most affectionate regard, and used often to visit us at the cottage. It gave me heart-felt pleasure to receive this letter, and the thought of it made me cheerful for days after. It was the first ray of light that had shone upon my darkened pathway for a long, long time.

I felt very grateful for her kind interest in my welfare, yet I had no strong desire to return to Germany. Besides, I could not go for want of money. True, I could dispose of my necklace, but that I had determined never to touch while my health remained good, but to keep it to use in case I should be sick or infirm. During the following Winter I strove to increase my number of pupils, but this I found it very difficult to do, because teachers of music were so plenty. Yet I kept hoping that Providence would open some way by which I could earn something more than a scanty subsistence.

A few weeks after this I observed, one day in a newspaper from a distant city, a notice that a governess was wanted in a certain family, and that a good salary would be paid, etc. I resolved at once to respond to this call, for such a life would be far easier and pleasanter than the life I was then living, and the labor, without doubt, more remunerative. I thought at first I would write, but a letter might possibly fail to reach them, and so I determined to go in person and try to secure the place. I did not wish to lose time lest some one should be there before me, so I made arrangements to start on the following day.

When I arose the next morning I saw, upon looking out, that the sky was overcast with dark, ominous-looking clouds, and that a fine, drizzling rain was falling. I at first thought I could not go, for I had no umbrella, and thought I could not spare the money to buy one; but remembering that to wait a day might be to lose the opportunity to better my condition, I took a hasty breakfast, and with my satchel, in which I had placed the night before my necklace and other effects, in my hand I started out, thinking that by walking rapidly I might reach the railroad depot without getting very wet. But it soon began to rain harder, and I was obliged to undertake my journey with my clothing damp; and as there was no fire in the car affording me an opportunity to dry it, I soon became chilly, and knew that I was taking a severe cold. But I hoped it would soon pass off, and as I rode along began to indulge in a thousand fancies respecting the strange city and people to which I was going, and to hope that my days of want and privation were over.

Just before sundown I reached the city of my destination. The rain was over, and I went to a convenient hotel where I procured a refreshing supper, after which I made some change in my apparel, and went out in search of the people I wished to see. I had no difficulty in finding them, but, alas! a terrible disappointment awaited me; they had that day engaged a governess.

Disheartened and wretched, with my bright hopes all crushed to the earth, I went back to my hotel. If I had been informed of this through a letter I should not have felt the disappointment so keenly; but now I had seen the truly refined and agreeable family in their beautiful home that had advertised, and as I compared in my mind a home with them to the life of toil and exposure which I had been living in New York, and to which I must now return, the latter looked doubly repulsive.

Besides, I had taken a heavy cold, and now began to feel feverish and sick; but I retired,

hoping that a night's rest would refresh me, and that things would look brighter in the morning. But I was too sick and weary to sleep, and when morning dawned I was unable to rise, and could scarcely speak. In the course of the forenoon I had a visit from Mrs. G., the wife of the proprietor of the hotel, whom a servant had informed of my illness, and I explained to her as well as I could my situation. She seemed rather a pleasant woman, I thought, and appeared friendly, particularly after I assured her that I had it in my power to reward them for any trouble I might make. And it was well that I saw her thus early, for the fever with which I was attacked increased rapidly in violence, and before night I was unconscious of any thing that was passing around me. A physician was soon called, I was afterward told, who ministered to my necessities, and I have every reason to believe that Mrs. G. was kind and faithful to me, and caused others to be, while I was unconscious.

One day, after I had fully regained my reason, I was reflecting upon my desolate condition, and upon my indebtedness to my physician as well as to the family which had been so kind to me in my extremity, and the thought of my necklace for the first time occurred to me. I turned my head as well as I could—for I was still very feeble—toward the corner where I had left my satchel, and, seeing that it was still there, I asked the proprietor's little daughter, who chanced to be in the room at the time, to bring it to me.

I had left it securely locked, and had since been too ill to think of it; but, ah me! I saw at a glance that it had been opened. I was not equal to the task of looking for the box containing the necklace myself, and I asked the little girl to do so for me. But she assured me that there was no box there. Still I clung to the hope that she might have overlooked it, and I had her lay the things out one by one upon the bed so that I could see for myself. But, alas! it was a vain search. When I was convinced that it was really gone I was for a moment too utterly wretched to think at all with any clearness, but the next I began to fully realize my loss.

When I was well I had found it very difficult to secure employment, and had never been able to earn any thing more than a living; and now I was sick, and helpless, and robbed of the only means of supplying my wants that I could ever hope to have, and which I had so carefully saved against such a possible day. As these and like thoughts crowded into my mind, I felt that my lot was truly a deplorable one, and I

almost wished that my Heavenly Father had seen fit in my illness to take me to himself. I had never before seen so dark an hour, and if I had not in other days learned to put my trust in him, I should have sunk into despair.

I explained my loss to Mrs. G., who sympathized with me in my misfortune, and promised to do what she could to help me recover my lost treasure. But I had little faith that it would ever be found, and it was not.

As soon as I regained, in part, my wasted strength, I began to make inquiries for something to do. Mrs. G. happened to be in want of a sewing girl, and, though I should have preferred teaching of some kind, I gladly embraced the opportunity to return the kindness I had received of her, and to settle the debt that had been accumulating since my illness.

At first I found it impossible to sew more than part of the day, but as my strength increased I improved the hours to the uttermost, and in time had the satisfaction of feeling that the terrible debt, which at first it had seemed so impossible for me to cancel, was rapidly diminishing, and would, without doubt, in a short time be fully paid.

This was finally accomplished, and then I went to my physician in the hope of being as fortunate in finding a way of paying him. But, as my services were not needed in his family, he kindly told me that I need give myself no trouble in regard to his bill. If, in the future, I found it convenient to pay him I might do so, otherwise to think no more of it.

If he had known how like balm his blessed words fell upon my weary heart, I have no doubt but that he would have felt repaid for his kindness. I thanked him as well as I could, and assured him that if I ever had a dollar I could spare it should be laid aside for him.

I now returned to Mrs. G., who I knew intended to make some calls on that day. She promised to see what she could do for me while gone, and I waited with much impatience for her return. But she was not as successful as she had hoped to be in finding me employment, for sewing girls and teachers of every description were so plenty that it was impossible to find a niche that was not already filled.

I was disappointed at this; yet my faith in the promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," was still undimmed, and I believed that some way would in good time appear by which I could escape from my perplexities.

Previous to this day I had never thought of going into the country, but I now began to entertain the idea, and it seemed reasonable to me, as it also did to Mrs. G., to whom I men-

tioned the plan, that I might be more successful there than in the city. Accordingly I put up what few things I had left and started out, and this brings me to the morning on which I formed your acquaintance.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONCLUSION.

After the completion of this narrative by Mrs. Linndon, I began to entertain the hope that she would some day hear from her husband and children, and eventually obtain assistance from, or be united to them again. And I had some thoughts of trying to do something for her with that end in view, for she had truly been purified through suffering, and I believed could be naught to them but a precious blessing.

But He who watches over the destinies of his children with an eye that never slumbers, and who permits none to suffer more than is for their best good, sent in his own appointed time deliverance to this unfortunate woman.

Before the close of the Summer I saw her coming one morning with a hasty step, and bearing in her hand a letter. As she drew near I saw that her face was fairly radiant with joy, and I knew that she had some good news to communicate. "She has heard from her family," I thought at once, and I was right. The letter was a reply to one she had written to Augusta during her illness, and it seems that the kind-hearted girl had been greatly distressed at the thought of her mistress's friendless, homeless condition, and began at once to entertain the thought of doing something for her relief. In the letter, which Mrs. Linndon gave me to read, after some introductory passages she says: "At first I could think of no way in which it was possible for me to aid you, but one day it occurred to me that if I could procure a situation as a servant in your husband's house, I might, in turn, be able to accomplish something in your favor. I resolved at once to carry out the plan if it was in my power to do so. And fortune favored me, or, rather, let me say that the Lord went before me and prepared my way for me, and *here I am in your former home, and engaged as a nurse for your children.*

"I have informed Mr. Linndon that I knew you, and where you are, and also of other things, such as I thought might influence him in your favor. He had never heard of your father's death or failure, but supposed you were still living with him, and in affluence, and he seemed deeply affected to hear that you were so unhappily situated. From this and some other things I infer that his affection for you is still alive, though I know not what he intends to do.

When the children found that I knew their mamma they were perfectly wild with delight, and have talked of nothing else since. They have evidently been taught to think affectionately of you, and more than once I have heard them telling their papa how much they wished to see you, and asking him if you would not some time come back to them, etc.

"Constance, Mr. Linndon's sister, who, though she is married, still lives with her parents, who, it seems, could not consent to part with her, comes in frequently to see the children, and has made many kind inquiries in regard to you, and is, I think, also anxious for your return. Every thing here, I should judge, remains about as when you went away, and if you were only here how happy I should be! I hardly know why I think so, but I have the impression that Mr. Linndon intends to write you, either to send relief, or request you to return home. Yet I may be mistaken. Hoping I am not, I remain, as ever,

"Your obedient servant,

"AUGUSTA VAN AMBROSE."

And Augusta's conjecture proved true. In a few days Mrs. Linndon received from her husband the following letter. It had been written before Augusta's, but had been delayed somewhere on the way:

"*My Dear Gertrude*,—I have just heard, for the first time, of your father's failure and death, and of your unfortunate situation in a foreign land. I have been informed of it by Augusta Van Ambrose, who is now a servant in my house, and from several conversations I have had with her I am convinced that I have been hasty, and fear that I have deeply wronged a true and noble heart. If you can forgive this, and still desire to return to me, I shall be happy to receive you.

"I will come to America for you if you desire it; but if you are as anxious to see us as the children and I are to see you, you will not delay. I send you with this five hundred dollars, which will be ample enough to defray the expenses of your journey home if you come at once. If you have any debts I will settle those afterward. Please write me when you will sail, and I will meet you at the port.

"Your affectionate husband,

"OSMOND LINNDON."

It was well this letter did not reach Mrs. Linndon till after Augusta's had in a measure prepared her for the reception of such joyful tidings; for it might have proved too startling for one of her delicate nervous organization. The idea of waiting she could not for a moment entertain, and after settling her bill with Dr.

M., and generously dispensing presents to those who had befriended her, she started for home.

I have since heard of her safe arrival in the bosom of her family.

THE BISMARCK FAMILY.

(CONCLUDED.)

COUNT BISMARCK'S YOUTH.

KARL BISMARCK'S fourth son, Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand, was the father of the present Count Otto Edward Leopold Bismarck, who was born at Schœnhausen on the 1st of April, 1815. The Count's mother was Louise Wilhelmina Bismarck, née Menken.

At Easter, 1821, young Otto entered the Boys' Boarding-School of Professor Plamann, in Berlin, where he remained six years, and whence he was removed to enter, with his elder brother Bernard, the Frederic Wilhelm Gymnasium for the prosecution of his classical studies. In the Autumn his parents left Schœnhausen for Berlin, and spent their Winters in that city, when the sons lived with them. The Bismarcks kept "open house," and lived so sumptuously, and so far above their means, that they became straitened in circumstances. They made it the great object of their life to see that their two sons and only daughter, now their only living children, were well trained, and had all the advantages of the best society that the Prussian capital afforded.

Frau Bismarck was a lady of rare beauty, vivacity, and literary culture, and spent a good portion of her time in the careful training of her children. She had a fancy, or whatever else it may be called, that she knew what her boys were fitted for, and what, with proper care, they would afterward become. Bernard was to be a district judge, and Otto a diplomat. We will not attempt to say whether or not the mother attempted to direct her two sons in these very different paths, but every Prussian boy knows that the subsequent life of both her boys has been a literal fulfillment of her prophecy.

Young Otto, like his father, was excessively fond of the chase, a passion that he still clings to, and which he gratifies whenever he can snatch a little leisure from his official duties. In his studies he was observed to have a remarkably retentive memory, which helped him very much in the study of languages, and soon enabled him to become master of French and English. German history, too, especially the reign of Frederic the Great, he never wearied in studying. He was confirmed, and formally

received into the Church when a boy, by the celebrated Schleiermacher. He was frank and blunt even then, feared nobody but his mother, and never seemed to have a temptation to tell a falsehood. As he was about to go to bed one night his mother said to him, "Otto, have you eaten your soup?"

The boy, without making any answer, ran out of the room, stayed about ten minutes, and came back with a gleeful, "Yes, mamma." He had forgotten it, and, therefore, was not ready to answer her question.

Like all children, he had a passion for every thing that was sweet, and shared the ordinary juvenile propensity for examining all the closets, and finding out what was in them that was good to eat or play with. One day his mother said

to him, "Otto, what have you been eating? You smell of medicine."

The boy thought a moment, and then said, "In father's room I found a bottle which I put to my mouth, and was going to drink it, but it stank so badly that I would not do it!"

When the Summer came it was always a happy time when Otto could return to Pomerania to rusticate in his own wild, careless way. In 1831, when the cholera prevailed to an alarming extent in certain sections of Europe, his father wrote to him to leave Berlin just as soon as the first case was reported. No better news could have reached the country-loving boy than this, and now his great desire was to hear of the "first case" of cholera. So he hired a horse regularly every day, and went out on the road



BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY JUDGE.

to Friederichsfelde, in which direction he thought the cholera was going to approach the city. All he wanted was to hear of its approach, and then hurry off from his books to the Pomeranian forests. While taking his regular ride one day he fell from his horse and sprained his leg, and this accident necessitated his lying in bed for several weeks, long after the "first case" of cholera had been reported.

BISMARCK AT THE UNIVERSITY.

It was now a grave question what university Otto should attend. Heidelberg was renowned for having the greatest beer drinkers in Europe, and young Bismarck's mother could not bear the thought of her son indulging in what she believed all the Heidelberg students did. She finally settled upon Göttingen. But matricula-

tion and beer drinking were the full extent to which he went toward becoming a student of law. During his whole stay at Göttingen he never attended a single lecture, and afterward, when a student in Berlin, he heard only two lectures during the whole time. These were by the celebrated De Savigny. Yet, as the time for examination approached, he set himself to work, and passed it successfully.

Of the sort of life that he passed in Göttingen we may judge from an occurrence which led to his compulsory appearance before the University judge. With a few other young men of similar spirit he made a pedestrian journey through the Hartz Mountains, and, on their return, young Bismarck concluded to put a characteristic cap-stone to the tour by giving them a dinner-party. After the guests had

eaten and drunk as much as they could, the host, in a freak of extravagant glee, threw a bottle of wine out of the window into the street. Whether man or beast was struck we do not know, nor did young Bismarck care much. But certain it is, that on the following morning Dominus de Bismarck was cited to appear at the City Hall, and answer before the University-court for disorderly conduct. Punctual to the minute, he appeared at the door in his high jack-boots, long, party-colored dressing-gown, immense barrel pipe, and stove-pipe hat. No sooner had he opened the door than he sent his big dog before him, which went boldly up to the University judge, scared him from his seat, and made him get behind a massive chair for protection. The judge, after recovering from his fright, exhibited his usual amiability, and was ready to put a favorable construction on the disorderly conduct of the young Pomeranian. When asked why he threw the bottle out of the window, young Bismarck, instead of trying to excuse himself, simply explained the act by going through all the motions necessary for such a performance. The affair was accommodated, and Bismarck hurried back to his beer-cup and hilarity.

THE YOUNG MAN SHIFTING FOR HIMSELF.

After Bismarck had passed out of the University, or rather *around* it, he was appointed a court-clerk and lawyer's assistant in Potsdam, where he soon became known as a "character."



HERR MELANCHOLY.

From the great mass of anecdotes of this period, illustrative of his character, we select the following: One day he was drawing up the deposition of a Berlin citizen, when the latter made so much noise at times as occasionally to disturb the secretary. Finally, Bismarck, who was never distinguished for his patience, could endure it no longer, and, springing up, said, "Conduct yourself properly, sir, or I will pitch you out!"

The judge walked slowly up to the young lawyer, and, in a friendly way, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "My dear young sir, this pitching out is my affair."

The Berliner continued his evidence, and young Bismarck took it down, until the former began to distract his attention again. Then Bismarck once more sprang to his feet, and said, "If you do not conduct yourself properly, sir, I shall get the judge to pitch you out!"

The effect of this latter speech on the judge's face can be well imagined.

Young Bismarck, on the death of his father, went to Schœnhausen to manage the estate. While there his life was irregular enough, and seemed to be without any purpose whatever. He was occasionally subject to fits of melancholy, and went through the forests for days at a time, accompanied only by his dog. When his melancholy became extreme, he would pack up and go to Berlin, or somewhere else, and, after hiring a room, take all the contents out of his trunk and lay them on the chairs and tables, and keep them there, for, as he said, "I like to have a view of all my possessions." When a more contented frame of mind came over him, he returned to Schœnhausen, and all the servants were glad enough to see him. It was once whispered about among them, "The Herr is going to India." But the Herr never went, though it is pretty sure that he did design at that time to do it.

BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE.

In the home of his friend Moritz von Blankenburg, Bismarck had often met a Fräulein Johanna Putkammer, and in time his acquaintance strengthened to admiration, and his admiration to love. The attachment was mutual, and if the young lady had been willing, it is probable that the marriage would have been consummated even in spite of her mother's objection. For that was Bismarck's way. She finally yielded, however, and the wedding-day was appointed. Bismarck used to make a full revelation of his experiences to his sister, and, as she was also well acquainted with the French and English languages, whenever the German did not serve to express his meaning

fully, he would have recourse to some expression in one of those languages. All his letters to his sister are interlarded with English and French expressions. After every impediment had been removed to the proposed marriage, he described the satisfactory state of the case to his sister in these expressive monosyllables, "All right!"

Years after he had penned them, and when on a diplomatic mission to Austria, he wrote to the one of whom he had said "All right!" the following words:

"Where have I heard the song that has been sounding in my ears all day long?

'Over the blue mountains,
Over the white sea-foam,
Come thou, beloved,
Come to thy lonely home!"

I do not know who could have sung it to me in auld lang syne!"

His marriage taking place in July, 1847, he started with his wife for a tour through Switzerland and Italy. They happened to be in Venice at the same time with King Frederic IV, and Bismarck was invited by the latter to dine with him. But how to make his appearance under the circumstances was a difficult question, for he had no dress-suit with him. But there was no escape for him, and it is a fact that his appearance before the King at that time, which we have good reason to believe was really the beginning of his successful career, was made in a *borrowed suit*. In a confidential letter, written ten years afterward, in which he described his clothing when present at a grand court reception at St. Petersburg, he said that he had on the dress of *four different persons*.

Bismarck, during the period intervening between his betrothal and marriage, was appointed representative to the first United Assembly, and this was his first appearance in political life. At the German Parliament of 1847 he first conceived the idea which has been the very key-note to his whole political life—namely, *the danger of political liberalism to the throne*. He, therefore, joined the conservatives, and kept with them, and fought their battles through thick and thin. His expressions were strong, sometimes hasty, and occasionally very bitter, just as they have frequently been since. His first speech was interrupted by tumultuous hisses, when he quietly took from his pocket a newspaper, the Vossian Gazette, and read persistently before the whole assembly until perfect quiet was restored, and he could go on with his unpopular effusion. The press, which was at that time nearly altogether in liberal hands, was unanimous in condemnation of his whole course.

The Revolution of 1848 now came on, and though Bismarck was generally a member of the Parliament, he was always on the unpopular side, for he was a conservative of the conservatives, and, with the exception of the King, the most hated man in Prussia. He now spent the most of his time in Berlin, except when on an occasional hunting visit to Shoenhausen. His relations with the Court were very friendly, as might have been expected, from his decided defense of the royal family, and he was frequently invited to the palace and occasionally accompanied the King on a hunting expedition. One night, while walking along a street in Berlin, he went into a beer-shop to take a glass of beer. While sipping it he heard a man sitting near him abusing, in violent language, a member of the royal family. Bismarck, though nobody knew who he was, stood up and said:

"Now I am going to drink this mug of beer, and if you do not take that back, sir, when I have finished it I will break the mug over your head."

Bismarck drank his beer, and as no recantation followed, he violently threw the great mug at the man's head, and then asked the proprietor of the beer-shop what he must pay for breaking his beer-mug. The remaining guests instead of seizing Bismarck, which he was not sure they might not undertake to do, tumultuously applauded his course.

On the 13th of February, 1850, the celebrated Father Gossner baptized his first child. In the Spring of last year, 1868, the heirs of Gossner presented the following note, written in Bismarck's own hand, with other manuscripts, for sale at a bazar for missionary purposes. A cousin of Count Bismarck, General Bismarck-Bohlen, the commandant at Berlin, bought the note. It reads as follows:

"BERLIN, February 11, 1850.

"*Reverend Sir*,—Although I have not the honor of being personally acquainted with you, from the fact that we have many mutual friends I dare to hope that you will not decline to baptize my first-born son, and I therefore ask you, most obediently, whether it will suit your reverence to consummate this act on the day after to-morrow, on Wednesday the 13th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, at my dwelling in the Dorotheenstrasse, No. 37, first floor, and that you will do me the honor to visit me at that time. In case you consent to my request, may I ask you to appoint some hour to-morrow afternoon or evening when I may personally visit you at your house, and talk more particularly on the subject?

"I am your most obedient,

"BISMARCK-SHOENHAUSEN."

AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

Bismarck had now plenty of work, and his time was continually occupied with political matters. Circumstances were taking such a shape that his more intimate co-operation with the Government was regarded a necessity by the King. Ten years ago, yes, five, Frankfort-on-the-Main was the great political center of Germany, being the seat of the German Parliament, where every European country had its diplomatic representative, and where the Parliament, when in session, attracted such attention, and filled the city with so many strangers, as to suggest the return of the busy and momentous times when Charlemagne and many of his successors lived there and held their court. In 1851, three years after the storm of revolution had subsided, the King was casting about for an ambassador to Frankfort, the most important diplomatic post in Prussia's gift. General Manteuffel was the Prime Minister, and when Bismarck's name was mentioned by the King, apparently incidentally, he said:

"I am very fond of Bismarck, and expect much from him."

Manteuffel invited Bismarck to visit him, when he told him that his Majesty the King wished to speak to him, and then asked him, without disguise, what he thought of becoming

ambassador to Frankfort. The Prime Minister was a little surprised to hear Bismarck say that he was "perfectly ready to assume the position," for Baron Manteuffel had secretly many misgivings in regard to him, though he did not know who else could better fill the post. In due time Bismarck was summoned to Sans Souci to have an audience with the King, when the latter mentioned the matter to him. Bismarck immediately said:

"If it please your Majesty, I am ready to undertake the work."

The King seemed to think that Bismarck was entirely *too ready*, and that he had not sufficient sense of the importance and difficulty of the undertaking. He even told him his fears. Bismarck replied:

"Your Majesty can only try me. If I do not succeed, you will be at perfect liberty to call me back at the end of six months, or even earlier if you choose."

Bismarck was accordingly appointed, and started to Frankfort, not knowing what day he might have to give up his position and return.

But he satisfied the expectations of the King and of his country, as is proved by the fact that he remained in the position of ambassador to Frankfort for eight years. Whenever matters occurred that were of too much importance to

communicate by letter, he would go to Berlin, and whole months in every year were spent in going to and from the Prussian capital. On one of these journeys he wrote to his wife from Halle on the Saale, under date of July 1, 1852:

"So far as I know I have never written to you from this place, and hope it will never happen that I shall write to you from it again. I have been trying to think whether yesterday was not Friday, for it has proved such an unlucky day to me—a *dies nefastus*—N. N. will tell you what that means—in reality. In Giessen I had to stop in a dog-cold room, that had three windows that would not close, and had a bed that was too short, too narrow, dirty, and full of bugs; the coffee was infamous, I never had such miserable stuff in my life. In Guntershausen some ladies came into the first-class car, and the smoking had to stop; a high *business lady*—N. N. will also tell you what that means—with two *femmes-des-chambres* came in, and spoke Russian, French, and English by turns. . . . Between Guntershausen and Gerstungen the water in a pipe belonging to the locomotive ran out, and we sat an hour and a half in the open air, when the



BISMARCK AND THE PRIME MINISTER.

sun was warm and pleasant. I then took my place in a second-class car, so that I might smoke. . . . By a delay of three hours we arrived at Halle too late to take the Berlin train, so that I was compelled to sleep here, and to-morrow morning I must start at half-past twelve o'clock by the freight train."

The following letter, written from Frankfort to his sister, on December 19, 1857, proves that Bismarck, as will be seen, is a real German husband, and took exquisite pleasure in all the excitements and surprises of a German Christmas. The letter is an order to his sister for the purchase of certain articles for Christmas presents for his wife:

"With a true sister's heart you have so kindly offered to attend to any Christmas wants that I may wish, that I can not excuse myself from asking you to purchase the following things for me for presents for Johanna. *First.* A box of jewels. She wishes an opal heart, such as yours is. I will give for it about two hundred thalers. If you can buy two ear-rings, each one made of one clear brilliant, I should think it a more tasty present. You have just such as I want, but those that I wish would be dearer. If you prefer an opal heart as a neck ornament, I will see later if I can not find a pair of suitable ear-rings on a ground-work of pearl.

"*Second.* A dress to cost about a hundred thalers, not more. She wishes it very white, *à deux passes*, *moirée antique*, or something like that. She needs about twenty yards.

"*Third.* If you can find a cheap and pretty gilt fan, which rattles very much, buy it. It must not cost at the highest more than ten thalers—I can not bear the things.

"*Fourth.* A large, warm wagon-rug, with a design of tigers, head with glass eyes, and so forth. Can also be an imitation of a fox, or a hippopotamus, or some other first-rate beast. I have seen just such a one as I want at —, of very soft wool. It won't cost over ten thalers.

"Now, if you want to be my splendid sister, just buy all these for me, and send them by express to me. Johanna and the children would send their love to you if they knew that I was writing. When you write, do n't let them know that I have written to you. You will receive the money by Fritz."

Bismarck made a similar request of his sister in 1860, when ambassador at St. Petersburg. He wrote on December the 9th as follows:

"I am in Christmas cares, and find nothing here for Johanna which is not excessively dear. Please buy for her at Friederberg's from twelve to twenty pearls, which would be suitable for her necklace. I am willing to give about three

hundred thalers for them. Besides, I would like you to buy me some picture-books from Schneider's bookstore. If it gives you too much trouble to get these things, then ask — to do it. Buy the *Düsseldorfer Monatshefte* of last year, the *Düsseldorfer Künstleralbum* of this year and last, the *Münchener Fliegende-blätter* of last year, and the *Münchener Bilderbogen* of this year and last year; also the *Kladderadatschkalender*, and similar nonsense."

The following, written by Bismarck to his wife, from Frankfort, on the 8th of May, 1851, is worthy of Talleyrand:

"I am making grand progress in the art of saying nothing at all in a great many words. I write reports on many sheets of paper, which read as beautifully and smoothly as leaders in a newspaper, but if Manteuffel, after he has read them, can tell what is in them, he knows a great deal more about them than I do. Every one of us tries to make people believe that he is full of thoughts and plans, and will not reveal them, and, notwithstanding all this, even the most malignant democratic rascal has no idea what charlatanry and ostentation is in this diplomacy. But I have scolded enough, and now I must say to you that I am right well."

Bismarck became convinced, while in Frankfort, that the German Confederation was a great injury to Prussia, and he resolved at all hazards to do what he could to break it up. From several of his letters we extract such expressions as the following:

"From the eight years of my official stay at Frankfort, my conviction has become strong that the German Confederation is, to Prussia, an oppressive bond, and, in critical times, dangerous to its existence, and without giving any of those equivalents which Austria enjoys. Austria derives far more freedom of movement in consequence of it. . . . The explanation of the purpose and of the laws of the Confederation are modified according to the necessities of Austrian policy. . . . The more decided the rent becomes in the Confederation the better it is for us. . . . I would like to see the word *German* substituted for *Prussian* on our flag, when we become more intimately united than we have ever been with our remaining fellow-countrymen. . . . I see in our confederate relation an offense against Prussia, which must sooner or later be healed *ferro et igni*."

But such expressions as these might be selected from scores of his letters, both during the time of his stay at Frankfort and of his subsequent residence in St. Petersburg. He went to the latter city in 1859, and remained there until 1862. His removal thither was very

much against his will, for he plainly said to the King, that he thought he could be less useful to Prussia there than if he should remain longer in Frankfort. His relations with Prince Gortchakoff and his family were of the most intimate character, and he soon acquired quite a reputation as being the best hunter of the whole diplomatic corps. In 1862 he was appointed ambassador to the French court, though it was generally supposed that he would be called to the head of the Prussian Ministry instead. He

visited the Emperor Napoleon at Biarritz, where the two coolly played their game of political chess along the shore in the August of that year. Count Bismarck had a far more favorable opportunity of studying the French sphinx there than he would have had amid the formalities of the Tuilleries. It was well that he used his opportunities to the best advantage, for he was soon called back to Berlin to assume the Premiership.

He had now a diplomatic experience, both at



BISMARCK AND GORTCHAKOFF.

home and abroad, which proved of invaluable service to him. The question of *German unity under Prussian leadership* was now his all-absorbing thought, and he labored night and day for its solution. He had many obstacles to surmount, but skill, pluck, persistence, and patience more than answered his highest expectations in the victorious culmination at K8-niggratz.

Since this event Count Bismarck's political sentiments are supposed by many to have undergone a radical change, but, on careful exam-

ination, we believe he has only shown a *different front*, made requisite by the significant changes in the times. He has offered a friendly hand to the Liberals, and used every honorable means to conciliate them. That this was the part of the astute statesman we do not question, for the newly and unwillingly incorporated population, together with a strong body of native liberal Prussians, made it necessary to pay more than ordinary deference to the really improved remnant of the democratic element of 1848. The new and old peoples were to be



PLAYING CHESS AT BIARRITZ.

made homogeneous, if the victory of 1866 was to be enjoyed, and made the groundwork for still greater triumphs, whether of peace or of war.

But there are many indications that, in this respect, Bismarck has been prompted fully as much by a due appreciation of the value of a liberal political sentiment, or, in other words, of that advanced view of human rights which alone is in harmony with the requirements and spirit of the age. This may be seen in his respect for the United States, which he never loses an opportunity to express. At the dinner given in Berlin by our ambassador on Grant's Inauguration Day, Count Bismarck expressed his admiration of the great country represented by Mr. Bancroft, and made the excellent point,

that Prussia and the United States had always been on friendly terms, that Frederic the Great was one of the first European sovereigns to bid her welcome to an honorable place in the family of nations, and that his successors have acted in harmony with the example of that Prussian King. Bismarck's letter to Grant, which our readers will recall, on his reception of General Badeau's *Life of the latter*, reveals not merely an admiration of the greatness of our new President, but a sympathy with the cause which Grant has defended in *such* a way as to place him in the Presidential chair. The best security of a government is not in the division but in the consolidation of its strength; and the liberty of the subject is best preserved where the central power is strong, as in the United States.

FROM CHEYENNE TO CENTRAL CITY.

LEAVING Cheyenne you travel by coach over a distance of one hundred miles to Denver. Nearing the mountains you strike a tract of arable land; you find many cultivated farms producing large cereal crops. Wheat averages twenty-five bushes per acre, which is more than in our "Garden State." This amount is often more than doubled. As generally no rain falls here in Summer, the land is irrigated from the numerous streams that traverse the valley; the water is first led into a small canal extending through the farm, and from thence conducted by a net-work of lesser *acequias* all over the field. On a large farm the services of one man only is required for managing the irrigation during the season of about two months. It is a well-known fact that, in countries where rain seldom falls, and the land is artificially watered, the production is larger and more equal from one year to another. The farmer regulates the season; he puts his field under a surface of water, or he shuts it off as the state of the plants seems to indicate; also, the land is continually becoming enriched by absorption of the fertilizing salts held in solution by the water.

Traveling by coach is always tedious; here it is particularly so. About three o'clock in the afternoon the last "All aboard" is sounded, and you are off; the conveyance is crowded; you are jammed, bounced, and pounded for fifteen or twenty hours. You lose the finer scenery in the shadows of the night, and, in the gray of the chilly morning, tired, cross, and sleepy, you at last arrive in Denver, the gem of the "valley." You see the fair city with its broad, level streets, its elegant buildings, its air of enterprise; you catch a glimpse of the overwatching mountains, gaunt, rigid, and streaked with snow; you see Pike's Peak a colossus in the distance, but you turn away in disgust; your hat is caved in; you have lost your gloves amid innumerable feet; your bones ache, and you want to go to bed. Meanwhile the fresh breezes blow down from the hills the spice of the pines and hemlocks, a thousand flowers blush and burn in the heart of the cool, green grass. Undulating in gentle waves the plain stretches out on all sides toward the west, sweeping up in green billows to the pines of the foot-hills. Meantime a flood of golden light bathes the proud, pure brows of the mountains; the snow-fields are dyed with the blush of roses. The City of the Plains smiles in the glow of morning. The sun rises on Arcadia, but you do not know and do not care; you are asleep in your comfortable couch at the new Pacific Hotel,

while the miracle of the new day goes on unheeded. We did better; taking a light, open buggy and pair of fresh, spirited horses, we bade farewell to Cheyenne, then reveling in a cloud of dust and a gale of wind; we dashed over the smooth, hard rock, the steady, strong breeze careering down from the snow-hills and blowing sharply in our faces, sending an exhilarating glow through our frames; the horses shook their manes in the wind as if they, too, breathed ecstasy in the blast of the mountains and saw intoxicating freedom in the broad, unfurrowed billows of the plain. The elixir of the gods seemed to leap in our veins, drunken in with the respiration of the air. What was it? Oxygen, the subtle fluid that makes the cheeks rosy and the blood warm. It was *health*; and our pure humanity, so long stranger to its balm, feeling it come in the rush of the hurricane, and the dash of the blast, thought it the gales that circle round Olympus.

Instead of the Denver route we took the road that leads through the Bowlder Pass, straight into the heart of the mountains. Fourteen miles from Cheyenne, on this track, is a great curiosity, "The natural Fort." Arriving here at an early hour we spent some time in examining this wonderful debris of an ancient mountain. There was probably once here a vast mass of sand-stones, which, crumbling slowly away by the ravages of the elements, has left lofty pillars and smooth, high walls of bare rock rising abruptly from the level plain, scattered over an area of perhaps half a mile square, and so distributed as to present the appearance of a huge barricade. At a little distance you feel sure it is a vast erection of the human hands. The principal "fort" is a large circular area of ground, surrounded on all sides by huge walls, and at intervals immense towering columns and frowning bastions, so placed as completely to exclude entrance or observation except by a natural aperture, cloven from top to bottom of the solid rock; this opening is barely large enough to admit the person; inside is ground of clear, dry sand; there are intricate corridors winding among the towers, and vast fissures worn by the storms. We wandered in and out among these monuments; we climbed to the tops of some of the loftiest, forty or fifty feet high; there were depressions several feet deep upon their summits, probably worn or torn by the storms of centuries. There are a number more of perfectly barricaded forts, smaller but answering the same description. At a short distance is a ranch-house, and the enterprising proprietor has selected one of these fortifications for a *corral* and blocked up the entrance

with a pair of bars. How is sublimity fallen! the monument of a thousand years for a cow-yard!

The evil grew better as we proceeded; the streams were flanked by willows; cultivated "ranches" appeared; at night-fall we came to a halt on the banks of the "Cacheala Poudre" Creek; passed the night at the house of a "ranchman." The next morning early we were on our way. The mountains now seemed very near—Long's Peak, the highest point of this range, towered so grandly, and each rock stood out so clear and abrupt in the thin, transparent atmosphere, that it seemed impossible that we were twenty miles from the nearest foot-hills; it seemed at most but four or five miles to the base; this illusion results from the gigantic height of the mountains and the apparently level interval over which the eye roams before meeting the curving line of the hills. The scenery became magnificently picturesque; there lay the wide, green valley, dotted with farms at long intervals, the streams, fringed with aspens and willows, winding their sinuous course over the land, and the great sweep of the rocky ranges describing a semicircle about us, dark and piny in the immediate perspective, large and blue in the distance, till far up crowded the Alpine peaks in cloudy piles, striving for the kiss of the rosy sunlight on their pallid brows.

In the late afternoon we passed Valmont, a little hamlet at the foot of a great brown bluff, called "The Butte." A few miles beyond we enter Boulder City, a pretty, white town, nestled at the foot of and between two gigantic mountains, standing guard at the mouth of Boulder Cañon. Entering the mountains by this pass you are more deeply impressed by their grandeur than you would be in taking any other route. Rugged peaks with frowning brows rise abruptly from the plain to the sky; there are pretty farms around the city, the grass is intensely green, and the sudden transition from a garden to the craggy overhanging walls that threaten to fall on the roofs of the town is startling. Boulder Creek tumbles along over the mighty rocks in its bed, hastening to reach the smiling valley and spread itself in a broad, beautiful stream along the plain. Through the narrow opening of the cañon you catch the white glimmer of its waters, broken into a thousand foaming fragments on the great projecting boulders. We entered the cañon which is so narrow as barely to give room for the breadth of the stream; thus for the most part the road is excavated in the sides of the mountain, crossing the creek ten times in twenty miles, turning acute angles, crossing frightful gorges spanned by narrow bridges, looking

down into deep, black chasms, on one hand and overarched by hanging crags on the other; vegetation assumes a vivid green standing out in brilliant relief against the gray granite. We coursed along this narrow track with undiminished speed; the horses were old mountaineers, and dashed round the sharp angles and over the bridges with sure feet and unflinching mettle. At long intervals on these roads are places wide enough for teams to pass each other. Drivers must be on the watch, looking ahead so as to stop in the right place and allow the confronting vehicle to pass. Often some difficulty occurs; thus many teamsters have their mules strung with bells to announce their approach to travelers. As the sun grew low we reached the foot of the "Long Hill," a stretch of five miles, in which we climbed to the summit of the first tier of hills. Looking up from the bottom one hardly realizes how he can scale that precipitous barricade of rocks, all scarred by gulches and seamed with torrents; but it is very simple; the road, dug in the side of the hill or built out from it when more convenient, follows a zigzag course, doubling on itself and ever going up, up, till at the top one looks back on a wriggling line like the sinuous trail of a serpent. We reached the summit just as the level rays of the setting sun poured a glory over the wild scene, lighting the snow-caps with roseate and gleaming like silver on the rugged cliffs. The atmosphere was so wonderfully clear that the heavens appeared of a tangible blue; a cloud of rose-leaves, sprinkled with gold-dust, rested on the brow of a near rock; I imagined I might grasp it and hold it, it was so real. The distant "Snowy Range" was stark and white; the sunshine bathed a part in splendor, leaving the other peaks standing like pale-robed ghosts in sullen gloom. Night approached; we drove on; shadows encircled us. It is terrible here in the darkness; every projecting rock is a monster, ready to crush you. You can not see the bottom of the chasms over which you are whirled, and you shudder thinking of a possible misstep of your trusty horses; but no, they are true as steel, and courageous as Ajax, and on they go. You flounder into a snow-bank; your vehicle is nearly upset; you feel it going over; you spring out; breaking through the thin crust, you are waist deep in the snow; however, you are dashing along fast as ever in ten minutes, your fingers tingling and your glad laugh ringing out on the crisp, chill air, for it is Winter here when it is night in May.

At twelve o'clock we reached our destination near Central City, the metropolis of the mountains, one hundred and thirty miles from Cheyenne.

THE MINISTRY OF SORROW.

WHEN from their Eden home, in tears,
The guilty pair were sent,
Child of their sin, ethereal formed,
Beside them, Sorrow went.

Beneath the glamour of her spell,
The Eden flowers they bore,
Forgot the radiance of their hues,
And lost the grace they wore.

She dwelt within their darkened home;
Unto her sway were given
The hearts that pined in exile long,
With homesick tears for heaven!

She stood beside the stricken One,
Within the garden shade;
When, bowed beneath a guilty load,
The "Man of Sorrow" prayed.

She walked with him within the flesh,
He wore her thorny crown;
Unmurmuring bore her stern decrees,
Nor trembled at her frown.

She saw the baleful bonfires built
That drank the martyr's blood,
And heard, in caves and deserts drear,
The Christians worship God.

She taught the priest a holier theme,
The poet purer speech,
The statesman loftier eloquence
Than science e'er could teach!

And still in every land her sway
In ceaseless power has grown;
And still among the sons of men
Her muffled step is known.

Upon the world's wide battle-plain
Her soundless banner waves;
And face to face we stand with her,
Wherever earth has graves!

She leads the dire diseases forth!
Remorse is in her hand!
Time lays his trophies at her feet!
Death comes at her command!

She writes her name in lettered lines
On youth's unsullied page,
And bows the form and dims the eye,
Beyond the art of Age!

Yet may her ministry be sweet,
Her wounding given in love,
To win our hearts from earthly joy
To purer joys above!

As if the first sad pair had seen,
Along their darkened track,
To Eden's loved and forfeit bowers,
Her finger pointing back!

As if the sorrowing Son of man
Had given message sweet,
"Henceforth to upper paths direct
The worn and wounded feet!"

THE GRAY TOMB.

AH! need we raise a cold gray stone
To mark her place of rest?
Are we afraid we may forget
The spot once loved the best?

And do we fear to pass it by
Heedless in some bright hour,
Forgetful of the place she sleeps
Where lies our buried flower?

Ah, no; those bleak and withered wreaths
Will serve at least to show
That in some faithful, loving hearts
Fond thoughts still constant flow.

That marble tomb will bear her name—
Alas! and is she gone?
O, that with her we all might say,
Father, thy will be done!

But that gray stone must oft be raised
That other forms may sleep;
Time breaks the circle link by link,
Earth will the fragments keep.

The loving circle once again
Will smile upon the stone,
Nor think it hard at once to say,
Father, thy will be done.

Then, when no loving hands are nigh
To strew the fair, bright flowers,
When none will own those sleeping there,
Guests of the by-gone hours,

The cold gray stone of voice will be
From those who home have gone,
Teaching a lesson hard to learn—
Father, thy will be done.

"I HAVE BEEN YOUNG."

"I HAVE been young;" the words dropped slow,
Breathed softly in a whisper low;
"The sunshine on my pathway lay
Just as your own is tinged to-day."

I have been young; it seems so long
Since life peeled forth its matin song;
Its twilight shadows gather now,
And leave me but its vespers low.

I have been young; the shadows fall
Aslant the church-yard's gray old wall,
And o'er the graves where dear ones sleep,
In loving silence seem to creep.

I have been young—long, long ago;
(This hand forgets its cunning now;)
The Spring and Summer long are passed,
And Winter frosts are gathering fast.

I have been young, but now am old;
Heed well the lesson I have told;
Let all thy life-work be well done,
When thou shalt say, "I have been young."

ABEL STEVENS.

JOURNALIST—AUTHOR—PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL.

(CONCLUDED.)

BEFORE the young Stevens's college course was completed, during a visit to some friends in Boston, his eloquence and genuine devotion so won the regard of an excellent Methodist layman, that the latter sought out a few brethren like-minded with himself and interested them in the plan of colonizing a city church of which Stevens should be the appointed pastor. In brief time the arrangement was effected, and in his nineteenth year the young man entered upon his regular ministerial labors at Church-Street Church, of which he was also the founder in connection with the few brethren who had "called" him. The location of this, his first charge, in a poorly settled, suburban quarter of the city was unfavorable to the ingathering of a permanent membership. Another denomination had already abandoned the ground as untenable; and the little colony began its enterprise impeded by a heavy debt. But the young man turned his mind and strength to the work, not painfully nor yet strenuously in appearance, but with a certain characteristic joyous ease blended with enthusiasm, as if, ignoring hinderances and toilsome work, he gave heed simply to the ancient postulate of the Catechism, "to glorify God and enjoy him forever" by fulfilling his behests; and held for undoubted truth the assertion of Isaiah's prayer, "Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness." Such a spirit is most persuasive; it is a surety of success both in secular and religious undertakings. As a consequence the humble suburban church was quickly filled with an audience of rich and poor, educated and ignorant, orthodox and transcendental, according to the distinctions then current in New England theology. Boston Methodism glorified itself in this new leader of its ranks. Heretofore it had worked contentedly within its modest ecclesiastical limits, neither expecting nor receiving from beyond them much attention as an agency for the public good. But at this time, from various causes, it began to receive consideration as an "ism" from its powerful neighbors, the Congregationalists and Unitarians; and, however dubiously the term is used elsewhere, an ism in Eastern parlance means a set of ideas that, having grown strong enough for utterance, are subjects of exceeding interest, possibly of benefit to the community. We all know what Methodism is to-day in the New England metropolis—a broadly founded, solidly constructed section of its Church; not

only equal in strength and symmetry with other parts of the edifice, but, as some of its attendants will have it, nobler in certain of its proportions, and attractive to certain devotional classes by reason of its free admission of spiritual warmth and light. Be that as it may, its organ, the *Herald of Boston Methodism*, is a model among religious journals for vivacious, vigorous writing, and adaptation to the popular demand, varied in its range, yet distinctively characterized in all its tones, as the critics assert of *the Boston organ*. Pardon the allusion, good reader, if it seems inapt, but consider that one is in duty bound to make mention of this famous instrument whenever the subject trenches upon the musical and the Bostonian.

This independent Methodist journal, the *Herald—Zion's Herald*—owes its rank among religious newspapers, its prestige, nay, in great measure, even its existence, to the talent and management of its former editor, Abel Stevens. We believe that the present occupant of its chair, prominent as he is among the three or four first-class religious journalists of the country, would freely corroborate the assertion. In 1840, when Stevens first took charge of the paper, two or three years after its establishment, it was threatened with premature death from exhaustion consequent on the agitations and conflicts of the anti-slavery movement, at that time rending the social and civil fabric of New England as it rent the Republic itself twenty years later. The *Herald* had been utterly given over to the controversialists; brethren of exceeding zeal, whose charges and counter-charges when reviewed in this peaceful time give one the impression that they were resolved to know nothing save their own particular "views" of the national question; that as battles are said to cause thunder-storms, so they by their recriminations, clamor, not to say bitterness, were intent on producing such an explosion as would forthwith vivify and clarify the moral atmosphere of the whole country. Honest souls they were, indeed, and helped each with such strength as he had to spread the agitation which saved us at last; yet it may be affirmed, without disrespect to their memory, that the purpose of a religious family paper is not likely to be well served by a class of writers who are reformatory and nothing more. The association to whom the *Herald* belonged complained that its circulation was ebbing with each passing week, and that they were becoming hopelessly entangled in debt on its account. Their embarrassment was the subject of much discussion among Methodist circles; all were agreed that the agitation was far too wide for suppression, and none could devise a

remedy for the suffering journal until Dr. Fisk, then President at Middletown, suggested that it should be put under the care and direction of Stevens, his friend and former pupil, inasmuch as the young preacher's antislavery opinions were identical with those of the Abolitionists—at that time a small, loud-crying, greatly derided party—while it was well known that he opposed secession or any other method of reform which threatened harm or dissolution to the Church. Stevens was preaching in Providence, having filled his appointed term at his Boston church and passed some months in Europe for the restoration of his health; for this began to show the ill effects of his early hardships, the precocious development of his talents, and his consequent extreme labors. He had also traveled for nearly a year in Texas, breaking ground for mission planting in its vast plains, and seeking health again by "roughing" in forest and cabin. Shortly before his departure for Texas he was married to Marguerite, daughter of Rev. Bartholomew Otheman, a beautiful, brilliant girl of French descent, so vivacious, so sensible, so earnest and womanly withal, that we could not fail to recognize in her the helpmeet for such a man. A clergyman devoted to serious pastoral duties, to the most abstruse of all the sciences, to the study of truths that determine the inward and eternal life of men, needs, speaking generally, the influence of a temperament buoyant, capable of good cheer and social gayety, as a reactionary force to hold his own faculties in equilibrium. A scholar needs an answering intelligence to comprehend his pursuits; at least to comprehend them enough to value and rejoice in the result of his work. Such a wife—the most precious gift a man can receive outside the purely spiritual realm—was Marguerite Stevens. For upward of twenty-five years her presence shed light and life throughout his home; her delicate hand, skillful alike with needle and pen, her fine taste, her quick intelligence, her tact, her genial, gentle, yet sparkling humor, her sympathies, wide as humanity; in a word, the whole strength and graciousness of a complete womanly character was the complement of his own, "like music set to fitting words." And when at last she was taken in the maturity of her years, with brief warning, from the earthly to the heavenly home, the many who deplored her loss were consoled at heart by the thought that, if a life of constant, joyous service is acceptable to God, she was surely among the multitude of the beloved who abide with Him forever.

Thus, with an honorable education for a "self-made" man—an education that, so far from being completed, was to enlarge itself by con-

tinual acquisition through all his future years—with no small experience of work and observation of the world, with the amenities and solaces of domestic life centered in a home, the young man entered upon an editorial career which at the end of thirty years is wider and richer in its aspect than it has ever been in the past, and which stretches onward apparently to the horizon of his life. He set forth upon it oppressed with disappointment because his broken health was inadequate to the service of such pastorates as Methodist preachers had at that period of our history, when not less than three sermons on Sunday and indefatigable week-day and evening exertions were believed to be necessary for the maintenance of a church. But the personal affliction has doubtless resulted in a double blessing to the household of his faith; for he has followed both vocations with diligence and rare success. And I hesitate not to affirm that, with one exception—his History of Methodism—none of his labors have been more potent for the public good than those connected with journalism.

From the outset his policy in conducting the Herald in reference to the reform then pending was simple and decisive. Its fundamental principles were but two: the utmost freedom of discussion consistent with veracity and courtesy; and inviolable loyalty to Church and State. The first editorial from his pen designated a rule for contributors which was a rare one in the American journalism of the times: no personalities allowed in controversial or any other articles. This stricture was maintained through thirteen years of the bitterness of our political strife with a steadfastness equally rare, though the rule may have been transgressed in exceptional instances. As for the battle itself, my researches lead me to infer that for several years this youthful Herald was the David of the Methodist press, fighting the giant evil single-handed; a sturdy pioneer and champion on the enemy's ground, sounding the alarm and calling upon the waiting hosts to come up and secure the victory.

Not long after the day when the above-mentioned salutatory was written, the new editor set forth in a wagon, on an election morning, visited and exhorted some score of his brethren, and persuaded them to go with him to vote for the first candidate of the Free Soil party, Judge Birney. Some of the wise heads, politicians in their little circles, stood by the polls, lamenting that these votes should be thrown away. In truth the whole number cast in Boston and its vicinity for this party was utterly insignificant. No one could foresee that it was the first evi-

dent outcropping of a power which was ultimately to preserve the Republic, with its thirty-five million souls, from anarchy and the abasement of a barbaric social system. But from that day to the present Dr. Stevens has given his political allegiance openly to this power, for the simple reason that, whatever it may have failed to accomplish and whatever sins may be laid to its charge, it has fairly set forth the American idea of personal freedom and equal rights to all the people. The first venture of his pen, made while he was yet a lad in Philadelphia and printed in a journal of that city, was an appeal for the slave; and among the later of his editorials are several directing public attention to the condition and needs of the Southern freedmen. It would be irrelevant to the purpose of this sketch to take the reader through all the toils of that conflict which harassed so many brains and cost so many lives ere we had rest from it by the decision of the sword. It is enough to say that throughout the whole of it our editor was not a whit behind the most zealous in advocating the reform, and at the same time contended valiantly for the integrity of the Church against Northern and Southern seceders. His position was not unlike that of Governor Andrew, when he thus quaintly expressed himself concerning a Church dissension which threatened harm to his personal interest: "Brethren, I do n't believe in coming out nor in putting out. I am not, nor will I ever be, a comeouter. I am, and shall remain to the end of my life, a *stay-inner*." When the Southern Methodists clamored for secession, Stevens heartily opposed the movement, proving beyond all argument the illegality of such a proceeding, the flagrant dishonesty of their claim to a division of the Church property, nay more, the disloyalty of listening to their overtures. They sundered the bond that made them and us one people; but the General Conference which assembled after the separation rescinded its previous action as unconstitutional, and repented of it as of an irretrievable folly, committed in an hour of recklessness and passion. When the border Methodists were threatened with severance from the main body he opposed the extremists who favored the action; for he had the confident faith of a scholar and thinker in the power of right principles and time; nor would he concede the necessity of disintegration in prosecuting a Church Reform, but held rather that in these latter days such reforms should take on the character of normal though rapid growth.

His address before the General Conference assembled at Indianapolis in 1856, at the close of the debate on the Border State question, is

still remembered as the finest enunciation of the Progressives, as they were named in distinction from the Radicals. It was a thorough study of Methodist history and law on the controverted points, a clear rendering of facts which had been elicited, not without confusion, in the previous discussion, and a most effective appeal to the justice, moderation, and Christian feeling of the assembly whom he addressed. It was read by his brother Progressive, Dr. M'Clintock, for the writer was ill and unable to attend the session. An adjournment was voted immediately after the reading, when the bishops present, Judge M'Lean, who had been an auditor from the gallery, and others, commended the address without qualification, while even the leading men among the extremists were forced to confess it an unanswerable historic summary and argument, if not unanswerable logic. As they had the majority of numbers and influence before the reading of this speech, we may consider that in it lay the attractive power which turned the tide of opinion in the Conference; for the rule to effect the sundering of the border States failed of adoption at that session.

An equal zeal for the advancement of true ideas and for the preservation of the best institutions has characterized his treatment of other questions important to the Church or the State; that of Lay Representation, for example. And as a similar purpose was the basis of Wesley's policy, of Lincoln's, and not a few other legislative leaders, it is entitled to our respect, to say the least. The charge of recreancy under which Dr. Stevens suffered and those who stood with him—all of them honorable men—from the ascendant party, was utterly unreasonable and futile; a thin mist thrown around him by the asperities of controversy, and disappearing simultaneously with the smoke and noise of the fray.

In the twelfth year of his service to the Herald he was appointed to the editorship of the National Magazine, a literary and religious monthly issued by the Methodist Publishing House of New York. By his foresight the enterprise was initiated and carried forward with spirit. The periodical grew in favor with the people; its subscription list was rapidly lengthened, and was, we believe, in the third or fourth year equal to, if not larger than, that of any other American magazine dependent mainly on Church patronage. He was occupied with the duties of this position when the above-mentioned General Conference was convened. That body elected him by an unusually large ballot to the editorship of the Christian Advocate and Journal, and he returned to the metropolis to

occupy again the editorial chair of a religious weekly paper.

He remained editor of the *Advocate* four years, when he was succeeded by Dr. Thomson. The long controversy in the Church having been closed by the declaration of civil war, and the final settlement of our ecclesiastical and National difficulties by the abolition of slavery—an event foreseen by most people so soon as the power of the loyal States was fairly aroused and exerted—he withdrew from a sphere of activity which, for certain reasons, had always been repulsive to his scholarly tastes, and gave himself to pastoral labors and the principal literary task of his life, *A History of Methodism* from its beginning in England to its development in this country up to the year 1839, a work filling seven octavo volumes. A large part of this work was written while he was pastor of two Churches successively, one in New York, and one in its vicinity, at Mamaroneck. When he has taken no appointment from the Conference he has preached almost constantly by request. In addition to these labors he has contributed editorial articles at the rate of two, three, sometimes four a week to the *Christian Advocate*, *The Methodist*, *Zion's Herald*, *The North-Western* and *Western Advocates*, *The Independent*, (New York,) and the *Observer*. Various occasional contributions to other papers, magazines, and reviews, should also receive mention as part of the sum total of his literary industry. The mere enumeration of the themes of his editorials would fill several of these columns. They include many of the profoundest that engage the attention of modern thinkers; the whole of them includes the whole periphery of intelligence in its modern development. Whatever relates, in general or in detail, to the interests of the Methodist Church, to social and civil activities, to Churches, peoples, governments at home or abroad, is touched at some point by his indefatigable pen—articles on purely literary subjects, all questions of genuine reform, on Lay Representation by the score, and *résumés* of the later developments of science. Indeed, if one were to describe the range of his pen in the journalistic department of his life-work, the easier method apparently would be to mention not what he had written, but what he had overlooked of such topics as would claim the consideration of an astute religious thinker. Dr. Stevens's name rarely appears over these essays; perhaps its absence is due to the same reason that inclines him to keep silence when he is attacked in the papers; and such occasions have been numerous during the long career of his public life in the Church. For the same

reason, whatever it may be, he is extremely averse to an announcement of his engagements to preach. In cases where such announcements are considered essential, as at dedications, missionary meetings, and other extraordinary occasions, he invariably declines the invitation to take part in the services.

His letters from Europe to the *National* and the *Advocate*, as well as those published during his first journey abroad in the *Herald*, are careful studies of the phases of religious and intellectual life in the various countries of the continent. Nothing more thorough nor more satisfactory of their kind has ever appeared in American journalism. Those of the *Advocate* were largely copied into other papers, on account of their value as describing accurately the religious condition of the various sections of Christendom, and their survey extends over two years. When he assumed the editorship of the *Advocate* he initiated improvements which had begun to obtain in the better part of the secular press; the division of the paper into appropriate departments; the introduction of brief editorial paragraphs; well-arranged, comprehensive summaries of news, etc. His editorials are characterized by clearness, an emphasis that is saved from peremptoriness by an evident generosity of spirit and fine *morale*; they have, for the most part, a style so rapid and forcible that it bears one along with something of steam-power. Herein it is essentially American. There is the air of "Marching On," marching ceaselessly, rapidly. Such phrases as, "We put the question point blank; we proceed directly to the point," occur frequently in his editorial pages. He is fond of military figures and phrases, and of Scriptural allusions of a heroic character. He is a very Gradgrind for facts; he disproves in numberless applications the oft-repeated assertion that nothing is false than figures; he understands the philosophy of them, and has a distinctive talent for statistics. Facts, figures, and logic are the exhaustless magazines which furnish his supplies and ammunition while he pursues his conquests over error and ignorance. In plans for particular enterprises, and in public exhortations, he is large-minded and large-hearted, seldom denunciatory. Herein the hopefulness, confidence, and winsomeness of his spirit are pre-eminent.

His biographical sketches evince a peculiar discernment and power. Often a character is condensed into a short paragraph, portrayed accurately and quickly, as if photographed by the quick truth of the sun. In the course of his duties as a journalist he has had occasion thus to delineate nearly every distinguished

personage who has died within the boundaries of Methodism, not to include scores of men eminent in clerical, collegiate, or literary circles of the country.

Among his later contributions is a series which appeared in the *Christian Advocate and Journal* under the general title of *Potential Ideas*. These are a philosophic elucidation of the ruling ideas of the race as manifested in consecutive historic periods, the evolution of these ideas in the present era, especially in the religious and political changes now in progress. This analysis of the past and present is followed by a discussion of the relations of modern doubt to Christianity, and by some valuable thoughts on ecclesiastical unification, and the Church of the Future, of which in common with other thinkers Dr. Stevens has written much and has very closely at heart. These articles deserve to be amplified into a book, in order that their effect should be more lasting and wide-spread. They are full of precious, and, what is rarer, of suggestive thought. A *résumé* of them as examples of the author's ability in this direction is impossible here, however tempted I may be to give it; but as this sketch has already passed its appointed limits, the reader will doubtless be content with a quotation of one sentence indicative of his ever-confident spirit: "Given a universe," he says, "and a good and infinite God at the head of it, and no logic of human and angelic hope can transcend the glorious, the certain issue."

Certain tendencies perhaps of Dr. Stevens's temperament have led him to like the French, and to acquaint himself thoroughly with their literature. "We English have a way of calling the French light," says Mrs. Browning in one of her works, and thereon she defends them from the charge, or, rather, proves that much in them is genuine, earnest, profound. We Americans are prone to consider them both light and vicious; but it is with nations as with acquaintances, one perceives their least agreeable traits at first, while whatsoever is excellent in them is discoverable only after some degree of intimacy with them. From the centuries of the first Clotilde, the queen who converted the heathen, from Saint Louis the king, down to Blaise and Jacquelin Pascal, not to mention living persons, France has given the world abundant examples of noble men, brilliant women, models of character, heroism, piety in all classes of life; and when the sparkle, the élan, the wisdom and many-sided humanity of French literature becomes the property of a vigorous Anglo-Saxon brain, it produces a style that is pure, clear, terse, and vivid. It is like the gold-leaf that

overlaid the marble of some of the most beautiful and ancient statues.

Dr. Stevens has been an active, earnest advocate for lay representation in the Church councils. He was the first editor to admit the pleas of the lay delegationists into the columns of a Methodist journal. Their admission was in accordance with his usual policy. He believed that the recognition of these brethren would effectually impede further secession, and help to consummate an important reform. He has probably written more on the subject than any other man in the Church.

His power for work is not less noteworthy than his talents and acquisitions. His brain is not only superior in size and quality of organization, but is well-nigh tireless in capacity for exertion and endurance. It will bear a long pressure of work that would utterly exhaust a man of ordinary strength. For instance, when writing certain portions of his Methodist history he has begun his daily task at two or three o'clock in the morning, nor given it over till the same hour in the afternoon, allowing himself but a few moments' interval for breakfast and dinner, and this protracted work he has maintained for weeks at a time. Horace Greeley, it is said, can accomplish as much brain-work as four ordinary men within a given period. Mr. Beecher is also a representative worker, but both these men require a solid stratum of sleep between each day-period of toil. Dr. Stevens could measure lengths with either of them in amount of work performed, and could perhaps surpass either in these exceptional periods of extreme labor. He is also a tireless reader, and finds his recreation, after working hours, in acquisitions of current literature: and of literature, both current and standard, there is no department in which he is not at home as a thorough student. He has labored with his pen from his thirteenth year to the present—a period including more than forty years. It is not, therefore, to be greatly wondered at that he is now able to throw off an elaborate editorial with nearly the same ease that one would write an ordinary letter; that when the task is prolonged beyond a half hour, or, at most, an hour, the rapid pen shows signs of nervous irritability, and works restively, as one may see a spirited horse pushing forward when in sight of the hill-top, impatient to have done with the tedious ascent.

I can enumerate here only the titles of his published works. Most of them have been, some of them are still well known to the reading Methodists of the country. It is not necessary, therefore, to speak of their adaptation

to the people and to the wants they were meant to supply, or any other of their merits. Two volumes of juvenile stories for Sunday-schools are the first we find on the list; unpretending little books, indeed, yet in the well-told narrative, the wholesome and winsome *morale*, the evidences of cultivation in the style we detect the promise of maturer fruit in the later seasons. These are followed by Sketches and Incidents in three series, each series forming a complete volume; Memorials of Methodism in two series, forming separate volumes; Church Polity; Preaching Required by the Times; The Great Reform—an essay on the Christian duty of systematic beneficence—A History of the Methodist Church in three octavo volumes; succeeded by its complement—a History of the Methodist Episcopal (American Methodist) Church in four volumes, also octavo—the research necessary for these works has extended throughout the whole of the author's mature life, and he has devoted six or seven years to writing them; A Life of Dr. Nathan Bangs; The Centenary of Methodism, published in the Centenary year, and likewise The Women of Methodism, written for the Ladies' Centenary Society. The last-named book consists of a series of graceful, charming sketches, showing the artist's faculty, of painting truly and beautifully by depicting the ideal, or the inward excellence of character. This power is also conspicuous in the biographical sketches of the History. Beneath the rough exterior, the authoritative manner, the absence of education and fine manners, which some of us remember as the more evident characteristics of the old-time Methodist preachers, the historian has detected and graphically portrayed his wonderful energy, his genuine kindness, his shrewd, wholesome humor, his glowing love for God and man. A critical survey of this, his principal work, would require of itself the space of an ordinary article. As it has been reviewed with high commendations in the best periodicals of our own country, as well as in many of those of Great Britain and Europe, and is recognized as a standard work in ecclesiastical literature, it is unnecessary to speak at length of it here, yet I may repeat as a partial expression of my own opinion, the remark of a noted Cambridge scholar, who, in casual conversation, pronounced it "the only Church history that he ever cared to read through," and "wonderfully entertaining to the very end." There is in truth a unity, often an elegance in the composition of this work that is architectural. Its plan rises defined and symmetrical like that of a cathedral. The numerous biographic sketches are as pil-

lars, needful and elegant supports to the structure. The style is rich, varied, ornate, like the colored marbles, mosaics, and carvings that adorn the walls within and without. Its vividness and warmth are as the sunlight streaming through tinted windows; its harmony recalls music one has heard wandering through nave and choir.

What has been said of the man as a writer may be reiterated of his pulpit ministrations. Strong, rapidly succeeding thoughts, an unhesitating emphatic command of words, frequent use of figures, especially those of a military or otherwise heroic character, scholarly and apt allusions, quick sympathies, not seldom manifesting themselves by emotion, a freedom from pedantry or any false assumption, and, above all, a genuine Methodistic, nay, rather apostolic ardor, a diffusive spirit throughout the whole, animating both speaker and hearers—these are perhaps the most distinctive features of his preaching, which are as wide in its range and treatment of subject as his literary efforts. The blending of dignity, enthusiasm, and rapidity manifest in some of his sermons might suggest to an auditor the inference that in earlier years he may have diligently studied the discourses of the famous French court preachers of the seventeenth century.

His qualities as pastor are superior. Among his parishioners, his friends, in the precincts of his home, when his daily tasks are put aside, he appears simply as a large-natured man, simple, invested with a natural humility, yet keeping still the blithe spirits of his boyhood—it is there that the most attractive aspect of the man is to be had—there that esteem, admiration, love are given unasked, without stint, by those who share the companionship of his leisure hours. Converse with friends, daily portions of time passed in the relaxation of the family life are not simply enjoyments, they are absolute necessities of his active, affectionate, social nature. An all-pervasive spiritual life—manifested most purely in the morning and evening devotions of the household—prayers that once heard can not be forgotten; simple, fervent, exalted, yet subdued as by the immediate Presence to whom they are spoken; a ceaseless activity of the mental faculties, moving on serene and bright in their appointed way, like the stars in their courses, and a right healthful, happy human life—such as shares the pleasures of children, that gives and takes recreation in the unrestrained discourse of the table and the evening hour—a life that is constantly buoyant, fresh, delightful—one discerns these as distinct phases of the harmonious, united character we

have been discussing. Withal one could not look attentively upon his face without recalling the words which were once spoken concerning the portrait of the great German master, "There is a man who has suffered much."

The personal appearance of a man so individual in the expression of himself as Dr. Stevens is not easily described. In stature he is rather under size, yet so erect and well-shaped that one would suppose it at least of medium height. His frame is slight, nearly all bone and nerve, not a particle of waste flesh; his head long—large frontal development; forehead high, smooth, broad—the height being in greater proportion than the breadth. His eyes are dark hazel, such as we call black—full of stirring life and vigor; the nose large, mouth and chin firm-set, having a solid chiseled appearance, like that of a statue hewn in stone; the jaw and remaining contour of the face slight. His gait is erect, firm, rapid; his bearing full of decision and emphasis. In the pulpit he is quick, abounding in nervous energy, but always natural and graceful. One knows before the first sentence is completed that he is in the presence of a quick, intense, fervent nature. His entire *personnel* betokens in the indefinable yet unmistakable modes that Nature takes to reveal herself, courage, candor, scholarship, and the higher excellencies of a superior and ever-aspiring spirit.

In the Autumn of the past year Dr. Stevens was married to Miss Amelia Dayton, of Clinton, New York, a lady well fitted by her culture and graces to order and adorn a Christian home.

Such analysis of his life or himself as would involve criticism, in the adverse sense of the word, I leave to another hand and a later day; for in one aspect a personal career is like a national history. It may be put on record, but can not be clearly and truthfully judged until it is completed, its epoch terminated, and a new one begun. It is with man as with statues; we need to stand at a certain distance from them to discern their real proportions, their symmetry, and also their defects.

The forming events of Dr. Stevens's life, his birth in a virtuous but comparatively humble family, the conflicts with adversities, the resolute siege and capture of positions which could afford him education, activity, influence, the life-long industry, are such as have shaped the character and career of many of our eminent men. In these respects, and, in some good degree, in the success that has attended him through many years of toil, he may be esteemed as a representative American—a sample of what a genuinely worthy man may make of

himself, and achieve in this country of wondrous opportunities. More than this, his profound though unostentatious knowledge of the spiritual life, his moderation and exceeding charity, his effectiveness as a pastor and preacher, his great power as a thinker, his interest and influence in promoting all means of advancement within the Church to whom he has given the arduous service of forty-two years—these commend him to our regard as a representative American Methodist; one who can not fail of the high esteem and sincere love of his people while he remains with them, and whose memory will linger like the fragrance of ointment poured forth when he has gone to serve and to reign in the Church that is eternal in the heavens.

THE CITIZEN AND HIS PARTY.

SECOND PAPER.

V.

IN speaking of the necessity of separating office-holding from party organizations and struggles, I have referred only to the office styled clerical. The electors would not govern if this demand were extended to legislative offices and responsible executive positions. These are necessarily attached to party fortunes. But it is curious to notice that malignant corruption appears, in these positions, in a very different form from that developed in clerical offices. In clerical posts we have high salaries, poor service, and next to no administrative genius. We lose our money, and we lose most of the benefits of the offices. On the contrary, high executive offices are usually well filled on very moderate pay. A governor is found to be nearly faultless on \$2,500 a year, while a petty county officer is nearly worthless on a cool \$100,000 a year. Legislators are less satisfactory; but they content themselves with small official pay, and most of their errors arise from their inconceivable and boundless ignorance.

The jobbery done by them is mostly done in pure ignorance of the principles of government and the functions of legislation. It would be worth millions in money, and a thousand years of life for the Republic, if every Legislature could be organized into a class and put through Lieber's "Civil Liberty," and Herbert Spencer's essays on overmuch legislation.

The bribery and nasty forms of corruption that appear in Legislatures are not created by the same cause that works ruin in clerical trusts. In the latter, the evil rises directly from party meddling; in the former, it springs out of lax

public opinion. The cure in each case is obvious. If legislative bribery were really searched out and condemned as it deserves it would be soon ended. In clerical offices the immorality is not in the person; it is the rottenness of a system.

It should be added that legislative bribery has been promoted by the clerical high-pay system. Why should an honorable legislator get only his board-bill while at the capital, when a plain Mr. County Clerk receives \$50,000 a year? The disproportion reconciles the weak political conscience to small additions to legislative pay received "for aiding in passing good laws." All these private jobs are designed, you know, to benefit the people. If Smith's little bill is passed he will make a good thing of it; but the beauty of it is that the people will make a great deal more out of the transaction.

Admitting, then, that the high executive and legislative offices must be filled by party action, it should be insisted that "soundness on the main question" is not a sufficient qualification for such trusts. Parties must, in some way, be made to put a higher value upon character, to treat immoral conduct in office with rigorous severity. The remedy lies in form, in the action of the individual voter—lies, in a deeper sense, in public opinion. All corruption prostrates the moral sense, and the conscience of the private voter is stifled by the very evils which we ask him to abolish.

Before dismissing the legislative question it will be in place to notice briefly the part which our highest legislators play in making executive appointments. In the theory of our Government the President is responsible for the execution of the laws, and it is his function to fill all executive offices. The confirmation of his appointments by the Senate was designed simply as a check on possible abuse of this trust. There is not a particle of proof that any question can legitimately be considered by that body except the personal fitness of the candidate.

During the early history of our Government the theory was put in practice, and we look back to those years as the pure period of our public life.

The doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils," or that clerical subordinates of the President must be removed—however fit they may be for their posts—in order to fill their places with men who agree in politics with the dominant party, was first put into form by Mr. Marcy about thirty years ago. Removals for political reasons were made long before that, but this phrase, nasty as it is, consecrated the evil practice. The Senators and Representatives began to ask that offices should be filled by

those who had assisted to elect themselves to the Senate or House, and successive Presidents more and more yielded to these demands. When Mr. Lincoln came into office the public offices were divided between the Senators and Representatives, and the President practically abdicated his functions as the head executive officer responsible directly to the people for his conduct. Since then men elected to make laws have filled every executive post. This new system is so perfectly established that if a President wishes a particular person appointed he usually asks some Congressman to recommend the President's candidate to the President.

Now mark that these executive functions are utterly foreign to politics. A consul in Europe or Asia has no more to do with political questions in this country than a citizen of Norway. As much may be said of the official duties of a clerk in Washington or an assessor under the revenue law. Mark, in the second place, that the effect of having appointments made by the legislators is to destroy all executive responsibility. The President is not responsible for bad men in office, for he did not put them there. The legislators are not responsible, for their action is unknown to the Constitution and concealed from public observation. The persons in office are not held to any responsibility, for they were put in office not for supposed fitness, but for "soundness on the main question." Whether they perform their duties or neglect them is not material. They may do well, but they will be removed when it suits the convenience of the Senator who put them there; they may do ill, but they will not be removed one day the sooner.

Just-minded citizens who see the absurdity of this system, and some of the evil consequences of it, are still troubled by the sophisms by which it is defended. "Between two equally good men, you should prefer a man of your own party." Granted. It is not claimed that the President should appoint his political antagonists to office as such and for that reason. But if a competent man is already in the office, it will very rarely if ever happen that the new man is equally competent. In practice, he is found utterly incompetent until he has learned a new trade. A consul only becomes of some real value after four years' service, when he is usually removed and a new man put in his place—a new man equally competent in just the same sense that this writer and his physician are equally competent—in brains and general education, but not in medicine.

The evil lives and works in something deeper than this, in the moral education you are giving

office-holders. You are teaching them to serve Senators rather than the nation; to regard their offices as favors bestowed by persons, not trusts and burdens laid on them by the people.

The evils of this system are deadly. We shall die of them unless we retrace our steps to the plain paths of the Constitution. It would be vastly better to take clerks, of whatever grade or title, indiscriminately from both parties—to ask only, “Is he capable; is he honest?” If political parties can not be maintained without prostituting office-holding to furnish them organizing motive, some radically different democratic method ought to be tried.

VI.

The relation of the caucus or primary meeting to the movement of party machinery deserves a very thorough examination. The subject is grave enough for the pen of a Lieber, and large enough for a stout volume. Only some salient points can be discussed in this article. The caucus is the main drain of political iniquity; all the slush, dish-water, old bones and slops of party housekeeping are thrown into it.

The majority system is consistent throughout; party method adheres to a constant law. The ethical principle, “The majority should rule,” is as much the law of the caucus and humblest primary meeting as of the nation. If the system were less consistent it would be more democratic. There is a wide difference between a caucus for nominating office-holders and a primary meeting to appoint delegates to a nominating convention. In the caucus all the voters of a party may meet to nominate town or ward officers. The nominations are made by a majority of the party, and when elected the office-holders represent the free choice of a majority of the majority. The mathematics stand thus: out of one hundred voters fifty-one elect, twenty-six nominate. So far as the forms of nomination and election are concerned, the office-holders in the town or ward are chosen by twenty-six men in one hundred, or by one-fourth of the voters. Of course, all the voters of a party may agree, so may all the voters of both parties; the object here is to show the system reduced to its logical expression. Majority government is at its best estate in elections at first-hand, without the aid of delegated conventions; but even here its formula $51 = 100$ is by the caucus reduced to $26 = 100$. A constable has the largest free-voting constituency, and he has only one-quarter of all the votes.

If any one objects to this conclusion, I ask him to remember that the object of a caucus is to obtain a majority in the party, and that the

object of the election is to obtain a majority of all voters. The caucus is half the voters plus one doing just what the election does—making a majority within its half of the voters—and if voters are faithful to party ethics the nominee is elected. In a caucus twenty-four want one man, twenty-six want another; it is held that the twenty-four must vote for the candidate of the twenty-six, and they can not get an inch nearer their choice by bolting. What the majority system requires is a sifting out of different choices, and the caucus faithfully does this work; it approaches the theory as faithfully as possible, but it is impossible to create a free-choosing majority through parties.

A dull sort of perception of this dilemma leads to restiveness under party discipline in local elections, and to a desire to dispense with the sifting process of a caucus, and to create a real majority at the polls. But when we pass upward from these simple elections, where all the voters can meet bodily in one place, to elections for large areas, where the voters can only meet by representatives, the sifting out of diverse choices becomes a slaughter of confiding innocence.

Suppose a county to have one hundred wards and towns, and the party in the majority to hold a convention to nominate a county clerk, where the salary is \$50,000 and competition free—not squelched by rings—there will be at least two candidates in every ward and town, or two hundred candidates. The choice of delegates in each ward will turn upon the personal question. If there are five hundred voters in each ward or town, the county clerk will be elected in the following Hopkinsian way:

Whole number of voters is.....	50,000
One hundred primary meetings composed of voters.....	25,100
One hundred candidates chosen by voters.....	12,600
One candidate selected by voters.....	6,426

That is to say, choice being as free as possible, *all the voters at the primaries*, party discipline vigorous, and there being no rings or mobs, a delegated convention of a majority selects an office-holder for fifty thousand voters by sifting out all but thirteen per cent. of the votes. Practically the case is much worse in counties which include large cities. About one-fourth of the voters attend the primaries, mobs control the places of meeting, presiding officers exercise despotic powers, and rings govern all. It may be doubted whether, in such case, there is a particle of democracy left in the result. If an emperor had appointed the clerk the people would have been just as truly represented and a mighty clamor would have been saved. The single fact, however, of the absence of a large majority of the voters from the primaries—I do

not charge this upon the system—reduces the per cent. of effective electors to three or four.

It is doubtless an infinite blessing to have county clerks, with the salaries of pashas, amenable to the people, and removable from time to time—to teach them that they are but men—and to pass a good thing round, and to educate the people—say one-thousandth of one per cent. of them—in office-holding, and to have no privileged classes, no caste of office-bearers. But when it is seen that the system, as we now conduct it, simply permits from three to thirteen per cent. of the voters to make these wondrously beneficent changes, the blessing is cut up into such fine pieces that one needs a microscope to see them. Is the game worth the powder? Suppose we were to put a stop to a caste of doctors by allowing no man to practice medicine more than four years, and then democratize them out by this method?

The results of the primary system in a county convention are sufficiently unsatisfactory; but they become positively melancholy when you look for them at the end of a State convention. Suppose one hundred counties, one hundred county conventions each sending one delegate, and five hundred thousand voters equally distributed in the counties. A Governor would then be selected thus:

Voters.....	500,000
Majority.....	250,100
County delegates chosen by thirteen per cent.....	65,000
State delegates chosen by voters.....	34,500
Nomination made by fifty-one delegates representing the free choice of.....	16,400

Or, a Governor is chosen by a small fraction over three per cent. of the whole number of voters. If you suppose the same State convention to appoint delegates to a National convention, the per cent. of voters represented in the choice of a President is so fine that a microscope of great power would be needed to reveal its value.

The result in the above cases will be varied by disproportion in the size of the units, (primaries,) by the larger or smaller number of these units meeting in a representative convention, and by other circumstances; but the law holds in every case that a delegated convention is made by less than one quarter of the free choices of the voters, and that at each remove from the units the per cent. declines until, in a National convention, it is almost reduced to zero.

If the ladies see the force of this reasoning the vision may weaken any desire they may possibly have to assist us in the exercise of the precious right of suffrage administered by the despotism of primary meetings and conventions.

If the reader credits these figures, he will now see why it was said above that the majority idea instituted by the Constitution is much too literally followed in party methods. This repeated sifting out of minorities reduces the power of the voting body every time the party sieve is shaken.

Remedies have been proposed, and one at least has been tried. I refer to the Franklin county (Pennsylvania) system. In theory this system maintains the caucus proportion of triumphant voters; the majority is always twenty-six per cent. of the whole voting body. I say in theory, not meaning that the intention of the inventors was so broad, but that this is the logical result of the invention. The substance of the plan is that, to nominate a candidate for a county office, *a party vote is taken throughout the county*. In the same way a party vote may be taken in the State and in the nation. The voting body of the party is always one; not divided and graded. The practice under the system is too limited to justify any praise of it. If it succeeded, it would give voting its highest possible value under a majority system. But it is open to objection as requiring a legal institution and the enrollment of men in parties by official and sworn agents in order to work accurately. If, however, it be desirable to get the free expression of as large a share of the people as possible through the ballot-box, the box being labeled "the majority rules," then the legal recognition of parties, the enrollment, and the expense of conducting these party elections would not be triumphant objections to the system.

I suggest a method which would in a negative way raise the per cent. of choice to a majority. It is this: Abolish terms of office, and enact that a majority of all registered votes shall be required to vacate and refill any office. Then any man in office at any time would have the approval of fifty per cent. of the voters, for whenever fifty-one per cent. could be brought to vote for his removal he would be retired. This, however, is merely a negative majority. For whenever this plan was filled the old party per cent. would be in force. It would stand: elected by twenty-six per cent., retained in office by fifty per cent. It would invest the vis inertia of politics with power. By simply staying at home one would vote, for so long as a majority refused to take action the existing state of things would continue. By not voting at all one would vote for the incumbent of an office. Something might be said pro and con on the propriety of this method. The objections are obvious. In favor of it, let it be remembered

that there is always a large number of voters intelligently satisfied with incumbents of office; on my system each casts half a vote for retention, while on the present one he could only cast one-fourth of a vote for the same officer. The logical presumption lying at any time in favor of the efficiency of the incumbent, a proposition to change ought to bear any necessary hardship; but the arbitrary limitation of terms of office transfers the hardship to the other side by cutting down the conservative voting power one half. The presumption being that I own the horse which I ride, no man can put me to expense to prove it. Must we attend half a dozen elections a year which we deem needless? On what compulsion must we?

It is partly by force of this diminishing value of voting, as we pass upward through a series of delegated conventions, that our Presidential elections are considered new adjustments of voters to parties. The defeated members of a party grow so numerous when a National convention is reached that no party can count upon their allegiance. The Democratic party lost power in 1860 through divisions in its convention based partly upon persons and partly upon issues. Perfection of organization and an unprecedented degree of party loyalty failed to hold the vast mass of unrepresented voters to a common action.

It becomes necessary at these great crises to create a candidate by public opinion, or at least to sift out diverse choices until only two or three remain. If two only meet in convention the shock may split the party. The safe thing is to have only one candidate already selected by public opinion. General Grant became the Republican candidate in this way. The convention had only to record the verdict rendered by the opinion of the party. The next safest thing is to have three candidates; the third one lessens the danger of disruption by two. If there be many candidates, in spite of the sifting process of public opinion, safety may lie in the hold which the political issue has upon party feeling and opinion. Men lose value in politics when issues get a white heat.

In point of literal truth, it is only in these quadrennial contests that we reach the government by a real majority or a very large minority; and we reach it then rather by public opinion than by voting. If public opinion has not first selected the candidate, if even two powerful rivals meet in the convention, the per cent. of free choosing is reduced far below a majority. The government of opinion is a great fact; it is the best expression of the democratic idea. In it voters—and non-voters too—are weighed, not

counted; and, under a pressure which they do not even suspect, the voters record the will of the men and women of the nation.

VII.

A citizen may be deeply attached and thoroughly loyal to a party when he approves of all its principles and can indorse all its action. The latter would embrace its selections of office-holders, the conduct of its conventions, and all laws passed by its legislators. In just the ratio of its defection from principle, its negligence or injustice in selecting candidates, its corruption in party management, and its recklessness in legislation ought his affection and fealty to decline. Any other rule would be tainted with immorality.

The ethical system of parties has two adjusting contrivances which secure loyalty to corrupt parties.

The first casts the blame of all baseness upon individual members of the party. The great organization, like a king by divine right, can do no wrong. Rings, committees, individual legislators or office-holders, use the name of the party to cover their crimes. In this way a party is always safe from reproach until it is base enough to resolve on pollution at a National convention.

The second adjusting theory is that in any case, even the worst, your own party is much better than the other. What Democrat believes his party to be as corrupt as the Republican? What Republican does not believe the Democratic organization to be vastly more corrupt than his own? This, too, is an impregnable position. We read our own party papers much more than our opponents'; we know the worst of the other side, the best of our own.

We are also reconciled to the support of principles which we do not approve by adjusting contrivances.

"You believe in free trade, and are compelled as a Republican to vote for protection. Free trade or protection is a small matter; the Southern business concerns the life of the Republic." "You can not expect to have all your particular views met by a party. It is necessary to compromise." "The other party say they will do what you wish, but you know they can not be trusted."

Similar devices beguile us into the support of bad or incompetent men. In a local election, with no earthly relation to the great party issues, banners are carried exhorting us to "stand by the old flag," or "to squelch the infamous corruptionists of Congress." The nation totters while a justice of the peace is being elected, and

the rebellion would shout for joy if a Democratic constable were chosen. It is party policy to drill voters into the *Carthago delenda* habit of mind, to keep them from ever thinking it less than a crime to vote for a man of the other party, to stimulate the growth of prejudice, utterly to destroy open-mindedness, to attach men alike by their devotion to some great principle and by all the combative instincts of their nature to the glorious party that governed the country for fifty millions a year, or the noble organization that crushed the rebellion. Evidently a good man will stop a long way short of this blind and unreasoning allegiance to his party. Lack of space compels me to omit much of this discussion and to pass rapidly over the rest. A somewhat *ex cathedra* style may be pardoned under such circumstances.

There is only one way of curing parties of bad tricks through the ballot-box—that one way is to scratch their tickets. We hear much of good men staying away from the primary meetings as criminal neglect; as the occasion of bad nominations. No. The evil is that good men *vote* for bad nominations. The worst ring would resign its functions or make good nominations if only good nominations could safely pass the ordeal of the polls. If there is an instance in which good men have reformed parties at the primaries, this writer is unfortunately ignorant of it. The evil lies in the power given the primaries and conventions to act for, to hold in subjection the consciences of voters. Leave them their tyrannical power, and you go to the primaries in vain; take away their power, and you may safely stay away. The reason is that party fealty is essentially immoral.

What right have you, knowing there are bad men in your party, to say to primary meetings and conventions, "Do what you will I shall vote your ticket, for I am a Republican, I am a Democrat?" You surrender in advance your judgment and your conscience. You delegate to other men, knowing some of them to be unscrupulous, that which is a solemn personal duty. You offer a bribe for corruption, you authorize and abet the shameless prostitution of public law to private lust of money and power.

The proof of this is found every-where. Take this as a specimen: Parties are corrupt just in proportion to the certainty and strength of their majorities. The rare exceptions must be explained by other principles. The Democratic rule of New York, the Republican infamies at Albany, may be cited as examples of the rule. The reason is plain; the evil-doers believe that nothing can destroy their power. Their majorities may be reduced but can not be

overcome. Or take this: How often has it happened that a good great man has gone into office solely because his party did not dare to nominate its own choice! The rule being that good men are chosen to lead the forlorn hopes of parties, and any body to lead their overwhelming majorities. Nominations are made with care to get the best men only while the victory is doubtful and may be won by a virtuous leader. Good nominations may be made at other and less critical times, but they are made without reference to goodness. The struggles in nominating bodies are local and personal until danger compels devotion to the public good.

The cool and bracing air out-of-doors vitalizes and invigorates the moral constitution of a party; the close breath of offices poisons and enervates until it is carried off by political corruption. When this fails, it is because the party is even in a minority steady in numbers, or because victory is always hopeless.

If, then, the fate of the nation is to be committed to parties, there ought to be a body of independent voters who must be conciliated by just principles, good nominations, and pure political action. Blind devotion to party would ruin any nation governed by majorities.

The ethical tenets which bind men's consciences to party action are very subtle. Do you object that A, who is nominated for the Legislature, is corrupt? You are told that, as a United States Senator is to be chosen by the Legislature, your vote for the other man may cost your party the loss of a Senator. "Of two evils choose the less." It is safer to choose neither. The responsibility for non-success where success is possible must be left at the door of the nominating convention. You approve and conduce its crime by voting for its corruptionist. You do this at your peril; you stab your country to the heart while trying to prevent others from wounding her feet.

Another specious doctrine is, that you are bound by the nominations. If you took part in the nominating machinery, you are bound because you tacitly agreed to submit to the majority. If you did not take part, then you are blameworthy, for you *might* have prevented the wrong. Strange logic! An effort to prevent a wrong pledges me to kiss and marry it. A neglect of a privilege or a duty—it does not matter which it be called—puts me under obligations to assist in a crime. But monstrous as these doctrines are, most men are so saturated with this party sophistry that they would be ashamed to "bolt" a nomination which they had resisted, or to vote the other ticket upon grounds of personal preference.

But the subtlest ethical principle in party organization and drill is that which converts the great body of a party into office-seekers. "Some time or other you will want office; take care how you risk your chances."

Men who have never dreamed of asking for offices are strongly bewildered by the suggestion that in a day of adversity, or in the infirmity of age, a public office may lighten affliction or lend a crutch to weakness. For outside of the rings and professional office-seekers stand a host of men bribed to fealty by the bare chance that some time they may want, and the party give a morsel of public support or honor.

Even without this hope of office, voters are coerced by fear of forfeiting the good opinion of their friends, and are restrained by clamor or overgrown sympathy with old conflicts, from venturing to follow their convictions into new paths. Whatever tends to make majorities constant while issues are changing, to keep one set of men in control of legislation and one set of party managers in power, tends as surely to corruption as water to the sea.

CHRISTIANITY AND EDUCATION.

FIRST PAPER.

CHRISTIANITY is both an element and a power in the education of Christianized nations, opening to the mind a vast sphere of knowledge, and throwing into the current of education a class of truths, which are powerful in their influence on the current itself. In discussing, then, the relations of Christianity to modern education, we may view it first as an element, and, secondly, as a controlling and directing power.

I. CHRISTIANITY AS AN ELEMENT OF EDUCATION.

Man is a religious being. This truth lies imprinted on his very nature, and perpetually manifests itself in his life. He feels himself to possess faculties of soul which find their true sphere of action only in the realm of religious truth—longings of his nature, which nothing but the divine, the spiritual, and the moral will satisfy. Considered simply as a rational being, he may enter into all fields of research, and employ his mind in all departments of truth; yet if shut out from the vast field of religious and spiritual truth, he soon finds that a part of his nature is yet unexercised, and that, in the midst of all his mental efforts, a part of his soul has been unemployed. Like the man of sedentary habits, who, however busily he may employ his hands or use his intellect, feels that

a part of himself is unused, and that part suffers for the want of exercise, so man with his purely intellectual efforts finds faculties still unemployed and longing for use. Considering himself as a being of the earth, whose wants are all to be met in the things of time and sense, he soon discovers there is a part of his nature which the earth will not satisfy. The wealth of Croesus, the fame of Alexander, the wisdom of Solomon, the genius of Milton, the philosophy of Newton, the pleasures of Epicurus, though he might concentrate all these in himself, still leave him unsatisfied—longing and thirsting for possessions unrealized—for elements to meet the demands of his nature which he has not yet found. The traveler in the parched desert, thirsting for water, finds no other gift of nature will meet his want; the cooling breeze may fan his fevered brow and relieve him for a moment—food may amuse him for awhile, but only increases his thirst, while nature still cries out for drink, and only finds true relief when the green oasis lifts itself amid the arid desolation. So man has faculties thirsting for the spiritual and divine, and all earthly possessions still leave him crying out for God.

Not only by these deep workings and unsatisfied longings of our nature are we taught that we are religious beings, but these inner emotions seek for outward expression. Wherever we find man, we discover him to be a being having, in addition to all mere intellectual and physical provisions for his wants, systems of religious truth and forms of religious worship. From the lowest forms of religious manifestations in the system of Fetichism to the highest reach of paganism in the scheme of Mohammed, and from this again up through various forms of degenerate Christianity to the highest realizations of spiritualized Protestantism, man exhibits his system of religion and his form of worship. We may find him in central and southern Africa, in the lowest scale of human existence, with the idea of a Supreme Creator almost obliterated, but still we find him deifying animals and mountains, trees, and even vessels, weapons, and stones as objects of worship. We may find him overspreading the luxuriant plains of India, living in dreamy idleness, filling up his existence with sensual gratifications, and remaining for centuries in the same state of unadvancing civilization, but still we find him with his Brahmas and his Vishnus, his Juggernauts and his Buddhs. We may find him living in vast nomadic hordes, wandering over the unmeasured table-lands of Tartary, having no fixed home, no settled government, no arts or sciences, but still having his vast system of Lamaism and

his wonderful religious establishment, almost equaling in the extent of its ramifications and the power of its influence, the great ecclesiastical establishment of Rome itself. We may see him scattered in millions over the rich and flowery provinces of China, with his unique civilization, his exclusive and selfish policy shutting him out for ages from intercourse with other nations, with his deceitful, active, acquisitive, luxurious mode of life, but still with his Confucianism, his Taoism, and his Buddhism, with his pagodas, his temples, his joss-houses, his monasteries, and his nunneries, all constituting a vast arrangement for his religious wants. Europe presents him to us meeting the demands of a religious nature with the various forms and modifications of Christianity, as presented in the Protestant, Catholic, Greek, and Armenian Churches. These constant and universal arrangements for man's religious wants show us how deep, and pervading, and powerful are the elements of man's religious nature.

His religious nature impels him to religious thought and activity. The religious faculties which enter into the constitution of human nature are not dormant, but intensely active, and not only impel men to give these outward manifestations of their existence, and to seek in these external forms the gratification of internal desires, but they exert a powerful and controlling influence over every part of man's nature. They are not faculties which we may conceive of as separate from the other endowments of human nature, and independent of them, as constituting a distinct sphere of life, and which may find their gratification and employment alone, feeding and living on spiritual and divine things in some silent and sacred chamber of the soul, or which may be left unused and forgotten while the other faculties of the soul and body may work on successfully without them. We may not thus separate the great elements of human nature. Man may, indeed, be considered as a triad, possessing a religious, an intellectual, and a physical nature, but it must be a triad in unity, perhaps, indeed, a sublime analogue of the adorable Trinity itself. Man is a unit—a single being—made up of the harmonious blending of the rational, the moral, and the physical, each interpenetrating and entering into the life of the other; so that a neglect of the one interferes with the perfection of the other, and man's highest perfection can only be reached by the harmonious development and normal condition of the whole.

Man's religious nature thus interpenetrates and influences every other part of his nature, and shows itself intermingling with the work-

ings of the entire man in the outward manifestations of the life. It is an element in his thoughts, it mingles with his reasonings, it permeates his emotions, it mixes with his desires, appears as an element in his purposes, and exhibits its molding and determining power in his whole life. Hence we see religion blending every-where and perpetually with human history—mingling with the every-day scenes of human life—manifesting its presence and exhibiting its influence in all the movements and in all the states of men. We see it mingling in the thoughts of childhood—the young mind in its very first unfoldings exhibiting the presence and influence of this element, and among its first exercises beginning to climb through nature up to nature's God, while the conception of the mysterious, unseen Creator is among the first to occupy the mind, and the things of God among the first to claim its thoughts, and the subjects of religion among the first to enlist and command its interest. However the leaves, and branches, and fruit may bend toward the earth, the buds and flowers first look up to God.

So, too, every body that thinks, thinks about religion. In spite of man's self the divine and spiritual will mingle with his thoughts, enter into his opinions, influence his purposes, and give cast and coloring to his life. Under this influence each man forms for himself, or is impelled to receive from others, his religious views or opinions. The ignorant as well as the learned, the poor as well as the rich, the uncivilized as well as the enlightened, have their religious ideas and sentiments, and enter into some form of religious belief. No man sinks so low as to be dead to this influence; no man rises so high as to be above it. Ignorance gives no immunity from these mingling elements, and education and learning only enhance their power and widen their sphere. The dairyman's daughter as she performs her daily duty and endures her daily suffering, and Lady Huntingdon mingling with the pride and refinement of noble life; the village blacksmith as he learns divinity over the anvil, and Newton as he studies it among the stars; Drew as he demonstrates man's immortality on scraps of leather, on his shoemaker's bench, and Locke as he walks with majestic step through the chambers of the soul; Paine and Voltaire as they labor to uproot the foundations of religion, and Paley and Chalmers as they relay them deep and broad in the works of the Almighty; the Indian as he sings of the Great Spirit in his forest home, and Milton as he hymns His glory in the sublime strains of *Paradise Lost*; Homer and Virgil as they embody their own and their nation's ideas of relig-

ion in the flowing measures of poetry, and Plato and Cicero as they demonstrate or confute them in elaborate argument and eloquent sentences—all are alike manifesting the deep and all-pervading workings of man's religious nature. Infidelity itself is only our religious nature struggling with despair, and paganism is only its exuberant overgrowth expanding into superstition.

Man's religious thought leads to the formation of religious systems. This also is seen in the life of every man. Not only does every man think religiously, but sooner or later he thinks and reasons to certain conclusions, which constitute for him a system of religious belief, and which mold and influence his practical life. Thought like water is restless and agitated until it finds its level, and man's religious thought only reaches its equilibrium when it rests in some system of religious belief. The conclusions which man reaches may be full of errors—they may be profoundly ignorant; they may be excessively irrational and superstitious, or they may be characterized by profound thought, extensive research and elaborate development; they may manifest great credulity, or they may be but the negations of infidelity; yet man will have them, and they constitute each man's religion. And more than this, his religion is the product of the action of his religious nature on the elements of thought which have been furnished to him; or, in other words, each man's religion is the product of two forces—his own religious nature and his education. The poor, ignorant criminal, born in poverty and schooled in vice, still has thought out a kind of religion for himself, in which are mingled the forebodings of the future, the undefined notions of duty and responsibility, with the absurd excrescences of superstition. Hume, and Gibbon, and Hobbes, and Bolingbroke, though we call them infidels, had their religious systems as much as their antagonists, Cudworth, Wollaston, and Beattie; and so, too, had Descartes, Malebranche, and Spinoza, as much as Bacon, Locke, and Clarke; and Strauss, and Bauer, and Comté, as much as Schleiermacher, Neander, and Tholuck.

These religious systems, developed by individual minds, penetrate the life of nations, and throw their controlling influence over the history of ages. Nations want religions as well as individuals, and while we may suppose tradition has furnished the most of them with the outward forms of worship, yet they have seized upon the products of their best thinkers for their opinions and beliefs. Hence each nation, though agreeing so largely with all other nations in the forms of its worship, has its own system

of religious belief impressed upon it by some leading minds. Hence the Zendavesta gave its religion to ancient Persia; the Vedas and the Shasters contain the religion of the Hindoos; Confucius and Laou-Kiun gave religion to China—Buddha to India, Mohammed to Arabia, Socrates and Plato, the highest form of religious belief to Greece. We reach, then, the phenomena of national religions, springing up from the depths of the human soul—mind reaching definite conclusions, however erroneous, or however correct they may be, and these opinions attracting and satisfying the popular mind.

A nation's religion always enters as an element into its education. Man's high estimate of the value of religion has always drawn the existing system into the current of education. In ancient times religion blended itself with philosophy; so closely were they united that we can not now dis sever them. There existed no distinct revelation that covered and defined the sphere of religion, and man was left to study the great problems of religious truth as he was left to study the problems of nature. The facts of his own origin, his nature, his duty were as open a field of research as the facts of history, of science, and of art. He drew no lines separating these spheres, but looking over the whole vast field of facts and phenomena, intellectual and physical, spiritual and material, he claimed the whole field for his own, and the results gathered from all, constituted his treasure of learning, and were the sphere of education. Hence Socrates and Plato studied and taught both God and nature, mind and matter, history and science. Aristotle taught his disciples gathered from all parts of the civilized world, physics and metaphysics, embracing in the latter all that was known of the immaterial and spiritual, of God and the soul. Hence Cicero wrote and lectured concerning the nature of the gods, the immortality of the soul, and the claims of morals, as well as on oratory, rhetoric, and the laws. These ancient schools of philosophy might with as much propriety be called schools of religion, for none pretended to define where philosophy ended and religion began, so intimately were they blended; and disciples flocked to them to learn the gathered wisdom of sages, embracing the vast spheres of nature and religion.

So, too, wherever we turn our eyes over these nations of antiquity, we find each nation's religion lying at the foundation of its system of education. The treasured traditions and the sacred mysteries were the elements of Egyptian education, and were the fountains opened up to the wandering philosophers of Greece and Rome, who carried them back to teach them

again to their disciples. The Zendavesta or sacred books of Zoroaster were and are the textbooks of the ancient Parsees and the modern Guesres. The Veda and the Shasters, the first supposed to have come from Brahma himself, and the latter the combined institutes of the wise and good, still constitute the sum of Hindoo learning; and Confucianism has been for two thousand years the basis of literary character, and official promotion in the empire of China.

When we look on this phenomenon in the history of man, and see with what uniformity the religions of the nations have blended with their systems of education—how certainly the very workings of the inquiring mind have drawn the existing elements of religious truth into the current of human learning—how absurd is the attempt to exclude Christianity from modern education, or to shut out from our modern schools the sublime elements of knowledge opened up by the religion of our age and country! The attempt is utterly unphilosophical; it is false to nature as well as to God, and the evil effects of it are seen in the abnormal, unequal, unsymmetrical, and dangerously unbalanced characters found as a result wherever the absurd experiment has been tried. The consequences would be still more terrible in our country, were they not in part averted by the supplementary education of the pulpit and the Sabbath-school.

The blending of religion with philosophy in the ancient schools and in modern nations possessing a national religion is not the result of law, but of nature. It was not imposed on the schools by legal enactments, but entailed upon them by the aspirations of inquiring minds. So, too, in our own times, we do not need laws to force religion into our schools, but bigotry demands legislation to keep it out. The mind awakened into activity by the processes of education, seeks to know—to know all and every thing—and does not stop to discriminate between the material and the immaterial, the physical and the divine. To it knowledge in all its vast departments is a unit, whether it regards matter or mind, nature or God; and if it reduces it into spheres and departments, it is only for the greater facility of acquiring it and greater certainty in retaining it. So profound is the connection between the different faculties of the soul, the intellectual, sensitive, moral, and voluntary, that we can not awaken and develop the one without disturbing the other; and such, too, is the intimate association of truth throughout all its departments that we can not direct the mind to these and shut out those, or say to the spirit that we have awakened into thought

and action, Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther. The attempt is simply an absurdity, and the mind will go on in the future just as it has in the past, sweeping through the whole vast sphere of truth, and man's religious nature, as in the ages of the past, will draw all the elements of religious truth into the current of his education through the ages to come. Says one of the choicest writers on education of the present day: "Would you draw lines around an awakened, emancipated, aspiring spirit that you have nourished into free, bold, independent thought? More especially, can you restrain it from those great subjects which have been the themes of ages, which have absorbed the minds of Moses, and Socrates, and Paul, and Plato, and which have controlled the march of human events? As well attempt to hold the lightning as it leaps from heaven to earth or from earth to heaven. From every figure on his blackboard, from every crown, or cross, or flag upon his outline map, the boy *that is a boy* may push his inquiring way downward to conscience or upward to God. Vain to cry halt when he has pushed you to the line of things, moral and religious."

It follows that Christianity, as the accepted system of religion, must enter as an element into the education of Christendom. As the traditions and mysteries of ancient Egypt, as Zoroastrianism in Persia, as Platonism and Aristotelianism in Greece and Rome, as Brahminism and Buddhism in India, as Mohammedism in Arabia, Christianity has infused itself into the education of modern Christianized nations. As the ancient systems of religion mingled with, and gave type and character to, ancient philosophy, science, and literature, Christianity now underlies, as the religious substratum, the philosophy, science, and literature of modern times. We see how the religion of any nation interpenetrates every department of its intellectual life, originating and controlling its philosophy, giving form to its science, interpreting its history, inspiring and adorning its poetry, and breathing life into its literature. Human knowledge must have such a religious substratum. Men reason from a beginning, and that beginning is always found in the sphere of religion. Moral ideas constitute the basis of education. If human philosophy terminates in God, it begins there too. Men study the world, study themselves, study nature in the light of their relation to their origin, their phenomena, and their final cause, and these first facts are in the sphere of religion. We first settle the great fundamental principles of the origin and final cause of things, then interpret their phenomena, and all subsequent interpretations bear the impress of

our opinions with reference to these first truths. But our opinions with reference to these first truths constitute our religion; whether, as materialists, we believe in the eternity and divinity of matter and give neither definite origin nor significant design to the world; or, as polytheists, we believe the world to be the product of contending deities, and to have a destiny such as shall result from the conflicting interests and labors of gods many and lords many; or, as dualists, we believe all things to have sprung from two contending principles or deities, good and evil, and all history and all phenomena to spring from these contending powers; or, as monotheists, we begin to catch the clearer light of an Almighty Creator, and to interpret the world in the shadowy light of an imperfect knowledge of his nature and in the twilight conjectures of his designs; or, as Christians, we appropriate the sublime truth of an all-wise, powerful, and benevolent Creator, and see in the radiant beams of his own revelation, the world coming from his creative hand impressed with a sublime significance and accomplishing a glorious moral destiny. And our interpretation of every fact in every department of truth will vary vastly as we look upon it in the darkness of pagan error, or in the refracting twilight of imperfect systems, or in the clear sunlight of revealed truth.

It has fallen to our portion to have the light of Christian truth to shed its luster over the universe, to shine upon every phenomenon, and to illustrate every problem. It is our inheritance to interpret nature, not in the darkness of polytheism; to investigate truth, not enshrouded in the errors of dualism; to study philosophy, not in the dim twilight of even Platonic monotheism, but to study the works and to interpret the purposes of the Almighty Creator in the light of his own revelation. It is our inheritance to guide our philosophy, to unfold our science, to interpret our history, to beautify our poetry, to adorn our literature with the divine lessons and the sublime facts and glorious intimations of a religion come from God.

THE MOTHER'S WALK.

IT was night. Silence reigned over the land of Israel. Within the palace of Tirzah all, save one lone watcher, were wrapped in slumber. Yet even into that luxurious home sickness and sorrow had found an entrance.

In one of the lofty apartments the wife of the king watched, with anxious tenderness, by the sick-bed of her son. Her true mother's heart

could not leave her darling to the care of servants, willing though they were to render any service, for all loved the gentle young prince. His disease had been lingering, and night after night, in alternate hope and fear, his mother had watched beside him. He had fallen at length into a peaceful sleep, which might, she fondly hoped, be the forerunner of returning health. Fearful of disturbing him, she extinguished the lamp—breathing the while a fervent thanksgiving for the quiet rest which he was enjoying—and watched the moonbeams as they softly fell on the pallid face of the sick boy.

Very strong and tender was the tie which bound that mother and son to each other. Her husband, flushed with success and uplifted with pride, had turned from serving the God of Israel, and gained for himself an unenviable name, which should cling to him through coming ages, as "Jeroboam who made Israel to sin." Through his precept and example the Ten Tribes, over whom he reigned, had fallen into gross idolatry, thus laying up for themselves wrath from Him who has said, "I will not give my glory to another."

Influenced, no doubt, by the gentle teaching of his mother, the youthful Prince Abijah worshipped the true God. To be a king like David, and reign for God in Israel, was the subject of his hopes for the future. They knew not, that mother and son, as they wandered in pleasant converse on the hills of Ephraim and turned their longing eyes toward Jerusalem, joining in spirit with those who were praising God in the earthly Zion, that soon a brighter crown than ever earthly monarch wore should sparkle on that fair young brow, that his raptured eye should gaze not only on David, but on David's King, and his ear drink in sweeter songs than even those of the royal singer, which he loved to coax his mother to sing to him at eventide.

The hours crept slowly on, and still the youth slept. His mother, too, fell into a slight slumber. It was daybreak when he awoke. In an instant she was bending over him. Her eye, quickened by affection, saw a change, and a sudden pang shot through her heart—a holier beauty on the pallid brow, as if a ray of the coming glory had fallen there; a thrilling sweetness in the peaceful smile, as if the waiting ear had already caught the first distant notes of the new song. Some of us have seen that look on the faces of our loved ones. In the words of a modern poet:

"Have we not caught that smiling
On some beloved face,
As if a heavenly sound were willing
The soul from our earthly place?
The distant sound and sweet
Of the Master's coming feet.

We may clasp the loved one faster,
And plead for a little while;
But who can resist the Master?
And we read by that brightening smile
That the tread we may not hear
Is drawing slowly near."

While struggling to control her grief, a firm step was heard without, and the king came in to see his son. With all his faults—and they were many—doubtless Jeroboam loved his child, and, as he noticed the look which rested upon the youth's face, a spasm-of pain convulsed the father's features. Abijah was the heir to his kingdom, and, sin-stained as Jeroboam must have felt himself to be, perchance he had pictured a brighter, purer future for his young son.

To whom will he turn in his hour of trouble? to his gods? Ah! no, he knows them powerless to aid. To the God of Israel? He had forsaken his laws and despised his commands; he dared not call upon him now. A sudden thought flashed across his brain. He turned to his wife, and, in tones hoarse with emotion, cried, "And Jeroboam said to his wife, Arise, I pray thee, and disguise thyself, that thou be not known to be the wife of Jeroboam; and get thee to Shiloh; behold, there is Abijah the prophet, which told me that I should be king over this people. And take with thee ten loaves, and cracknels, and a cruse of honey, and go to him: he shall tell thee what shall become of the child."

A gleam of hope passed through his wife's soul as the king spoke. Perchance the man of God might have a message of hope for her. She would go to Shiloh. But the child—how could she leave him, should death come and she away? With a low cry of suppressed anguish she strove to banish the thought, as, again and again, she kissed his pale brow ere, urged by her husband, she departed on her lonely walk. "Thou God of Israel, keep him till I come again;" with this prayer upon her lips she hurried on toward Shiloh. The eastern sun poured his scorching rays upon her head, her lips were parched and her limbs weary. She heeded not, but climbed at length the steep ascent to Shiloh, and stood on the threshold of the man of God.

The blind prophet's first words showed her that her disguise was futile. "Enter," he cried, "thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thou thyself to be another? for I am sent unto thee with heavy tidings." And in stern, awful words the old man declared to his trembling listener the terrible doom which awaited idolatrous Israel and her sinful king. Woe after woe was pronounced on Jeroboam and the people whom he had caused to sin; but as yet the mother's heart

was not wholly crushed, for he had not named Abijah. It came at length. The blind prophet's voice took a softer tone when he spoke of the young prince. "Arise," he said, "get thee to thine own house; and when thy feet enter into the city the child shall die, and all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him; for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel."

The decision is given; silently the mother turns to retrace her steps. A dull, heavy pain in her heart, and the prophet's words ringing in her ears, she hurries on along the road to Tirzah. She knows that every step she takes is bringing death more near, not her more near to him, and yet she can not linger. Could it be that she should never again meet the glance of those loving eyes, never again feel the clasp of those clinging arms? A cry of despair bursts from her lips as the gate of Tirzah became visible. "O God, be merciful! I can not pass the gate." Poor tried mother, in years to come she will bless God that her darling was taken ere the evil days came upon Israel; but as yet she could only picture her dying boy turning his longing eyes to watch for her he shall see no more until they meet in the city of the great King, and in utter desolation of heart she leans against the city gate.

"Are thoughts which sometimes come to us,
We scarce know how or why,
The echoes of the whispered words
Of angels passing by?"

"He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days forever and ever." How came those words to her remembrance at this time? She almost fancies she hears her boy's voice repeating them. They turn a flood of light across her darkened soul. She understands it now. She had asked an earthly thing for her boy that day—the Lord had given him a heavenly thing instead, even length of days forever and ever. Breathing a prayer for aid, she arises and totters through the gate of Tirzah, and though her tears fall fast on her boy's face, beautiful in death, from the depths of a chastened spirit she is enabled to say, "It is well with the child. I shall go to him; he will not return to me. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!"

HEAVEN.—Until men consent to make heaven, as it were, the background of all their earthly vista, their views, whether in history, or in science, or in law, or in freedom, must all be partial and fallacious.

ALONE.

I SAT there on that chilly night with clasped hands and bowed head, while bitter wailings were sweeping up and down through my soul, fearfully bitter wailings, yet no pitying ear heard the heart's dumb cry for relief and rest, no hand rested tenderly on the aching head.

There is something very wearisome in this constant thinking, this thinking of grievous thoughts—wearisome as the restless heaving of troubled waters when the sky is black, or the endless searching for some lost form of beauty that is never found; yet the dark-robed throng still keep marching on and on, awakening many a harsh echo and jarring our whole being with their pitiless tread.

Sitting there in such a mood, there was nothing but discord in the sounds of activity that swept in through the half-open kitchen door—nothing but discord, till by and by there fell upon my ear a voice almost forgotten, and involuntarily I turned to catch its echoings. It was only an old-fashioned chopping-knife carried up and down, in and out, by the persevering hand of patience, striking the bottom and sides of the time-honored tray with a ringing whack and a heavy thump, but its measured beatings were a glad refrain to the heart's sad wailing, for there was soothing in the monotonous sound.

It is well for us that earth's voices are not always discordant; it is well that sometimes the heart's guests breathe a gentle spirit from the outer world and come with softer step, chanting low musical strains that soothe and comfort.

Thus were the voiceless wailings within hushed for awhile by the lullaby which rose from that quaint old tray, and I thanked God for the prosy song of the humble chopping-knife.

There rose up before me a vision of the olden time when that same knife and tray had done faithful service in the busy household, a pleasing picture that made me reach my hands out longingly to those primitive days, with their simple, earnest joys, away from the hollow present in which I was living my thankless life. But they had their sorrows even then, I suppose, for they belonged to the common brotherhood of sin-cursed man.

And then my thoughts floated up through intervening years; I remembered many days in my own life which were much brighter and happier than this one had been, and with the recollection there came a quick, painful shrinking from the darkness that was growing thick about me; convulsively I raised my hands to clutch at the fading sunlight. Ah, it was then that the

song which the chopping-knife sang rang out louder and clearer, and patience seemed to be the burden of the song, patience in the doing of present duty, with never an anxious care for what the unknown future may bring.

Alas, that we poor mortals are so slow to learn this lesson, that we are so often looking beyond the blessings of to-day to the fancied ills of to-morrow, the shadowy morrow whose mysteries our weak eyes can never penetrate. Shall we never learn to fill our hands with the joys that are within our reach, instead of stretching out after those which are far off in the distant darkness? Shall we never learn to bear our burdens, one by one, trusting Him who has promised that our strength shall always be equal to our day—never learn to be satisfied with the fullness of the present?

But there were other words in that homely refrain, words whose echoes are still ringing in my ears, and they seem to tell me that preparation, fitness, is the great idea that controls the world. God's unerring wisdom saw it best for man that he should enjoy earth's blessings only by the sweat of his face, and decreed that nothing should be ready for his use until it had first been prepared. It is this which controls the industry that enlivens the world, and to this that the scheme of housekeeping owes its practical charm.

Every kitchen in the land is consecrated to this great principle, is the scene of endless transformations; and every housewife is a master workman in the curious art of domestic metamorphosis, evoking from her mysterious store house many a thing of excellence. And that thumping, pounding chopping-knife to which I sat idly listening was performing one of the myriad wonders constantly going on in her realm, one of the simplest of them all, perhaps; yet it was noble in its way, doing its part faithfully and patiently, slowly but surely fashioning those rude lumps into suitable and comely proportions.

Thinking thus that plain handicraft became exalted in my eyes, for I found in it something parallel to the discipline of mortals, something very like to that which is being wrought for us in this transition state of our earth lives.

The world is the great tray into which we are all thrust, and it is by the sharp knife of bitter disappointments and sorrows and numberless trials that the Master is pruning from our souls many a wild and sinful deformity, preparing them for a higher place in his own grand economy. The blows are heavy and strike us very sharply sometimes, but we know they are mercifully inflicted, that out of our gross natures may be

carved such forms of excellence as shall be meet for the heavenly kingdom.

Yes, this controlling principle of fitness reaches even unto us; we can never rise to that higher existence, never fulfill the exalted destiny of God's creatures, until we have been purified, fashioned after the similitude of our glorious Pattern; for unto us it is said, "Except I wash thee thou hast no part with me—wash thee in mine own all-cleansing blood—wash thee in the waters of earthly tribulation."

O, it is not grievous, then, nay, not grievous, but unutterably glorious when unto us comes the discipline that shall mold and cleanse our sin-warped, guilt-stained souls; when unto us come these lessons that teach us to look away from earth's hollow, flickering joys to the blissful inheritance promised all those who shall come forth with spotless robes and palms of victory.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"BRAVE CAPTAIN, canst thou speak? What is it thou dost see?"

A wondrous glory lingers on thy face.
The night is past; I've watched the night with thee.

Knowest thou the place?"

"The place? 'Tis Fair Oaks, comrade. Is the battle over?"

The victory—the victory—is it won?
My wound is mortal; I know I can not recover—
The battle for me is done!

"I never thought it would come to this! Does it rain?"

The musketry! Give me a drink; ah, that is glorious!

Now if it were not for this pain—this pain—
Didst thou say victorious?

"It would not be strange, would it, if I did wander?
A man can't remember with a bullet in his brain.
I wish when at home I had been a little fonder—
Shall I ever be well again?"

"It can make no difference, whether I go from here or there;

Thou'lt write to father and tell him when I am dead?

The eye that sees the sparrows fall numbers every hair

Even of this poor head.

"Tarry awhile, comrade; the battle can wait for thee;

I will try to keep thee but a few brief moments longer:

Thou'lt say good-by to the friends at home for me?
If only I were a little stronger!

"I must not think of it. Thou art sorry for me?
The glory—is it the glory?—makes me blind;
Strange, for the light, comrade, the light I can not see—

Thou hast been very kind!

"I do not think I have done so very much evil—
I did not mean it. I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul—just a little rude and uncivil—

Comrade, why dost thou weep?

"O! if human pity is so gentle and tender—
Good-night, good friends! I lay me down to sleep—

Who from a Heavenly Father's love needs a defender?—

My soul to keep!

"If I should die before I wake—comrade, tell mother,

Remember—I pray the Lord my soul to take!
My musket thou'lt carry back to my little brother
For my dear sake.

"Attention, company! Reverse arms! Very well, men; my thanks.

Where am I? Do I wander, comrade—wander again?—

Parade is over. Company E, break ranks! break ranks!—

I know it is the pain.

"Give me thy strong hand; fain would I cling, comrade, to thee;

I feel a chill air blown from a far-off shore;
My sight revives; Death stands and looks at me.
What waits he for?

"Keep back my ebbing pulse till I be bolder grown;
I would know something of the Silent Land;

It's hard to struggle to the front alone—
Comrade, thy hand!

"The *reveille* calls! be strong, my soul, and peaceful!
The' Eternal City bursts upon my sight!

The ringing air with ravishing melody is full—
I've won the fight!

"Nay, comrade, let me go; hold not my hand so steadfast;

I am commissioned—under marching orders—
I know the Future—let the Past be past—
I cross the borders!"

O! SPEAK the joy, ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss;
All various nature pressing on the heart;
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven;
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

AMY'S TRIUMPH.

THE short Winter day drew near its close, and the lengthening shadows cast a dreary look around the dull old school-room. The children began to grow restless. Little heads would turn toward the windows notwithstanding Miss Smith's remonstrances, and little feet would fidget about, while busy tongues could not be restrained from whispering. At last the day's tasks were done and the pupils dismissed; glad to be released, rejoicing to be once more in the open air, free from the restrictions of school government, they came thronging out into the village street with more haste than gracefulness. With a whoop and a bound Ned Harris tossed his cap into the air, catching it with a flourish in regular school-boy fashion, while Horace Greer went through a series of gymnastics calculated not only to restore suppleness to his own limbs, somewhat cramped from the enforced quiet of the school-room, but to awaken the admiration of his companions.

"I say, Jack," called out Will Payne, "let's have a race."

"Agreed," responded Jack, and, suiting the action to the word, away went the boys at full speed down the street, followed by the shouts of the boys left behind. In the mean time the girls, with satchels in hand, came out, warmly wrapped up in comfortable shawls and cloaks, with their little hoods drawn closely over the youthful heads. Talking and laughing gayly they came out, if less noisy than the boys, yet seemingly as glad as they that the day's lessons were over, and the school-room door closed behind them.

"Really," exclaimed Mattie Woods, "I think Miss Smith tried herself to-day; how could she be so cross?" and Mattie's bright eyes sparkled with a comical expression of amazement.

"Yes, indeed, was n't she cross, though?" chimed in several voices.

"Really," said Sallie Lind, "I was so frightened in that spelling match that I forgot every word of the lesson, though I spelled the whole column through to mother last night."

"Dear me, Sallie Lind, I think you took a wonderful sight of pains. I never trouble myself to do that. I do n't fancy my mother would like turning school-mistress in that fashion either."

"My mother is always willing to help me, Jennie French, and she do n't consider it any trouble either."

"Well, you need n't be so snappish. Dear me, why, she puts on the airs of an injured queen, do n't she, girls?" said Jennie; and thinking she had said something remarkably fine she turned scornfully away.

"Do tell me, Sallie," said Mamie Fisher, "how in the world you managed to get all those horrid sums done right; every one of my answers were wrong."

"O, her mother helped her," laughed Jennie French. "Pray, did she ever teach school herself?"

Sallie's eyes flashed, but she quietly replied, "Yes, my mother did help me, and I am glad to be able to say that, if she never taught school herself, it is n't because she was n't qualified."

"Heigh ho! some people are wonderfully conceited. But, Susie Grey, how did you get yours? Miss Smith said they were right. I'm sure I'm as far advanced as you are, and they puzzled me so that I gave up in despair."

"I came near doing so myself," replied Susie, "but Amy Martin offered to show me how to do the first, and I managed to get through the rest with the aid of a few hints from the same source. You know Amy is a splendid scholar. I wish I knew half as much."

"Nonsense!" responded proud little Miss French, "I would n't stoop to ask her help if I never got them!"

"Why, Jennie French," cried half a dozen eager voices, "how strange you talk! Miss Smith says she will certainly win the prize."

"That's easily accounted for; she's such an artful little thing, and Miss Smith has n't judgment enough to see it."

"Why, Jennie, how can you say so! I heard Mr. Greer say she was the best reader in the whole school, and you can't say he is not a judge."

"Jennie is only jealous, that's all," laughed mischievous little Mamie Fisher.

"I jealous—I, Jennie French, jealous of Amy Martin, that pale, mopish, little thing? Upon my word I think you must be losing your senses, Mamie Fisher, and I do n't thank you for the compliment."

"Indeed, Jennie, I'd be very glad to have just half the knowledge Amy Martin has; and,

as for being either artful or mopish you are very much mistaken, she lives in our neighborhood, and is one of the best girls I ever knew."

"Humph! you visit her, I suppose."

"Yes, indeed, and love her dearly."

"Well, I'm sure I'd be ashamed to confess it."

"And why? I'm curious to know."

"Yes, tell us your reasons," echoed the rest, gathering round.

"Is it possible you do n't know what a low family the Martins are?"

"Why, Jennie, what has come over you today? Mrs. Martin is one of the kindest and best women I ever knew. When mother was so sick last Spring she nursed her like a sister."

"Yes," chimed in little Patty Greer, "and when Horace run a nail in his foot, and we could n't get a doctor, she came in, and with her own hands drew out the nail, and tied up his foot as nicely as the doctor could have done himself. And I do n't know any nicer girl than Amy. My mother likes to have her come to visit me."

"I'm glad I can't say that of my mother. I would n't be seen with her. Why, just only think how poorly she dresses! I could buy every bit of trimming on her dress for half a dollar; and, besides that, her father is a drunkard, and her mother is no better than a common seamstress. The idea of associating with such people; why, it's perfectly absurd!" And the little lady drew herself up with a haughty air as she added, "Why, girls, did n't you know it before?"

"Yes," said candid little Mamie Fisher, "to be sure we know they are poor, but that's no disgrace; and if her father does drink that's not Amy's fault, is it?"

"No, indeed," cried the girls, "and Amy is a favorite every-where."

"That's so," cried Patty; "she is a great deal better thought of than some folks I could name."

"Thank you for that slur, Miss Patty Greer; it is as good as could be expected from a girl of your raising. Your favorite is coming, I see. I do n't fancy such company myself, so I'll leave you," and the proud girl bowed disdainfully as she walked away.

An awkward silence fell upon the group as Amy joined them; each looked at the other, and all turned a scornful look in the direction Jennie had taken.

"Why, girls, what's the matter?" playfully asked Amy; "have you seen a ghost?"

"No," replied Patty, "we've only been talking on grave subjects."

"And have n't got so far along as the ghosts, eh? Did you frighten Jennie away?"

"No, she left us of her own accord."

And, anxious to avoid telling what had occurred, the girls changed the subject, and soon separated, each going her own way homeward. Amy quickened her steps and soon reached her home. There was nothing particularly inviting in the exterior of the house; it was no difficult matter to fancy from its appearance that the inmates were poor, but the room which Amy entered looked comfortable and neat, and even bore traces of better days. There was an air of grace and refinement about the woman who sat at the table engaged in sewing.

"Well, Amy dear," said she, looking up with a smile, "I'm glad you've come. Minnie is lonely and wants to be amused, and I'm so busy I can't half interest the child just now."

Amy quickly put away her cloak and hood, and laid aside her books, and was soon engaged in a romp with little Minnie. Their childish gayety brought a smile to the mother's face; now and then she paused in her task, and seemed to be listening for a familiar step, but time passed on, the room grew dark, and the lamps were lighted, and the evening meal prepared, but the father did not come. Another hour passed, and still they were alone. Amy was busy with her next day's lessons, and Minnie was engaged in reading a story book, quite delighted with the idea of being able to read it all herself. When the clock struck nine Amy rose and pushed her book aside. Calling Minnie to her, she tied a warm little hood over her bright curls, and wrapped her cloak closely around her; then, taking down her own outdoor wrappings, she quickly put them on, glancing uneasily at her mother as she did so. Mrs. Martin sighed as she watched the children making preparation for going out into the darkness. "God bless and protect you, little darlings," she murmured as they left the room. The night was very cold, and they shivered as the keen wind almost took them off their feet, but, hand in hand, they walked on with courage remarkable in children so young. After walking several squares they paused before a brightly lighted establishment; peals of laughter mingled with rude jests were heard within. The children pushed open the door and walked in. What a place for innocent childhood! Here and there about the room were grouped men in every stage of intoxication. A sudden silence fell upon them as Amy and Minnie entered, clinging closely to each other. They walked straight toward the counter, followed by the glances of all present.

"Upon my word," said a rough-looking man, "there's Martin's little ones again. If I had such a family I'd never enter a place like this; it's only fit for outcasts like me."

"Yes," said another, "that's a sight to touch any man who has any manliness at all left."

The barkeeper left his counter and came toward the children with an angry look upon his countenance.

"See here," said he, in a low voice, "I've had about enough of this, and I won't have you coming here ruining my business any more; do you hear what I say?"

Amy raised her eyes to his face, and tremblingly said, "I want my father, sir."

"Where is our papa? we want our papa," pleaded Minnie, with a child's eager look upon her sweet face.

"I do n't know any thing about your father," returned the man, "and I do n't want to know any thing more of you, so be off—go, I say."

In his excitement he had raised his voice, and the cruel words caught the ear of the group nearest him.

"For shame!" cried one. "Cowardly to speak so to a child," said another; while a third arose, and, coming forward, spoke kindly to the two frightened little creatures, who seemed so greatly out of place in a scene like this.

Taking Minnie's hand in his, and bidding Amy follow, he led them to the farther corner of the large room where, beside the stove, they discovered their father asleep. Their united efforts roused him finally, and, half sobered by the touching sight, he quietly arose and, passively giving a hand to each, suffered them to lead him quietly from the place. Many a time had they done so; many a night had their childish steps taken him home. Some blamed Mrs. Martin for allowing the little ones to do so, but, with a mother's loving faith, she felt that if any thing could save their father from a drunkard's grave, it would be the dear children who had taken upon themselves this task. Many were the comments passed upon it that night, and there were no more jests or laughter; and soon the place was deserted, and more than one had resolved never to enter it again.

One, indeed, who had been among those who first led Mr. Martin astray, could find no rest through all the long, quiet hours of that night, and the next morning, at an early hour, called at Mr. Martin's house. In a trembling voice he spoke of the part he had taken in the downfall of the husband and father, and expressed his regret and remorse.

"O," said he, "had I such little treasures as those you possess nothing would ever tempt me

into wronging them as you are daily doing. Pardon me if I speak plainly, but knowing that a portion of the guilt lies at my door, I am anxious to make what amends I can by repairing in a measure the wrongs I have done. The touching scene of last night has decided me, and I have resolved to 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' and I implore you, for the sake of those dear little ones, to come with me and sign the pledge."

Mr. Martin hesitated but a moment. A sight of the children coming across the street from some neighboring errand decided him at once. Telling them he would return in a short time, he walked with rapid steps toward the office of his friend. In an hour he returned, and, calling wife and children to his side, he told them the story.

"My children," said he, "you will never have to come again to lead home a drunken father; you have saved him. I have signed the pledge, and with God's help will keep it while I live." O, the joy of the hearts that loved him, how deep, how pure and true it was!

Next day Jennie French, with much apparent relish, reported through the school how Amy had been obliged to seek for her father in a drinking-saloon at a late hour of the night.

"There," said she triumphantly, "that's a specimen of their life. What kind of associates are people like that for those of our own class?" and with her usual proud manner she passed the poor girl without taking the slightest notice of her presence.

Amy made no comments upon her behavior, but bore it with patient sweetness. She could do so more easily now, for the happiness which her father's words that morning had brought to her young heart cheered her still in the midst of slights and neglect. Besides, many of the other girls were kinder than ever, and seemed to want to show a deeper love than usual for the noble girl.

"I am surprised, Jennie French, at your cold-heartedness," cried the warm-hearted, impulsive little Patty. "Have you no pity? You are not well informed, I assure you. There is a sequel to the little story which you have just told us. Amy's father has signed the pledge, so there will be no more such trouble as that you speak of, and it is all owing to her and little Minnie that he has done so."

"Fudge!" replied Jennie. "How long will he keep it? I wouldn't trust him out of my sight. In my opinion he will only add additional disgrace to them all by breaking it."

No one appeared to fancy there was the least danger of any such disgrace, and did not heed

Jennie's warning to them "to keep away from them all."

Time passed on, and the end of the term drew near. Amy took the prize, and had also won the love and approbation of teacher and scholars too. Jennie, with her selfish, overbearing disposition, had few friends at best, and her position now became rather an isolated and embarrassing one. Too vain of personal appearance, attaching too much importance to outward adorning, she neglected both heart and mind. So little attention, indeed, did she give to her lessons, that she was often reprimanded by Miss Smith. She was soon distanced by her companions, and regarded as the most deficient pupil in the school.

Becoming ashamed at last, yet too indolent to try to repair her early errors, she finally left the school to escape the mortification she was continually obliged to feel while there. This, however, did not end with the mere fact of leaving school. In after years she was often obliged to feel the contrast between herself and the once despised Amy, whose father faithfully kept the pledge he had taken. Nothing could tempt him from the path of right. So faithful and industrious did he become that he not only worked out a complete reformation for himself, but was instrumental in saving others from the same sad doom to which he had been so rapidly hastening. In a few years he regained his fallen fortunes, and was in the full enjoyment of all the pleasures which wealth, honor, and the esteem of his fellow-men could bestow—all of which he traces under God to the sweet guidance of his little children. Thus did the trials of Amy's youthful days result at last in triumph.

"TIME ENOUGH."

"FRED, you must clean your boots before you go to school," said Mrs. Lawrence to her son.

"I know it, mother, but it's time enough," replied Fred, who sat reading a story-book.

Presently the lady spoke again: "Fred, have you looked over your grammar-lesson this morning? It is too difficult to learn in a hurry."

"Well, I almost learned it last night; it's time enough; I want to finish this chapter," answered Fred.

"O, my son," said Mrs. Lawrence, "I wish you would overcome that habit of putting off necessary duties."

Fred closed the story-book reluctantly, and took his grammar, wishing that his mother

would not "bother him so; he knew he had time enough."

Presently Mrs. Lawrence left the room, feeling very much troubled about Fred's bad habit, and wishing that he could be induced to break it off before he became a man. Knowing that God only could give him the strength and disposition to do so, she went to her own room, and, kneeling down, prayed to this effect.

That day a gentleman visited the school, and, after listening with apparent pleasure to various exercises by the scholars, the principal requested him to talk to the boys a little while. He did so, and interested them very much by relating some anecdotes of his own school-life. One of these incidents was the means, by God's blessing, of curing Fred's habit. It seemed to Fred that the gentleman must have known what his bad habit was, or he could not have said any thing so suited to his case. The gentleman said that one day he was stopped in the street by a very shabby-looking man, who, after calling him by name, and asking if he did not remember Henry Brown, begged him to lend him some money.

"I remember Henry Brown very well," replied the gentleman. "Can it be possible you are he, wishing to borrow five dollars?"

"Yes, I am," answered the man in a despairing, sorrowful tone.

"What has brought you to this condition? Your prospects on leaving school were as bright as mine."

"Time enough has brought me here," replied he. "I was always putting off necessary business by saying *that*. Now I am old, the habit is fixed, and I can not break myself of it. If you do not lend me five dollars I shall have to go to the poor-house or starve."

"Boys," continued the gentleman, "*time enough* ruined that man's life. Take care that it does not ruin yours."

PAYING FOR THE WHISTLE.

THERE is an Eastern story told of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at one hundred rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth one hundred rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The Mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed of his bargain, he said, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed, as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

HOME WITHOUT ITS ALTAR.—Man may vainly seek to enrich his home with the adornments of Oriental magnificence; to beautify it with every charm that can attract the eye and please the fancy—to embellish it with every virtue of domestic bliss; but unless he erects there an altar to his God, he will find that he has garnered bitter fruits, which will turn to ashes at his touch; and hope's burning chalice, which lured him on with promise of nectared draughts, will only quench his longing thirst with the dark waters of Marah.

Fortune may lavish her gifts freely upon him; Fame may sound her loudest triumph in his praise; ambition, ever insatiate in its craving, may cry enough; the siren of earthly bliss may lull his faintest sigh; but amid the tumult and panoply of earthly pageant the voice of the great I Am has spoken it, "Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image of any kind, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God." I have known homes, blessed with happy parents and promising children, whose infant lips were taught to lisp "Our Father," not in the spirit of prayer, but with the dull formality of custom; their childhood was never impressed with the influence of the family altar; in manhood's riper years had never seen their parents bowed in prayer. Their hearts unimpressed by the sacred teaching of Divine authority, became irreverent of their filial duties and regardless of higher duties to their God. Parental claims were soon disregarded, and wandering out from the protecting shadows of the old roof-trees, step by step the tempter led them on from one sin to another, till having lost social position and shunned by former friends, they sank to their level amid the degraded haunts of vice, often irrevocably lost to the gentle wooings of the Spirit, and the agonized pleadings of broken-hearted parents, whose heads frosted by care's corroding touch were bowed in sorrow to the grave.

Parents beware, that you erect within the sacred precincts of home no altar save the altar of your God. Let the family circle be cemented by the holy influence of prayer; gather your little ones about you and offer up to God the first-fruits with which his blessings crown your life. In their riper years let them not forget God's holy sanctuaries; ennoble their lives by an example of humility and fervent piety; then shall your children rise up and call you blessed, and a peaceful and happy old age crown

your life, and a bright immortality be your portion in Christ's kingdom above, where the family circle united, shall worship around the eternal throne of the Father and sing endless praises to the Lamb.—*Christian Observer.*

HABIT.—Much depends on habit in matters of religion as well as in other things. It was said long ago that "habit is second nature," that "man is a bundle of habits." He is so constituted that he will form them good or bad. He can not help it. What he repeats from day to day, whether from necessity or choice, disagreeable or pleasant, will fasten itself upon him with almost the tenacity of nature. This will facilitate the operation and make that which was originally odious and repulsive, pleasant and desirable.

He who has habits of work, or study, or self-denial, will not only endure, but actually enjoy them. They are transformed from evils to sources of positive pleasure. The old adage, "Practice makes perfect," has its significance. Repetition in any thing gives facility, ease, and approximate perfection to the operation. Hence the division of labor in making a watch, a shoe, and even a pin, so that each workman can do his work quicker and better on account of it, is a great advantage.

This same principle of habit obtains in religious matters. Nothing is more important in the Sabbath-school and in the prayer and conference-room than the habit of work. As one said, "There is every thing in the habit of religion. It is indispensable to Christian effort that one has a closet, a special place for prayer. I put it to my Christian brethren, whether every one has not some particular place in his room. I can not pray by myself with half the comfort, if I have not my own little place. If my knees could bore the hole, I think there would be sockets in the floor at that spot. It is the place where God especially meets us. Now, this habit is every thing. Take hold of it in youth, and work on into old age."

BRIDAL COSTUMES A CENTURY AGO.—To begin with the lady: Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion, and sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top, like an eagle on

a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom pin, rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off and was distended at the top of an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out.

Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully beflowered, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his genteel appearance.

PAINTING AN ENEMY.—Many persons suppose that the most effectual method of destroying an evil, or preventing persons from becoming associated with it, is to say against it every thing that can be said, even at the peril of overdrawing facts. The folly of this is well illustrated by a German fable, in which a doe warns her youthful offspring to beware, as she skips about the forest, of that dangerous animal, the leopard. "And what is the leopard like?" inquires the fawn. "O! it is a dreadful-looking monster; its eyes glare, and its jaws drop blood." The fawn goes off to roam the wood, and in the course of her rambles espies, at some distance, in the long grass, a graceful creature, with beautifully spotted hide: its movements are elegant and even playful; its aspect betrays no sanguinary stain or fierceness of purpose. "Well, this can not be the leopard," says the fawn; "this is not the creature which my parent describes. I must go and make acquaintance with it." She advances to meet the new-found friend, and—but one need not stop to mention the result. How often on all sides is the mistake of this well-meaning but most unwise mother repeated? Extremes beget extremes. If people will paint their opponents in the darkest colors, grievous mistakes must necessarily follow.—*Religious Telescope.*

ADORNING CHILDREN'S GRAVES.—The following beautiful incident is quoted in Dr. Thompson's *Seeds and Sheaves*. It shows that many a sexton has a tender heart, and carries delicate sentiment into his work:

Mr. Gray had not been long minister of the parish before he noticed an odd habit of the grave-digger; and one day, coming upon John smoothing and trimming the lonely bed of a child which had been buried a few days before, he asked why he was so particular in dressing and keeping the graves of infants. John paused for a moment at his work, and looking up,

not at the minister but at the sky, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And on this account you tend and adorn them with so much care," remarked the minister, who was greatly struck with the reply.

"Surely, sir," answered John, "I can not make overbrow and fine the bed-covering of a little innocent sleeper that is waitin' there till it is God's time to waken it and cover with a white robe, and waft it away to glory. When sic grandeur is awatin' it yonder, it's fit it should be decked out here. I think the Savior will like to see white clover spread above it; dae ye no think sae tae, sir?"

"But why not cover larger graves also?" asked the minister, hardly able to suppress his emotions. "The dust of all His saints is precious in the Savior's sight."

"Very true, sir," responded John, with great solemnity, "but I can na be sure who are His saints, and who are no. I hope there are many of them lying in this kirk-yard; but it wad be great presumption to mark them out. There are some that I am gey sure aboot, and I keep their graves as nate and snod as I can, and plant a bit floure here and there as a sign of my hope, but daurna gie them the white skirt," referring to the white clover. "It's clean different, though, wi' the bairns."

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of household affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or parlor; it runs away he knows not how, and that demon waste cries "more!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare their children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition to carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of his children. This should be her sole aim, and the theater of her exploits is the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or workshop.

It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance—the worst of all evils in its train.

HOW TO KILL LITTLE GIRLS.—Yesterday we saw a little girl led by its mother through the street. Her little collar, and muff, and hat were of the warmest fur, and well she needed them, for it was bitter cold, but her little legs, bare and blue

between her stockings and skirts, told a shivering tale.

Who does not daily see the same thing? Little, frail girls, with head and shoulders bundled in unneeded furs, while from the feet to a point above the knee the little darlings are almost literally naked. Of course mothers who thus dress their children are very far from intending to kill them or render them permanent invalids, but such is the probable result of this fashionable exposure. It is true that most children have their limbs well protected, because most mothers have an intelligent regard for the health of their offspring; but there are many who are clad as we have mentioned, and to the mothers of these we address this appeal.

As little girls are now dressed, their skirts are no protection against the wind or cold below the knee, and what do they have as a substitute? Linen drawers, reaching just below the knee, and there meeting the top of the stockings, which usually have about half the warmth possessed by men's socks. Let us compare this armor with the clothing of men and boys, who have at least five times the power of endurance possessed by the little girl. The father of this little girl six years old would consider himself coldly clad and a certain candidate for rheumatism, if his lower extremities were not protected against the Winter blasts, by, first, thick woolen socks reaching more than half way to the knee; second, wool drawers reaching from the waist to the feet; third, boot-legs of double leather, reaching nearly to the knee; and fourth, thick woolen pantaloons covering all else and reaching to the foot. And yet the same father permits his delicate, blue-veined child to go out in Winter with legs incased in a single thickness of linen. How would he like to walk the Winter streets clad in linen pantaloons, and nothing else?

TRUE LOVELINESS.—It is not your neat dress, expensive shawl, or your pretty fingers that attract the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affection of the heart. Young ladies easily miss it, who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a thought on their mind. Fools may be won by gewgaws and fashionable, showy dresses; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the sot, the good and truly great will love to linger in your steps. Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer, this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family on veritable bread and meat. The piano and lace-frame are good in their place, and so are ribbons, fills, and tinsels; but you can not make a dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed-blankets are essential to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as its fancies; but you make it a matter

of decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Supposing a man of good sense, and, of course, good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may catch him, or you may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you? Render yourself an object worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or brother to help you find a market.

BOXING CHILDREN'S EARS.—Boxing the ears of the children is condemned by a writer in *Good Health*, on sanitary grounds. Anxious parents must, therefore, look up some other mode of punishment, and we are not sure but it will be for the good of the parent to be restrained from what is not only a very handy means of summary discipline, but also, in not a few cases, a very ready way of giving vent to passion, which does both parent and child great moral mischief, aside from the physical damage. This writer says: "Children's ears should never be boxed." The passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one desired to break or overstretch the membrane, he could scarcely devise a more effective means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for its escape but by the membrane giving way. And far too often it does give way, especially if, from any previous disease it has been weakened. Many children are made deaf by boxes in this way; if there is one thing which does the nerve of hearing more harm than almost any other, it is a sudden jar or shock. Children and grown persons alike may be entirely deafened by falls or heavy blows upon the head.

ADVICE TO NERVOUS PEOPLE.—Irritable nerves are best soothed, not by indulgence, but by turning the mind resolutely in another direction. Many pass through life without one close grasp of their position or duties, or even without studying the best means of attaining their own desired ends. Such are more likely than any others to become victims of tyrannical nerves, and are often grossly unreasonable, from the habit of not using their judgment. Above all, real, earnest labor will put to flight a vast train of nervous troubles. Few who are vigorously pursuing a life-work of importance are greatly afflicted with nervousness, and these few may often trace it to the lack of wholesome living and fresh air. A due regard to the laws of health, an earnest purpose in life and regular employment, are the best preventives for the evils of over-sensitive nerves. Training and self-respect will induce us to suppress fears, and to conquer weaknesses. Acts of resolution will teach courage, and a systematic infusion of vigor and self-discipline will render the whole nature superior to the indulgence of a tyrannical and enfeebling nervous system.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES. By K. R. Hagenbach, D. D., Professor of Theology in the University of Basle. Translated from the Last German Edition, with Additions, by Rev. J. F. Hurst, D. D. Two Volumes. 8vo. Pp. 504, 487. New York: Carlton & Lanahan, and Charles Scribner & Co. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

We gave a very brief notice of this important work a month ago, and feel justified in recalling attention to it as a valuable contribution to the study of the history of the Church during the two latest centuries, a period that has been more fruitful in the generation and development of new lines of thought and investigation, of new devotional tendencies, and of new methods of statement and criticism, than any like period that has preceded it. The author is a thorough master of his subject, a voluminous writer, a genial and fruitful theologian; though born a Swiss he is essentially a German, evangelical in his relations to the questions and tendencies discussed, and possessed of a fascinating style that makes his work pleasant reading, notwithstanding the gravity of his themes. The frequent editions of his numerous works treating the history of the Church, prove him to be the most popular of all European writers in that department. The present translation is chiefly the work of Dr. Hurst, now at the head of the Martin Mission Institute at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, whose thorough German scholarship was evidenced by his admirable History of Rationalism, a work the prosecution of which made him all the more competent, not only to be the translator of the work before us, but to append notes expressive of his own views, and to add to the whole a Supplementary Survey on the More Recent History and Present State of the Church in Europe. The enterprise was originally undertaken by Dr. Hurst and Dr. Nadal, now Professor of Church History in the Drew Theological Seminary, but eventually fell into the hands of Dr. Hurst for completion and final revision. Some eleven chapters are from the pen of Dr. Nadal, and for old readers of the Repository we, perhaps, can not give a better taste of the work than by reminding them that they will find three articles of Dr. Nadal's translation from the present work in the volume for 1864, entitled, "The Exile of the Evangelical Salzburgers."

As an outline picture of the period whose history is here studied, we quote the following from the author's introduction:

"The people of the eighteenth century direct their attention with greater interest to political, economical, and industrial life; and ecclesiastical affairs fall more and more into neglect. But precisely here does the dark side of the picture which we are called upon to scrutinize present itself. Indifference in religious

affairs takes its place beside tolerance; persecution for the faith, and enthusiastic devotion to it, pass away together; skepticism grows with illumination, and unbelief wrests the scepter from the hand of superstition, to exercise over the conscience a tyranny equally powerful. And it is exactly the history of this religious and ecclesiastical decline, especially of its causes and consequences, that we propose to investigate. To do this may be less agreeable than to transfer ourselves to those periods of mighty and loyal faith through which we have lately been passing; but it is neither less instructive nor fruitful for our spiritual life. Even to-day we are all wandering, now with open and now with sleep-bewildered and dreaming eyes, among the ruins of the temple whereon our fathers had been building, and to whose demolition thousands of busy children's hands from every side had contributed, until the rude storm of the times broke over it, and tore the last remnant out of joint. We see the fragments, but often we do not know how to fit them together. And though we rejoice at the beautiful and the good, which the creative spirit of the century, in spite of the genius of destruction, has again built up among us, we do not rightly know how the old stands related to the new, nor how it should be related, to insure permanence, and to defy the storm for the future.

To this end it is needful that we should know all sides of the history of this decline, that we may be able to judge what has rightfully fallen into decay, never to rise again, and what has been wrongfully displaced. It is our duty, and the mission of our times, to revive this last as something sacred and established, though it be in another form and in other relations and combinations. A second thing needful to this end is, that we not only know the history of the decline, but that we also learn to mark what has kept alive in the midst of the decay; even that, indeed, which has built itself up, whether in quietness and minuteness, or in more dignified proportions. And, in the mean time, we must not overlook any thing which has contributed, though only in a partial and contracted way, to guard and preserve the germ of improvement. We must look steadily in the eye the spirit of the age, of which so much is said and to which every thing is attributed, whether it fails or succeeds, in order that we may know what it demands; that we may not falsely substitute the whims of our own spirit for the spirit of the age; that we may not arbitrarily harden ourselves against its just demands, nor thoughtlessly allow ourselves to be driven about by every wind of doctrine; and that we may not be of those who fight against God, but of those who openly declare war against whatever is not from him.

THE POPE AND THE COUNCIL. By Janus. Authorized Translation from the German. 12mo. Pp. 346. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This work we merely named a month ago; it deserves much more than a passing notice; it is not only timely in the large amount of information it gives with regard to the present Ecumenical Council in its designs and the attitude of several parties entering into its composition, but is significant as being the production of Catholic pens, and in its earnest protests against Papal pretensions and usurpations. The work bears constant evidence that it emanates from Catholic authorship, and the authors so claim for it, while saying that "for many reasons no names of authors are placed on the title-page." The authors also well say that, "We consider that a work so entirely made up of facts, and supporting all its statements by reference to the original authorities,

must and can speak for itself, without needing any names attached to it." The volume calmly and learnedly, but vigorously and pungently, combats the doctrines of the famous Syllabus, the new dogma about Mary, and Papal infallibility. One great value of this work to Protestants will be found in this fact: that, while it brings forth but few arguments and but few historical references in opposition to these absurd pretensions of Catholicism, which have not already been repeatedly used by Protestant writers, and as repeatedly denied by their Catholic antagonists, yet here they are reproduced, reasserted, sustained by reference to accepted Catholic authorities, and hurled defiantly in the face of the Pope and his Council by Catholic writers themselves! The first chapter with brevity, and yet with telling power, discusses the absurd and dangerous doctrines of the Syllabus, such as the claim for the coercive power of the Church, for the political supremacy of the popes, for the revision of history itself in favor of Catholicism, and its denunciations of freedom of conscience and of modern civilization. A very brief chapter dismisses the new dogma of the bodily assumption of Mary, as a piece of Jesuitical maneuvering to enhance their influence over a superstitious and dogma-loving people. The third chapter, subdivided into thirty-three sections, discusses Papal infallibility. Its chief object is to trace and enforce the process and means by which, during the centuries, the Papal claims and power have grown to their present stature, and especially the claim of personal infallibility. It is a tremendous exposure, indeed, of forged authorities, insatiate ambition, intense corruption, a very Babel of confusion and contradiction, under the pretense of apostolic authority, holiness, and unity. It is intended for and is a most instructive comment on the position and claims of the present Pope, with his Syllabus and his Council to fasten its articles on the civilized world. No Protestant pen, not even that of Luther, ever drew a more humiliating picture of Popery, as centering on the Papal chair and court, than that which these Roman Catholic divines have just given to the world, and which they have supported throughout by constant citation from Romish historians and divines of highest rank, from century to century.

It is a book to be read in this country at these times, when the hand of the Papal power is among us, grasping for power over our education, our children's minds, and all our institutions. Every man interested in the present school question should read this book, to see what power it is that is working among us, and on what its claims are based, and more especially as the American Romish Bishops now at Rome are said to be the reliance of the Pope for unquestioning submission in the Council to his will.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL. By Rev. Albert Barnes. Illustrated. Large 12mo. Pp. 496. Cincinnati: Zeigler, McCurdy & Co. Sold only by Subscription.

This is another of the really excellent works that these enterprising publishers are giving widely to the

public through their vast system of agencies. We can not refrain from repeating our gratification, that a great change has taken place in the character of what are generally known as "subscription books," especially in the hands of these publishers, who give to the people really valuable books in excellent style and substantial workmanship. The venerable Albert Barnes has given his latest years and best learning to this book, and has produced a volume that we are sure will receive an extensive welcome. It is not merely a biography of the great apostle, it is something better than that; it gives a just and connected view of his character and life, but uses that character in its striking elements, as illustrative of the true Christian character, and that life of eminent activities as exemplary of the true Christian life. It is, therefore, at once a powerful demonstration of the truth of Christianity, and a sublime illustration of its power over the human heart and life.

DAILY BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS: Being Original Readings for a Year on Subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology. By John Kitto, D. D., F. S. A. Four Volumes. Large 12mo. Pp. 847, 866, 837, 881. \$7. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Geo. Crosby.

This work has been long and favorably before the public in an edition of eight volumes, selling for \$14. The present edition is printed on good paper, a little thinner, bound in four volumes, and sold at \$7. It is an able and valuable work, Scriptural library in itself, and in its present form remarkably cheap. It consists of a selection of Scripture subjects chiefly from the historical books of the Old and New Testaments. The sacred history is taken in regular course, each reading presenting a separate and distinct subject, though a visible coherence is given to all the parts, not only by the historical order adopted, but by attention being given to the leading events, between which the lesser subjects naturally arrange themselves and by which they are connected. A vast amount of Biblical knowledge is thus presented, not usually accessible but to persons possessed of large and curious libraries.

Here, also, is found in easy and unpretending shape, the real fruits of much learned discussion and painstaking research. The careful thought which the author gave to these subjects, and his intimate acquaintance with the manners, customs, and ideas of the eastern nations—which most nearly resemble the ancient Hebrews—peculiarly fitted him for the preparation of this great work.

THE PRIMEVAL WORLD OF HEBREW TRADITION. By Frederick Henry Hedge. 16mo. Pp. 283. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We named this book a month ago, but preferred to examine it more closely before pronouncing upon it. It strikes us as an example of a vast waste of paper in the form in which it is issued. We like some old things in the art of book-making, but the enormous margins, leaving space enough along the

side of the pages to print another book on, and used for no purpose but to indicate the number of the chapter, is an old thing that it is well to let "pass away." With this exception the book is a very neat one. As to its contents, we can by no means recommend it to general readers. It deals in a very free and easy manner with the sacred oracles, reduces their statements to fable, or myth, or allegory at pleasure, has no trouble with the question of inspiration, treats the facts of the Bible as "primeval traditions," and yet, as they are the best of ancient traditions, they have great weight of a certain kind with the writer. Understanding thus the stand-point of the author to be that free and easy one from which the great facts of Scripture can be treated *ad libitum*, the book is well worth reading, for there are in it some fine thoughts, some original suggestions, and many really eloquent passages. We infinitely prefer, however, to take a much more positive and realistic view of the grand old facts of Creation, Paradise, the Fall, the Deluge, and others which are discussed in this book.

THE ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. *A Metrical Translation into English. With Introduction and Commentaries.* By Lord Lytton. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.75.

The popularity of Horace is as enduring as the language in which he wrote. His own prophecy of his future fame is fulfilled in a sense which he never anticipated; and nations and realms never dreamed of by him now read his poems with as great delight as his own countrymen in his own time. Equally at home with princes and peasants, in town or in country, in luxury and in scarcity, in the favor of courts or in exile from his friends, his good-humor never deserts him and his sympathy for universal humanity never fails. It is this which has secured his popularity, for he is the priest and the prophet of all. No Roman bard has been more read and more admired. None has more often been translated; the works of none have been more frequently edited and published. Lord Lytton's translation is a close imitation of the Latin style and Latin meters. While metrical it is not rhymed, nor is there any expansion of the thought. The same number of verses appear in the Latin and the English, which are here printed on opposite pages. Not slavishly literal to the word, it is faithful to the spirit; and we have read no version of the odes and epodes that we regard equal to this. Lord Lytton is a poet himself of no mean order; and a poet is required to interpret a poet. This our author has admirably done.

RAMBLES THROUGH THE BRITISH ISLES. By Rev. R. Harcourt. With Sixty Engravings. 12mo. Pp. 349. New York: N. Tibbals & Son.

The name of Mr. Harcourt will be recognized as the author of several illustrated articles issued last year in the Repository, such as "The Land of Burns," and "The Home of Sir Walter Scott." The present volume contains a full report of his "rambles"

through England, Ireland, and Scotland, written in the same style. They are very readable, and "put some things" in a form somewhat different from that of other travelers and writers. The book is issued in handsome style.

THE HOLY GRAIL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L. 16mo. Pp. 202. \$1. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This last effusion of Tennyson was waited for with high expectations, and they have been fully met. Like the "Idyls of the King," it produces picturesque legends of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. This volume contains four idyls—The Coming of Arthur, The Holy Grail, Sir Pelleas and Ettarre, and The Passing of Arthur. To these are added miscellaneous poems, some of which are now printed for the first time. To meet the tastes and means of all classes, the work is brought out in three different styles: in cloth, uniform with "Idyls of the King," one dollar; uniform with the *Farringford* Tennyson, in paper covers, twenty-five cents; uniform with the *Half-Dollar* Tennyson, paper covers, ten cents.

A GENEALOGICAL HISTORY OF THE DESCENDANTS OF JOSEPH PECK. By Ira B. Peck. 8vo. Pp. 442. \$5. Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son.

This is in a line of literature that is yet in its infancy in America, and we have no objection to its ever remaining in the order of dwarfs. We do not believe that the soil and atmosphere of the great Republic will ever give it a very vigorous growth. We gather, however, from the Introduction that this volume is intended for private circulation in the widely extended family whose genealogical history it contains. We are quite free to concede that, if any American family deserves this gathering up and preserving of the family history, the Peck family does, and we admire the patience, diligence, and developments which the author has displayed in gathering the vast materials for his book. Joseph Peck emigrated to this country in 1638, and the author searches out his pedigree for twenty preceding generations. From Joseph has descended an immense posterity. The volume contains over six thousand names, among them many that have become famous in history. We find here two portraits and sketches that show when and how the Peck family touched the line of Methodist history, namely, those of Drs. George and Jesse T. Peck.

SHAKSPEARE'S MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. Illustrated with Designs by P. Konwika. Quarto. Pp. 88. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

The "Midsummer-Night's Dream" we consider, in some respects, the masterpiece of Shakspeare. Its wonderful creations, its weird, wild conceptions, its strange and unexpected combinations, its grotesque blending of fancy and reality, are the highest demonstrations of the marvelous imagination of the author. The present edition is a fit setting for the

unique comedy. It is characterized first by all that can be done for it by the printer's art. Then, in its illustrations, we have embellishments as novel as they are beautiful. They are executed in what is known as the silhouette style—a profile picture in black, on a white or tinted ground. We did not believe it possible to produce such effects with the simple mechanism of clear black on a pale, yellow tint. Yet here it is; every character is perfect in all its proportions, challenging at once the attention and admiration of the beholder, who instantly forgets the strange character and color of the pictures, while he gazes on the beauty and grace of the forms, attitudes, and sometimes grotesque humor of the representations. A very neat ideal picture of Helena in steel graces the title-page.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON.
With Numerous Illustrations. Large 8vo. Pp. 232. \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a very neat and remarkably cheap edition of the entire works of the poet-laureate, even to the

last issue, "The Holy Grail." The print, though small, is very clear, and the illustrations are numerous and excellent.

RAYS FROM THE SUN; or, *Twelve Lectures on the Bible.*

BIBLE PORTRAITS; *Nine Short Addresses to Children.*

CRUMBS FROM THE BREAD OF LIFE.

MY BIBLE-CLASS; *With an Essay on Bible-Class Teaching. By a Scripture Teacher.*

ANNIVERSARY GEMS. *By Rev. Samuel L. Gracey.*

These five little volumes have been sent to our Table by Messrs. Perkenpine & Higgins. The first three are from the pen of S. P. Green, and show that the author understands perfectly how to speak to children and to write for them. We scarcely know to whom most to recommend these books, whether to teachers as excellent examples, or to the children to whom they are really addressed. The last of the list consists of addresses, recitations, conversations, and Scriptural illustrations for Sunday-school concerts and anniversaries.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.—The third Annual Report of this vigorous young society lies on our table. The past year has been one of great prosperity, the Society having sent more teachers into the field, taught more pupils, erected more school-houses, raised more money, and led more souls to Christ than during any previous year. The object contemplated in the formation of this Society, and to which it still closely adheres, is the relief and education of the freedmen, a work to be accomplished in connection with our Missionary and Church Extension Societies. The success of the enterprise thus far indicates the wisdom of its founders. It has awakened a profound interest in behalf of this deeply wronged race, increased the amount of the contributions to this cause, and supplemented with schools our missionary movement in the South.

The Society has now entered upon its fourth year's labor. During the past year it has sustained in the field more than one hundred teachers, instructed ten thousand pupils in day-schools, and eight thousand in Sunday-schools, erected several normal-school and college edifices, led ten thousand to Christ, appropriating in this work nearly one hundred thousand dollars toward the elevation of this unfortunate race. Eternity alone can reveal the vast amount of good accomplished by this instrumentality.

The work which demands especial attention at this time is twofold. First, to sustain our college and normal schools. The Society has inaugurated seven institutions of learning of a high grade, where teachers can be educated for the common-schools,

and where young men called of God to the ministry can be properly trained and educated. The great want of the South is educated teachers and preachers. These must, to a great extent, be colored, for no others can so easily gain access to the freedmen, and so successfully lead them forward in the great movement of the age. They will be greatly influenced for weal or woe by leaders from their own race, and it is a duty from which we can not escape, to furnish intelligent and moral men for this purpose. Ignorant and incompetent instructors will prove a terrible calamity to them, and perpetuate the evils and superstitions from which they have so deeply suffered.

From these institutions, established and sustained by the Society, hundreds have already gone forth to cultivate the wide-spread field of usefulness. But thousands are needed, where only scores can be furnished. There is no lack of promising youth who desire to consecrate themselves to the noble work, but the funds for this purpose are wanting. Teachers must be provided, transportation secured, school-houses and dormitories furnished, while the pupils do what they can to provide themselves with food and clothing.

Secondly, To sustain schools in places selected by our missionaries, so that teachers and ministers may co-operate in elevating and saving the people. The society has fifty schools in connection with our missions that can not be abandoned without great peril to the enterprise. The teachers co-operate with the missionaries in preaching the Gospel, holding meet-

ings, sustaining Sunday-schools, and in every good work calculated to educate the people and save their souls. In our foreign missionary work teachers and schools are employed with great advantage, and the highest success in the South can not be realized without them. The necessity of mission schools to supplement our mission work, and the inability of the Missionary Society, with its heavy responsibilities, to respond to this appeal, called into existence this Society. Schools give access to the people which we can not get in any other way. They furnish an argument in favor of the benevolence of our mission that the freedmen can easily understand, and that our enemies can not refute. The establishment of a flourishing school affords a bright prospect of a good Church; and those that love Methodism should contribute to our own Freedmen's Aid Society, that the schools may be under Methodistic control, so that the Church that springs from the schools may be of like faith and practice. We are able to assure the friends of this Society that the funds donated have been most judiciously expended. No greater work for God and humanity, and none more extensive in its influence, has been accomplished with equal expenditures.

An inducement to contribute liberally to this cause, which is peculiar to this Society, may be found in the fact that the Freedmen's Bureau graduates its appropriations to the amount of funds raised from all other sources. Increased contributions to our Society for the education of freedmen are followed by increased appropriations from Government.

The work of God is rapidly spreading through the South. A *quarter of a million of souls* have been gathered into the fold within the past few years, a fact which vindicates the wisdom of the policy pursued by the Church. This is one of the grandest fields of missionary effort ever presented. Millions of ignorant people, identified with our political and religious destiny, anxious for schools, churches, and ministers, appeal to us for assistance. We dare not turn a deaf ear to their cry for help. Never, in the history of our race, has there been an appeal so pathetic, so forcible to the philanthropy of a civilized people, as is made by the freedmen at this crisis. We are convinced that this Society has successfully inaugurated a most important movement, which, if liberally sustained by our people for a few years longer, will prove itself to be a powerful instrumentality in elevating a degraded race, in increasing the prosperity of the South, in restoring harmony to the Union, and in securing an element of permanent strength to the Church of God.

A VALUABLE CHART.—We have had on our Table for some weeks an ingenious and valuable chart of the earliest Biblical history and times, prepared by William W. Awl, M. D., of Columbus, Ohio. In this chart the author has worked out and presented in tabular form the most prominent facts of chronology, from the creation to the exodus, in which he shows at a glance how the traditions of the Creation and Fall could be handed down so that Moses could

receive them at fifth hand from Adam, and the facts of the Covenant and the Deluge at third hand. Adam is shown to have been contemporary with eight generations of his descendants, and Shem contemporary with Methuselah and Lamech, both of whom were contemporary with Adam; so that this vast period is spanned by two hands, stretching over sixteen and a half centuries.

The notices of persons and events, in this most interesting and important period, are so condensed, and are presented in such admirable and intelligible form, that every student of Scripture will value it for its well-tabulated facts, and it will be highly useful in the minister's study, and in the Sabbath-school, as "*multum in parvo*." He further shows the interesting fact that Heber, contemporary with Shem, was the last of the long-lived patriarchs, who handed down the traditions to Abraham, after which human life was shortened by more than one-half, as there was henceforth a system of Divine revelations that would supersede the oral traditions. The chart is one of great interest and value for all Bible readers. We understand our agents, Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden, are arranging for the sale of this excellent chart, and it may be ordered through them.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.—We like the ring of the following words from Moore's Rural New Yorker. They come much nearer the divine and truly human ideal of marriage than the transcendental nonsense that is nowadays corrupting the hearts of the people:

"It is getting quite common for people to meet their affinities, get divorced, and remarry. One would suppose that happiness, according to their estimates, would be secured. There is no mutual respect where there are such antecedents. Such can never be true marriage unless crime has caused the separation, and even then how infinitely better to have endured unto the end! "But my husband was a drunkard." "Was he a drunkard when you married him?" "No!" "Then what determined him to that? Did you bear with him kindly and gently? Did you patiently try to save him?" "Yes." "Then the curse was inherited. Can you not bear with him as you could with a badly deformed person? You are not accountable to Heaven for his course, but you certainly are for your own." There is so much heroism in the world—men who go home to careless, reckless wives and ill-kept houses, and utter not a word of reproach here and carry no word of complaint to the world; women who screen the husband's faults, even from their children, and bear the burden of neglect and care with a saint-like fortitude. They asked no divorce. They love on and hope on, to the end, and when God puts his seal on their foreheads we know what heroism their lives contained."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We are sorry that we find ourselves left with no space in which to speak of our beautiful steel engravings for the present month. Fortunately they are both of a kind that speak for themselves. The famous town of Baden-Baden needs no introduction to our readers, and "Home Farewell" will at once tell all its meaning to the heart.



Illustration by W. H. Furness, 1880. The illustration is a circular vignette showing a girl at a spring.

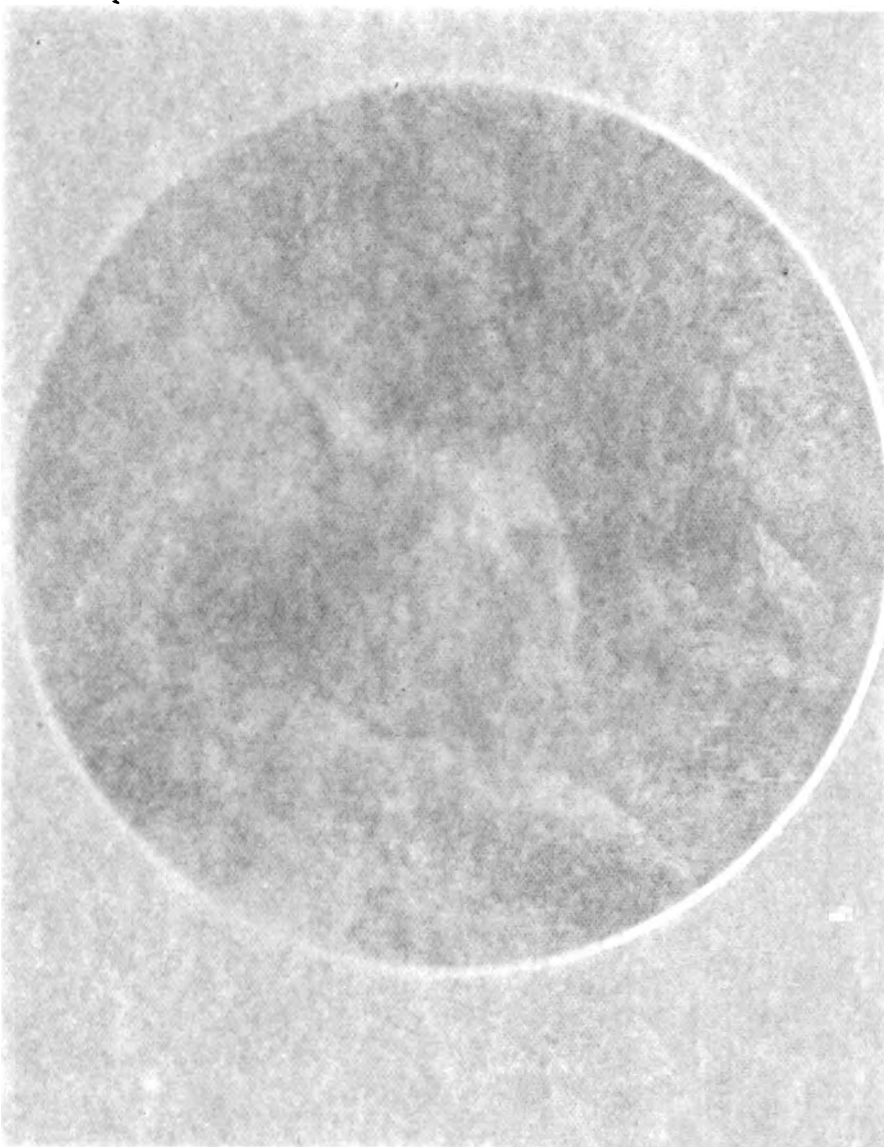


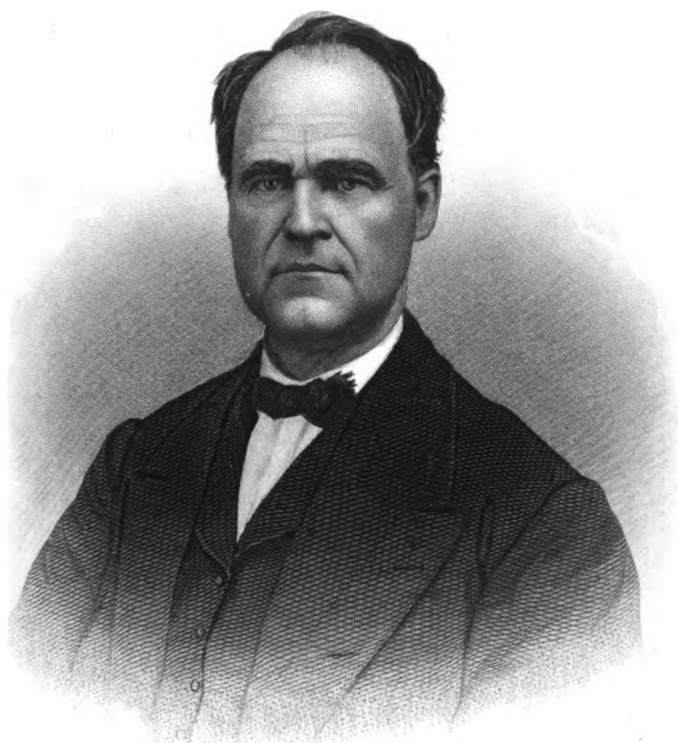


GIRL AT THE SPRING.

Illustration by W. B. Thompson, for the Ladies' magazine, from a painting by J. M. W. Turner.







THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1870

APRIL.

CERVANTES.

AS Philip III, of Spain, was one day overlooking the city of Madrid from a balcony of his palace, he observed a student with a book in his hand, alternately reading and striking his forehead with extraordinary tokens of delight. "Either that student is crazy," said the King, "or he is reading Don Quixote." Upon inquiry the latter was really found to be the case. But notwithstanding the unprecedented success of this remarkable work, Cervantes himself was neglected and went unrewarded. While Lope de Vega, his voluminous contemporary, amassed a large fortune from the proceeds of his plays, and lived in affluence, Cervantes, earning a bare subsistence by the labors of his pen, occupied a sky-parlor upon the same street, and acquired fame if not fortune. Poverty obliged him to write, but his penury has enriched the world.

It is the old story of the *res angusta domi* of poets and authors, from Homer, the blind old bard of Chios singing his ballads and rhapsodies along the streets and at the public festivals, to Sam. Johnson, the leviathan of literature, skulking behind a screen to conceal his shabbiness, and munching a plate of victuals, sent him from the table, like a menial, as he listened with delight to the encomiums of a more favored guest upon his literary performances. It is the sad Story of Steele battling with bailiffs—of Goldsmith welcoming a jail to avoid suicide, of Thomson, "put to his shifts for a dinner," becoming an inmate of a sponging-house in Holborn—of Mitford, who could not afford three-pence for a "den in St. Giles," sleeping upon a bed of nettles in Bays-water Fields—of the author of Hudibras starving in a garret, though his royal master was graciously pleased to carry

a copy of his immortal work in his pocket—of Savage imprisoned for debt, and leaving his corpse to the jailer to defray the expenses of his funeral—of Jean Paul, the penniless youth, prosecuting his literary pursuits amid the "jingle of household operations," and enjoying only the latter half of the prisoner's allowance of bread and water; or of poor Hazlitt pacing up and down Paternoster Row, with fire on his brain, and a volcano in his breast, trying to borrow a shilling to satisfy the cravings of a hunger that had not been appeased with a mouthful for the last eight and forty hours. All this is melancholy enough; but it is not surprising when authors lived like the tailor of Campillo, who worked for nothing and found his thread, that they should die like Rabelais, whose last will and testament might serve as a model for them all—"I owe much; I possess nothing; I give the rest to the poor."

Of the nativity and early life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra but little is certainly known. Like Homer, seven cities claimed the honor of his birth. He was probably born at Alcaná de Henares, in the province of Castile, in October, 1547. Of poor, though noble parentage, his real patent of nobility dates from the publication of the incomparable Don Quixote. It is supposed that he removed, with his parents, in 1554 to Madrid, where he remained until 1568. Judging from his works, we may infer that he enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, an inference that is confirmed by the testimony of his instructor, Joan Lopez de Hoyos, Professor of Belles-Lettres in the University of Madrid. At an early age he betrayed a strong inclination for poetry, which resulted in his *Filena*, a pastoral romance, together with several ballads, sonnets, and elegies.

At the age of twenty-two he obtained the

situation of Chamberlain to the Cardinal Giulio Acquaviva, whom, in 1569, he had accompanied to Rome. His term of service, however, was short, as he doubtless found the monotonous routine of his official duties rather irksome to one of his ardent temperament and romantic proclivities. He accordingly, in the following year, joined the allied forces under Don John, of Austria, in the war of the Holy Alliance against the Turks. In the celebrated naval battle of Lepanto, which took place soon after, he fought with distinguished bravery, receiving a wound that deprived him of the use of his left arm for the remainder of his life. After serving in the army as a common soldier for several years, during which time he bore a distinguished part in several important expeditions, he received an honorable discharge with a view of returning to his native country. This was in 1575. On his return passage from Italy to Spain, however, the galley in which he sailed was captured by a Barbary corsair and taken to Algiers, where Cervantes and an older brother, who had embarked with him, were sold into slavery. After making several fruitless attempts to escape from his cruel and barbarous bondage, he was finally ransomed by his relatives and friends and restored to his native land.

Thus, after ten years of absence and hardship, during which time he served five years as a soldier and as many more as a slave, he returned to his home, maimed for life and almost penniless; yet with a mind enriched by observation and experience, his memory replete with incident and adventure, and his imagination glowing with images of classic beauty and Oriental splendor; all of which he turned to so good account in the admirable delineations of his unrivaled romances.

Another brief period of military enlistment ensued, when he abandoned the service of Mars for that of the Muses. During the next ten years he wrote for the stage, producing in the mean time a score or more of dramas, two of which only remain, *El Trato de Argel* and the *Numancia*. In 1584 he published *La Galatea*, a pastoral romance of considerable merit, in which he probably celebrates, under the name of Elicio, his own love for Donna Catalina de Salazar, to whom he was married on the 12th of December the same year. In 1588 he removed from Madrid to Seville. Here he found employment as a commissary's agent, and, as he says of himself, laid aside his pen and took leave of the drama.

For several years the history of the poet is involved in obscurity, though it is probable, from the minute descriptions he has given of its

topography, manners, and customs, that he must have resided for some time at La Mancha, where, for some reason not well ascertained, he was thrown into prison.

Don Quixote was published in 1605. This celebrated work, which has rendered the name of Cervantes so illustrious, was, like the Pilgrim's Progress, born in a dungeon. Though the author in his preface had styled it "a legend as dry as a rush," it was universally read, and as universally admired. All Europe was thrown into ecstasies of delight and paroxysms of laughter over its delicate wit and inimitable humor, while the most eminent artists vied with each other in representing upon wood, canvas, and copper-plate, the wild and extravagant exploits of its redoubtable hero. "I will lay a wager," says Sancho, "that before long there will not be a chop-house, a hedge-tavern, or a barber's shop, where the history of our exploits will not be painted and posted up." And so it was.

In 1603 we find him at Valladolid, where he resided until the removal of the Court to Madrid, when he again took up his residence in that city, and there passed the remainder of his life. Disappointed in his anticipations of court preferment, he now led a life of retirement, busily employed in the composition and revision of his works. In 1613 he again appeared before the public in his *Novelas Exemplares*, a series of instructive tales, twelve in number, which, though they have but little in common with the Decameron, have obtained for their author the appellation of the Spanish Boccaccio. In the following year he brought out the *Viage al Parnaso*—Journey to Parnassus—in which he characterizes himself, owing to the destitution of his wardrobe, as the "Adam of poets."

A spurious continuation of Don Quixote appeared in 1614 under the pseudonym of Avelaneda, in the preface to which Cervantes was attacked with the most vulgar abuse. He revenged himself by producing the Second Part of Don Quixote in the following year, which lost nothing by the anticipation of its illegitimate rival. In truth, it is generally considered as superior to the First Part. In the mean time he had published eight new plays and interludes, which, however, were unsuccessful. His *Persiles* and *Sigismunda* were composed during his last illness, and were not published until after his death. He had long been a sufferer, and now, with "one foot in the stirrup," he cheerfully awaited the summons to set out upon the longest, and, at the same time, the shortest of all journeys. He died of dropsy on the 23d of April, 1616—the same day and year on which

Shakspeare died—in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and was buried without funeral pomp in the Convent of the Trinitarians. That was a sad day for literature when she lost two such favorites as Shakspeare and Cervantes.

By way of recapitulation, we may be allowed to transcribe the following racy biographical summary by Viardôt:

"Born of a family honorable, but poor; receiving, in the first instance, a liberal education, but thrown into domestic servitude by calamity; page, *valet de chambre*, and afterward soldier; crippled at the battle of Lepanto; distinguished at the capture of Tunis; taken by a Barbary corsair; captive for five years in the slave dépôts of Algiers; ransomed by public charity, after every effort to effect his liberation by industry and courage had been made in vain; again a soldier in Portugal and the Azores; struck with a woman noble and poor like himself; recalled one moment to letters by love, and exiled from them the next by distress; recompensed for his services and talents by the magnificent appointment of clerk to a victualing board; accused of malversation with regard to the public money; thrown into prison by the king's ministers; released after proving his innocence; subsequently again imprisoned by mutinous peasants; became by profession a poet and a general agent; transacting, to gain a livelihood, negotiations by commission, and writing dramas for the theater; discovering, when more than fifty years of age, the true bent of his genius; ignorant what patron he could induce to accept of the dedication of his work; finding the public indifferent to a book, at which they condescended to laugh, but did not appreciate and could not comprehend; finding also jealous rivals, by whom he was ridiculed and defamed; pursued by want even to old age; forgotten by the many, unknown to all, and dying at last in solitude and poverty—such, during his life and at his death, was Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra."

As to his personal appearance, Cervantes was of medium stature, with a fair complexion, auburn hair, red beard, lively blue eyes, and an aquiline nose; of a cheerful temper and a magnanimous disposition, he was beloved by his friends and respected by his enemies. Neither extreme poverty, nor bitter misfortune, nor mortal disease could repress that genial flow of pleasantry and humor, which was so eminently characteristic not only of his writings, but of his every-day life. His generosity was equal to his genius. While a slave in Algiers he concerted a plan of escape for himself and thirteen of his fellow-captives. Before he was able to

carry it into execution his design was betrayed, when they were all summoned before the Dey, who promised them their lives on condition they would designate the contriver of the plot. "I was that person," exclaimed the intrepid Cervantes; "save my companions and let me perish." The Dey was so struck with this magnanimous conduct that he not only spared his life, but accepted his ransom and set him at liberty.

Though his dramas and novels are not without superior merit, the fame of Cervantes, as is well known, rests chiefly on the *Don Quixote*. Conceived within the walls of a prison, prosecuted amid the urgent demands of an unfriendly fortune, and finally completed as he was nearing the goal of three-score and ten, under the accumulated pressure of want, disappointment, and disease, this remarkable production, with its tissues of diverting incidents and romantic adventures, its brilliant fancies and flashes of humor, is indeed a miracle of genius. The principal object of this work, which it most successfully accomplished, was to ridicule, and thereby bring into disrepute, the innumerable popular novels of the day on knight-errantry. "Spain," says Voltaire, "has produced only one good book, the one that shows that all others are ridiculous." It was intended, as the author himself says in his preface, as a satire on the extravagant tales of chivalry. To this task he brought a penetrating intellect, a thorough insight into character, a fertile imagination, an inexhaustible invention, a delicate wit, and an exquisite humor that has rendered the *Don Quixote*, with its crack-brained hero and his cowardly squire, not only the most popular of romances, but the pride and boast of Castilian literature.

A satire without bitterness, it convinces without reasoning, and instructs without moralizing. By means of a very simple fable the author furnishes us a true picture of Spanish life, replete with incident and bristling with adventure, while he recites the exploits of his principal hero in language at once so elevated and well-sustained that a satirical romance almost rises to the dignity of a national epic. He presents us two symbolical types of the Middle Ages, we might almost say of every age—a soul giving itself up to noble impulses and generous self-sacrifices, and a body taking very good care of its precious epidermis. These two in their normal development are always in conflict. What a spectacle is presented in this mock heroic tournament! Sentimental illusions tilting at prosaic realities and placed *hors de combat* at every encounter! The selfish instincts of matter curbing the generous impulses of spirit!

Amiable fictions gibbeted upon inexorable facts. Utopian vagaries and rose-colored fancies colliding with practical experience and plain common sense. The poetry and romance of life ever grimly confronted by its plebeian prose.

It is in the constant opposition of these two symbolical types of character, presenting such striking contrasts that we find the greatest charm of the Don Quixote. In the famous tilt against the wind-mills, which the disordered imagination of the unlucky knight transformed into giants, when Don Quixote, bruised, bleeding, and well-nigh disjointed in the unequal conflict, lay in such evil plight on the hotly contested field of combat, he is thus comforted and consoled by the stolid, matter-of-fact Sancho Panza.

"Did I not warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but wind-mills? And nobody could mistake them but one who had the like in his head."

So, too, in his brilliant charge upon a squadron of sheep, which appeared to him nothing less than a powerful army of gallant knights in magnificent array, led on by the great Emperor Alifanfaron against his enemy Pentapolin of the naked arm.

"How sayest thou, Sancho? Hearest thou not the neighing of the steeds, the sound of trumpets, and the rattling of drums?"

"I hear nothing," answers the simple Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs."

"Thy fears, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "prevent thee from hearing or seeing aright, for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they really are; and if thou art so much afraid, retire and leave me alone, for with my single arm I shall insure victory to that side which I favor with my assistance." Then clapping spurs to Rosinante, and setting his lance in rest, he darted down the hillock like lightning.

The gallant knight, after charging the flock of sheep with great courage and intrepidity, until brought to the ground by a shower of stones from the slings of the exasperated shepherds, one of which carried away three or four of his teeth, while another "buried a couple of ribs in his body," is left for dead on the field. Sancho running to him, finds him in a very evil plight, though not quite bereaved of reason; and thus, with the most provoking coolness, insists upon taking a common-sense view of this melancholy affair:

"Did I not beg you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back; for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?"

Don Quixote, by way of indoctrinating his

simple squire more fully in the mysteries of knight-errantry, explains how hostile squadrons may be transformed into flocks of sheep, by the power of an unfriendly enchantment, and then discourses upon the vicissitudes of a fickle fortune, and the mysterious dispensations of an all-wise Providence; which leads Sancho to observe, that his "worship would make a better preacher than knight-errant." This, however, so far from giving offense, is construed into a well-deserved compliment by the gallant cavalier, who continues in a strain of paternal fondness and familiarity, which convinces us that the knight and his squire are upon the best possible terms, notwithstanding the radical differences in their rank and disposition.

"Pray to God, my son, and lead on whither thou wilt; for this time I leave our lodging to thy choice; but reach hither thy hand and feel how many grinders are wanting on the right side of my upper jaw; for there I feel the pain." Sancho put his fingers into his mouth, and, feeling about, said, "How many teeth had your worship on this side?"

"Four," answered Don Quixote, "besides the eye-tooth, all perfect and sound."

"Think what you say, sir," said Sancho.

"I say four, if not five," answered Don Quixote, "for in my whole life I never had tooth nor grinder drawn, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay."

"Well, then," said Sancho, "on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half; and in the upper, neither half nor whole; all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand."

"Unfortunate that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing these sad tidings from his squire, "I had rather they tore off an arm, provided it were not the sword arm; for thou must know, Sancho, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone, and that a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But to all this we who profess the strict order of chivalry are liable. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on."

"Don Quixote," says Hallam, "is the only book in the Spanish language which can now be said to possess much of a European reputation. It has, however, enjoyed enough to compensate for the neglect of all the rest. It is to Europe in general what Ariosto is to Italy, and Shakespeare to England; the one book to which the slightest allusion may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit. Numerous translations, and countless editions of them, in every language, bespeak its adaptation to mankind: no critic has been paradoxical enough to withhold his admiration; no reader has

ventured to confess a want of relish for that in which the young and old, in every climate, have, age after age, taken delight."

Though the subordinate characters in the *Don Quixote* are drawn with great fidelity and skill, Cervantes appears to have lavished the whole wealth of his genius upon the two principal personages, *Don Quixote*, the doughty knight, and *Sancho Panza*, his faithful squire.

Sancho, short, stout, and adipose, seated upon *Dapple*, his patient, prosaic donkey, and equipped with wallet and leathern bottle, accouterments that minister to his ignoble aspirations more effectually than sword and buckler, is in most striking contrast to the tall, gaunt figure of his dignified and knightly master. A strange compound of shrewdness and fidelity, simple ignorance and proverbial wisdom—a mixture of the most contemptible qualities, with much that belongs to the better part of our nature, he not only interests and amuses us, but somehow contrives, not only to secure our good opinion, but to retain it to the very last.

Don Quixote, the "knight of the sorrowful figure," mounted upon his lean and homely steed, the faithful *Rosinante*, with his rusty armor and pasteboard visor—a pike for a lance, and a barber's basin for a helmet, notwithstanding his partial insanity, which, as he sallies forth in quest of adventures, metamorphoses windmills into giants, prostitutes into princesses, and country taverns into turreted castles, is, nevertheless, a noble and courteous cavalier, the very soul of honor and magnanimity, whose misfortunes awaken our sympathy, while his whimsical fancies excite our ridicule.

And yet beneath the surface of this perpetual laughter there is an under-current of deep pathos. It is the exaggerated mirth of a man, broken by misfortune, weighed down by disease, stung by ingratitude, crippled, neglected, ridiculed, deceived, defamed, languishing in poverty, pining in prison, and dying in solitude. There is something very touching in all this, all the more so, as it is not only Cervantes who thus laughs and sings, suffers and dies.

"The style of Cervantes in his *Don Quixote*," says Sismondi, "possesses an inimitable beauty which no translation can approach. It exhibits the nobleness, the candor, and the simplicity of the ancient romances of chivalry, together with a liveliness of coloring, a precision of expression, and a harmony in its periods, which have never been equaled by any other Spanish writer. The few passages in which *Don Quixote* harangues his auditors, have gained great celebrity by their oratorical beauty. Such, for example, are his observations on the marvels of the Age

of Gold, which he addresses to the shepherds who are offering him nuts. In this dialogue the language of *Don Quixote* is lofty and sustained; it has all the pomp and grace of antiquity. His words, like his person, seem always surrounded with cuirass and morion; and this style becomes more amusing when contrasted with the plebeian language of *Sancho Panza*."

As a poet, Cervantes does not take a high rank. *Don Francesco Manuel de Mello* pronounced him to be as barren in verse as he was fertile in prose, while a contemporary dramatic author mortified the pride of the poet by observing that "much might be expected from his prose, but nothing from his poetry." These criticisms perhaps are rather severe, though Cervantes himself, in his *Parnaso*, expresses some doubt with regard to his poetical powers. We venture, however, to subjoin the following as a specimen, if this may fairly be predicated of even the best translation:

DON QUIXOTE'S SONG.

"Love, with idleness its friend,
O'er a maiden gains its end;
But let business and employment
Fill up every careful moment;
These an antidote will prove
'Gainst the poisonous arts of love.
Maidens that aspire to marry,
In their looks reserve should carry;
Modesty their price should raise,
And be the herald of their praise.
Knights whom toils of arms employ,
With the free may laugh and toy;
But the modest only choose
When they tie the nuptial noose.
Love that rises with the sun,
With his setting beams is gone.
Love that, guest-like, visits hearts,
When the banquet's o'er departs;
And the love that comes to-day,
And to-morrow wings its way,
Leaves no traces on the soul,
Its affections to control.
Where a sovereign beauty reigns,
Fruitless are a rival's pains;
O'er a finished picture, who
E'er a second picture drew?
Fair *Dulcinea*, queen of beauty,
Rules my heart and claims its duty;
Nothing there can take its place,
Naught her image can erase,
Whether fortune smiles or frown,
Constancy's the lover's crown;
And, its force divine to prove,
Miracles performs in love."

TRUE science and true religion are twin sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis.

SYMPATHY.

PART I.

A REMARKABLE woman was Miss Dorothy Webb. Every body acknowledged that. She had been a remarkable child, a remarkable young damsel, and had ripened naturally and without effort into the remarkable woman. She was remarkable in more ways than one, as most sensible women are, but she had her forte, her hobby, her particular remarkability. Miss Dorothy's speciality was sympathy.

In this cold world, where personal interests and individual cares or aches seem to shut most people into themselves, what power so sweet, what gift so delightful as the ability to enter into the feelings of the sad-hearted or overtaken wayfarers along life's journey, and so bear another's burden as to fulfill the law of Christ!

"Are you going out, Dorothy?"

It was a sweet voice, indeed, that asked this question, but Miss Dorothy turned from the looking-glass where she was arranging her collar with an expression on her face that would have been unamiable, to say the least, if she had not been a remarkable woman.

"Yes, I am going out. Why do you ask?"

"Only because I thought I would go over and try on little Nannie's dress if you were going to be at home. You do not like to have the house left to itself, you know. Perhaps I could slip over there now and get back before you leave. In half an hour, any way."

"No, I am going directly. And if any one calls while I am out I want to know it. I shall be back early, so you need not look so disappointed."

"I was thinking of Nannie's disappointment. She is depending on having the dress done this week."

"Beggars must n't be choosers, sister Ruth."

"No, but the little thing has set her heart on going to the Sabbath-school next Sunday, and she has so few pleasures. But perhaps I can finish it if I work on it this evening instead of going to class-meeting."

"I wonder, Ruth," said Miss Dorothy, angrily, "that you will tie yourself down to this kind of work. You are never free from it. You do n't give yourself the least leisure to go out among people and find out their troubles, and give them a helping word in season. You tire yourself till even our light housekeeping is a burden to you. You have n't time even to dress yourself properly. I was quite mortified when Mrs. Fielding called on us."

"Susie Fielding?" Aunt Ruth brightened at the name in spite of her sister's lecture. "She is one of my dearest friends, Dorothy."

"So it seems. I can't understand it, though. Did you hear what she said when you came into the parlor in that loose wrapper, and your face as red as fire?"

"I was ironing, Dorothy. But what did she say? Nothing unkind, I know."

"She said, 'Your sister is altered since I saw her. But her husband was alive then, and he would not permit her to be a household drudge.' Those were her very words, and she looked as if she thought somebody was to blame about it. Of course, I did n't tell her that you were hurrying the ironing to get time to go over and dress old Paul Dunbar's blisters."

"Poor old man!" said Aunt Ruth softly, her eyes filling with tears, "he is almost home. He won't live through this week. His troubles are almost over. I must go in there this evening. It is like standing at the gate of heaven. Such a good, happy old Christian!" Aunt Ruth added dreamily. "May my last end be like his!"

She left the room as she spoke, and Miss Dorothy turned again to the glass.

"Poor Ruth!" she sighed. "How different we are! We were never alike as children. And now she is too old to change. Two years older than I am. She looks ten years older," said Miss Dorothy, with a gratified glance into the mirror. "She is not to blame, poor thing," she went on, "if she can not enter into my feelings or understand my work. I think she does appreciate my talents, and she never hinders me in any way."

Miss Dorothy was really a fine-looking woman; that is, she became one as her toilet progressed. Take out her false teeth, and remove those dark, glossy braids of hair; forbid the use of the pearl powders that whitened her skin, and you would see a somewhat surprising change in her appearance. If her house had taken fire at night, and she had been rescued from the flames in her unadorned loveliness, it is a question whether her most familiar friends could have recognized her; but now, in her street costume, with a bran new chignon, Miss Dorothy was decidedly well "got up," and well looking too.

She knew it, and it made her mission more agreeable. She was going out on purpose to sympathize with her fellow-creatures, and it was pleasant to make a good impression as to looks.

"Ah, these people who confine themselves so closely to what they call home duties, little realize the good they could do if they would go out and condole with their fellow-creatures. It

would n't be such a cold, dreary world to live in," said Miss Dorothy with a gush of sentiment, "if selfishness could be overcome or even occasionally set aside. Every body has more or less of trouble, and every body needs sympathy. Now, if every body would do their share, what a lightening of heavy burdens, what a cheering of drooping spirits would result!"

Miss Dorothy had never had any particular experience of sorrow or disappointment. Excepting the strange blindness of the stronger sex which had kept her in a state of forced celibacy, just as if she had been a Roman Catholic priest, she had managed to have her own way in life. She and her widowed sister lived alone in a pretty cottage which they had inherited from their parents, and their income was sufficient for their support in a plain, comfortable way; not large enough for both sisters to live fashionably idle; and so the kitchen work fell naturally into the hands of Aunt Ruth, who, having had and lost a family of her own, was supposed to be posted in all the mysteries of housekeeping. Miss Dorothy often said with truth that she had never been sick in her life. Even the indispensable ailments of childhood, such as the measles and hooping-cough, had touched her so lightly as to leave no remembrance of them. Her parents had dropped off in a good old age like shocks of corn fully ripe.

"That, of course, was to be expected of old people," was Miss Dorothy's rejoinder to her pastor's attempt to comfort her after the last funeral was over.

But Miss Dorothy's lack of sorrowful experience only made her assumption of the office of general comforter more meritorious. She was not governed by feeling but by principle.

"If I were swayed by impulses as Ruth is I could accomplish nothing. I do n't wait for the selfish leadings of the natural heart. Ruth," she called from the hall as she opened the front door to go out, "I am going as far as Betsey Craig's if I have time. If you get tea ready by six o'clock it will do. Do you hear, Ruth?"

"Yes, I hear. I will see to it."

Ruth had put by little Nannie's frock, and was now knitting on some warm socks for a family of poor little children up in Irish Row. She was, as Miss Dorothy had complained, always busy with something of the kind.

"You see," she would say apologetically, "I have n't sister Dorothy's talents, and I like to knit and sew. It puts me out to call on people, and—and I could n't on any account advise them about their affairs, but I can slip into one of those poor cabins and leave a little flannel shirt or a pair of warm stockings, and run

home again before any body knows a thing about it. Ah, what a number of half-clothed people live in that one wretched alley!"

Those poor neglected people were on her mind all the afternoon after her sister left. How could they be effectually helped?

"God pity them!" she said sadly. "The Winter is coming fast now. I must look over my poplin dress. If the skirt can be turned upside down it will do for another season, and then I can manage to send a load of coal to poor widow Thompson. What a hard life she has, poor thing! with her six children and that lame boy! Yes, the poplin must do somehow. I do n't see how she has any courage to live. If I had sister Dorothy's talent I could sympathize with her. Still, talking does not seem to be just what she needs. I could n't speak a word when I found them so poor. I just put a little money in her hand, and ran home and cried. I must do better than that the next time. Ah, well," said Aunt Ruth resignedly, though she was crying again as she remembered the scene, "I must not be discouraged. Harry used to say I did nicely. Nicely. How he used to praise all my efforts to use my one little talent! Well, well, I will do what I can. The Master knows all about it."

A peaceful look came over her face, and she began to sing softly an old tune learned in childhood:

"What I do Thou knowest well;
What I have not skill to do
Glad I leave to stronger hands,
Satisfied if thy commands
I obey with spirit true."

In the mean time Miss Dorothy was slowly pacing down the pleasant street enjoying the warm October sunshine, comfortably intent upon the fulfillment of her mission, and on the lookout for chance objects of interest. She half paused before a house that stood directly on the street without any pretense of a door-yard, and then passed on shaking her head decidedly.

"There is no use in calling there. Charity Pearce's tongue runs from morning till night. I can never finish a sentence without being interrupted. She does n't seem to have the least idea of what I am saying, but strikes in with something entirely foreign to the subject. She will always be a cripple, and any body would think she would feel interested about it, but the very last time I tried to express my pity for her, she broke right in with a question about the prices of cotton cloth. And when I told her about Captain Blank who has just such a foot as hers, and suffers unheard-of tortures right and day, I declare I had to raise my voice so high to bring it above hers that it made me

hoarse. I suppose that we together made considerable noise, and I am sure her sister was laughing when she went out of the room so suddenly. No, I'll not go in there. Charity Pearce may do her own comforting."

Still smarting with the sense of personal injury caused by this remembrance of the cripple's indifference and bad manners, Miss Dorothy crossed the street and came to a stand opposite Dr. Ludlow's office. That young physician was just starting off on a round of professional calls, but he waited politely when she accosted him. He looked exceedingly bright and happy, as a prosperous physician should. There were two special causes for his bright looks now. One of his patients, who had for several days been balancing between life and death, had passed the crisis of his disease, and was out of danger.

The other cause for rejoicing was not a public matter at all. The doctor would not have thought of mentioning it to Miss Dorothy, but it made his heart just as warm as a toast for all that. He kept thinking it over, how only last evening that prettiest, daintiest, sweetest of all earth's charming daughters, fair Alice Howard, had promised to be his wife when the new year came in. In spite of his natural courtesy, his new happiness made him somewhat absent-minded, and Miss Dorothy had a little trouble to bring him back to prosy, matter-of-fact life.

"Good morning, doctor," she said. "I need not ask if you are well. You look as cheerful and free from care as a June morning."

"I am always well, thank you."

"There are not many doctors who can say as much. A physician's position is so responsible that it necessarily wears upon him. That is, if he is at all sensitive."

"I am not sensitive," said the doctor, his forehead flushing in direct contradiction to his words.

"It is a good thing if a doctor can feel cheerful. It is all for the best, I dare say, if you have n't much feeling. Though, as Betsey Craig says—she is one of your patients, is n't she?—she *should* like to have a doctor who really cared whether she lived or died. She says she needs sympathy more than medicine."

"Very likely. But doctors seldom have time to pet their patients. Miss Craig's illness is chronic, and naturally discourages her. But she will get well. Time and patience will cure. And, if you will allow me to say so to you who visit her so often, cheerful society is what she needs rather than the mistaken sympathy that keeps her disease in mind."

It was Miss Dorothy's turn to color now.

"I wonder," she said, evading the point raised, "I wonder often how you can feel so gay, coming as you do from the very presence of death every day. You drive about as careless and easy as if there were not a sorrowful heart in the world. You were actually whistling when I stopped. Not that whistling is wicked, but it is strange that you can feel like it. Did you ever have any trials?" she asked curiously.

"Not more than were good for me." The doctor's face was now considerably clouded by the sympathy he was receiving, and he answered shortly. His horse pawed the ground impatiently. "Stand still, Bayard. Be quiet, sir. We'll be off directly. You are in a hurry as well as your master," said the doctor.

Miss Dorothy paid no attention to this hint.

"Some folks, doctor, can throw their trials one side and go on as if nothing were the matter. They really do n't seem to be able to feel even for themselves. But if I were you I would get into the habit of feeling for others. It would help you as a doctor more than any thing else. There is old Doctor Rose. You know him?"

"I have met him once or twice."

"He is the favorite doctor in this region."

"Is he?" Doctor Ludlow had good reason to doubt this, but he did n't say so.

"Yes. He has so much sympathy. He always prays with his patients. Do you ever try that?"

"No, ma'am."

The doctor was a Christian, but, like many others, was reticent in regard to his own experience, and, therefore, reluctant to inquire into the religious feelings of others. It was backwardness that he lamented daily. He was striving to overcome it, for no one was more sensible than himself of the peculiar opportunities to do good to the souls of men that open to a pious physician. Still, Miss Dorothy's catechising grated upon his feelings. Her curious scrutiny of his actions seemed indelicate. It irritated him.

"Doctor," said Miss Dorothy, "I never see you without feeling sorry for you. You are young and you want practice, of course, and you can't help that cheerful look. You can't look like Dr. Rose if you try."

The old Doctor's solemn phiz came up so vividly before the young man's mind that he laughed heartily in spite of his vexation.

"You are quite right, Miss Dorothy," he said presently. Then, observing her shocked look, he added good-naturedly, "Dr. Rose is an excellent man and a skillful doctor, but he is thirty years older than I am, so I can not hope to look

like him very soon. Thank you for your interest in me all the same."

"Yes," said Miss Dorothy complacently, "it is well for you that I do feel an interest in you. When Abby Nelson died, and the folks said it was your medicine that killed her, I stood up for you. I said that when you had mixed drugs a few years longer, you would understand the nature of them better. 'He's young,' I said."

"Why, Miss Dorothy!"—the young doctor's face was quite solemn enough now—"I did not give Miss Nelson any medicine. She died before I saw her. She broke a blood-vessel."

"Well, I declare! how folks will lie!" Miss Dorothy's indignation was genuine. Whatever may be thought of her way of expressing sympathy, she was no backbiter. She never slandered people. In the language of one of her intimate friends, "she had her good failings."

"You must n't mind what folks say," she went on in a tone of real interest. "You must learn to live above it. Now every body is talking because Nancy Clenman do n't try some other doctor. You have attended her so long, you see. And the poor girl does not get better. Now, do you think she does?"

"She will never be any better," said the young doctor sadly. His face was any thing but cheerful now. Nannie Clenman had injured her spine by a fall two years ago, and she would lie helplessly on her couch and suffer great pain until it should please God, the pitying Father, to take her to his rest.

"I would have a council of doctors, if I were you," advised Miss Dorothy.

"It would do no good, and they are too poor to bear the expense."

"It would take the responsibility off your shoulders. Do n't you see? People will talk, you know."

"Yes; I suppose they will. But, Miss Dorothy, I would rather not know what is said about me or my practice. You mean well, but it is very discouraging. I must bid you good-day now, or some of my sick ones will be impatient."

"The mercy!" ejaculated Miss Dorothy as she watched him cantering down the street. "How touchy he is! He might at least have thanked me for my sympathy. Why, I have stood here condoling with him a full half hour if I have a minute. Well, well, I do n't expect to be appreciated in this world. I'm glad for one there is a future state."

Being now in a pious and elevated frame of mind, she decided to call on a sick lady who had been ill so long that people were used to

the idea of it, and, as a matter of course, thought very little about it.

"Yes, I'll go in and see Mrs. Elder. Poor woman! she'll be glad enough to see any body who will sympathize with her. Why did n't I think to ask Dr. Ludlow if there were any new cases of sickness, so that I could tell her about them. I do believe," said Miss Dorothy, "that she would n't hear of half the deaths in the place if it were not for me."

Mrs. Elder was an invalid without any definite ailment. She was exceedingly frail and delicate-looking, and suffered greatly from nervous weakness and general debility. She could not bear excitement, and often became so sensitive to noises that the sudden slamming of a door made her hysterical. She was subject to long and severe attacks of headache, during which the slightest jar in the room, or a whispered word, occasioned her exquisite torture. She was young, not yet twenty-five, and, in spite of the ravages of illness, a very beautiful woman.

Miss Dorothy's pity for her was very sincere. She made it a point to call on her as often as once a week. It was Mr. Elder's opinion, sometimes very strongly expressed, that his wife was invariably worse after one of these visits, and the invalid herself began to be conscious of a shuddering dread whenever her sharpened sense of hearing recognized Miss Dorothy's soft knock at the door. There was a sense of relief at the close of each visit, that the invalid would not have been willing to acknowledge to herself; and a "fearful looking forward," as if a dentist were coming to extract her eye-teeth, whenever the advent of an unusually fine day seemed especially calculated to allure people out of doors.

"She will come to-day, I think," she said, glancing out of the window at the pleasant October sunshine and unconsciously sighing.

"O yes, you are so much better, my dear," said Mr. Elder, "that it is high time for her to come and overset you. I should like to give her a piece of my mind—a good, generous slice. I shall do it yet."

"O, no," remonstrated his wife; "you must not forget, Tom, that she was one of my mother's friends."

"Bother the friends! Shows bad taste in your mother. She is no friend of my wife, or of myself, I am happy to say. A queer sort of friendship that tries to kill its object."

"Why, Tom!"

"Ah, Bessie, you can shake your head if you like, but I must say that, for a good woman, she has a wonderful power of making other folks

feel wicked. Why, I never see her coming into the house without feeling my dander rise. She comes in so pompously, as if she were appointed our inspector-general, and looks about with an air that says, 'Just trot out your family skeleton, for I'm bound to get a good look at it.' Tell you what it is, Bessie, I should like to take her by the nape of her neck and turn her inquisitive nose decidedly toward home."

Bessie laughed merrily. Her husband had such an overplus of life and good spirits that it really refreshed her weaker nature to hear him laugh and scold together like a good-humored giant. There was no suggestion of illness or suffering in his healthy face and tall, portly figure, and Bessie often forgot her bad feelings while listening to him.

"You will frighten me, Tom," she said at last. "You are positively ferocious. I did n't think you could show such a spirit. Poor Miss Dorothy!" Bessie continued, "she means well. It is her way of expressing sympathy."

"Sympathy! It is her way of meddling with other folks' business. And there she comes. The old saying is true, 'The devil is nearest when we are talking about him.' What will you do? Take ether?"

"Do n't keep me laughing, I beg. What will she think of me?" Bessie tried hard to straighten her face to a decorous length.

"Do n't trouble yourself, my dear, she will soon sober you. She frightened you into hysterics the last time she was here."

"Well, I won't mind what she says now. Why do n't Bridget open the street door? She has rung twice. Do, Tom, let her in," urged Bessie nervously, still using her best endeavors to smother a giggle.

"She should ring a week before I would let her in of my own accord."

But he went to the door, nevertheless. Miss Dorothy was not particularly glad to find him at home. She felt instinctively that Mr. Elder did not appreciate her. She had several times thought his half-defiant manner might be interpreted as a desire for her to keep away. She had usually contrived to call when he was absent, it was so much pleasanter to have his wife all to herself. But if a man chose to stay in his own house, with his own wife, she could not help it, as she followed him into the house after inquiring after his wife.

"She is nicely, I thank you—improving fast," said Mr. Elder. "She is in very good spirits, too, and we are careful to avoid all gloomy subjects in conversation. If any body brings in a lot of blues we just bundle them out of doors, blues and all. There is no use in being cere-

monious in such matters," he added as Miss Dorothy swept by him into his wife's room.

"Do n't get up, my dear child," she said as Bessie rose to receive her. "Why, what have you been doing to yourself? You are as pale as a ghost. Are you faint?"

"No, I—I believe not," replied Bessie, glancing into a mirror opposite with a frightened look.

"Well, you look faint. There is n't a particle of color in your lips. When I was in here last week I thought you had no flesh to lose, but I can see that you have grown thin."

"On the contrary, she has gained a pound in that time. I weighed her myself this morning. I never saw any one improve more rapidly."

"Perhaps she had on some extra clothing. Still, when people are ill their weight is apt to be variable, and a pound more or less does not prove any thing. Have you any appetite?"

"I should think she had," said Mr. Elder, still answering for his wife. "I am afraid to say how much beefsteak she ate for dinner."

Miss Dorothy sighed—a benevolent sort of sigh, as if it went to her heart to dissipate the hopes of her listeners, but it must be done.

"Voracity is often a bad symptom; always so toward the last. My dear child, it makes me very sad to see you wasting away so."

Bessie felt a chilly, nervous tremor stealing over her, and again she glanced involuntarily into the glass to find out by her own observation whether she were alive or dead. It was a pale, scared face that she saw, and she shivered visibly. Her husband sat down by her side and put his arm around her.

"I did n't want to hug Bessie right before her," he said afterward, "because I knew the old humbug never had a genuine hug in her life, and so might die of envy; but I drew her up pretty snug and whispered, 'Shall I shoot her?' This set Bessie to laughing again; or, rather, it was a mixture of hysterical laughing and crying."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Dorothy, looking at her compassionately, "how weak your poor nerves are! There is Annie Wheeler—she was just so at first."

"Annie Wheeler!" Bessie repeated in surprise. "I have not heard any thing about Annie."

"I did not mean you to hear it at present," said her husband, "because you are weak, and I knew it would shock you. But I must tell you now. I suppose. Annie is in the insane asylum."

"After murdering her child," put in Miss Dorothy solemnly.

Bessie hid her face on her husband's shoulder and clung to him convulsively. "O, Tom, if I ever should be like that!"

"You never will, my darling. You are no more like Annie than I am."

"Mr. Elder," asked Miss Dorothy impressively, "do you think it does any good to deceive people who are ill?"

"No, ma'am, I do not. I never did it in my life," he answered. Bessie smiled trustfully as she looked up into his clear, honest eyes. "I should like to ask you a question, Miss Dorothy. What earthly good can it do a nervous invalid to be excited by gloomy forebodings or frightened by accounts of murder? I know that is your way of showing sympathy, but I object to Bessie's being tormented in that way. In fact, I won't permit it. Now, if you can come in like a cheerful Christian, as you ought to be at your time of life, and bring only cheerful influences with you, why, come and welcome. But if you must turn our parlor into a graveyard, stay away, for mercy's sake, and oblige yours, respectfully, Thomas Elder."

Bessie laughed again. It was so funny to hear him gravely conclude his speech as if he were finishing a letter. Miss Dorothy looked at her pityingly.

"I will go. I meant to tell you about the fever in Warrington and about your Uncle Charles being so unfortunately drowned, but I will go. Send for me if you need me. I stood by the death-beds of your mother and your grandmother, and I shall not refuse to stand by yours."

Bessie shuddered again and turned very pale.

"We are not dying yet," said Mr. Elder angrily; "and if we were, I dare say we could manage it without your help. Shall I have the pleasure of opening the front door for you? If she had only been a man," he said to Bessie on his return to the parlor, "I would have helped her down the steps with the toe of my boot. However, I guess she will keep away in future."

As for Miss Dorothy, standing bewildered in the street, it would be difficult to describe her state of feeling. It was very evident that her sympathy for others was not appreciated. Was it worth while to continue her efforts? "I think," said the good lady, "that I will go no farther this afternoon. I will go home and meditate."

THE wise man expects future things, but does not depend upon them, and in the mean time enjoys the present, remembering the past with delight; but the life of the fool is wholly carried on to the future.

"GATES AJAR."

HAWTHORNE tells us that he was for years "the obscurest man of letters in America." Were some of our modern female writers to detail their experience they would tell of no such weary waiting for "years," but of a ready, almost immediate recognition from the public. Among these fortunate ones we may place the lady whose name stands at the head of this paper.

Her first publication in book form, "Gates Ajar"—if we except some juvenile works—became, immediately after its publication, very popular, and she was therefore led to collect a number of magazine articles, add a few stories to them, and publish them under the title of "Men, Women, and Ghosts." It is of these two volumes that I wish to speak, with a few passing allusion to her writings for the young.

It may be that the subject of "Gates Ajar" had much to do in causing its wonderful popularity. So crude are the ideas of many in regard to a future state, so anxious are we all to know what shall meet us in "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," that when one who has thought much upon the subject, and who has studied nature and Revelation to find out their teachings, comes to us with the result of those studies, we are apt to give a respectful hearing, and to manifest a deep interest.

"Gates Ajar" is in the form of a novel, and that again is almost essential to secure a hearing with a large class of readers; indeed, this age may be emphatically styled a "novel-reading" age. When Mrs. Browning would give us her "highest convictions of Art and Life," she puts them in the form of a novel in poetry; when Mrs. Charles would interest us in the great religious questions that led to the Reformation, she gives us a novel detailing the beautiful "History of the Schönberg-Cotta Family;" when writers for our youth wish to teach science or morals, they find it almost necessary to string them upon a story. Whether the excessive supply of novels has developed the morbid taste for them, or the taste has caused the supply, I do not know; it is certainly a taste which grows by what it feeds on.

"Gates Ajar," although a novel, lacks many of the elements which make a novel popular among those who read such works exclusively; there are no thrilling adventures, beautiful heroines, hair-breadth escapes, terrible plots, etc. The interest all centers in the development of the characters which are very skillfully drawn;

the plot is so simple that it is scarcely worth calling a plot.

The date of the story is our late civil contest. Mary Cabot, a maiden of twenty-five—in her Diary she styles herself an “old maid”—lives alone; her brother Roy, the only other member of the family, being in the army. There comes a telegram announcing Roy's death, and the entire interest of the tale centers in Mary's anguish at bereavement, her rebellious thoughts and struggles, the attempted consolations of neighbors and friends, and the real consolation of an aunt, Mrs. Forceythe, who, in the hour of Mary's sorest need, comes to her and pours balm into her wounded spirit. Indeed, I may say the interest centers in the arguments used by Mrs. Forceythe to comfort Mary in regard to a recognition of friends in heaven, and the employments and enjoyments of the redeemed who have passed beyond “the gates.”

In order to give a satisfactory statement of these arguments, it will be necessary to enter so far into the story as to give the condition of Mary's mind when these consolations were applied.

Mary Cabot has lost more than most sisters lose when a brother is called away. In her journal she says:

“I wonder why Roy was so much more to me than many brothers are to many sisters. I think it must be that there never was another Roy. Then we have lived together so long, we two alone, since father died, that he had grown to be heart of my heart, life of my life. Besides, I suppose most young women of my age have their dreams, and a future probable or possible which makes the very incompleteness of life seem sweet because of the symmetry that is waiting somewhere. But that was settled so long ago for me that it makes it very different. Roy was all there was.”

I suppose many in the first agony of their bereavement have experienced just such rebellious feelings as Mary Cabot here records in her journal, even though they may have hesitated to have expressed them in such startling words. I give one or two extracts from the journal:

“Roy, snatched away in an instant by a dreadful God, and laid out there in the wet and cold—in the hideous wet and snow—never to kiss him, never to see him any more.”

“A scrap from the German of Burger which I came across to-day, shall be copied here:

‘Be calm, my child, forget thy woe,
And think of God and heaven;
Christ, thy Redeemer, hath to thee
Himself for comfort given.

O, mother, mother! what is heaven?
O, mother! what is hell?
To be with Wilhelm, that's my heaven;
Without him, that's my hell.”

Her agony is not the agony of one who fears for the eternal safety of the soul that has been suddenly summoned away from earth, for she rests confidently upon the hope expressed in a letter from Roy, which she quotes in her journal:

“That short, dear letter which came to me in December, in which he wrote: ‘Perhaps I ought not to call myself a Christian, and I shall make no profession to be such until I am sure of it, but my life has not seemed to me for a long time to be my own. ‘Bought with a price’ just expresses it. I can point to no time at which I was conscious by any revolution of feeling of ‘experiencing a change of heart,’ but it seems to me that a man's heart might be changed for all that. I do not know that it is necessary to be able to watch every footprint of God. The way is all that concerns us; to see that we follow it and him.”

Satisfied that he is at rest, her agony is in the pain of separation, and in the feeling that heaven itself, even if both should meet there, will fail to be a reuniting of the severed links. Her thoughts of heaven might have been condensed in those lines describing it as a place

“Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.”

I quote from the journal:

“If I were to go there it would do me no good, for I should not see Roy. Or if by chance I should see him standing up among the white angels it would not be Roy. I should grow so tired of singing—should long and fret for one little talk, for I never said good-by, and—”

About this time comes a letter from the aunt, Mrs. Forceythe. This aunt is a widowed sister of Mary Cabot's mother, and, having spent most of her life in the South and West, she is personally unknown to her niece. She writes:

“You have been in all my thoughts, and they have been such pitiful, tender thoughts that I can not help letting you know that somebody is sorry for you.”

“I can only leave you with the heart that bled and broke for you and Roy.

“Your aunt,

“WINIFRED FORCEYTHE.”

A visit follows from her and her three-year-old daughter, which is prolonged into a permanent residence.

Mrs. Forceythe, with a keen insight, soon discovers the sorest feeling of the niece's heart, and when she ventures to show her the rebell-

ious pages of her journal in which she had quoted those lines from Burger, she gives her this bit of comfort :

"Mary, Mary! do you think he could have lived those thirty-three years and be cruel to you now? Think that over and over; only that. It may be the only thought you dare to have; it was all I dared to have once; but cling to it—cling with both hands, Mary, and keep it."

With such thoughts as these she tries to put away Mary's feeling that the separation is caused by a cruel God; and having partly succeeded, she begins to divest her mind of what she feels to be her false conceptions of that other world. She has fully satisfied herself that a life beyond the flood is the reuniting of the broken links here, a taking up of the old life just where we dropped it, and a going on from that to wonderful heights and inconceivable bliss. She says of Roy :

"He will meet you at the door in this other home—just as he did in this, after you had been away—and lead you into the light and warmth. And can not that make the cold and the dark a little shorter?"

In answer to Mary's complaint that she can not say "God's will be done," she answers :

"Sometime you will find out, in a happy moment, that you can say those words with all your heart, and with all your might, and with all your strength."

When poor Mary asks for proof texts in regard to the recognition in heaven of separated earthly friends, she answers in some such passages as these :

"If many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, will they not know them? or will they think it is Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego?"

"Did not Peter and the others know Moses when they saw him? know Elias when they saw him?"

"Did not the beggar recognize Abraham? You remember the cry wrung from the old stricken king, 'I shall go to him, but he will not return to me.'"

But still there come to Mary's mind the thoughts of heaven as a place where, with crowns, and white robes and palms, all the redeemed spend an eternity of singing, and she says :

"But the harps and the choirs, the throne and the robes, are all in Revelation."

"Can't people tell picture from substance, a metaphor from its meaning?" answers Mrs. Forceythe.

And now commences Mrs. Forceythe's delineations of her own views of heaven, to which Mary becomes a ready convert :

"I suppose we shall talk as well as sing. There are the visitors at the beautiful Mount of Transfiguration. Did not they talk?"

"Only when we talk in heaven there will be no troubles, nor sins, nor anxieties to talk about."

"I believe we shall talk, and laugh, and joke, and play. There was sense and Christianity in what somebody wrote of a humorous poet."

"Does nobody laugh there where he has gone?—this man of the smile and the jest—provided there was hope that the poor fellow had gone to heaven."

To all this Mary readily assents; from some of it some of us would dissent. Years ago, when we were children, we were "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;" we can recall the merry childish giggle which seemed such positive enjoyment then, though, perhaps, if suddenly checked and questioned, we could have given no intelligent reason for our mirth. That childish giggle would be impossible to us now; it constituted one element in the happiness of childhood, and yet now we find it difficult to understand or sympathize with it. When we ceased to be children "we put away childish things;" and so, perhaps, when we grow to be redeemed saints, and put away earthly things, these pleasant plays, and laughs, and jokes will be no longer essential; they may be as impossible as the childish mirth of little faith would be now to you or me, reader.

After these quotations we have some flippant remarks, which I will not quote, that mar the beauty of this otherwise thoughtful book. There is, occasionally, a touch of flippancy, of levity, which reminds me of the smartness of Fanny Fern.

But Aunt Winifred's consolations are not confined to her niece. A pupil in her class at Sunday-school confides to her her trouble. "See here, I can't be good. I would be good if I could only just have a piano." And she answers, "Well, Clo., if you will be a good girl and go to heaven, I think you will have a piano there, and play as much as you care to."

To my mind this is as if my little daughter should say, "See here, ma, I can't be good. I would be good if I could only have a big waxen doll with curls, that could shut its eyes when I put it to sleep." And I answer, "Well, my child, be good and learn your lessons, and grow up to be a woman, and then you shall have a waxen doll such as you speak of, and you shall play with it as much as you care to."

I think she would instinctively feel, "I sha n't care to play with it then at all. I shall have womanly tastes and feelings, and the old doll loves will be laid aside."

Mrs. Forceythe is also found by the sick and the dying. Mrs. Bland, the minister's wife, is dying, and her little children are to be motherless; and the mother in her agony—for she is dying from severe burns—only grieves for them.

"I could bear it, I could bear it, if it were not for them. Without any mother all their lives—such little things—and to go away when I can't do a single thing for them."

But Aunt Winifred stooped down and spoke decidedly, but low: "You will do for them. God knows all about it. He will not send you away from them. You shall be just as much their mother every day of their lives as you have been. Perhaps there is something to be done for them which you never could have done here."

The scene is beautiful; and yet how could she dare? It may be truth; perhaps it is; but to utter, as a decided fact, what God has not revealed; how dares she?

I just now recall a beautiful character mentioned by Jean Paul Richter—his sister-in-law, Ernestina, who passed away in early womanhood a childless wife. He says of her: "O, how wouldst thou have loved and educated with thy clearness of perception, thy strength of character, thy self-sacrificing soul!" and adds, "The desire to press a child to her heart occupied the last moments before her death. She was one of the noblest women who ever lived."

Had Aunt Winifred knelt by the side of this death-bed—though Ernestina seems to have been herself unconscious of the fact that she was passing away—would she have dared suggest that in another stage of being these motherly aspirations would be gratified? Would she not rather have said, "God created these yearnings and aspirations, and if not gratified here, he has that which will be better in store for you in another world. We may not say decidedly what, but he sees our needs; he will see that nothing is lacking which will develop these natures of ours to holiness and happiness."

Another instance of Aunt Winifred's consolations. The little sentimental Clo., who could not "be good without a piano," becomes a disappointed love-lorn lass; she bestows her heart upon one who is ignorant of the gift, and who has never sought to win it. She comes to Aunt Winifred, the consoler, "O, Mrs. Forceythe, what is going to become of me up there? He never loved me, you see, and he never, never will; and he will have some beautiful, good wife

of his own, and I won't have any body. For I can't love any body else; I've tried."

Mrs. Forceythe does not comfort by telling her that "in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage," but she tells her "that she shall have him there, or if not himself something—somebody who would so much more than fill his place that she shall never have a lonely or unloved moment." Does she forget that she "can't love any body else? she's tried?" How much better to cling to the simple written word, and tell her that this fancied earthly love is not necessary for her happiness or peace.

But we have left Mary Cabot. We return to her difficulties and questionings, and to Aunt Winifred's answers.

They visit the grave-yard—for Roy's dead body has been brought home and deposited in the village cemetery—and there in the shade of the evergreens, sitting on the green turf, with the Summer breezes blowing upon them, they talk of the knowledge which our departed ones have of our life here. Mary wonders if Roy is thinking of her now; if, in that happy home where he dwells, he cares to know any thing of the loved one left behind. Aunt Winifred answers:

"Roy loved you. Our Father, for some tender hidden reason, took him out of your sight for awhile. Though changed much, he can have forgotten nothing. Being only out of sight, you remember, not lost, nor asleep, nor annihilated, he goes on loving. To love must mean to think of, to care for, to hope for, to pray for, not less out of the body than in it."

This thought leads to the assurance by Aunt Winifred that she does not doubt that "the ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation" are our own departed ones. Mary drinks in Aunt Winifred's belief without question, though Aunt Winifred assures her that she has no positive "thus saith the Lord" on that point.

"The Bible," she says, "does not say a great deal about it, but it does not contradict it."

Mary finds comfort in the belief, and immediately conceives of Roy as hovering over her pathway, interested in her life, glad of her successes, his own happiness increased by witnessing her brave discharge of duty, her willing bearing of the burden which had seemed so crushing in her first sudden bereavement.

I do not know that any of us can offer any objection to Mary's belief, inasmuch as the Bible plainly does not contradict it. I do not know but that we may admit her desire to please Roy to be a legitimate motive for a certain line of conduct when other motives seem powerless,

but, if we allow this "communion of the saints," as Mrs. Forceythe calls it, to lead us to consult them as to our mode of conduct, we trench upon modern spiritualism, and to those who would hold by the teachings of the blessed book such conduct is simply repulsive.

As an instance of Mrs. Forceythe's "communion of saints," I give the following:

The subject of her residence with May or her return to her Western home had been discussed; she was undecided; but after an afternoon spent alone in her room, she returns to the sitting-room and says, "It is quite plain now, I have been talking it over *with them* all the afternoon; it seems to be *what they want*."

And Mary starts at the expression "with them," but immediately adds mentally, "Ah! it is simply real to her! Who, indeed, but her Savior and her husband?"

Miss Phelps does not tell us how she communed with her husband. With her Savior we suppose by prayer; but are we anywhere commanded or allowed to pray—not in the sense of petitioning, but of consulting—with our departed ones?

Mary now wants something definite about the resurrection and the intermediate state. Mrs. Forceythe believes that in that intermediate state we shall not be disembodied, but re-embodied; not, however, in the permanent body which is to be ours after the resurrection; and in regard to that body she bids us remember that "Paul expressly stated that we shall not rise in our entire earthly bodies. The simile he used is the seed sown, dying in, and mingling with the ground. How many of its original particles are found in the full-grown ear?"

"For aught we know some invisible compound of an annihilated body may hover, by a Divine decree, around the site of death till it is wanted—sufficient to preserve identity as strictly as a body can ever be said to preserve it."

Then there are many "conjectures" in regard to the rivers and trees, the mansions, etc., in the New Jerusalem. Aunt Winifred is only careful to conjecture "nothing that the Bible contradicts;" but at last she is obliged to sum up her beautiful conjectures in the words familiar to us all from infancy, "that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived," etc., and that we shall be satisfied when we awake in his "likeness."

Thus pleasantly pass away the days—Aunt Winifred, whose feeble health assures her that she is nearing the Gates, content to await till the messenger calls, and Mary each day losing her selfish grief in her earnest desire to be about the Master's business.

The scene soon closes—Aunt Winifred's death now is touchingly beautiful, if we except the asking Mary for messages for Roy in heaven. Little Faith remains with Mary, and Mary closes her Journal, saying:

"We are waiting for the morning, little Faith and I—for the morning when the gates shall open. I, from my stiller watches, am not saddened by the music of Faith's life. I feel sure that her mother wishes it to be a cheery life. I feel sure that she is showing me who will have no motherhood, by which to show myself, how to help her little girl."

Turning from Gates Ajar, we find the other book I have mentioned, *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, to be very different; there is no theological creed to be inculcated, and we may sum up the distinguishing characteristics of this series of sketches as these—a keen insight into character, and a wonderfully vivid power of description.

A word as to our author's choice of characters; they are not those who wear fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, but they are generally those who tread the paths of toil—the every-day people whom one may everywhere meet in this working world; neither are they the impossible heroes or heroines we meet with in some novels, they have their frailties and imperfections; the path of self-sacrifice, even though they may tread it, does not always look inviting to their feet; the wife sometimes says a hasty word to him she loves, and the husband sometimes consults his own ease, when he should be thinking of her whom he has sworn to "love and cherish."

The women she sketches for us are none of them "strong-minded," in the offensive sense of that term. In *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, she gives us no decidedly intellectual character. Mrs. Forceythe reads theology, quotes Butler, Lauderdale, and many an almost forgotten worthy, yet she is satisfied to lead a humble life as a pastor's wife in an obscure Western town, accepting as her mission to doing all in her power to elevate the ignorant and degraded. After her husband's death, she is still satisfied with the mission of healing the broken-hearted.

If there is any objection to be made to her delineation of character, it is that she exercises her scalpel more keenly and criticises more severely the "lords of creation" than when she deals with her own sex. Let me give an example. She is speaking of woman's manner of compensating herself when she is somewhat disappointed in her husband's love:

"Women whose dream of marriage have faded a little have a way of transferring their

passionate devotion and content from husband to child. It is like anchoring in a harbor—a pleasant harbor, and one in which it is good to be; never at sea, and yet never at home. Whatever a woman's children may be to her, her husband should be always something beyond and more; forever crowned for her as first, dearest, best on a throne that neither son nor daughter can usurp. Through mistake or misery the throne may be left vacant or voiceless, but who cometh after the king?"

She goes on to trace the history of one of these wives, who has transferred the dearest and holiest of her affections to her children, and some of us will recognize the character among our acquaintances. We follow with interest the beautiful honeymoon—the walks by the beach, the pleasant drives, the evening chats with the young wife upon the husband's knee—then the life so changed after the advent of the first baby, the pleasant little walks and drives all given up, the seat upon the husband's knee vacated by the wife because of the heavy baby on her own; and our author grows indignant as she speaks of the ease with which the husband has accustomed himself "to his solitary drives and walks; to missing his wife's watching face at door or window; to sitting whole evenings by himself, while she sang to the fretful baby overhead in her sweet little tried voice; to forgetting that she might ever hunger for a twilight drive, a sunny sail, for the sparkle and the freshness, the dreaming, the petting, the caresses, all the silly little lover's habits of their early married days; to going his own way and letting her go hers."

As I read her indignant words, I feel like saying to Miss Phelps that she is mistaken in thinking he grew accustomed to the change with "ease;" but what is a man to do when his offers to hold baby are refused, when his efforts to read aloud are interrupted by baby's cries, when his invitations to walk or ride are invariably met by the reply that "baby can't be left," when his efforts to nurse baby at night are negatived by the mother, who, in the first flush of motherly devotion, prefers to do it herself?

However little I may justify this husband's subsequent conduct, I must beg for some pity for the man who, sitting below reading alone, finds some passage which he longs to communicate to her who sings to the baby in the nursery, and yet who knows his entrance there is vetoed, lest he should "wake baby."

If Miss Phelps's men and women are generally skillfully drawn, I can not say as much of her children; she has known little of children, or she has been very unfortunate in the

acquaintance she has formed among them. Her babies are generally uninteresting; they usually "cry all night;" her little girls are all hoydens; Faith, who is one of the most interesting characters, is unnatural. She is a bright, intelligent child of four years; and who of us can think of such a child with such a mother—a mother who would take her daughter in her lap and tell her the sweet story of the infant Jesus, and then imagine that she would give this answer to the following question:

"Faith, where did Jesus go when he fled from Herod?"

"Why, do n't I know? to Europe—of course every body goes to Europe."

Miss Phelps's children are impulsive, honorable, scorning a lie, but with the young American go-a-headitiveness developed in its most exaggerated form; they talk slang, and they are deficient in that beautiful trait that some of us have learned to admire, reverence.

In conclusion, while I would advise no one to go to Miss Phelps for the formation of their theological opinions; while I would carefully remove her books from the hands of children; yet if any one needs rest and relaxation from graver studies, he may find it in these books. To furnish this relaxation is the proper mission of novels and romances, and, reader, when your ordinary life seems prosaic, you may meet in such sketches as this, your neighbors and friends somewhat idealized, and yet probably not more so than these people would appear to you, could you enlarge their actions and motives, as a writer may analyze the characters she depicts.

HYMN.

LOOK from the sphere of endless day,
O, God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted in this land of light.
In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream and sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!
Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old—
A wandering flock—and bring them all
To the good Shepherd's peaceful fold.
Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart;
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
Then all these wastes—a dreary scene—
On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE PAPAL CHURCH.

THE General Council now assembled in the city of Rome is called upon to decide weighty matters of ecclesiastical faith, and to settle important questions of Church authority. The subjects submitted for the discussion and vote of the venerable prelates composing the Council, aside from the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception, the Assumption of the Virgin, and Papal Infallibility, are chiefly those published in the latest Allocution and Syllabus of the Holy Father. The more important of these are embodied in the following propositions:

1. The Church has the right of employing external coercion; that is, she has direct and indirect temporal power as distinguished from spiritual, or, in ecclesiastical language, the power of civil and corporal punishment. The consequences of these doctrines are, that the Church has the right to imprison, hang, and burn, or, in other words, to revive the Inquisition, and that kings and magistrates may of right be forced by excommunication and its consequences to execute the sentences of the Pope.

2. The Popes can still depose kings at their will, and give away whole kingdoms and nations at their good pleasure. This right was frequently exercised in the Middle Ages, as when Martin IV placed King Pedro of Arragon under excommunication and interdict for making good his hereditary claim to Sicily, or when Pope Clement IV sold millions of Italians to Charles of Anjou, and declared that if the first payment were not promptly made he would be excommunicated, and if the second were neglected the whole nation would be deprived of sacraments and divine worship.

3. The existing views of the rights of conscience and religious faith and profession are wrong. The consequence of this proposition is, that it is wicked error to admit Protestants to equal political rights with Catholics, or to allow Protestant immigrants liberty of worship, and not only this, but it is a sacred duty to suppress and coerce them. Against this proposition, so long the rule of practice in the courts of Austria and Spain, as of the other Catholic governments of Europe, a strong reaction has of late years taken place, and the Pope desires the Council to establish it as an article of faith.

4. The concluding proposition of the Syllabus is, that "they are in damnable error who regard the reconciliation of the Pope with modern civilization as possible or desirable." Modern civilization is, in this view, Belial, and with it Christ can have no concord. The Pope can not

therefore tolerate freedom of worship, profession and teaching, nor the right of the people to govern themselves and execute their own laws. He will be satisfied with nothing less than absolute sovereignty. Free institutions are the bane of his supremacy, and the liberal party of the Church will find it impossible to make any compromise or come to any understanding with the favorers of absolutism.

The dogma of Infallibility once established, the consequence will be to coerce men's minds into submission to every Papal decree in matters not only of religion, but of morals, politics, education, and social science. Future Councils will be superfluous. Theology will no longer be a study. Partisans will discuss Papal decisions for or against any given doctrine; and amid conflicting pronouncements, for there are many such, the sincere inquirer will be at a loss what path to pursue.

Such dogmas, if decided by the Council, would turn back the hands on the dial-plate of time five centuries. As far as the power of the Church can go, the superstitions and ignorance of the Dark Ages would be revived, and with them the usages and laws of society and the domination and power of the priesthood. But what were the customs of the people and the authority of the clergy? What are the institutions which we might expect to be revived and the rule over men's consciences and actions that would be set up? What are the penalties for disobedience, and the methods of enforcing submission to the control of the Church? These have already been hinted at; but we propose to mention more at large a few of the practices of the Romish hierarchy in the extirpation of heresy and the punishment of obstinate heretics, in the ages immediately succeeding the Reformation.

In the earlier centuries of Christianity the only punishment for heresy was exclusion from the Church. As the power of the Church increased, other penalties were imposed, even death itself; but the holy office of the Inquisition was not established by authority until the thirteenth century. Heretofore the bishops had been acknowledged as guardians of the faith, and intrusted with the duty of making inquisition; but now a new tribunal was created for this purpose. The immediate motive for its establishment was the suppression of the alleged heresy of the Albigenses whom the Church, in her maternal anxiety for their salvation, undertook to reclaim or to exterminate. This terrible engine of cruel and arbitrary power was gradually introduced into all of the Italian States except Naples, into some of the provinces of France, and into the kingdoms of Spain and



AN AUTO-LA-FÉ

Portugal; but all attempts of the Papal See to introduce it into England and the other European States were resolutely and successfully withstood.

The principal offices of this Court were called "Inquisitors of heretical pravity," and they held their sittings for the trial of heretics in a building known as the "Palace of the Inquisition." Their servants who executed their orders were called "familiars." When any one was suspected of heresy, one of these familiars was sent to seize him. This order was executed with such astonishing address and secrecy that the person was often missed without any one's knowing what had become of him. On being brought into the prison, the suspected heretic was first questioned by the inquisitor, and if he persisted in denying his heresy, his constancy was tried by the most horrid tortures. If he still refused to comply with the iniquitous demands of the inquisitors to confess whatever crimes they thought proper to charge him with, he was, after a proper interval, subjected to torture a second and a third time, each with more severity if possible than at the first. If, by these means, a confession was extorted, or if the accused was otherwise found guilty, his effects were

confiscated, he was condemned to be scourged, imprisoned for life, sent to the galleys, or put to death. In these punishments, neither age nor sex was spared. If death was the sentence, the execution was sometimes deferred for one or perhaps several years, that the sacrifice of a great number of delinquents might produce a more striking and salutary effect.

The wholesale executions of the Inquisition, being considered as a religious ceremony, were styled in Spain and Portugal *Autos-da-fé*, or Acts of Faith. They were celebrated in general on the accession of a king to the crown, or on occasion of his majority, of his marriage, or the birth of an heir-apparent. These horrid sights at last came to be regarded by the priest-ridden and superstitious inhabitants of those countries as a sort of public amusement. Executions on a smaller scale took place every year toward the conclusion of Lent, on the second Friday preceding Easter.

By day-break the tolling of the great bell of the Cathedral summoned the faithful to the horrid tragedy. Persons of the highest distinction eagerly offered their services to escort the victims; and grandees were often seen assuming the character of familiars of the Inquisi-



THE CITY OF SEVILLE.

tion. The Dominicans, who were all servants of the court, with the standard of their execrable tribunal, opened the procession. The condemned walked barefoot, with a pointed cap on their heads, and dressed in a yellow frock with a cross on the breast and on the back, and covered with painted representations of the faces of fiends. The penitents, on whom some penance only was imposed, came first, and after the cross, which was borne behind them, followed such persons as were doomed to die. Priests and monks closed the procession. Passing through the principal streets of the city to the Cathedral, a sermon was preached, and their sentences read to the delinquents, each of them standing meanwhile, with an extinguished taper in his hand before a crucifix. A servant of the Inquisition then smote them on the breast with his hand, to signify that the tribunal had ceased to have any power over them. The condemned were then delivered up to an officer of the civil authority, and soon afterward conducted to the place of execution.

In no country of Christendom did the Inquisition acquire such unbounded power as in Spain. Though at first opposed by the bishops and clergy, the crafty Ferdinand and Isabella fostered it, perceiving what important aid they might derive from the employment of such an engine as the Inquisition in the execution of their ambition, arbitrary, and cruel plans. They had already made several successful attempts toward reducing the power of the feudal nobility, and investing the crown with absolute authority. It was calculated that, by means of this tribunal wholly dependent on the court, the Jews and the Mohammedans might be suppressed, the royal treasury replenished by the property of all delinquents which would devolve to it, and the power of the grandees and even of the clergy curbed. Accordingly, Cardinal Mendoza was supported in his efforts to establish the institution in Seville, which he succeeded in doing in the year 1481.

We can not follow the history of this terrible engine of the Papal Church to its final suppression in 1820. The historian of the tribunal, Llorente, states that in two hundred and thirty-six years the total number of persons in Spain put to death by the Inquisition was about 32,000, and of persons subjected to other punishments, 291,000. To show the frivolous nature of the charges, and the dreadful punishment meted out by the court to the accused, we introduce a few authentic cases.

A maid-servant of one of the jailers belonging to the Inquisition was accused of humanity, and detected in bidding the prisoners keep up

their spirits. For this heinous crime, as it was called, she was publicly whipped, banished from her native place for ten years, and branded on the forehead with these words: "A favorer and aider of heretics."

Francis Romanes, a native of Spain, was employed by the merchants of Antwerp to transact some business for them at Bremen. He had been educated in the Romish persuasion; but going one day into a Protestant church, he was struck with the truths which he heard, and, beginning to perceive the errors of Popery, he determined to search further into the matter. Perusing the sacred Scriptures and the writings of some Protestant divines, he perceived the error of the principles he had formerly embraced, and renounced the impositions of Popery for the doctrines of the Reformed Church, in which religion appeared in all its genuine purity. Resolving to think only of his eternal salvation, he studied religious truth more than trade, and purchased books rather than merchandise, convinced that the riches of the body are trifling when compared with those of the soul. He resigned his agency to the merchants of Antwerp, giving them an account at the same time of his conversion; and then, resolving to convert his parents, he went without delay to Spain for that purpose. But the Antwerp merchants writing to the Inquisitors, he was arrested, imprisoned for some time, and then condemned to the stake as a heretic.

Four Protestant women were seized at Seville, tortured, and afterward ordered for execution. On the way they began to sing psalms; but the officers, thinking that the words of the psalms reflected on themselves, put gags into their mouths to silence them. They were then burnt, and the houses where they resided were likewise demolished. A Protestant schoolmaster, of the name of Ferdinando, was apprehended, by order of the Inquisition, for instructing his pupils in the principles of Protestantism; and, after being severely tortured, was committed to the flames.

A Dr. Cacalla, his brother Francis, and sister Blanche, were burned at Valladolid for having spoken against the inquisitors. A gentlewoman with her two daughters and niece were apprehended at Seville, on account of their professing the Protestant religion. They were all put to the torture, and when that was over, one of the inquisitors sent for the youngest daughter, pretended to sympathize with her and pity her sufferings; then, binding himself with a solemn oath not to betray her, he said, "If you will disclose all to me I promise you I will procure the discharge of your mother, sister, cousin,

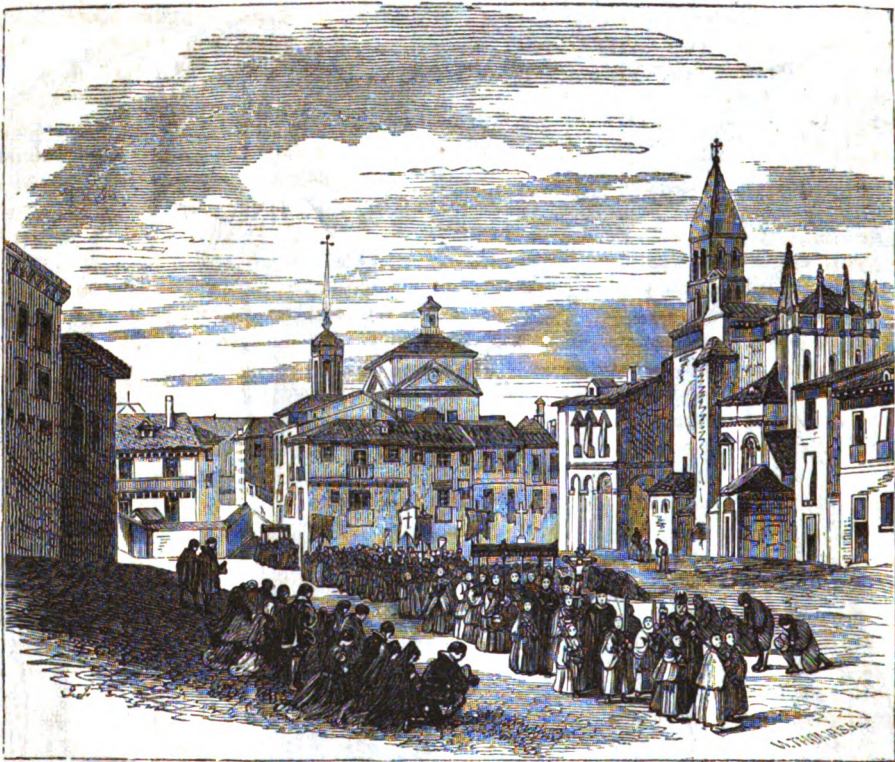


FOUR PROTESTANT WOMEN LED TO EXECUTION.

and yourself." Made confident by this oath, she revealed the whole of the tenets they professed, when the perjured wretch, instead of acting as he had sworn, immediately ordered her to be put to the rack, saying, "Now you have revealed so much, I will make you reveal more." On her refusal, however, to say any thing further, all the prisoners were sentenced to be burned, which sentence was executed at the next *Auto-da-Fé*.

It may be queried whether these forms of persecution can ever be revived. Perhaps not; but the spirit that dictated them still lives.

Every day we feel its power in our larger cities; in the multiplied schools, convents, hospitals, and institutions where only the Roman Catholic influence is felt, where only the Popish priesthood is admitted, and Papal instruction is given; in the hostility shown to our common schools, and our commonly received translation of the Bible; in the diligent seclusion of orphan children from Protestant families; in the confessional and the sacred rites of the Church; in the political ideas which prevail among the masses of their society, and in their ignorance of our American civilization and polity. We



VALLADOLID.

see it in the sensitiveness of their clergy and their editors to adverse criticism. In some places it is almost as much as a man's life is worth to announce a lecture on the corruptions of the Papal Church. Mobs, fierce and virulent, assault a man who dares to express his views in public about the Catholic faith; and this, too, in free-thinking and free-speaking America. The same spirit which destroys by mob violence Protestant asylums for colored orphans in New York city, which attacks a distributor of Bibles and tracts in Toledo, which pelts with rocks a minister who speaks of the abominations of the Modern Babylon in Columbus, which drags

through the streets of Chicago a priest who has abjured his mass and his penance, and adhered to the Protestant faith, that in towns where Catholics have the majority has compelled the teaching of the Romanist catechism in the public schools, that has imprisoned the Madiai family in Italy or stolen a Jewish boy from the arms of his parents in Rome because a servant girl impiously baptized him, can still persecute, devour, and ravish—in this country, happily yet, without law, and, we trust, never with law. Against the repetition of such outrages the Protestant Churches must be united, watchful and resistant.

AN APRIL DAY.

SOMETIMES I sit in the quiet gray
Of the slow-departing April day,
And think what record it bears away,
Away beyond the sunset bars,
Beyond the silent, steadfast stars—
What record of my growth, or lack
To seize the hours that come not back—
What gain from this day's beauty gone;
What from its purple hour of dawn;
What from its sunshine, soft and still,
Sleeping on valley, lake, and hill.
Do I know better what can mean
These countless brave buds bursting green?
Mean for my soul that daily sees
Repeated miracles like these?
My soul that wakes each morn from sleep
To find how constant all things keep
Their settled round—how morn and night
Repeat their charms of sound and sight;
To see how some unhindered Will
Commands each power of nature still,
Subjects all to some subtle law,
So disconnecting force from flaw,
That, ever in a fair design,
Daily unfolds the plan divine—
So that the sunshine never fails
To brighten all earth's lowliest vales,
So that no blot the morning morn,
No night comes on without its stars;
No ocean tides forget to flow,
No stormy clouds to strew their snow.

Has this day brought me nothing whence
My soul has gained a subtler sense
To pierce the veil that falls between
The earthly and the great unseen?
Have not these bird-songs clear and low,
The sunset's gold, the mellow glow
Of cheerful noontide on the hill,
Suggested something fairer still?
Has not the violet, blooming sweet
Beneath the tread of careless feet,
Said something plain as any word
That age or prophet ever heard?
Has not the frail and fading flower,
That bloomed and withered in an hour,
No date beyond its passing breath,
No lesson but its painless death?
Ah, yes, if this, if this were all,
If bird-songs perish where they fall,
If sunsets fade and, fading, die,
'T were vain to ask or wonder why,
Of all our lives each fleeting day
Hath such a changeful, fair array.
But if each symbol hath some germ—
Each glowing star, each creeping worm—
Some germ of what, beyond our ken,
Hath meaning and delight for men,
Then well may all days teach us this,
That God's good gifts we often miss
By disregard of humble things—

Since every bird that, soaring, sings,
Each weed beside the wayside path,
Some hidden, heavenly meaning hath—
Some message every stone and fern,
If reverently we stoop to learn—
Message which we shall better know
When, at the summons sweet, we go
Beyond the earthly gloom and glow,
And see our life outside its pain,
Beyond its losses and its gain,
And read its puzzling problems plain.

R E S T .

THE silent stars that gleam above,
The streamlet's quiet voice,
The gentle winds that float along
Like birds of air with faintest song,
Say not, "Arise, rejoice."
But words they utter, pure and deep,
That like immortal powers
Uplift the soul from earthly cares,
And waft it through celestial airs
Sweet as the breath of flowers.
Of rest they whisper, rest unbroken,
They tell of holy calm,
And swift our earnest longings rise
On wings that cleave the distant skies,
For peace, a healing balm.
And sometimes nature's kindly grace,
Soft-falling as the rain,
Sinks gently on the mourning heart,
To bid its bitter griefs depart,
Dispelling all its pain.
For God can grant to lifeless things
A transient rest to send;
Though circled here by prison bars,
A joy is lighter by the stars,
A flow'et is a friend.
But nothing lent to earth or sky,
Though wondrous fair and bright,
May cause the spirit's purest glow,
While all its lofty yearnings grow
In being's fullest light.
O sad, o'erburdened one that say'st,
"Give lasting peace to me,"
To aid upon thy journey drear,
A soft voice murmurs in thy ear,
"My peace I leave with thee."
As up the rugged hill of life
Our onward course we tread,
From Calvary those clear, sweet tones
Have power to check our sighs and moans,
Till every pang hath fled.
The holy word a Savior speaks,
Fills all the soul with rest,
And close the blessed cross beside,
With thought and feeling glorified,
Our life is thrilled and blest.

SUNBEAM.

THE first time I saw Sunbeam, she was standing beside a turn-table, near one of the principal railway stations of Boston, in the full glare of the great lamp of a locomotive. It was Christmas Eve.

I have a passion for cars and engines, for railroads and depots, and almost every thing connected with them. This passion was developed very early in life, long before I had read of somebody who once held a spoon over the nose of a tea-kettle, or had heard George Stephenson's name lisped. I have a vivid recollection of being obliged to sit with the girls for more than an hour one morning in school, because I diversified the study of Emerson's Arithmetic by drawing pictures of locomotives with men's faces on my slate. I knew very little, in those days, of the scientific laws involved in the construction of an engine. There was time for that years afterward, when I studied philosophy at the academy, and drew upon the black-board a huge diagram, displaying all the machinery of the engine, the functions of whose every part I explained for the edification of the class and to my own complete satisfaction.

My interest in railroads and engines has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. I am always elated at the prospect of a ride in the cars. I am thrilled at the sight of a train in motion, the excitement of a railroad station has a magic interest to me, and, above all, I admire a fine engine, its wondrous mechanism, its power and beauty, and can but fancy it a thing of life. In truth, this fancy it is which, more than all else besides, awakened and has fostered the fascinating interest which engines have to me. I am not a mechanical genius. I doubt whether I could construct a saw-horse which would not provoke the severe criticism and mirth of a proficient in saw-horse science. As to making clocks to go by water, as young Newton did, I never dreamed of the thing, much less did more than dream. My principal experience in the clock line, in fact, consisted in striking them *ad infinitum*, by pulling the wire "which hangs directly beneath the figure 7," as the printed directions express it, to call my sisters and kittens to Church, in winding the weights tightly up and pulling them down again, to serve as a grist-mill, and in smashing their glass doors with a hammer, for each of which illegal transactions I received my just dues, when the matter came before the full bench, at which my father presided.

When I walk through a great cotton factory, a paper-mill, or printing establishment, I look

at the intricate arrangement of levers, wheels, and bands, each so perfectly adapted to its place and use, and watch their accurate movements and the marvelous results with admiring curiosity; but I leave them with faint ideas of the whys and wherefores, and could no more fashion or suggest an improvement in the rudest machine than I could build a railroad to the moon, even with the assistance of the man who resides at the lunar end of the route.

And so my admiration of an engine is not the feeling of the mechanic, who critically inspects the mechanism and adjustments of the piston-rod, the driving-wheels, the pipes and valves—as the printer carefully notes the type, the paper, and the binding of a book, while we think only of the author's thoughts and little heed the clothes they wear. My regard for an engine is more a sympathy, a kind of fellow-feeling. I can not look upon one save as a thing of life and thought, a machine intelligent as well as powerful. I look at two engines standing side by side, the one inferior in construction and in power shining in gilt and scarlet, in every steel and brazen ornament, and wonder if his nobler neighbor, in plain coat, is moved with envy ever, or repines because the best engines, like the best men, are not always the most fortunate or most praised by the crowd. I sometimes feel a kind of pity for the fine engines confined forever to the making up of trains and all station drudgery, and think how often they must chafe under the restraint, longing to dash off a thousand miles across the continent, measuring themselves with their equals—like men of noble souls and brilliant talents, whose lives are circumscribed by adverse circumstances, whose light the world seems trying to crowd a bushel over, looking out, from their unmerited and unbecoming obscurity, upon the fortunate career of those lesser lights whom men call their betters.

When I cross the track in front of an engine at rest, I look up into its face, sometimes fancying I perceive a wicked look, and my heart flutters and I quicken my steps, thinking it may suddenly leap forward and destroy me. As I watch an engine, that has whirled a long train a hundred miles across the country, never tiring or staying, moving at last majestically into the station, while the bell rings and the flag-man waves a warning of danger to all who would dare to cross the path, I think I detect an appearance of self-satisfaction, a consciousness of power, a knowing that men look on in awe; and when, the labor done, it rests, steaming and panting, while hackmen clamor and passengers hasten, I feel almost inclined to pat its honest

sides and say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

It chanced that when I first came to Boston to live, some years ago, a young man as poor and as ambitious as I am now, I secured a boarding-place in an out-of-the-way street near one of the principal railway stations of the city. I had few friends in the city then, and considerable leisure time when business duties were over; and many an hour I spent about this station, watching the arrival and departure of trains and all the maneuvers of engines, peeping into the engine-house with its circle of giants, and in conversation with the more intelligent and pleasant workmen.

It was on Thanksgiving-day, three years ago. I was going to church at eleven o'clock, and out of town after the service, and the morning hung heavy on my hands. To while away an hour I wandered over to the railroad, and soon became interested in the movements of a locomotive. Suddenly, moved by a kind of magnetism, whose power I think you have all felt, I turned directly about, and my eyes met those of an elderly, pleasant-faced man whom I had often seen in my visits to the railroad, and whom I rightly ranked as an assistant station-agent. He immediately stepped forward and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, for so rude a stare. I was thinking that you look very much as my son did at your age."

"Indeed!" I said, and added, smiling at what I thought the very facetious remark, "He must have been a fine-looking fellow."

"He was," said the man in a subdued tone, which convinced me that levity was out of place. There was a momentary silence, during which I was painfully conscious of his gaze being riveted upon me, and which he at length broke with the question, "You have not lived in the city long?"

"No, sir," I replied, though his words were spoken in a tone of assurance, which hardly made an answer necessary, and he continued:

"I came to Boston when I was about your age. I little thought then that I should be employed at a railway station now. But one can't tell. The time was when I was well satisfied that the White House lay in my path, and that my whole life was to be made up of high honors and great deeds. I came from Berkshire county, and I used to dream these bright dreams while I was raking hay and digging potatoes on my father's farm. But we were poor, and my parents died when I was very young, and I was thrown on to the world early in life, to look out for myself; and my dreams have been giving away to stern realities more and more ever

since. Like too many country boys, I determined to seek my fortune in the city, and found myself in Boston one morning, with twenty dollars in my pocket, looking for a situation. But greater men than I have begun in worse plight, and I was full of hope and courage. How times have changed! I can hardly realize that this is the same town in which I landed forty years ago. There were no railroads in those days, and I remember traveling part of the route on a stage-coach, which was so full that I was obliged to sit on the seat with the driver. He was a frank, pleasant fellow, and we talked together all the way. I then thought that my prospects for the future were decidedly the brightest; but that man to-day is President of this very railroad, and I am what you see me." And so the man continued, gathering confidence and freedom, and told me the whole story of his life—his struggles for a situation, the trials and triumphs of his clerkship, his successes and failures in business, all the ups and downs of life—and there were far more downs than ups, for he had been what the world calls an unlucky man, and had had a large share of life's sorrows and disappointments. In 1860, after having been for some time unemployed, he secured the situation at the station, which he still held, and was living with his only son, who had been a noble boy and was a successful business man, the one joy and pride of his father's heart. "But in '61," said the man, with a trembling voice, "the war fever got strongly hold of George, and he could n't stay. He left his business and went South as captain of a company. Well, two months after he left us, he was brought home dead. He was killed, shot in the breast, at Bull Run. But that was not all. George's wife had been very sick, and she did not rally from the news of his death, but followed him a few days after. We buried them in one grave at Forest Hills, and, as I rode home, I felt that I left behind me all for which I cared to live; I was alone in the world. But God has been good to me, and I have much to live for.

"I continued to live in George's house for a time alone. It may have been two months after his death that we found on the door-steps one morning a little girl, not more than a year old, sweetly sleeping in a basket, and with her a note from the mother, stating her great poverty and utter inability to support the child. Her father had been killed at Bull Run, the letter said, and the heart-broken mother prayed those into whose hands she might fall to deal with her tenderly.

"At another time I should have sent her to

the orphan's home or somewhere else, but I felt then that God had a great purpose in sending her to me. I hired a nurse to care for her, and in a measure forgot my troubles in my care and love for her. She grew more lovely every day, and is never so happy as when with me. I call her Nell, and often think how much we are like the old man and the child whose story Dickens tells. Thoughts of her cheer my day's work, and being with her is my only joy. I love to think that her father was shot while trying to help George off the field, or as he stayed to give him a cup of water to cool his dying lips, and that I am rewarding the good deed.

"Two years ago I sold the house and hired rooms in L— Place, near here, where we now live. Nell is six years old and more now, and the prettiest child in Boston. Every body loves her, and she loves every body. She always comes to lead me home to dinner and at night, and we spend the evenings together, and I become a boy again for her sake. Now, young man, I never saw you before, but you look as George did, and I feel better that I have told you this. You may think the invitation a bold one, but I wish you would come and see us. You would love Nell, and we are all alone, and she would be pleased."

The great clock was striking twelve as I reached the old South Church on my way to the cars. The service was not over, and I could not forbear to step inside. The minister's eye fell upon me as I entered, and he closed his sermon with these words: "And let us not fail to be thankful for the sorrows and the loneliness which we know not and have not known. Could we but read, on this glad day, the secrets of many hearts about us, how sad would be the story, and how full of bitterness and disappointment! Grateful let us be for hearts not dried or chilled by great griefs, for high hopes, for friends to love; nor forget to ask his blessing on these afflicted ones, that the joys left to them may be made great, and that in all things they may see his hand." And, as I walked on, I thought the words were meant for me, and formed a fitting close to the sermon I had heard.

A pleasant afternoon I spent, and a merry evening; but it was not thoughts of those glad hours that kept me awake long that night. I was thinking of the man at the railway station and of little Nell.

It was Christmas eve, and I was waiting at the station for my sister. It was snowing. The train was late, and I was very impatient,

for I had arranged to attend a grand concert that evening, and had little time to spare. I walked about the depot for a long time, and then, to vary the monotony, walked along the railroad to the curve, from which I could see a long way up the track, but did not see the train. Some men were turning an engine at a turn-table, near by, and I walked across to kill a few minutes in watching the operation. A little way in front of the engine, and in the bright light of the great lamp, was a little girl. She was gayly dressed, and had long curls, and a sweet, roguish face, and I thought I had never seen so pretty a child. She was dancing and shuffling her feet in the snow, and trying to catch the falling flakes upon her tongue and with her hands; and when her tongue was not too busy, she sang snatches of,

"I want to be an angel."

I stooped down beside her and kissed her and pulled her nose. She was not frightened at all, but laughed merrily in my face.

"I am afraid you *will* be an angel before you think of it, if you play on the railroad," I said. "Does your mother know you are here?"

She laughed and pulled my nose in turn, as she said that she had no mother, nobody but grandpa, and that she was n't afraid of the cars, for they would n't run over her, and she did n't walk on the track.

"And what is your name?" I asked.

"My name is Nell," she said, "but grandpa calls me Sunbeam." And I did n't think the name the less pretty or less sentimental because it has been borne by so many little earthly angels.

"Yes," said a voice at my side—and two strong arms caught the child and tossed her in the air—"I call her Sunbeam, and so she is—a sunbeam that drives away all the clouds that hang about me, and makes a happy Summer of my life, which else would be all Winter"—and my acquaintance of the previous Thanksgiving shook me warmly by the hand. He expected to have seen me at his house before then, he said, and Nell had expected me too, for he told her about our meeting. I told them I should surely come and see them soon. The man was pleased, and Nell said she wished I would, for she thought I was a *beautiful* man. She urged me to come on the next day, for she was "going to hang up her stocking, and would give me some." The train was now in sight; so I kissed the child and said, "Good-night;" and the happy man tossed her upon his shoulder, and so they went home.

I did not forget them or my promise; in truth I anticipated much pleasure from the visit, and found myself thinking of Nell and her grandfather very often. I have seldom passed an evening more pleasantly than that of my first visit to them. Their rooms were very pleasant and nicely furnished, and there was a cheerful fire in the grate. Mr. S. showed me portraits of his wife and of George, and told me more about them and about himself. Nell sang to us, and read and told me many wonderful stories. She then demanded some stories from me; so I told her about Silver-hair and Chicken Little, and the Rat that lost his Tail; but she had heard them all before, for she exchanged knowing looks with her grandfather as I commenced them, and corrected me several times when I related events a little out of their proper order. She told me that she was going to have a piano the next Summer, and take lessons; she showed me her own room and her dolls. There was quite a family of them, and some very handsome ones; but her favorite was a rag doll, which she made herself, and whose name she said was Grace, though I thought it deserved the name least of any. We had nuts and fruit, and Sunbeam's eyelids never grew heavy, though I stayed quite late. She kissed me again and again when she said "Good-night," and I left them, promising to come again, and feeling as though I had known them all my life.

I visited them quite frequently after that, and Nell grew to like me, she said, almost as well as grandpa. She had a piano the next Summer, to her great delight, and soon became a wonderful performer for a child of her years. At school she was always at the head of her class, and she took great pleasure in showing me her rewards of merit. Frequently, when passing my store, she came in to see me, and all the clerks would watch her admiringly, wishing, I fancy, that they had as pretty a little visitor themselves. I often wondered at the strange circumstances which had brought the currents of our lives together; but, as for that, what strange series of events, I had almost said accidents, establish our relations with all our friends; without knowing whom our very existence would seem incomplete!

Florence Dixon is one of the best girls that I know; she is sometimes a little cross in the morning, when she has sat up after half-past nine the evening before; and, when she was younger than she is now, she used to have severe attacks of hydrophobia nearly every morning. Once, I remember, when Charles

was playing that he was a surgeon in the hospital, he extended his practice so far as to cut off Dora's head—Dora was a doll—for which maltreatment Florence, with every appearance of anger, threw the Bible at his head, and followed up the attack with the body of the luckless patient. And once she held her kitten's tail in the flame of the gas until the fur was all burnt off the end, and pussy scratched and screamed terribly. Florence cried afterward, when she considered the cruelty of the act, and so she always feels sorry for her wrong doings, which are not many.

I was at her house one evening in the Summer of 1868, and she was scolding me severely for not attending the closing exercises of her school, a few days before, to see her *show off*.

"But how did it happen," I asked, "that you did not win the first prize?"

"Perhaps I did. You do n't know. Do n't you tell, mother," and she looked very wise and shy.

"You can't deceive me, for I know all about it," I said.

"I do n't believe it," she rejoined, frankly. "Tell me who took the first prize."

"Is the first letter of her name N.?" I asked, holding her face close to mine; and she laughed wildly.

"Yes, Nellie S. took the prize, and I am glad, and Susie Bowen says she is glad, and every body is glad, I guess, for she is the best girl in our school, and the prettiest, and she has n't got no mother, and she is the best scholar. You would be astonished"—and Florence seemed very well satisfied with this close of her eulogy.

"But how did you know about it?"

I did not tell her.

I was going to dinner one day, and saw Nell looking at some birds in a shop window. I stepped up carefully behind her and pulled her curls. She laughed merrily as she recognized me, and told me how much she admired the birds, and that she wished she had one; and she said it with such a glance that I knew she meant me to understand what her next present must be. I resolved that she should have a canary on her birthday, but I did not tell her. I asked her if she would go with me and have her picture taken? She was delighted at the idea, and we went to a photographer's, a little way off, and placed ourselves before the camera. She sat in my lap, with her cloak on and her curls floating in wild confusion over her shoulders, while I had one arm about her neck, and held her hat in my other hand, and my head

was inclined forward, and she was looking up into my face. She went into the gallery with so little forethought and preparation, without study of costume or position, that the pictures were all the better for it—they were, indeed, perfect—catching that sweet, bewitching smile, by which we all remember her.

I was out of town on business for several weeks last Summer, and soon after my return I went to New Hampshire to spend my vacation. It was in August, and I had seen neither Mr. S. nor Nell since late in June. I passed vacation in the same town where I was born, and which I think the pleasantest town in the whole country. I visited again the Academy where my brain had often been vexed over knotty problems in Algebra, and hard things in Analysis, the old Town-hall, where I used to speak in Lyceums and perform at Exhibitions, the little store in which I began my mercantile life, the hill-side where my mother sleeps, the old house where I passed my childhood, and I should have visited the house where I was born, but it was pulled down several years ago. On the last day of my visit we had a picnic in the grove by the pond. We had dinner and supper there, we played croquet, we sailed on the pond, and I caught a fish that was nearly as long as my arm, and weighed, I will not say how much. Toward night the whole sky was darkened by thick clouds, and it began to rain. But we were obliged to ride twelve miles that evening to W., where I was to take the cars for Boston on the next day. So we fixed ourselves in the big wagon as nicely as we could, covered ourselves with coats, and cloaks, and shawls, and robes, spread the umbrellas, and started, though we came near being tipped over the bank into the pond before we got out of the grove. There were fifteen of us, and we had a merry time, though it rained very hard all the way, and we were thoroughly drenched when we reached W., which was not until after nine o'clock. There was one of the party, however, who did not get at all wet, and that was Florence—not Florence Dixon, but another Florence, as young and as good, and as pretty. She sat between my knees on a stool in the bottom of the wagon, with a water-proof cloak wrapped all about her, and a thick blanket over us both; and she kept telling me that she was n't wet a bit, and would like to ride so all night. And as I looked down into her sweet face I thought of Florence Dixon, and then I thought of little Nell.

There were so many of us that I had to sleep that night in a back chamber, where I could hear the rain patter on the roof. I lay awake a

long time, and I thought of Nell and of another Sunbeam that once shone on me, and now shines in heaven. But at last my eyelids grew very heavy, and then the beating of the rain drops changed to the tinkling of sleigh-bells, and it was Christmas-eve, and I stood before a great church, and the bells in the tower were chiming notes of gladness and of praise. I entered the church with the great congregation. Wreaths of evergreen encircled the columns and festooned all the arches and the windows. The richly colored glass tinted and mellowed the bright rays of the sun, and the whole scene was of almost heavenly beauty. The triumphant strains of the organ resounded through the church, and the choir sang the sublime chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." The service commenced, and the whole assembly joined in prayer and praise. The *Venite* was sung, and the *Te Deum*, and, for a moment, all was still. It was only for a moment, and then, away back in the church, we heard the sweet, fresh voices of children, and they passed up the broad aisle in long procession, singing joyous Christmas carols. They were dressed in white, with wreaths of evergreen upon their heads, and flowers in their hands; and, as each passed, I was surprised to recognize the face of some little friends of my own. All were there—Eva, and Alice, and Mary, and Florence, and some whom I shall not see again here; and foremost, most joyous and most beautiful, was little Nell. When they all stood in the chancel she was the center of the group, and the soft tinted light fell upon her face. But, suddenly, as I looked she was not there. I raised my eyes to the image of our Savior painted on the chancel window. It was all aglow with light, and life, and love, and little Nell was in his arms. I saw no more; but the voices of the children and the music of the choir rose softly together, and I heard the words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and we all replied, Amen. I was calmly lying on my pillow, and my eyes were open, but I did not know when I awoke. I looked up through the skylight, and the stars were shining brightly, but in the morning the sky was clouded.

Why was I unhappy all the next day, during that long ride in the cars? Was it because my heart whispered that Sunbeam was happier than ever here?

It was quite late in the afternoon when I arrived in the city. After tea I strolled across the common to note the changes which had taken place during my absence, and happy to be again among the old familiar scenes. I was

sitting on a settee, under one of the great elms, where the gentle breeze played about my heated forehead, when I noticed a man crossing the path just at my right, his eyes bent on the ground, and I saw at once that it was my friend of the railway station. I hastened to him, trembling with a fear which his appearance increased, and softly laid my hand upon his arm, at the same time addressing him,

"Mr. S., how do you do?"

He grasped my hand and burst into tears. He could not speak for a moment, and then he only said—and, almost involuntarily, I repeated the words with him—"Nell is dead." She was sick but a week, and suffered little. She asked for me many times, and, when told at last she would not see me again, begged that her bird might be given back to me, that when it sang I should think of her.

The next day—it was the Sabbath—I saw her in the coffin, and those words, written of another Nell, came to my mind, and I seem to hear them now: "No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death." In the afternoon I rode in the carriage with Mr. S. to Forest Hills, and there we left her, with the flowers and the birds, and the bright sunbeams above her.

One of my best friends is an artist. I told him this sad story one evening, and gave him a picture of little Nell. I was in his studio several weeks later, and he said he had just completed a beautiful portrait. He raised the cloth which covered it, as it stood upon his easel, and I cried aloud in surprise, for it was Nell. He had transferred the photograph to canvas. But it was not my arm that encircled her neck, or my eyes that looked down into hers, but those of her grandfather. We carried the portrait together, one evening, to Mr. S., and it hangs over her piano.

"Do you see that man with a gray beard, in a black coat, leaning against the switch?" I asked of a friend who occupied the seat before me, as we were moving away from the station the evening before Thanksgiving. "The first time I saw him he was standing in that same place. It was on Thanksgiving-day, three years ago. He told me the story of his life, and it was a sad one. He had but one treasure left then, one tie that bound him to earth and made life pleasant. It was a little girl, a *protégé* of his, and the prettiest child I ever saw. She died

this last Summer, and that man's life is now a blank. His only happy thoughts are thoughts of death, which shall reunite him with those he loved."

Nell's bird, which I call Sunbeam for her sake, hangs in his cage above my head, and is singing loudly as I write; and his sweet, plaintive notes it is that have inspired me to tell you this story of her to whose memory I often fancy he is singing.

TASTE AND DRESS.

TASTE is defined by Dr. Good, in the third part of his "Book of Nature," to be that "faculty which selects and relishes such combinations of ideas as produce genuine beauty and rejects the contrary."

Now, created material forms are certain ideas bodied and shaped into visibility and tangibility; so, then, the word ideas, in our selected definition, really includes forms as well as ideas. Thus amplified the definition is correct, and will read thus: "Taste is that faculty which selects and relishes such combinations of ideas 'and forms' as produce genuine beauty, and rejects the contrary."

The canons of good taste in dress, as implied in the teachings of the Bible, are simplicity and appropriateness; an eschewing of multiplex combinations and loud contrasts, and endeavoring to effect a chaste harmony between the dress and the wearer.

People are similar and yet dissimilar. A similarity in the generals, and a dissimilarity in the particulars of dress, is proper. But an individual should be as unique in his dress as in his personality. The clothing should seem a subordinate yet harmonious part of self. Our Creator has given each of us an individuality. We are known by our diversity. Then how weak it is to be ever trying to conform to a certain common copy, periodically dictated by fashion, which is notably unstable, ever varying, and subject to the caprice of that most capricious thing—a worldly woman's heart.

True principles abide, ever unchangeable. Truth is not full of variableness and endless tergiversations like fashion is. If every one dressed according to truth, that is, true laws of taste, fashion would no longer be arbitrary, factitious, fickle; indeed, there would be no "fashion" any longer, but each would find the mode that best suited her type of beauty. I say beauty, for God has made no one utterly ugly. Repulsiveness is self-acquired. The soul fashions the face, and directs the demeanor. Dress

is merely an adjunct, and should be kept in its subordinate and proper place.

Truthful, natural forms, and complexions, and hair, do not change every month or two. Very grotesque, monstrosities people would make of themselves, if they could, by taking thought, add a cubit to their stature, change the size of feet and hands, alter noses, mend a mouth, and reform and mold at will whatever might not suit their changeable fancy. The empress of the mode could, in that case, send out her decree concerning noses, commanding that they be now worn very snub, with a celestial tendency, or very much Roman, with a slight Grecian finish, etc. Waists are somewhat plastic, and have been manipulated according to the wasp-model; but other members are uncompromising in their fixedness, if we except feet, which may be squeezed out of shape and have their revenge.

While we should be thankful that bad fashions must stop somewhere, we need not advocate a tenacious adherence to one mode always, a sort of old fogysm in dress. People may grow wiser; may educate their taste; may learn more fully that "more excellent way"—that charity that "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own;" or health, or age may demand a change. Dress is partly man's device. The Lord helped him a little at first—Gen. iii, 21—then left him to contrive his own garments. Civilized nations are constantly adding new inventions in regard to details. The good should be received, the worthless rejected.

This is a world to labor in, not to show off in; a workshop, not a stage. Therefore, the first thing to be considered in dress is utility, not adornment; beauty must be subordinate; where use conflicts with prettiness, then prettiness must yield. But there is a higher subtle beauty in usefulness, and so the uncomely has "more abundant comeliness." Yet it is not true that a thing is useful in proportion to its ugliness. Pure taste will leave truest lines of beauty on every thing it touches, even though they be lines of sturdiest strength. That which is fit and congruent is beautiful. A jewel of gold in a swine's snout is not pretty, and a fair woman without discretion in dress, as well as behavior, is marred, and is repulsive, no matter how costly or gorgeous her apparel.

Very few dress from a sure conviction that their garments are suitable for themselves individually. Many dress in an unseemly way just because others think it is becoming; that is, because it is the fashion. There is no reason why we should make such grotesquely ineffectual attempts to efface the stamp of individuality

divinely given to each of us. The tall and the short, the stout and the slim, the fair-haired and dark-haired,

"With this sort and that sort,
The lean and the fat sort,"

all seem to think that fashion is infallible, when it sends out its modish bull from the Parisian Vatican. This shows we are childish, dwarfish, almost imbecile in our ideas of beauty and taste in dress.

Some one has said that a person dressed unfashionably excites our sense of mirth by reason of his incongruous appearance. But greater, absurder, more outlandish incongruities are committed daily in the name of fashion. Who cares for the laugh then? The present style of wearing the hair is a notable instance of bad taste. Tightly drawn up from the neck and base of the head, making exposures and revelations better hid, it is tied in a big bunch not far from the crown. Thus worn woman's hair, meant for a glory and a covering, becomes a shame and exponent of vanity. Elaborate and complicate arrangement of the hair, and the ornate, exuberant, redundant trifles comprehensively called trimmings, are at variance with the spirit of pure Christianity, are a "needless self-indulgence" instead of self-denial.

Doubtless, to very many sincere young disciples of Christ, this question of dress is a stumbling-block not easily gotten over. They ponder it long with painful care, read about it, and, it may be, pray over it. They look to see how others professing godliness are dressed, and seeing, too often, that these use "liberty for an occasion to the flesh," they conclude that "times have changed," and that the strait principles and strict precepts of St. Paul and St. Peter have been interpreted on "liberal" principles to suit the present enlightened age. So the world, to a great extent, overcomes; they dress about as they like, quietly ignoring apostolic precepts as well as "general rules."

The Bible is not a "milliner's guide" any more than a "cook-book." Specific rules, minute regulations are not given. The writing of the living, ever-present Spirit on the fleshly tables of the heart is better than that graven on cold tables of stone. No mere man has a right to dictate in this matter. This is what fashion has been ever trying to do and does. The Spirit of God must guide, and not the spirit of the world. Let none call it a little thing. Nothing is unimportant which can allure the heart, the fountain of human actions.

Costliness in dress is a manifestation of a coarse, lumpish pride. Carlyle says that the meanest of all kinds of pride is purse pride. It

shows a lack of delicate feeling, of loving sympathy, of Christian love, to enter the house of Him who is no respecter of persons, and sit in costly array beside a poorer sister clothed cheaply in common-priced stuff and last year's bonnet. It is more and worse than bad taste; it is a manifestation of insensibility bordering on cruelty; wanton humiliation to the weary, hard-working one—a slight, may be, but still a complacent exaltation of the goodly appareled one. If the poorer sister be weak in the faith she may be offended, caused to stumble. O, for the sake of making a show of worldly wealth, destroy not thy sister for whom Christ died! But to the Christian this question is not a soft, broad, shifting question of taste, but the firm, strait, abiding way of God's commandment.

The Holy Spirit can lead into all truth. The true disciple of Christ Jesus soon learns real refinement and gentleness, not mere gentility. Not the narrow politeness—from *πολις*, polis, a city—of the world's prurient cities, nor the etiquette of earthly courts of royalty, but the broad charity that springs from a loving heart well schooled in the teaching and example of Christ, and so fitted for the celestial courts of the King of kings, the glorious, eternal "city of our God." Time is short, eternity is long. What signifies the world's pomp, the vain show of this earth-life!

"FOR WEAL AND FOR WOE."

"SEE here, Aunt Josephine, is it expected married people are to drink cream and taste no buttermilk all the days of their life?"

"What a question, child!"

Aunt Josephine laid down the paper she had been reading, and looked over her spectacles in vague wonder at her niece. Though accustomed to Esther's strange queries and out-of-the-way notions, she was always being startled by some which she termed "even more than ordinarily ridiculous."

"I tell you what it is, auntie, I'm thoroughly tired of all this magazine nonsense. The sum and substance of the advice given to wives is: 'Meet your husbands with smiling faces, and don't add to their burdens by a recital of all the little worries you have had during the day;' and to husbands, 'Leave your business cares behind you, and bring cheerful brows to your homes.' Faugh! When I married Harry I thought it was to be for woe as well as weal—go thou there till thou canst teach better wisdom?"—addressing the luckless magazine, and burying it in her huge work-basket, and fishing

out from the same mysterious depths some light crocheting which might employ her fingers and permit her to carry on the conversation.

"Of course, Esther, sorrow as well as joy is to be your *joint* property"—imitating her example and taking up her knitting.

"And the little *worries* too! My husband and I are to help each other drive away the gnats and mosquitoes, as well as the big beasts of prey. If I come into the cool sitting-room, where Harry is napping so nicely on the sofa, and find an ugly blue-bottle fly on his nose, which would indubitably waken him, am I not, in the character of amiable spouse, to chase it off? Now, just so, when Harry comes home and finds me all in a worry because Bridget has burned the bread and thrown out my sirup, which I had been carefully collecting for weeks, and smashed things generally because I was going to have company, is n't he to sympathize with me, and help chase away the trouble by sharing it?"

"That may be, to some extent, Esther; but if husbands encouraged this, in some wives, the *entire bill of fare* would be a list of grievances, and you must acknowledge the patience of the most amiable man would be exhausted if he were never treated to any thing else."

"It is to be presumed, Aunt Josephine, that the woman of straw we have under consideration has *good sense*. If she has not her husband should not have married her; and having married her he should submit patiently to his fate as a penalty for want of judgment—a woman with average sense and love for her husband will not want to make his life a burden. Arranged as American domestic affairs are now, she will have troubles innumerable within her domestic kingdom; and it is a pretty hard fate if she has to bear these all alone, and say nothing to 'dear Will' or 'Harry,' but rub the creases out of her brow, and send off the flush obtained by kitchen stews with a plentiful application of cold water, and so come out to the beloved one with face serene as the silver moon, when all the while these petty troubles are eating away at her heart, and she will have to pay the penalty in a nervous headache, and lie in a darkened room for a day or two, with that terrible pain throbbing along her veins and hammering away at her temples, till she feels as if every blow would be her last—when, I say"—pausing to take breath—"all this might have been prevented by easing herself of half her troubles through the channel of a sympathetic ear. I tell Harry every worry I have; if my Sunday shoes pinch my feet and give me corns he has to know it, and if Bridget gets on the rampage

and breaks my China, to him I go for advice, and after I get through my story I feel a great deal better, and mayhap can *sing* a little; otherwise I would have rolled my trouble over alone until it grew so heavy in trying to lift it I would have sprained my back and been laid on it for full two days."

Aunt Josephine laid down her knitting and laughed. "However false your logic you put it so queerly that you get one all tangled in a maze. -I hardly know whether you are right or wrong; but if it is the vexed question of 'help' you have hidden under all this rubbish, I really do n't know how to help you. Men have brought their wisdom and women their experience, and it remains about *statu quo*. For my part I have long eschewed the whole race of domestics—Irish, Dutch, and colored—and by doing my own work in my own way find that perfect comfort that can never be met where you delegate your domestic affairs to others."

"That is very well for *you*, auntie, who never had a day's serious illness in your life. You are one of those well-preserved specimens of the olden time which, here and there, serve as a standing rebuke to our deteriorated generation. Still the fact stands the same; we are deteriorated; we may have brought it on ourselves; if we had not courted luxury and ease we might have been healthier and happier; but to upbraid us with this does not help the matter any. Here we are, and what is to be done with us? We have lamentably fallen from the sturdy physique of our English and Dutch ancestry; but, *having* fallen, must we lie helplessly in this ditch until we breathe our last? I for one am not in favor of dying, but would take to the 'Chinese,' 'co-partnership,' any thing to help me on my feet and keep the breath of life and domestic happiness in me. I should like to do my own work—and, thanks to a sensible mother and some credit to myself, too, I *know how*, from washing the weekly linen and cooking a company dinner, or one '*en famille*,' down through all the minutiae of scouring, pickling, and preserving—but I *can't*, and there's an end on it. Every attempt resolves itself—after a few weeks, if I hold out that long—into a dark room, physician's carriage, and, what is worse, his *bill*, and a protestation from Harry never, never to try it again—'just try to *live* and let domestic offices alone.' Be assured, the first time I toddle out of that chamber it is as a very sober and repentant woman. 'Things may go; I'll not worry if they are *not* to my mind;' which lasts till I have three grains of strength—enough to get to the cellar and collect the multitudinous odds and ends Bridget has allowed

to accumulate and half spoil. Through with my investigations there—and what housekeeper does not want to make her husband's income go as far as possible?—I come up and have, perhaps, a chill, and a cry, too, thrown in gratis."

"Well, child, I don't wonder. If I could not do my own work I should worry more than you do. To see things wasted, and all the domestic gates off their hinges, would pretty nearly land me in yonder lunatic asylum. For weak mortals like you, 'with spines in their backs,' as my neighbor expresses it, I do n't see much hope, unless from 'co-partnership,' and that is yet to be tried. I very much doubt if it will secure the home comforts its advocates so enchantingly portray. Many a husband's mouth, I fear, would water for his wife's delicate cookery. Still, let it be tried. I do not belong to that class of old fogies who would have no modern innovations for fear of stepping outside the old paths."

"No, you are a very sensible and dear auntie, and if I was half as hale I'd set Bridget at defiance, and have a grand gala day at my work, year in and year out. But there comes Harry; some man has button-holed him on the corner, and I'm really glad, for I know Bridget has n't dinner ready." And the little lady was out of the room and down stairs before Aunt Josephine could get breath to reply.

Fifteen minutes after Harry opened the front door, and the dinner-bell rang simultaneously, and Aunt Josephine coming down stairs heard her lively niece chatting in Harry's ear—

"When I first saw you coming there was n't a sign of dinner. I had given Bridget her orders three hours ago, but she chose to step across the way and waste her time, till it kept her all the morning to get her work done; so I just mixed some flannel cakes, and set her to baking them, while I set the table and washed some berries. Now ain't I smart, and don't you wish Bridget was in Cork?"

"Not till she gets those cakes baked; but I shall certainly import you a Chinese, and see if we can't have a different state of things."

"I fear," said Aunt Josephine, when they were fairly seated at the dinner-table, eagerly discussing Esther's flannel cakes, "the Chinese will not solve this riddle. They may for awhile elbow Bridget off the stage, but let them have said stage all to themselves, and they will likely become as tyrannical as Bridget is now."

"If that be the case I'll try and put up with Bridget awhile longer, unless I find she is wearing my temper to such a rough edge that Harry can not live with me any more."

There was such an earnest look of deprecation in Harry's eyes at this that Aunt Josephine laughed.

"Ah! I see you have not got over that old delusion of thinking your wife perfect."

"How can I, auntie, when I see new beauties in her every day?"

He sauntered to the library, and Aunt Josephine went to her room. As for Esther, she had for some time been lost in that wonderful hub of Bridget's—the kitchen, which she also found a hubbub, for the frying-pan, iron though it was, was not proof against Bridget's destructive organs, and was lying in fragments on the floor, while that interesting specimen of feminine humanity was trying to construct it anew from the ruins.

"Sure, ma'am, and it just flew from the stove like somethin' possessed, and it's bewitched I'm thinkin' it is."

"Yes, verily, both you and the frying-pan," thought Esther, as she returned to Harry and drew the low rocker by the side of the sofa where he lay apparently asleep; but Esther knew by the troubled expression that sleep with its soothing hand had not touched him.

"What's the matter, Harry?" asked she, in a sympathizing tone.

"O, nothing of any consequence," he responded; "but this is one of those days when every thing goes wrong—so many little things to vex me, and then I grow angry at myself for being vexed."

"Tell me all about it. I tell you all my little troubles, and it helps me bear them wonderfully."

And so, under the magnetic touch of that soft, plump hand, the words could not help but flow, and the story was all poured into the little wife's ear—the insolence of one clerk, the petty stealings of another, the failure of one debtor to be "up to time," and so on, just those little worries that occur in every-day life, but which are harder to bear than some great trial which, by its very weight, crushes you into submission. It is strange, but Harry felt much lighter after this petty burden of care was partly rolled off on Esther's shoulder, and went away with a cheerful face; while his sprightly wife was more than ever confirmed in her belief that each should share with the other the little vexations as well as the mighty troubles of life, and went tripping upstairs with the refrain of the morning, "For weal and for woe."

Finding Aunt Josephine's door ajar, she put her head in to say, "Harry and I have been picking splinters out of each other's fingers, and feel vastly better for it."

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WAY-MARKS.

DUTIES every hour betide us,
Bearing burdens in the way,
Cheering those who walk beside us,
Bringing sheaves at close of day.

Nightly blessings come infolding
Those who smile and those who weep;
God, his weary earth beholding,
Folds it in the robe of sleep.

Daily by all waters sowing,
If the Word shall stand or fall,
Neither questioning nor knowing,
For the Lord will care for all.

Nightly comes the Master walking
In the vineyards of his love,
With his weary brethren talking
Of the harvest home above.

Daily toiling up the mountain,
Bowed with crosses, bruised and beat,
Scarce is found one cooling fountain
Where to bathe our burning feet.

Nightly, in the valleys lowly,
Where the tents gleam out like snow,
As of old, with counsel holy,
Angel guests may come and go.

Daily careless feet are speeding
Where the snares and pitfalls lie;
Happy if, the danger heeding,
They may learn to pass them by.

Nightly may our praises never
Cease to Him—the Lord of all—
That in Him we stand forever;
Near to Him we need not fall.

Daily are two angels writing
What we do for good or ill;
One, with smiles, the good inditing,
One the evil, sad and still.

Where repentance boweth lowly
Long they wait at close of day,
Blotting out the deed unholy,
Ere they bear the book away.

Every day may have some morrow
When our love will greet the dawn,
Waking but to weep in sorrow
For the faces that are gone.

When the twilight veils the meadows,
All the holy stars that rise
Seem to tell us, through the shadows,
Of the loves of Paradise.

When the longest day is ended,
And the heaviest task is done,
Faith shall be with vision blended,
Cross and crown will be as one.

And in promise of that morning
Life's last sunset shall be bright;
Earth will bloom in Heaven's adorning,
And "at eve it shall be light."



A LADY OF INDIA IN FULL DRESS.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

FIRST PAPER.

THE above picture is from a photograph for which this lady, Zahore Begum, of Seereenugger, consented to sit. As her face had to be seen by the artist, the concession was a very singular one for any lady of her race. It was done to gratify the Queen of England, who, on the assumption of the direct sovereignty of India—on the abolition of the East India Company in 1859—requested that photographs of

the people and their various races, trades, and professions might be taken and sent to her. Her Majesty graciously consented to have her valuable collection copied and circulated, and by the courtesy of Captain Meadows Taylor—the Oriental author—the writer obtained copies of this and several others of much value, which will hereafter appear in these pages.

The readers of the Repository have, there-

fore, before them a faithful picture of a Hindoo lady of the highest rank, as she appears in her Zenana home, under the best circumstances, having made herself as attractive as silk, and muslin, and cashmere cloth and a profusion of jewelry can render her. In the jewel on the thumb of the left hand there is inserted a small looking-glass, of which the fair lady makes good use. The usual gold ring, strung with pearls, is in her nose, lying against her left cheek, and her forehead, ears, arms, fingers, ankles, and toes are crowded with jewelry and tinkling ornaments, the sounds of which proclaim her presence and approach always.

But what is this woman, thus "gorgeously appareled," in her condition, character, and prospects? Even the Zenana has had to give up its secrets, and the rest of the world may now know how the women of India live and die.

Of course every lady of intelligence has heard more or less of the condition of her sex in India, and has had her sympathy called forth for the wrongs which they have so long suffered. Yet few understand why these things are so, much less what is the full measure of those wrongs to which this lady or any of her sisters in India are always exposed, without that appeal which other women possess to the divine rule of their religion which forbids such treatment. This protection and last resort no woman in India possesses. She is to-day what these papers will faithfully describe her as being, because the law of her religion has long since, and forever, defined her position and provided for her debasement.

In other lands, and under the teachings and forms of a different civilization, the wrongs which woman suffers at the hands of lordly and vicious men are the result of the current wickedness of those who oppress them; but in India the abject humility, subordination, and implicit obedience of woman to every whim and wish which her husband exacts from her, is extorted under the express teachings of her cruel faith, and she is well aware that he can quote the only "scriptures" she knows to justify every demand and wrong to which she tamely submits. Her gods and their professed teaching are here clearly not on the side of the weak victim, but on that of her oppressor, and he is thus armed, not only with his own power, but with the precepts and fearful threats of his wicked religion to justify himself, and to subjugate the body and mind of woman to his absolute will. Her poor judgment and conscience are held fast in the terrors of a system that contains not one ray of hope of any change for the better for her; while this has been the

condition of the hundreds of millions of women in India since long before the incarnation of Christ. All that period of time she has been sunk and suffering in this manner.

If ever woman had an opportunity of showing what she might become under the teaching and influence of a civilization where Christianity or the Bible did not interfere with her state, the women of India have had that opportunity; and now after forty centuries of such experiment, what is woman there to-day? These pages shall faithfully declare it to the women whom Christianity has redeemed, and then let them judge for themselves the difference and its cause.

In rendering this service to the truth I shall be under no liability to exaggerate, nor shall I make a single unsupported statement as to her condition. The evidence shall be all her own, and chapter and verse—Law, Purana, and Shaster—shall give their testimony to the exact truthfulness of my descriptions. I feel assured that the ladies who read these papers will lay them down with the conviction that a more atrocious system for the extinction of the happiness and hopes of woman than that which is contained in the Code of the Hindoos never was devised by priest or lawgiver since the hour when guilty man first began to throw the blame, and the burden, and the wrongs of life upon the weaker sex.

The most ancient body of human law now extant is the Institutes of Menu. This unique and whimsical system of legislation—the offspring of despotism and priestcraft—fixed the social and religious position of woman in India at least a thousand years before Christ. The full title of the Code—which has been translated from the ancient Sanscrit by Sir William Jones—is, "Institutes of Hindoo Law, or the Ordinances of Menu—Comprising the Indian System of Duties Religious and Civil."

This is the fountain-head of those rules which constitute the laws of life for the women of India; and terrible as many of them are in their undisguised deformity here, they have been made even more hideous and horrible by the dilution and added ingredients of bitterness which they received as they flowed down through the ages, and were expressed in Puranas and Shasters, in traditional teachings, popular dialogues, in the Hindoo drama, and in their literature generally. We shall quote from all these to illustrate and justify the representations given of woman's lot in that land,

"Where the skies forever smile,
And the oppressed forever weep."

In doing this, however, I wish my readers to bear in mind the fact that I have to reserve part

of the terrible evidence which might be adduced, because it is too horrible and indelicate in some of its utterances to be laid before them; and I must also trust to their forbearance for some of the quotations which the sad truth requires should be presented.

In drawing a picture of woman in India, we first speak of her *birth*; and here we are met with the terrible fact of female infanticide, so common in that land. This is an ancient, systematic, and prevalent crime among the Hindoos. Not especially among the poor or the debased, but prevailing chiefly among the Rajpoot families, some of the proudest and wealthiest of the tribes of India. The doctrine and practice, and the unblushing avowal of this unnatural crime on the part of its perpetrators are such as can not be found anywhere else on earth. And the infernal custom has so drugged their consciences that even the mothers themselves, of these destroyed little ones, have declared their insensibility of any feeling of guilt, even where the deed has been done by their own hands!

To illustrate their estimate of the value of girls, I may mention that I had a native friend in India with whom, as he spoke English well, I had free and frequent conversations during my residence there. Suppose I heard that he had lately received an increase to his family circle—meeting him next day, after the usual salutation, I should say to him, “Lalla, I wish you joy—what has God sent?”

If it were a boy that had come, my friend would lift his face with pleasure, and, as his heart dilated with satisfaction, with evident willingness to reply, he would answer: “Sir, I have received a son.”

But if it happened to have been a girl, my question would awaken emotions akin to those of disappointment and shame, and, with averted face, the half-angry parent would answer me: “Sir, I have received nothing!” A terribly significant, as well as cruel reply; for it expressed the general contempt of his countrymen for the female sex, and showed that in the home where God had sent her to be a ray of light and joy, that little daughter was unwelcomed, and brought no sunshine with her. Her advent was a day of darkness, and, among the class of persons mentioned, there were perhaps two chances to one that, before many hours had rolled over, that daughter would be “nothing” to either father or mother.

Girls are not desired, not welcome; and when they come, and must live, as British law now demands, where its power can reach them, that life must be held sacred; still they can be

at least ignored, if not despised. Why, if my native friend had six children, three boys and as many girls, and I happened to inquire: “Lalla, how many children have you?” the probability is he would reply: “Sir, I have three children;” for he would not think worth while to count in the daughters.

They can not understand our Christian feelings in rejoicing over the birth of a girl with as sincere happiness as we would lavish upon our male children; and a case is actually on record which shows how generally accepted is this idea in the native mind, where an English gentleman at Bombay actually received a visit of condolence from an intelligent native friend. A little girl had been born to him, and the polite Hindoo, having heard of it, had called to express his sympathy with the unfortunate parent!

The prevalence and extent of this horrid crime of female infanticide many years ago attracted the attention of the humane men whom England sent to rule her India possessions; and from the official statistics collected, which are now before us, we are able to give some accurate idea of the fatal devastation which for ages past this hellish cruelty has wrought with the female life of India.

Mr. Wilkinson's reports were based upon a census taken in one locality where this custom was known to exist. By the simple spontaneous admission of the guilty parties themselves, it turned out that in one tribe the portion of sons to daughters was 118 to 16; in a second, 240 to 98; in a third, 131 to 61; in a fourth, 14 to 4; and in a fifth, 39 to 7. Now, as statistics in Europe and America have all shown but one result, namely, that the births of males and females are of nearly equal amount, the only inference to be drawn from this disparity is that females equal, or nearly equal, in number to the difference here exhibited had been destroyed!

The murders, therefore, perpetrated in the first of the above tribes were 77 per cent. of the females born. The aggregate result given by the census taken in this locality was 632 sons to 225 daughters. This is an average of 36 daughters to 100 boys; or, in other words, of every 100 females born, 64 must have been cruelly immolated by their parents; or, in round numbers, about two-thirds were destroyed, and but one-third saved alive!

Some of the villages examined presented a more terrible exhibit than even this—as where he found only 3 per cent. of girls, and in one *no girls at all*—the inhabitants freely “confessing that they had destroyed every girl born in their village.”

Sir Henry Pottinger, Colonel Speirs, and other gentlemen in other parts of India, furnished similar statistics to their Government.

The simplest and most elementary right of humanity is *the right of existence*; but for ages in India this foul conspiracy against woman has robbed her of this right in millions of instances. No wonder He who seeth in secret the wrongs that are perpetrated on the helpless, has taken from such a land of blood "liberty and happiness," as they have taken the gift of life from their innocent offspring.

The guilty agents are generally the parents themselves—oftimes the mothers with their own hands. Sir John Malcolm positively states, in his Report on Central India, that "the mother is commonly the executioner of her own offspring." Professing to open the fount of life to her babe she coolly and deliberately impregnates it with the elements of death, by putting opium on the nipple of her breast, which the child inhaling with its milk dies. But the juice of the poppy is not the only ingredient by whose "mortal taste" so many unoffending victims fill the unmarked graves of India. The Madar, or the dutterrea plant, the tobacco leaf, starvation, drowning, exposure in the jungle, and even strangulation, are the modes employed by these wretches for their fell purposes. "Without natural affection" truly.

The legal orator whose indignation was aroused to such an uncontrollable pitch by a *single* case of infanticide on the part of an unhappy mother, on trial for her life for the deed, when he so vehemently, and yet so truly denounced it as "a crime, in its own nature detestable; in a woman, prodigious; in a mother, incredible: for it is perpetrated against one whose age calls for compassion, whose near relation claims affection, and whose innocence deserves the highest favor"—what would he have said, where could he have found words to express himself, if the facts here given had been laid before him, and he had been made acquainted with the inveterate and wholesale system of murder which these reports revealed, and all of them committed against one sex, and that sex the very one whose gentle life and welfare God has especially placed under the protection and tender care of man and of society!

Human language, with all its resources, furnishes but a feeble and inadequate medium of expression for the horror which such deeds of bell awaken in the heart. Probably the celebrated Encyclopedist has as nearly expressed it as it is possible when he says: "Infanticide, or child murder, is an enormity that our reason and feelings would lead us to reckon a crime of

very rare occurrence. That it should exist at all, is, at first view, surprising—that it should prevail to any extent is difficult of belief—that parents should be its perpetrators is in a high degree painful to imagine—but that mothers should be the executioners of their own offspring, nay, their habitual and systematic executioners, is such an agonizing contemplation, such an outrage on humanity, as every amiable feeling of our nature sickens and revolts at."

If any thing farther were possible to add a more damning character to these deeds of blood it is found in the fact that Hindooism has dared to add a *divine* acquiescence to these practices; for their abominable creed has furnished a suitable patron to accept and delight in the groans and dying agonies of India's daughters; while a fitting locality, as a general center for the hellish enormity, was long since found in that dreary island of Saugor, lying below Calcutta, and which few Christians have ever passed without feeling inclined to invoke upon the island and its shrine of blood the unmitigated curse of God and man.

The consort of Shiva—the third member of the Hindoo Trimurti—the female Moloch to whose horrid appetite for blood, and hunger for the human lives, on which she is represented as feeding with a desire that is insatiate, is the being, to appease and gratify whom the benighted mothers of India have for ages sacrificed their daughters' lives. Her name is *Kalee*. She is the most popular deity of Bengal—the etymology of the name of the metropolis of India being derived from her designation and shrine—Kalee and Ghat, a place of ablution—Kalee's-ghat—hence Calcutta.

Of this abominable being the *Kalika Purana* declares, in describing her appetite for blood and carnage: "If a devotee should scorch some member of his body by applying a burning lamp, the act would be very acceptable to the goddess; if he should draw some of his blood and present it, it would be still more defensible; if he should cut off some portion of his own flesh and present it as a burnt-offering, that would be most grateful of all. But if the worshiper should present her a whole burnt-offering, it would prove acceptable to her in proportion to the supposed importance of the animated beings thus immolated—that, for instance, by the blood of fishes or tortoises, the goddess is gratified for a whole month after; a crocodile's blood will please her three months; that of certain wild animals nine months; a guana's, a year; an antelope's, twelve years; a rhinoceros's, or tiger's blood, for a hundred years; but the blood of a lion, or a *man*, will

delight her appetite for a thousand years! while by the blood of three men, slain in sacrifice, she is pleased a hundred thousand years!

She is the patroness of the Thugs, those professional murderers, who, when their victim is in the agonies of strangulation beneath their knees on the ground, are engaging in acts of prayer—offering to Kalee the life that is passing away—and, to this abomination, who is said to feed on the human soul, have the mothers of India for ages immolated their daughters.

So popular is she and her worship that even the English Government can not keep the public offices open during the term of the "Durgapooga" holy days, from the first to the thirteenth of October; for all Calcutta then runs mad upon this idolatry. Her image, larger than the human form, painted blue, with her tongue dripping with gore upon her cheek, her bosom covered with a necklace of human skulls, and her many arms each bearing a murderous weapon, is carried in proud processions and accompanied by bands of music and tens of thousands of frantic followers, through the streets of Calcutta.

At her shrine below the city, on the isle of Saugor, had long occurred those deeds which fired the indignation of that great linguist, Dr. John Leydon, and led to the composition of those rugged, but honest lines of his, which describe the place and those deeds for which it was regularly visited, and which made it so infamous throughout the civilized world:

"On sea-girt Saugor's desert isle,
Mantled with thickets dark and dun,
May never moon or starlight smile,
Nor ever beam the Summer sun!
Strange deeds of blood have there been done,
In mercy ne'er to be forgiven;
Deeds the far-seeing eye of Heaven
Veiled its radiant orb to shun.

To glut the shark and crocodile
A mother brought her infant here;
She saw its tender, playful smile,
She shed not one maternal-tear;
She threw it on a watery bier:
With grinding teeth sea-monsters tore
The smiling infant that she bore—
She shrunk not once its cries to hear!"

He then turns and addresses Kalee, and in the second verse following literally quotes the Shaster, describing her:

"Dark goddess of the iron mace,
Flesh-tearer, quaffing life-blood warm,
The terrors of thine awful face
The pulse of mortal hearts alarm—
Grim power! If human woes can charm,
Look to the horrors of this flood,
Where crimsoned Gunga shines in blood,
And man-devouring monsters swarm.
Skull-chaplet wearer! whom the blood
Of man delights a thousand years,

Than whom no face, by land or flood,
More stern and pitiless appears:
Thine is the cup of human tears,
The pomp of human sacrifice:
Can not the cruel blood suffice
Of tigers, which thine island bears?
Not all blue Gunga's mountain flood,
That rolls so proudly round thy fane,
Can cleanse the tinge of human blood,
Nor wash dark Saugor's impious stain:
The sailor, journeying on the main,
Shall view from far thy dreary isle,
And curse the ruins of the pile
Where mercy ever sued in vain!"

This iniquity was openly and fearlessly practiced in India up to the time when the Marquis Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, was appointed Governor-General, and India's daughters will yet learn to revere and love the memory of that humane and intrepid man, who, in the face of the obstacles that arose around him on every side, when he attempted to deal with this "custom," never faltered till he had put the protection of Christian law over the life of every child in India. His Excellency honestly and bravely placed into the hands of the magistracy of India "A Regulation for Preventing the Sacrifice of Children at Saugor and other places, passed by the Governor-General in Council, on the 20th of August, 1802," "declaring the practice to be murder, punishable by death." In British India, so far as law could reach the case, he made infanticide to be regarded and revenged as in England.



THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

We present here an outline of the countenance of this true friend of woman, as that of one whose deeds of mercy will be had in everlasting remembrance.

None would more heartily regret than he would, that his humane law has not accomplished all the good he hoped for, nor that a complete reformation can not even yet be reported. But this much has been accomplished, that the crime, when committed, must now be done cautiously and secretly, in the absence of witnesses, and in darkness; while millions of women have certainly been saved by it, and the law which he enacted will never be revoked. Under its operation Christianity is creating a conscience that will leave no room for the murderer, and no murderer to seek a hiding-place, and these deeds of hell shall be banished from the soil of India.

It is time now to present the known *causes* or *motives* for this fearful outrage against the dictates of reason, the voice of conscience, the finest sensibilities of our nature, and the laws of Almighty God. Whatever the reasons and motives which have led and still do lead the Hindoo to forget his "mildness" and become the murderer of his own flesh and blood, it is certainly not from a love of cruelty for cruelty's sake, nor from a total destitution of natural affection, nor is it that feeling that in ancient days led men to offer "their first-born for their transgressions, the fruit of their body for the sin of their soul."

It is no doubt true that children have been secretly offered to sanguinary demons in India, and many of the infants thrown to the crocodiles or sharks at Saugor by their mothers, were immolated in fulfillment of religious vows. Even the desire for children has led to their destruction, the mother promising her deity, in advance, that if blessed with offspring, the first-born shall be returned in sacrifice. In this case "the child of the vow" is carefully cherished for three or four years, and then the mother, tempting it a step beyond its depth, resigns it to the Ganges, or deliberately casts it toward the pampered alligator, and stands to see it bleeding within the monster's jaws! Alas, this is all but too true! Again, it is not uncommon for a poor, sickly babe, under the blind infatuation of its parents that its illness is caused by some malignant demon, who has taken possession of it, to be placed in a basket and carried into the forest, and there suspended from a tree, and abandoned for three or four days and nights, and if, at the end of that time, the vultures, or ants, or beasts of prey have not made away with it, and its sickness has not departed, it is restored to its home.

But none of these abominable cruelties adequately accounts for the prevalence of female infanticide. We have to seek its causes in more

unworthy motives than even these. In fact, the daughters of India have been sacrificed one generation after another, not to the superstition of their parents, but to their satanic pride.

It is very difficult to convey to American readers, or to the common sense of a Christian lady any adequate idea of the soaring and extravagant pride of family descent of such a race as the Rajpoots. The feudalism and chivalry of semi-barbaric Europe never entertained such exaggeration of themselves as do these men in their erroneous conceptions of that false honor to which they will thus freely sacrifice all that human nature holds most dear. Inflated with these high conceits, the towering pride of these men leads them to hold themselves as so many royal races, bearing the stamp of an incredible antiquity, and the noble lineage that looks down with contempt upon the modern and mushroom aristocracies of European society. The god-like qualities and heroic deeds of the mythical personages of the Mahabarata and the literature of his country he claims to be glorious facts, and he is the descendant and representative of this exalted rank and dignity! This fantastic vision is to him the most glorious and precious of all earth's realities. Under the influence of the excessive vanity thus generated, the aristocratic Rajpoot, rather than brook the fancied disgrace of unequal alliances, and thereby contaminating the blood of such a noble descent, will quench the very instincts of his nature and doom to death his unoffending offspring. Rather than brook the fancied disgrace of celebrating a daughter's nuptials in a style of pomp and magnificence disproportioned to his lofty pretensions, he will extinguish a life which, if preserved, would requite him with fond affection, and remember him with all a daughter's love. But rather than endure the imaginary dishonor of having his name sullied and his fame tarnished by the silence or dispraise of bards or genealogists, whose favorable verdict he can only purchase at a rate of liberality which would plunge him, with a mortgaged inheritance, into irretrievable poverty, he will harden his heart against the yearnings of a parent's feelings, and consign the lovely little one, that has just seen the light of heaven, to the agonies of death and the darkness of a grave dug in silence and in fear.

Multitudes of these Rajpoots are as poor as they are proud, and as immemorial custom requires, in the event of a daughter's marriage, not only her own "gift and dowry" to be provided, but the festivities of the occasion, lasting six days, to be furnished for all relatives and friends, priests, bards, and various functionaries

who must be "bidden" and provided for munificently; it is simple ruin for all but the very wealthy to dare the experiment, certainly more than once.

Probably more than half the debts of India to-day—in a land where such high usurious rates of interest are charged by the Shroffs—money lenders—to their creditors, running up to even thirty per cent. per annum—the first year's interest being usually deducted when the loan is made—are entirely on these accounts, while multitudes of families do not even entertain the hope of ever doing more than paying the interest of the enormous outlays caused by these ridiculous customs; and when the stern realities of approaching poverty begin to crowd in upon a man whose senseless pride has carried him to such extremes, little consolation can he find in the doctrine of his great bard, Chund, who sings of a similar case:

"The Dahima emptied his coffers
On the marriage of his daughter with Pirthirjoj;
But he filled them with the praises of mankind"—

praises for which he must be content to walk with poverty all the rest of his life.

To this is added, what is equally difficult for Europeans and Americans to understand or sympathize with, the general horror which parents in India feel in view of the supposed disgrace which would rest upon them and theirs in the event of their daughters remaining unmarried.

An additional explanation is found in the relation which a son bears to the *Shradd* of his father—those funeral rites at which he is to officiate, and which are considered essential to the happy transmigration and future welfare of the departed parent; so that the birth of a boy, and of each in succession, is an assurance of salvation to the father, while, as sacrifice and religious rites are all denied to women, a girl is regarded as of no moral moment whatever. She is a mere secular creature, whose life is considered as forfeited if the father concludes that there is no reasonable prospect of a suitable marriage for her, or that his means won't allow him to contemplate the customary nuptial expenses of his tribe. What girls are saved from death are usually those first born; the later ones have not a chance of life, those spared requiring their death as a necessity of their position and dignity.

Thus—to use the words of a writer in the *Calcutta Review*—parental affection in India has been overpowered by superior impulses, arising from the teeming brood of ignorance with its mistaken tenderness, and lust with its riotous excesses, and physical want with its indurating

appliances, and superstition with its relentless cravings. But it was reserved for the high-souled and chivalrous Rajpoots to exhibit to the world a spectacle of wholesale destruction of human life continued from age to age, by which it is demonstrable that millions and millions of female children have permanently perished! Perished—how? By the famine that pines in empty stalls, or the pestilence that walketh at noonday? No. That were in some measure a merciful death, as it would be by the righteous, if severe, ordination of an all-wise Providence. How then? To avoid the remorseless atrocities of barbaric warfare? No. That too were comparatively a natural death, as it would be inflicted by the hands of an enemy exasperated by deadly hate. How then?—and when? In times of peace, when the trumpet hangs quietly in the hall, as well as when it peals the shout of battle; in times of plenty, when earth, air, and ocean fling stores of affluence from their teeming bosoms; amid the retirements of home, amid the stillness of domestic privacy, have the thousands of hecatombs of helpless innocents been cruelly sacrificed, massacred, butchered! Butchered by whom? By the midnight assassin, or the Indian tomahawk, or scalping knife? No, no; let humanity shudder. They are the mothers—the unhappy mothers—who, in the name of false honor, demon pride, and hereditary fictions of rank or purity of lineage, have no compassion on the fruit of their own womb—who imbrue their hands in the blood of their new-born babes.

Surely this must be the very consummation of the triumph of the great devil himself over poor, ruined, infatuated man! Who would not desire to alleviate such wretchedness, to remove such ignorance? to extirpate such foul pollution and guilt from the earth? to stem such torrents of innocent blood, and seal up such yawning graves, and annihilate these evidences of the supremacy of the prince of darkness?

Say, ye happy American mothers, who have fondled your smiling babes, and clasped them to your bosoms as the most precious gifts of heaven, if ever such a tale of woe as this has sounded in your ears? Surely were it only possible to cause your hearts to ring with but a faint and distant echo of the groans and dying agonies of the myriads of infantile victims, that from year to year impurple with their gore the hamlets and palaces of India, you would resolve, with one spontaneous and universal impulse, to take no rest till you had done all that in you lay to sweep such horrid and abominable cruelties from off the face of the earth. It will be a

satisfaction to you to reflect that the lady missionaries whom your society is now sending to that land, and who carry right into the center of these homes your Christian sentiments and feelings upon this subject, may be designed by God to work out a remedy for an evil which has hitherto defied human law and all that man alone could do for its extirpation. May Heaven help them, until the day shall dawn when the mothers of India, exulting over their daughters—over each and all of them—as joyously as they have ever done over their sons, shall delight to direct their husband's loving attention to their female children, as the Christian poet has so well expressed it for them :

"O, look on her, see how full of life,
Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy !
How like to me—how like to thee, when gentle,
For then we are all alike : is it not so ?
Mother, and sire, and babe, our features are
Reflected in each other.
Look ! how she laughs and stretches out her arms,
And opens wide her bright eyes upon thine,
To hail her father, while her little form
Flutters as winged with joy. Talk not of pain !
The childless seraphs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent ! Bless her—
As yet she has no words to thank thee, but
Her heart will, and mine own too."

Such is the first chapter of woman's life in India ; such the risks she has to run that any thing more remains to be said of her. Even that, though unconscious of her indebtedness, she owes perhaps to Christian law, which has granted her the right to fill out her existence and sustain those conditions which our next papers will describe.

ORDINATION OF NATIVE METHODIST MINISTERS

AT FOOCHOW, CHINA.

THE week ending with Monday, the 22d of November, was one of great and unusual interest to the friends of missions generally, and to the Methodist Episcopal mission particularly. The special occasion was the General Annual Meeting of the native helpers of that mission at Foochow, their examination, and the ordination of seven of their number to the office or order of deacons, and of four of the seven to the office or order of elders in the Methodist Church by Bishop Kingsley.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were devoted to the examination of the native helpers on certain portions of the sacred Scriptures, and on the Discipline and regulations of the Methodist Church, and on sermons prepared by some of the helpers. The portions of the Bible

and of the Discipline on which they were examined had been given out at the General Meeting held last year in October, as subjects of special study during the present year. Four sessions were held each of these three days. The helpers passed the ordeal very creditably. The missionaries and the most intelligent of the native preachers acted as examiners.

Friday and the forenoon of Saturday were occupied in the examination of the old helpers in regard to their personal character, and the examination of the new candidates for the position of student, or assistant helpers, and in the prosecution of such other business as was intimately connected with the work of the past, or the work of the following year. These sessions were presided over by Bishop Kingsley, assisted by the members of the mission, who translated for him. It was concluded to retain all of the old helpers and student helpers except four or five, some of whom offered their resignation, and a large class of new student helpers were received.

As has been the practice for several years, the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, from 7 until after 9 o'clock, were devoted to the consideration of the important subjects, *Spreading of the Gospel, the Bible Cause, and the Opium Question*, respectively. These meetings were presided over by native Christians, who conducted themselves in a very creditable manner, introducing the subjects by appropriate remarks, after having engaged in singing, reading the Scriptures, and in prayer. They called upon the speakers in the order which had been fixed upon, the programme having been printed, with names of speakers and subjects to be discussed. Only three brief speeches were made by the missionaries during these three evenings. While all the addresses made by the Chinese preachers were good, most of them were remarkably excellent and practical, and would have done credit to young men of American or English birth and education, as regards arrangement, thought, and manner. A synopsis of these addresses would make this article too lengthy.

The closing speech on the opium topic, delivered late Saturday evening by Hu Sing Mi—one of the seven subsequently ordained, who spent two or three years in New York city, and was a member of the Methodist Church on Twenty-Seventh-street—was remarkable for its humor and feeling, and for its arguments, facts, and illustrations. In the judgment of some, if not all of the foreigners who listened to it, it was the most elaborate and the most eloquent address they had ever heard from a Chinaman on that or any secular subject.

During the evening devoted to the subject of "*Spreading the Gospel*," a list of the contributions made for that object by the native Christians connected with the Methodist missions during the past year was read, whereby it appeared that 311,742 cash—a little short of \$300—had been thus contributed. This fact is of a very encouraging nature. It is believed, however, that during the coming year the contributions for the spreading of the Gospel made by the native Churches will be very much larger. The native preachers, and assistant or student helpers, who are to labor in the district of Hing-Hua, between this and Amoy, it is understood have pledged themselves to raise \$200 during

the coming year; and those laboring in the district of Foo-Ching, this side of Hing-Hua, are pledged to collect \$100 from their field.

After much thought, consultation, and prayer, it was decided by the Bishop and the mission to ordain as deacons certain seven of the "licensed" native preachers, and as elders certain four of that number. These men have been employed in preaching the Gospel from four or five years to over ten years each. In the love-feast, held on Sabbath morning, November 21st, these brethren had an opportunity of briefly expressing their feelings in view of their proposed ordination. They all seemed deeply impressed with the importance, solemnity, and responsi-



THE FIRST CHINESE MINISTERS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Sia Sek Ong, Hu Yong Mi, Hu Po Mi, Ling Ching Ting.
Li Yu Mi, Hu Sing Mi, Yek Ing Kuang.

bility of the position in the Church they were to hold—the first ordained deacons of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China.

At the close of an impressive sermon on the character and conduct which it was binding on them to sustain and exhibit, delivered soon after the termination of the love-feast by one of the missionaries, Bishop Kingsley proceeded to ordain the seven to be "deacons in the Church of God." The scene was solemn and impressive. It will not soon be forgotten by the crowded house which witnessed it.

In the evening of the Sabbath, four of the seven deacons were solemnly consecrated and ordained to the eldership by the Bishop—the Methodist missionaries and two American Pres-

byterian ministers who were present, joining with the Bishop in the imposition of hands on the heads of those who were thus set apart to the service of God in the holy ministry. The ordaining prayer was translated in the case of each candidate by the senior missionary of the Methodist mission. The ordination was followed by the administration of the Lord's-Supper, at which the foreign Christians, American and English, partook, as did a large number of Chinese Christians—estimated to amount to over one hundred. The newly ordained deacons and elders assisted in the administration of the Supper on this interesting and memorable occasion.

The body of native preachers and student

helpers met on Monday morning and received their appointments for the coming year.

The men who were ordained deacons or elders range from thirty to forty-six years of age. Three of them are brothers—one of them being the person who spent two or three years in study in New York. One is a graduate of the Mission Boarding-School, of which he was a member when Rev. Otis Gibson, now missionary to the Chinese in California, had charge of it. Another was a hard-working blacksmith when converted. He subsequently labored at the anvil, and at the same time, with unwearied application, studied the sacred Scriptures, which he placed near by, talking incessantly with his customers about the glorious Gospel. He soon developed such singular zeal and rare ability in public speaking that he was employed as native helper. The remaining two, one a literary man by profession, and the other, formerly a merchant and opium-seller, as well as opium-smoker, have already given good proof of their call to the ministry by their devoted labors and their abundant success in interesting their countrymen in the Gospel, and in leading them into the Church. The latter one, the oldest of the seven, is often referred to among foreign missionaries as brother Binkley's man, from the circumstance that Rev. Mr. Binkley, who was obliged to return to the United States six or seven years since, was instrumental in his conversion.

These seven are in charge of Churches at very important centers. Mr. Binkley's man is stationed at the principal city in Hing Hua prefecture—the literary man at the principal city in the district of Foo 'Ching, forty and seventy miles to the south-east of Foo Chow. The youngest and the second of the three brothers, in the corresponding cities of 'Ku-'tien and Ming-'Ching districts, one hundred miles and forty miles to the north-west and west of Foo Chow respectively. The eldest brother is in charge of the Church near which the Methodist missionaries live, and in which the annual meetings are held. The graduate of the Mission Boarding-School is in charge of the Church on East-street in the city of Foo Chow, and the zealous and eloquent blacksmith—learned in the Scriptures—is in charge of the Church located a mile from the south gate of the city in the great southern suburb.

The missionary work at this place and the surrounding country, under the auspices of the Methodist mission, is constantly increasing in interest and importance. It is making, month by month, greater and greater demands on the strength of its members, who number three

ministers, all told. And yet one of them is under the grave necessity of leaving with his family for the United States next Spring. There will then remain two men. The three are already overburdened with their cares, responsibilities, and labors. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." Who will come without delay and enter upon this great harvest-field and aid in gathering the sheaves into the garner of the Lord?

This sketch would be incomplete if a reference should not be made to the presents given Bishop Kingsley, on the Wednesday evening after the ordination services, at the usual time of holding the missionary weekly prayer-meeting. Five of the ordained men, the other two being away, without notice or warning walked into the room where the meeting was to be held, each conveying a valuable present, consisting of Japan or Foo Chow made lacquered boxes, of superior workmanship, and a beautiful fan, which some one subsequently suggested was intended for Mrs. Kingsley. On this their names had been neatly inscribed. Without a word they placed these things on the center-table, while they remained standing near it. The senior missionary addressed the Bishop, who arose, while the esteem in which he was held by them and the fraternal salutations and farewells of the ordained were presented to him. He replied in a brief speech, which was duly translated to them, in which he thanked them for the beautiful tokens given him, which he said he should value highly, and show his friends in America. He expressed his great pleasure in having met them, and his satisfaction in their character as Christian ministers.

Soon after this a member of the mission approached him with a heavy volume containing fifty or sixty large and superior photographic views of Foo Chow and the adjacent scenery, which he presented the Bishop in the name of the Methodist missionaries. He read a short and well-worded address to the Bishop, which expressed their gratitude for his services in his official capacity, and their sense of the profit they and their families had derived from his counsel and example during his brief sojourn with them, and their best wishes for his happiness and usefulness during the remaining portion of his trip around the world, as well as during his life, assuring him they would be glad to welcome him again at Foo Chow. The Bishop, who evidently was taken by surprise, remarked that he could not be expected to make a lengthy and appropriate reply to this address, and that

he must be allowed to imitate the example of President Grant on similar occasions, and say simply with all his heart, "I thank you." He subsequently examined with pleasure the valuable present of photographic scenes, as will his many friends in the United States, who may have the opportunity of looking it over.

Singing the hymn in Chinese and English, "Forever with the Lord," a prayer in English by the Bishop, and a prayer in Chinese by one of the native ministers, constituted the prayer-meeting for that evening.

REV. F. C. HOLLIDAY, D. D.

ONE of the most popular and one of the most valuable features of the Repository has been the frequent introduction of living men to its readers. Naturally we desire to read of those whose writings we admire, and we specially desire to see the faces of those who are honoring themselves and the Church. The late General Conference did a wise thing in allowing the pages of our Queen of Monthlies to contain more pictures, for through the eye the mind and heart are most frequently reached. If "one good turn deserves another," the subject of this sketch should be seen by the readers of the Repository, for he has done them frequent good service in giving them the pictures and the history of such men as Governor Wright, Dr. Wood, Father Havens, and others. While it is pleasant to know that after we are dead a great many good things will be said of us, and our faults be hidden, it must also be pleasant to know what is now thought of us. Encomiums after death will not do the departed much good, and censures will affect him as little. If a man's life is such as to entitle him to an honorable place in society, that life should be held up before the young as an example worthy of their imitation. We are not sure that the history of General Grant *alive* has not more influence on the young than that of General Washington *dead*. Living examples are what we need; living lessons make the best impression, and to the living let us briefly look in this paper. We believe that the readers of these pages will thank us for even an imperfect sketch of one whose early and later life has been given to the work of the ministry, and whose entire abilities have been given to the building up in the West of an earnest, living Methodism.

Fernando Cortez Holliday was born in Essex county, New York, November 30, 1814, and came to Indiana with his parents in 1816, where he has

lived and labored almost ever since. He embraced religion during an extensive revival on the old Lawrenceburg circuit, under the labors of Revs. N. B. Griffith and Enoch G. Wood, March, 1829; was licensed to exhort by Rev. Joseph Oglesby, August 11, 1832, and was licensed to preach by Rev. James Havens, of precious memory, August 26, 1833. He entered the itinerancy in the old Indiana Conference in 1834, and was appointed to Wayne circuit with Rev. Charles Bonner. Young Holliday spent his first night in the itinerancy in the house of the writer's father, and we have heard from the lips of those who entertained him then that the boy preacher gave no unusual signs of coming greatness or eminence. This proves that permanent growth is slow, and its beginnings are not always most promising. But young and inexperienced as the boy itinerant was, there was a will power within him that urged him on in the performance of every duty, and that carried him steadily along in a career of labor and triumph. The young preacher was popular on his first circuits, but probably not so much for his powers of exhortation as for his genial social qualities and faithful attention to all the points of the Discipline. Indeed, his reputation as a minister depends as much on his carefulness and faithfulness as on his pulpit powers.

He was ordained deacon by Bishop Roberts in 1836, and elder by Bishop Soule in 1838. He has traveled three circuits, filled ten of the most important stations in Indiana, including one year at St. Louis, Missouri. He has been presiding elder fourteen years, and now has charge of the strongest Methodist Church in Indianapolis, and is exceedingly popular where he has been living for probably fifteen years. Although Dr. Holliday had but few educational advantages in early life, he improved what he had, and having laid down a course of study, he steadily pursued it until he became in many respects an excellent scholar. Being self-taught, he can not be judged by the standard of the schools, yet he will pass a scholar in almost any circle. What he lacks in the precision of a school-teacher he makes up in the scope of his education. In 1849 M'Kendree College, Illinois, did herself the honor to confer upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, and in 1859 he received the title of Doctor of Divinity from Alleghany College, Pennsylvania. Both of these honors were well conferred, and their recipient has shown that they have been appreciated and were not unworthily given. Dr. Holliday has some acquaintance with Latin and Greek, and can read the Hebrew Bible. He is not unknown to the reading public, for

he is a frequent contributor to our Church periodicals, and is the author of a "Bible Manual for Sunday-Schools," and the "Life and Times of Rev. Allen Wiley," "The Bible Hand-Book" very recently issued, besides having published a number of pamphlets, tracts, and sermons. He is now one of the editors of the "Illustrated Christian," a new and excellent paper published in Indianapolis.

The Church and Conference have honored him frequently by placing him in offices of trust and responsibility. He has been a delegate to three General Conferences; was four years a member of the Western Book Committee, four years a member of the General Mission Committee, and has been a Trustee of Indiana Asbury University almost all the time since it was founded. Such is a brief record of a life spent so far in the service of our Church.

Physically, Dr. Holliday tends slightly to corpulency, though only enough to show that he enjoys good living. A number of years ago he was terribly afflicted with disease in one of his limbs, and was made lame for life, and two years ago he was so unfortunate as to have a leg broken by a fall; but notwithstanding all this he is able to keep up with almost any footman, and needs but little the help of a cane. He walks uprightly, like any good Christian, and is by no means a cripple. A look at his face will show at once that good fellowship is there, and few men are his equal in genial qualities, and in personal kindness. He wins his way with a smile and a cordial frankness that few can resist. The Doctor has a comfortable home, and his family of boys and girls are nearly all near home doing well in worldly matters.

As a preacher Dr. Holliday ranks among the best, and when he preaches in New York city he pleases his congregation there as he does the one in the little country church. His sermons are very carefully prepared, and are delivered in a manner calculated to please all classes of hearers. He is an instructive preacher, though he allows Fancy sometimes to lure him into her pleasant pathway. As a pulpit orator he is peculiarly free from failures. He seems to do about as well as he can every time he preaches, and, therefore, his special efforts do not greatly excel his regular discourses. With a well-stored mind, a playful fancy, a pleasing voice, an excellent manner, a heart full of love for souls, he ranks very high as a preacher, and is loved by all denominations who love the honest and the good. Be it known, however, that our friend has a few faults, for he is a man. To some of us who are younger and more impulsive he sometimes seems to be too little radical, and

sometimes we have wished he had more angularity, more snap; but the boys will find fault with their elders anyhow. Although the Doctor does not care to evoke a storm that will not down at his bidding, he can ride as serenely in the midst of a tempest as an old salt with his life insured. Some worthy bishop has told us to flank a prejudice rather than storm it, and our worthy elder knows how to flank.

It is no sin to love popularity for the purpose of doing good, and he who has the most friends has the widest field for usefulness. Dr. Holliday has received tempting offers to turn aside from the work of the ministry, and has steadily refused. For his devotion to Methodism, and incessant labors in her behalf, we honor him; and as a self-made man, who has worked his way to influence, and honor, and position, we hold him up as a lesson to be studied by the young. He has, seemingly, many years yet of service to render the Church, and it may be that he will be called yet higher in due time. As he still lives and is duly modest, we leave to his biographer to say many things we have in our heart to say now. To the young readers of the Repository we say that they will do well to study the character of such a man and the causes of his success.

"Our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds by which we live."

ACCORDING TO THAT HE HATH.

HOW many excuses does Satan suggest to retain his captives, and how readily do they adopt and use them, when urged to shake off his yoke, and submit themselves to Jesus as their Lord! Some say, when thus appealed to, "I see so many faults in those who profess to be Christians." Others, "I am not, as yet, good enough to begin to follow Christ." Others, "I am not satisfied that I need any thing more than good resolutions and moral conduct to fit me for heaven." Others, "I must wait the Lord's time; when he sees fit, he will call me into his kingdom." Others, "I am not sure that, with my temptations and position in the world, I can become pious at all." And still others will reply, "I am not ready yet; there is a time for all things, and after I have enjoyed the world a little more I may be brought to a religious life."

Sometimes some such excuse becomes so plausible that he who employs it thinks it to be a sufficient reason why he should remain impenitent. And often those who have become

in some degree penitent thus obtain what seem satisfactory arguments for absenting themselves from the helpful ordinances to which real believers are invited.

The experience of F., a most exemplary and punctual attendant upon the public means of grace, may illustrate these hints.

He is a man considerably past middle life, moral and upright in his relations to his fellow-men.

A Christian friend, calling upon him, asks: "And why, Mr. F., are you not found among the professed followers of Jesus?"

"I wish—yes, I may say that I have long wished—that I might be with them. Above all things, I should like to be a sincere, happy, useful Christian."

"Then you have been for some time interested in the things of religion?"

"Yes, indeed; even from my youth I have had an interest in them, and have felt the importance of true piety; and as I have been for years accustomed to hear the preaching of God's Word, I have time and time again been impressed by its power, and been led to say it is the truth."

"I am glad that you do not shrink from a conversation upon religious topics."

"I thank you for bringing them to my notice, for often, when I have seen my minister coming to the house, I have dropped every thing, even when I have been hurried by my work, and have run into the house on purpose to hear him talk about the love of Christ and the way of salvation."

"Do you think that you see your need of Christ, so as willingly to receive him as your only Savior?"

"I trust so; at any rate I have been made conscious of my great sinfulness, and I wish to apply to him to take it from me."

"And do you pray daily?"

"I try to pray, and with an earnest desire to be heard, I hope."

"But is not this to begin to be a Christian? When with deep abhorrence of sin, one turns to the Lord Jesus as his only and all-sufficient Savior, and seeks by prayer to obtain his help in obeying his commands, what is this but to take the first steps in the Christian life? I hope you are going shortly to take other essential steps in the same right direction. You should at once confess Christ, and acknowledge your hope in him before others."

"I suppose that this is the duty of such as have really become his disciples; but I have one great hinderance that I fear must keep me back from being publicly known as a Christian,

even though the Savior should be willing to own me as one of his followers."

"Why so? What is your difficulty lying thus as an obstacle in your path? Perhaps you are unwilling to tell it to me."

"By no means. It seems to be this. I have so little to offer Christ. I would make, I am afraid, a most useless Christian. My early advantages were very poor, and, in fact, I have never had an opportunity to learn much. And even my natural talent is but little, and I'm quite sure that if I should try to be a Christian, I should not be of any service in the Church or anywhere else as a Christian."

"But is there not something of pride in this objection? Are you not, perhaps, holding back from duty because you think that you will not gain much credit in performing it?"

"It may be so, but I hope not. I've thought that if I should become a professed Christian, I'd be asked to pray in public, and I'm sure I never could do it in such a way as to benefit any one."

"This, my friend, you can tell nothing about. I was once at a prayer-meeting when a newly converted man was called upon to lead in prayer. He rose, and in a most humble and earnest manner stammered out a few broken sentences, and then sat down. But the sincere prayer was not in vain, for a friend present was brought to Christ in answer to the imperfectly uttered petitions that came from his full and longing heart. Besides, remember that you have not yet been asked to lead in prayer, or to perform any other public service. Do not anticipate these difficulties so long before you come to them. It does not become the duty of every Christian to pray in public. Should it be yours, God will give you the requisite preparation for it, and grant you his aid. You see I am meeting you upon your own ground. And suppose that your gifts are so humble, that your talents and abilities are so small that you can do little or nothing for Christ, what then?"

"Ah, my friend, this is just my trouble; I can do nothing, I am sure, for him."

"Well, but what do the Scriptures say about this matter; does God's Word represent him as so hard and severe as to demand of us what he has not given to us the ability to perform? Will Jesus Christ expect of you, or require from you more than you have got?"

"Why, I do n't know that I have thought of the matter before in this light. I can not suppose that he will."

"No, be assured he will not. When the poor widow at the treasury cast in her two mites—her all—Jesus commended her gift, and pro-

nounced it more valuable than the gifts which other bystanders may have estimated much higher. So if Satan tempts us to suppose that our dear Savior will require of us more than we have to offer, let us silence him as that Savior did, by an 'It is written.'

"Can any words be more adapted to relieve all your anxiety and diffidence than those of the beloved Paul: 'For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.' Go forward with all your weakness, but in the strength of Him unto whom all power is committed, and you will become his happy and successful follower."

The friendly word of counsel was not spoken in vain. At the next communion season, among others who received the ordinance of baptism was F. And as he now enjoys all the privileges of Christ's people, he often wonders that he should have been so long hindered from his duty by the fear that his Savior would expect or ask of him more than he has to give.

What frivolous objections often keep us from performing well-understood duty! The great adversary of our souls continually suggests them, and our native unwillingness to yield obedience to Christ makes them welcome. Let us remember from whence these "fiery darts" come upon us. Let us learn how to quench them with "the shield of faith."

Our dear Savior demands from us nothing unreasonable. He will never ask of us more than we have got. If we give to him all that we possess, he will accept the gift, and bestow upon us in return all that he holds and enjoys. If we obey him, and depending only upon his strength, humbly go forth to his service, we shall have his all-sufficient help. He will be better to us than our fears, better than our hopes.

MY MARAH.

"And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters, for they were bitter. And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink? And he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet." Ex. xv, 23-25.

WHILE wand'ring thro' the wilderness,
Panting with heat and thirst,
Craving one drop my lips to bless,
Moaning aloud in deep distress,
Deeming my life accurst;
Searching, but pausing oft to weep,
I came upon a spring;
Its waters did not brightly leap,
But slept beneath the shadows deep
That fell from Death's dark wing.

And there stood One beside its brink
With aspect sweet and mild;
He gave a cup—I could not drink—
"Drink it," He said, "and do not shrink,"
And on me gracious smiled.
"I can not drink, 't is full of bane;
O let this cup pass by!
See, it is black with grief and pain!"
"Drink it," He said, and smiled again
With pity in His eye.

I tasted then, and cried with tears,
"T is full of bitter sting!"
"Behold!" He said, "and calm thy fears;
This tree within its virtue bears
To sweeten all the spring."
And as He spoke in gentlest tone,
He touch'd the bitter cup—
The stranger from my side was gone,
And Christ hung on the cross alone,
When wand'ring I look'd up.

Upon His brow the thorny wreath
Great purple drops distill'd;
There, there, ere yielding up His breath,
The bitterness of life and death
To His dear cross He nail'd!
"The cup my Father gives to me,"
I cried, "shall I not drink?
No cup so dread as thine can be,
Who hangeest on the healing tree—
Why should I fearful shrink?"

And then the cup I dreaded so—
No bitter to annoy—
Down to its dregs of seeming woe,
I drank, and at the bottom, lo!
I found a pearl of joy.
Then large I quaff'd of that deep spring,
And quench'd my thirst and heat;
From it was gone the bitter sting,
And gone the shadow of Death's wing—
The cross had made it sweet.

And often when a pure, fresh rill,
I long in vain to meet,
I wander back my cup to fill,
And there again I drink, and still
I find its waters sweet.
So round that fount for me unseal'd
The tend'rest memories cling;
For there the cross was first reveal'd,
And there I met Him, first, who heal'd
My life's deep Marah-spring.

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

WHEN on his mission from his home in heaven,
In the frail bark the Savior deigned to sleep,
The tempest rose, with headlong fury driven,
The wave-tossed vessel whirled along the deep;
Wild shrieked the storm amid the parting shrouds,
As the vexed billows dashed 'mid dark'ning clouds.



CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

Alas, how futile human skill and power !
"Save, or we perish" in the fearful wave,
They cried ; and found, in that dread hour,
The One to pity and the Arm to save.
He spake, and lo ! obedient to his will,
The raging waters and the winds were still.

So thou, poor trembler on life's stormy sea,
When dark the waves of sin and sorrow roll,
To him for refuge from the tempest flee ;
In him confiding, trust thy sinking soul.
For this he came, to calm the tempest-tossed,
To seek the wanderer, and to save the lost.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER VI.

YEAST—WARM BREAD.

WHAT is yeast? Some housekeeper will reply, It is what we put into bread to raise it, to make it light. This imperfect definition covers nearly all that most housekeepers know about the substance. They think, indeed, that they must get it from *somewhere* to start with, like the virus of kine-pox; they can not raise it themselves; but ever so little will multiply itself *ad infinitum*; and as a whole neighborhood can be inoculated from one good arm, equally well can a whole community be supplied from one lively setting of yeast.

Yeast is oxidized gluten, and it is formed in large quantities in the decay of fruit juices, as in the fermentation of wines; and in the decay of grains, as in the worts of the brewer. Its entire character is not yet fully settled among scientific men. Liebig, who seems to have given very careful attention to the subject, says, "Ferment, or yeast, is a substance in a state of putrefaction, the atoms of which are in a continual motion. This motion or conflict of the elements communicating itself to the sugar destroys the equilibrium of its atoms. These no longer retain the same arrangement, and group themselves according to their special attractions. The carbon of the sugar is divided between the hydrogen and the oxygen; there is found on the one hand a carbonized compound containing almost all the oxygen—carbonic acid—and on the other a second carbonized compound containing all the hydrogen—alcohol."

So the action of yeast on the sugar and starch of the flour may be familiarly illustrated by the case of milk. Put into new milk that which is sour or many another decaying substance, and it will soon quicken—it will enter much sooner upon the process of decay. This Liebig explains by showing that many decaying bodies, when their particles are separating or going back to their original inorganic condition, have the power to induce by a sort of sympathy a similar action in the particles of other substances. "Fermentation," he says, "is nothing else but the putrefaction of a substance containing no nitrogen. It is excited by the contact of all bodies the elements of which are in a state of active decomposition." Hence it appears that the action of yeast is to induce in the food which we are preparing for our nourishment, a process of decay or destruction of that nourishment, as he says in his general definition of "Fermentation—Putrefaction—Decay. These are processes of decomposition,

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and their ultimate results are to reconvert the elements of organic bodies into that state in which they exist, before they participate in the processes of life." If we need any proof that this is the true state of things, we have but to let the process go on a very few hours beyond the point where it is usually arrested by being put into the oven, and the fact of loathsome decay is unquestionable. When did this action commence? At that moment when we put in the yeast by which it was induced.

But will not the flour decay without the addition of yeast? Certainly, if you but give it those essential to all decay, sufficient heat and moisture. Stir up wheat meal with warm water into a batter just thin enough to settle flat and keep it at a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, or not quite hot enough to scald—best done in a *bain-marie*—and in about twelve or fifteen hours you will see the plainest indications of fermentation; bubbles will rise until the whole surface is covered, and the whole batter is filled with them. If you put this evidently rotting mass into flour, wet it with warm water, knead it up and make it into loaves, let it rot a little longer, and then bake, you will have, with proper materials, fine, light white bread, such as is preferred by many to that made by yeast. You recognize, of course, the principal features of "milk yeast" or "salt rising," only the milk and the salt have been omitted. These hasten the process, but they are not essential to it, the popular idea to the contrary notwithstanding. The misconception in this respect is amusing, and one astute writer lays the pungent odor of this decaying mass to the "*animal* smell and taste of the milk." I have myself detected precisely that peculiar odor and taste in simple cooked wheat in the incipient stages of its decay.

It is probably true that bread made by this process is more thoroughly disorganized than by the use of yeast. Evidences of this appear in the more dry and tasteless condition of the loaf two or three days after baking. When the action was communicated by the yeast or ferment at once to the starch or sugar of the grain, the required gas is liberated and with less harm than when the decomposition had time to attack and disorganize other elements also.

Some have contended that yeast is a plant, and that the liberation of carbonic acid gas is due to its vital action as a plant. Liebig does not favor this idea. He says, "It is contrary to all sober rules of research, to regard the vital process of an animal or a plant as the cause of fermentation." If it were so, however, it would make no difference in the results which are the

decomposition of nutritious matter, and the formation of alcohol and carbonic acid gas. These substances are both pernicious, and their presence in newly baked bread is among the most cogent reasons why it should not be eaten fresh from the oven. After standing some hours they evaporate, and the loaf is more digestible. There is also a change in texture, which makes it more readily masticated than when eaten warm and soft.

We seem to be retrograding in our acuteness of judgment as a race, for in ancient days yeast, and, indeed, fermentation of all kinds, was deemed very impure, and only unleavened bread was used for holy purposes, but we make no such fundamental distinctions now. I have known some Churches to have unleavened cakes for the social love-feast, and fermented bread for the sacrament of the Lord's-Supper, and it is very common at the latter to have fermented liquors that fill the whole room where we are assembled with such odors as we would be ashamed of in our own dwellings.

To the plain eye of common sense, yeast is a filthy, yellow scum that rises to the surface of decaying fruit juices or the washings of decomposing grain. Many a reflecting person has asked what could ever induce people to put such stuff as this yeast into their bread. Doubtless the lack of *wit* to make it light in any other way, the absence of genius to use nature's own materials to the best advantage, perhaps also the lack of proper utensils for baking, so as to imprison and then expand the simple atmospheric air which would have been sufficient in the case of the best wheat meal made by the ancients. The finer bolted flour of a later date only increased the difficulty. To sum up—yeast, by a process of decay, breaks up the sugar—and some of the starch—into carbonic acid gas, alcohol, and water. This gas, entangled in the meshes of the dough and expanded by heat, expands the mass. The amount of organic matter thus lost for food is variable; not large, but quite too large to be carelessly thrown away, and the bread is further injured for food on account of the dead matter to be disposed of. But aside from these important considerations, what person of taste will, on mature reflection, prefer to have his bread partly rotted in order to make it light, if this result can be produced in any better manner?

One of the most common ways of making bread without fermentation, adopted not so much to avoid the decay as to gain time, is the use of mineral substances, by the chemical union of which this gas may be liberated in the flour. But this violates a principle already

stated, that of the impropriety of eating mineral or inorganic substances. We would not eat them by themselves, and if eaten in bread they tax the vitality to get rid of them equally, but not quite so promptly. This estimate of injury does not take into account the difficulty of adjusting the quantities of tried poisonous articles so as to form a neutral salt without an excess of either. The results of the futile attempt to do this may often be seen in the lightening-streaked and bilious-looking biscuit, johnny-cake and griddle-cakes, from the hands of inexperienced cooks, bitter in the mouth and literal ashes in the stomach; or if shortening has been added with equal ignorance of its effects, a slimy taste betrays the soapy union of soda with grease.

What then? What shall we do?

If you have read No. V of this series you have a partial answer. The resources of intelligent cookery are only beginning to be developed, but the variety and excellence already attained are worthy of attention, even when compared with the results presented by a system which for ages has experimented with scarcely any restriction of aim but to please the palate. Several methods of baking wheat have been presented, unobjectionable on the score of health, so far as we can judge in the present state of science and experience, and so really toothsome as to soon establish themselves in the favor of those who prepare to eat them judiciously. Some who have tried the latter bread fail. Perhaps they have had poor materials—the practice is so shamelessly common of “making up” Graham flour out of all sorts of trash! A grocer offered to make up some for me. A very few dealers have learned the value of the genuine article, and send to reliable millers for their supplies. Other experimenters have failed because they have not mixed or baked it right, and they have not the wit nor the patience to discover the point of their own failure. Many no doubt have succeeded well, and of these some have commenced eating of it constantly at once, and have experienced ill effects from the sudden change, while some have made themselves sick with simple over-eating. Still the truth stands, and they who love it sufficiently to search for it patiently shall find it and profit thereby.

Now we will turn our attention to bread from other grains, and from mixed materials. Corn contains less gluten, gum, albumen, etc., than wheat, and is, therefore, with greater difficulty made into light bread. Much of this difficulty will vanish, however, if we have it coarsely ground. The simple mechanical fact that the

particles do not pack so closely, and therefore that more air is entangled, seems to be sufficient to account for this. Two simple experiments, easily tried, are very convincing. Take for the first any ordinary corn-meal, wet with water, cold or hot, to a thick batter, and bake in a quick oven three-fourths of an hour or more. For the other take corn-meal equally sweet, but ground as coarsely as the Yankee samp—so coarse that not more than half of it will go through a common sieve, and not quite all of it through the oat-sieve. If you have no better way to get it, grind it in a strong iron coffee-mill. In any case take out only the coarsest of the bran, wet and bake precisely as you did the first, and you will find the resulting "hoe-cake" far lighter and more palatable than that made of the finer meal. It follows, therefore, that when made up with "lightening" of any kind, far less of the latter will be required, and the coarser meal will prove more satisfactory in most kinds of cooking.

The best manner of making the "hoe-cake," however, is, after taking out the coarsest of the bran, to separate the meal into coarser and finer grades by using a common sieve, scald the coarse, and then add the fine, with water enough to make a stiff batter, and then bake in a hot oven as above. Or, if you wish to be more primitive, spread it on a hard-wood board, set it up before the fire, and bake it brown and sweet, after the good old fashion. If this separating the meal is too much trouble, simply scald one-half of it as it comes, and add the rest without scalding. This kind of bread is sweet, but rather hard. A more delicate loaf, a very good *mixed johnny-cake*, is made by scalding one part coarse corn-meal, then adding an equal part good wheat meal, with water enough for a batter quite too stiff to settle flat. Bake in a quick oven forty minutes or more, according to its thickness. If it comes out heavy, you have mixed it too thin; if hard, too thick—try again. A little salt and sugar may be added, if desired. The practice of putting salt into bread is all a matter of habit, and I find the use of it varies greatly in different parts of the country, many dispensing with it entirely. Those who have been in the habit of using it would better not break off suddenly, but remember that all kinds of bread are sweeter and more tender without it.

Corn-meal seems to suffer more than wheat from the action of both soda and yeast. The former seizes upon its oil, and we have a recurrence of the soapy taste; the latter seizes upon its sugar and sours it, while the lack of gluten does not enable it to retain the gas so readily as

in the case of wheat. So it requires a greater amount of fermentation to make it light; in fact, it can hardly be made into a light loaf with any amount of fermentation, unless mixed with some other grain. Rye seems well adapted to this purpose from its greater amount of gum, and the mixture of these two grains is a public favorite. But few seem to suspect the mischief done by the yeast even in the taste of the "Boston Brown bread." I once had some of that article direct from the "Hub" sent by a manufacturer to his sister, and therefore presumed to be a fair specimen. Yeast and molasses were decidedly its prominent flavors. There is no necessity for making it with yeast. I have eaten it in Rhode Island made without yeast, but it was currently reported to be largely composed of crumbs, the remnants of other bakings of various sorts. Its taste was unexceptionable. I know that bread crumbs enough will make it pliable, but that is not always convenient nor agreeable, and certainly not necessary. Scald thoroughly two quarts coarse corn-meal; then add one gill of sirup, (or not,) and two quarts of unbolted rye meal—made just like good wheat meal—with water enough to make a dough as stiff as can be worked with a large iron spoon; mix thoroughly, and make into a loaf three or four inches thick, in a deep pan or dish; place it on the top of the stove, where it will just simmer without burning, until it begins to crack all over the top. This will require nearly, or quite, an hour and a half. The air at the bottom expanding and rising through the mass, as in boiling water, and held by the glutinous rye, makes it light. Then put it in the oven and bake brown in two or three hours. If convenient, then cover up the fire, and let it cool with the stove. If it be mixed in the edge of a Winter evening, and thus left in through the night, it can be brought out just warm enough for breakfast the next morning, and it makes an excellent meal. It is very nutritious and wholesome, good either warm or cold; it keeps a long time, is very nice toasted, delicious steamed, capital with bean soup, and too good in many ways to have a single crumb of it wasted. The only difficulty is that people are prone, especially at first, to eat too much of it; and then lay the loosening effects to the bread, rather than to their own greediness. Those already accustomed to eat freely of corn-meal require less caution.

This may be varied and, perhaps, to some tastes improved, by adding a few boiled beans, or perhaps a little stewed pumpkin. And this reminds me of a fine loaf of wheat meal bread made by a famous housekeeper of my acquaint-

ance for her last Thanksgiving dinner. It was made with about a quart of stewed and strained pumpkin to a three-quart-pan loaf of bread. I confess I partook of it with some gusto in spite of its being fermented. An excellent pumpkin "johnny-cake" may be made by taking equal parts good stewed pumpkin and dry corn-meal. Scald half the latter, add the remainder, with the pumpkin and a little sugar, with water enough to make quite a thick batter. Or add one-third pumpkin to the above "mixed johnny-cake," made of wheat and corn-meal.

Oatmeal makes a very tender breakfast cake, the most readily prepared of any thing we put into the oven. Wet oatmeal with water until it can be easily shaken down flat, pour one-half to three-fourths of an inch thick, and bake until the surface is slightly brown. It is not at all exacting in the amount of heat required. It is good with little, better with more, and not spoiled with quite a high degree, provided, of course, that it is not burned. It is, in fact, one of the most accommodating materials on the bread catalogue. In the first place, the amount of water used in wetting it up may be greatly varied. • It may be wet up hard, spread out on a bread board and baked before the fire, as they say is often done in the isles of Scotia and Erin. Again, for a hasty bread with very little fire, it may be stirred stiff and baked on a griddle. The oatmeal flavor is not quite so marked as in the "mush," and most people like it on first trial. It can also be made up with wheat meal and with corn-meal, better with the latter, in proportions of one-third corn-meal to two-thirds of the oatmeal.

An experiment just tried demonstrates very prettily the accommodating nature of oatmeal. The meal was wet with cold water till two or three spoonfuls of the latter ran freely on the surface of the mixture. This batter was poured into a frying-pan to the depth of half an inch more or less, covered close, and set upon a stove just hot enough to bake it without burning. In fifteen minutes the cake was turned out, light, sweet, tender, with a deliciously crisp under-crust, and far more wholesome than a whole stack of griddle-cakes. This may seem hardly dignified enough for the ordinary family breakfast-table, though it needs nothing but custom to make it so; yet many a housewife will be glad to produce such a dish for the early breakfast of some friend who must hurry off to the train; and many an obstinate coal fire may be cheated out of its vexatious dilatoriness by thus putting the breakfast cake on the top of the stove instead of in the oven.

Griddle-cakes are acknowledged not to be the

best form of food, even by people who do not take the trouble to look into the reason of things. If made up with yeast or with saleratus, it is evident they must contain all the unwholesome ingredients of common warm bread, and these with the addition of being saturated with melted butter and sirup, ought to be sufficient to banish them from the tables of those who really care for health. Buckwheat is by general consent considered less healthful than wheat. We know that its flavor is heavy and close, and that it is difficult, if not impossible, to make it into a light, tender loaf. Many farmers insist that the grain itself is injurious to animals that feed upon it. If people will eat it they will find it very much improved, and the cakes far more tender by adding to it about one-fourth corn or one-third wheat meal. But it would be much better to displace it entirely by the use of wheat meal, which makes very fine griddle-cakes—if any thing made up with yeast or soda can be called fine—with the advantage of being able to bake them all before the meal is commenced. I learned in the West, many years ago, that wheat griddle-cakes improve by standing—warmly covered—some minutes before eating.

To make griddle-cakes perfectly wholesome, it is best to prepare a smooth porridge of any coarse mush, as cracked wheat, small hominy, oatmeal, rice, or even bread crumbs, about one gill of mush for a quart of the batter, which is made by the addition of cold water and wheat meal, sifting in the latter and stirring slowly until as thick as wanted, and bake at once. Cover warm and close until all are cooked, and then serve. When freshly cooked they will be moist and sticky. If they are so after standing you have used too much mush; if hard and heavy you have used too little. By taking much pains to sift in slowly in stirring, they can be made very good with simple wheat meal and water. Oatmeal and water make good griddle-cakes, but they can not be turned very conveniently. A mixture of oat and wheat meal is more readily handled, but none of them quite so good as the hasty oatmeal breakfast-cake previously given.

All these griddle-cakes are perfectly wholesome in themselves, though not quite so spongy as those made with yeast or soda. They may be eaten with the steak and chop, or trimmed milk or sweets, or with a white sauce made by thickening milk with wheat meal. But the practice is so common to eat them with melted butter and greasy gravies, that few people care for them without these trimmings, and neither adults nor children are easily corrected of such tastes. The best way to effect a change and avoid dis-

putes, is to banish the whole catalogue of grid-die-cakes—relieve yourself, or your daughter, or your faithful servant of the tax of bending the head over the heated stove, and filling the lungs and the clothing, and the house with the offensive odor of burning fat, and put no more temptations to bad trimming before those who are not wise enough to resist them. An abundance of good substitutes may readily be obtained.

Bake in the oven some of the wholesome varieties of bread given here and heretofore, and serve them warm—not hot—or turn back to the chapter on “Grains,” in the January Repository, and have some of those pleasant and wholesome mushes, or have both, and enjoy yourselves and your eating more sensibly, and find yourselves better fitted for the duties of the day before you.

POLITICAL MANAGEMENT.

THE system of great parties involves a thorough organization and a working management. This again involves the outlay of time and money. A party is a kind of nation with officers, representatives, and a treasury. Such a body, extending throughout the country, existing outside of law, and controlled by irresponsible wills, has in it some elements of danger. It is only by a management exceptionally pure that it can escape deserving condemnation, since action restrained only by interest is not usually of a highly moral character. The party treasury, for instance, is collected and disbursed without accountability—whoever acts as treasurer is not bound to show by items how much he received or how it was expended. There are usually several distinct treasuries for distinct purposes, and they are usually managed by some member of a committee whose instructions are ordinarily “power to act,” which means, do as you please and secure victory if possible.

Think a little of the consequences of this vague but real power to obtain money as you can and spend it as you please. And first, what are the sources of party revenue? They are contributions levied upon office-holders, collections made from wealthy members of the party, and public funds obtained by various indirect methods. The assessments upon office-holders are really, as a rule, collected from the people, for the salaries have been fixed high to meet this party need in all cases where it is possible so to fix them. The system of fees is retained in city and county offices, and some others, because the large salaries so collected escape public criticism, and are much larger

than could be given by the most corrupt Legislature.

The contributions obtained from wealthy members of the party are in part a really honest source of income. No right is more clear than that of spending one's money to advance his opinion by honest means. A considerable part of these contributions are under this rule—the donors desire to aid in the triumph of their party. But some of them, even when apparently under this rule, are found on closer examination to be given with the hope of immediate profit. Manufacturers sometimes contribute in order to retain a duty on foreign goods like their own, or to secure the levying of such a duty. On the other side, merchants contribute hoping to secure the repeal of certain duties. In each case the sum given is a small investment expected to return large profits. It is customary for each party to array these lists, of manufacturers on one side, of merchants on the other, and charge that such sums are a corruption fund.

That this is a dangerous field of legislation is shown by this money conflict between merchants and manufacturers, and by the fact that some members of Congress represent little more than the iron-mills of their districts. The best argument for free trade is, that tariffs begin, continue, and end in corruption; interested voting, interested assessment and collection; frauds in elections, in laws, and in custom-houses. The system is an effort to promote public interests *through promoting private interests*; subsidizing the manufacturer that he may diversify our industries. It is a dangerous method. What we now note is that contributions from the two opposing classes for party purposes are not made upon principle, but upon the hope of interest.

Another portion of these donations is even less free from corrupt motive. The donors are candidates for office—taxed in advance by assessing their aspirations. Considered simply as a branch of the art of politics, this last form of taxation is truly admirable. The State never succeeds in getting taxes from all that men have; it is only the party that gets tribute from what men hope to have. What a field for finance! Shall we see a statesman who will make human aspiration yield him revenues? In the party the income from this source is peculiarly rich and certain. How easy it is for the manager to manure the ground and increase his crop indefinitely!

Only one man can hold an office; a hundred may seek it. The manager has only to encourage the desponding, inspire the unambitious, and regulate the journalistic estimates of candidates,

in order to obtain donations from several candidates for every office. In a recent election \$30,000 seems to have been the price of aspiring to the United States Senate, and one candidate appealed to the gratitude of the party by giving \$50,000.

Much pains have been taken to keep the chances of poor men for office open; but this element of party finance has come to exclude the poor from many offices in some States. I suppose a poor man could not be chosen to the United States Senate from New York, unless he had by extraordinary ability secured the support of the people. The dice are loaded to the detriment of poverty. The money-power of the rich candidate helps him all along the road to office; but its first value is the claim it establishes upon the party manager. The candidate has invested ten thousand dollars in the enterprise of office-hunting, and he takes care to have certain advantages in the canvass. If he is an orator, his appointments are arranged to suit his aspirations, and in any case he secures from the press of his party frequent and honorable mention as an excellent piece of senatorial timber.

The other source of revenue—public funds—must be spoken of with caution. One element of it is, however, open enough. The Post-Office Department, which is bankrupt to the figure of five millions a year, is thought rich enough to carry all the political mails for nothing; or, rather, its hopeless poverty is produced by this tax upon its resources. The continuance of the franking privilege in spite of public condemnation is one of many proofs that most of our legislation is irresponsible. Congressmen who are "sound on the main question" can afford to defy the public upon such trivial questions as arise from the use of public money.

It is believed that lobbying is utilized by able party managers. The lobby is in general the agent of private legislation. It is not wholly so; good men go for good purposes to the capitals and become a part of the lobby; but a greater part of this third house is collected to secure the passage of bills to promote the interests of persons and corporations.

In an early stage the lobby deals with individuals; that is, it manipulates certain members of the legislative body. In time, however, it assumes a more organic form, and the lobbyist acts upon clusters of men. Here the skillful party manager finds his account. He knows his members, and can treat with the lobbyist on the noble basis of *quid pro quo*. He has a majority vote to sell; the lobbyist has greenbacks to exchange for them.

It is further believed that certain appropriations are made for party purposes. A "contingent fund" is not usually very rigidly accounted for by those to whom it is paid. Of course, dear reader, your party never does this, but your papers from time to time accuse the other party of such transactions, and you know that party is mean enough to do any thing.

The aggregate amount collected from all these sources is very large. In the city of New York alone it is said that the dominant party spent nine hundred thousand dollars in the election of 1869. This single example suggests a very large national tax collected for the maintenance of parties. If it be true, as it must be, that all these funds are so much added to our taxes, is it not worth while to consider whether we can well afford the expense? Does it pay?

Party expenditures very much resemble the income, in morals. There is a perfectly honest kind of expenditure—for the diffusion of information; but the term is made to cover many varieties of information and many methods of diffusion. We can see how a party needs to publish pamphlets, or tracts, setting forth its principles and policy; and, within reasonable limits, the practice is a sign of intelligent political life.

The items under the information bills are, however, of diverse character. The candidates for office usually speak without compensation and pay their own expenses. But in recent years the practice of "hiring" foreign speakers—politicians from other States—has been widely introduced, and is believed to pay the best orators as well as a lecture season. It is not quite safe to find fault. A member of Congress only receives, in all, about \$7,000 per annum, and life in the village of Washington is notoriously expensive. Besides, what right have I to complain that in his vacations our law-maker turns an honest penny by lecturing on politics? It is not meant, then, to suggest a corrupt transaction, so much as to point out that our patriot takes a fee for proving to us that the salvation of the country depends upon the success of his client.

Information is diffused by the press. In ordinary circumstances, the wages collected from the party are advertising bills which are often somewhat roughly estimated. But peculiar circumstances develop special appropriations made to "independent" journals, and occasionally a paper is founded to meet an emergency. The objectionable features in these transactions lie in the details, the tone, the special immorality of separate transactions; it is not pleasant to feel that the newspaper we trust makes its

opinions a matter of traffic, or that it is secretly rewarded for doing what we think right. That journals, which publish every thing else, omit these current accounts with the party managers, suggests that the facts are not thought fit for general contemplation.

A good deal of manufactured information, of something worse than worthless texture, is often thrown on the market. False statements sent off on the eve of election day, and often sent to rural districts below the average of enlightenment; consciously perverted facts or garbled statistics; slanderous accusations; lying promises; these are a few deductions to be made from the bills for information. They decrease the knowledge of the people; they inflame prejudice at the expense of intelligence. Nor is it true that those who sin suffer the penalty by being distrusted. Nothing is so easy as successful political lying in the heat of a contest; then, of all times the most unsafe, people read mainly their own party documents and listen mainly to their own organs of information.

If, therefore, it be said that a considerable part of the money professedly paid for informing the public mind is actually spent to deceive, mislead, and inflame, all who know any thing of the conduct of "the other party" will agree in our condemnation of this item in the bill.

The payment of the committees who manage the party is an unknown quantity which no algebraic formula can develop. The active members live well, spend money freely, treat their friends in all sorts of ways, and have generally the air of persons to whom economy has never delivered certain lectures. It is a very pleasant sight to see the indifference to expense, the freedom from all sense of restriction in resources, which appear in the multitudinous bar-room drinks, restaurant suppers, carriage hire, etc., of a successful manager. Whether there is any distinction between his own money and that of the party will probably never be known in this world. He has contrived to impress upon us that party accounts are incendiary documents, to compel us to take his word for his honesty and to sport in his Summer's sea of glory without interference with his gambols. He has, we have learned, two sides represented by income and outlay. It is on the last that his celestial splendors appear; when asking for income he is only a mortal.

Another item of party expense is made in obtaining information. The probable lists of voters on each side are sometimes important. By ascertaining nearly the relative strength of friends and foes, the labors of orators and the streams of intelligence may be poured upon the

districts that promise to reward labor. So far no objection arises. But there is another use to which such information is applied: if voters are plenty in New York and scarce in Philadelphia, the inequality of supply and demand may be regulated. To know where to send the devoted voter willing to do any thing for the party, has proved useful knowledge—that is, it has carried elections.

It is fairly presumed that "repeaters," "colonists," and the rest of the class of illegal voters, are ordinarily expensive luxuries. Men usually charge for services of danger according to the risk. Enormous election bills usually smell of illegal voting.

The efforts made to quench the thirst of voters are not praiseworthy, but they are costly. The "saloons" have a decided advantage over the manager in adjusting accounts, for their influence is valuable, and their knowledge of this fact perfect. Voting may be confined to one day, but drinking begins and ends with the campaign. There is a looseness about the whole system of imbibing at the expense of the party which opens all sorts of doors to extravagance, and managers fear publicity too much to make any serious resistance to demands. These bills have been found on the way to settlement three months after an election, suggesting that the claimant had a habit of replenishing his stock by drafts on the party. Of course one must have been a manager to know just how all this underground party life goes on; the writer claims only to have seen a few incidents attending party outlays. A manager's account rendered by items in full detail would not perhaps be comfortable reading, but it would be very instructive.

Party management in a city involves a considerable number of employés, whose salaries and expenses are as vague as their duties. They certainly cost money. The manager is rather apt to be the center of a group of patriots who devote themselves to the country for a consideration. In money matters the manager does not much differ, in his relations to them, from the chief of a band of robbers. He has obtained by their aid considerable sums of money, which he and they are to devote to a general purpose. No account is to be rendered; diverting these moneys is not very difficult at "flush" seasons; but no one person will be allowed to hide a great deal of it. In short, it is not to be expected that the gentlemen who organize victory shall take none of the spoils. If any odd bits remain in the treasury they are not given to orphans or widows. Now and then a manager grows so fast in expensive

tastes, and expands his life so generously as to suggest that his office is as profitable as those he gives to other men.

After all due allowance has been made, so much unpleasant matter remains that a good citizen will hardly contemplate the money matters of his party with satisfaction. That such enormous sums are collected and disbursed in darkness; that the income is swelled by such questionable items, and the expense account loaded with such a reeking mass of bad whisky and bad morals; that men without visible means of support hover about the party rooms and suck blood from the party corporation; that the manager is practically either irresponsible, or the tool of powerful aspirants; that this power behind the throne has the chest of the party at his command, and may stain its action with any frauds that money can buy; that, in short, our system is such that the purest patriotism and the noblest principle can not save us from being responsible for crimes done with our money by our agent—all these things ought to cool our political fervors.

The party organization is partly open and partly "strictly private." It is all plain sailing when a meeting or a convention is called and meets. It is what happens before the meeting is called to order that puzzles weak understandings. When a half dozen well-dressed gentlemen tell us they have found a good chance to build a railroad, and unroll a printed statement showing us how to make fortunes by taking stock, the simple-minded invest, if disposed thereto, without further parley. The old soldier in these railroad enterprises asks some questions about the "ground floor" of the undertaking—"I see you have spent half a million to get the thing going; pray now what did that half million cost you?"

A political meeting in this respect resembles a stock company; there is an underground floor, and it is here that organization tells and pays. Nobody calls a public meeting until he has made the necessary arrangements for working it.

It will not do, of course, to have every body talking at random, to give vent to every loose opinion, to let all scramble for every good thing. "We must come to an understanding. You, gentlemen from Scrub Oak, can have the coroner; select your man, and do not disturb the harmony of the Convention by wrangling. Flagtop must have one clerk and Basdrum may take the other. Let us fix this matter so as to show a united front to the enemies of the nation." The process of artificial selection, the struggle for life, the starving out and pushing

aside, is all organized and executed in the dark, in street corners, in saloons, in back offices. Somebody can tell you what is certain and what is doubtful when the hour of voting comes in convention. If a struggle remains, it is because organizing genius has met its Waterloo. It is a very noble way of governing the country, and the people are sovereigns. What would you have? There must be an understanding, and all these gentlemen do is to promote harmony.

And yet these peace-makers are called *rings*. They harmonize so effectually that they select candidates and furnish conventions with nominations made to order. It is easier to get past St. Peter into heaven than to get before a convention as a candidate without consent of the ring. The irregularities and caprices of the people are restrained and regulated. Law is enthroned in the party; nominations have some significance; men take their turns; victories organize victories; a political kosmos comes out of all this surging and swaying of the masses. It is worth while to serve a party—if you are in favor with the ring—there is an element of order and certainty in political movements. If you are promised a thing and pay for it, you will get it.

Every political meeting has a rudimentary ring; it may be so unconscious and self-forgetful as to provoke no attention; but the political party in the city is nothing if it be not a ring. In a crowd there must be a police.

The arts by which majorities in conventions are secured are too various for description. Blandishments and intimidations; promises and threats; knowledge of men's errors, sins, frailties, aspirations; soft flatteries, and the war of mobs; the undecided are won by resounding cheers for a favorite candidate; the obdurate of heart are made to seem impracticable or selfish; we are always overflowing with kindness and good-will—these are a hint only of the range of manipulative skill.

A small majority may in some political meetings be overcome by the prompt attendance of the minority who choose a chairman gifted with a powerful vision for his friends, and a weak one for his antagonists. Indeed, the powers of a chairman—not perhaps greater than need—are a severe check on freedom of political action. The party out of favor in his eyes must sometimes fight at great disadvantage, and choose between enduring his imperial sway and disorganization. It is an element of political action which tends always to lower the per cent. of free choice.

Providence has mercifully ordained that no

ring can very long exist. It is tempted to stretch until it breaks. But this does not mean that escape from one ring frees us from rings. On the other hand, the rupture of one is usually made by another. A city usually has a good supply of ring timber. In Chicago, in 1869, a few gentlemen organized a party, made their nominations without appeal to conventions, and in a few weeks conquered the city and county. But they were not novices, but men inured to politics, and familiar with every corner of the city and every political element within it. The new ring was able to crush the old, because it added to equal powers the ability to array popular odium against its antagonist.

From rings there is no escape while the prizes in these contests are so large as to invite organization, and the parties so large and helpless as to require vigorous management. Time, and skill, and money must be employed to collect and build up the materials of the party, and to prevent the destruction of the edifice by the shock of rivalries.

It occasionally happens that a political question eats up all others, and by a rare chance all issues may take position in two opposing ranks; but in general the opinions of honest thinkers leave them astride the party line. The questions and issues grow numerous and complicated with our civilization, and every year makes it more difficult to separate the people neatly into two parties. The managers will for a time keep the cumbrous machine moving by force of genius, and the use of that vast fund of knowledge which our party system has accumulated. At the same time rings must oftener come to grief, scandals must multiply in our political chronicles, and the non-voting mass of citizens grow larger every year. It is useless to find fault with these non-voters. It is absurd to ask a man to choose between two things, both of which are distasteful to him; only very ignorant people will assume that a man is on one side or the other in a street fight or an election. There must be greater freedom of choice, some chance to vote what one thinks, room to condemn both parties alike.

The government of the party is absolutely necessary to success; undisciplined masses do not win fights, and elections are not carried by chance or Providence. But this Government is just as despotic as it is necessary; the greater part of its action, and the most of its reasons for action, must be concealed. The light which parties invoke or create does not fall on the stage managers or scene-shifters. The foot-lights are for the audience. But concealed and irresponsible power is our best definition of

despotism. We know not where it lies; we can not fix accountability; we can not search out the guilty and punish them; we can not repair the evils they have wrought. Above all, we are always confronted with the necessity of doing some wrong in order to do some right; of acting according to our consciences only on condition that we also act against them.

Let us not be misunderstood. It is quite possible that episodes of pure political management may visit favored States. Here and there a good man may adorn a ring; now and then a ring may be—as good as possible. The argument herein is based upon the general principle. If it had been intended to sicken with details the newspapers would afford an abundant supply. The truth is, we all feel that political management is undemocratic and corrupt. Who has not besought the women to avoid “the filthy pools of politics?” Good men instinctively caution their sons, lawyers their students, merchants their clerks, and all of us our friends, to keep out of politics. What is the matter, my masters, that we are at once so proud of our system of government, and so disgusted with our political management? There must be some error of method. The rude system of majorities and minorities can not be the only or the best way to govern the people, “by the people and for the people.” There must be a science of democratic expression, or some general principles governing it, which lies outside of the rough contrivance, imitated from a prize fight, of finding out which is the strongest party.

CHRISTIANITY AND EDUCATION.

SECOND PAPER.

WE saw in a former article how Christianity necessarily enters as an element into the education of Christendom, by constituting a department of Christian learning. Let us now look at its influence on education.

And, first, let us glance at some of the general features of its influence. The germs of Christian truth existed at least two thousand years shut up in the surroundings of Judaism; but they produced but little influence on the moral character or the literature of the world, because withheld from the world by Jewish exclusion, and bounded in their influence by the mountains of Palestine. Here, however, they had their influence, partially indeed, because they were themselves but dimly revealed and obscurely apprehended. Yet they gave to the ancient people of God a more substantial civilization, a more sublime philosophy, a higher

type of social life, and a more diffused education. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord," was both a commandment and a product of Judaism.

It was not, however, until the germ truths of Divine Revelation received their clearer illustration from the lessons of Jesus, and were expanded into the higher and perfected system of Christianity, and by his authority were sent into all the world, mingling with the thoughts and penetrating the knowledge of all people, that Christianity began to exert its true influence on human learning. "The kingdom of heaven," said the Divine Teacher, "is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." By Him was perfected the system of truth which was to reform the world, and by his authority were its elements thrown out like leaven into the strange mass of truth and error which filled the minds of men. At once they began to work. Slowly they insinuated themselves into the intellect of the world; gradually they made conquest of mind after mind. They awakened new trains of thought; they came into contact and collision with old systems; they convinced men of the absurdity of old errors, and their light pointed the way to new truths. It was not to be expected that the human mind would at once lay hold of a new religion—that human opinions and systems, however erroneous, would at once be overwhelmed by it, and give way before it. Nor was it thus in actual history. It gently insinuated itself into the world's heart, awakened the world's thought, emancipated it from old errors, and imparted to it a new and vigorous impulse in the pursuit of truth.

But little was accomplished in the early history of Christianity in enlarging the sphere or improving the methods of education. The first centuries of her history were centuries of conflict with old systems, which must be removed out of the way; and that conflict was long and fearful, presenting a multiplicity of phases, and recurring in manifold forms. Old foundations had to be upturned, religions had to be supplanted, errors had to be eliminated, philosophies had to be refuted, old civilizations had to be reformed, governments had to be modified, political complications had to be unraveled. The first influences of Christianity were upon mind itself, setting it free from the moral, the philosophical, and the political chains which bound it, and placing it in an attitude to receive and impart the highest elements of education.

Hence "for a long period, even after the introduction of Christianity among the nations of Europe, the education of the young seems

to have been in a great measure neglected. During the long reign of Papal superstition and tyranny, which lasted for nearly one thousand years, education appears to have been entirely set aside, or, at least, to have formed no prominent object of attention. The common people grew up, from infancy to manhood, ignorant of the most important subjects, having their understandings darkened by superstition, their moral powers perverted, and their rational faculties bewildered and degraded by an implicit submission to the foolish ceremonies and absurdities inculcated by their ecclesiastical dictators; and even many in the higher ranks of life, distinguished for their wealth and influence in society, were so untutored in the first elements of learning that they could neither read nor write." (Dick.)

It was not till the era of the Reformation that seminaries for the instruction of the young began to be organized and permanently established. It was then learning had her great revival; a new impulse was given to the human mind; a bold spirit of inquiry was excited among the people; the fallacies and absurdities, as well as the despotisms of Romanism, were set aside; the legendary tales of monkish superstition were discarded, a taste for useful knowledge was diffused among the masses, the study of ancient literature was revived, the Scriptures were given to the people; man was again free; and from that period schools and seminaries began to be multiplied throughout the countries of Christendom.

Christianity, herself now set free from human chains, was ready to give to the world the widest field of learning and the highest style of education. She began to impress her own expanding and diffusive character on human knowledge, and to breathe her own earnest spirit into systems and methods of education. Her brightest achievements, and her most powerful influence, have been exhibited, first of all, in enlarging the sphere, exalting the importance, and improving the methods of education. The light of her divine truths has shed a luster over childhood, and a glory over the human mind that never could gush from the darkness of Paganism or from a soulless philosophy. Gently murmuring in the ear of parents and teachers, "*of such is the kingdom of heaven*," she throws an air of sacredness over infancy and youth, from which parents realize an idea of the value of their "household gems," and teachers comprehend the magnitude of the work committed to their hands. Claiming universal diffusion for herself, she carries universal education with her. Teaching that God is no

respector of persons, as they stand in the naked dignity of human nature before him, she has diffused the idea of equality, and has taught Christianized humanity that every poor man, as well as every rich one, has the undoubted birth-right to religious instruction and the elements of knowledge. Touching the springs of human charity, she has opened up to education the fountains of benevolence, and is crowning the hills and adorning the valleys with universities, and colleges, and seminaries. Revealing clearer views of human society, she teaches man to purify the moral atmosphere about him, "to keep good sentiments uppermost, to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion against ignorance, immorality, and crime, and to expect more from the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment than from the censures of law or the punishments of crime." Hence she is planting on every square of our cities and towns, and embowering in the groves about our villages and farm-houses, the public school-house. She has taught us the lesson that enlightened virtue is the source and guardian of human happiness, but that she herself is the source and palladium of that virtue.

But Christianity also comes to us as an agent in the investigation of truth; thus enlarging and perfecting the sphere of our knowledge.

Human science has made great and rapid strides in modern times, but it has only been in Christian countries—it has been where God's own Revelation has been shedding its light over his own works. Christianity has cleared the intellectual vision of the world; has moved old errors out of the way; has given right direction to human thought and scientific investigation; has furnished wholesome boundaries to philosophy, beyond which she has shown to lie the useless regions of superstition; she has discarded speculation, and taught us to look for facts, to reason from these alone, and avoid profitless hypothesis. She has given us the Baconian methods of searching for truth, instead of the ancient guesses, which only led to error. Science has consented to lay aside some of her ancient pride and to accept help—to take with her as guide and interpreter the volume of inspiration, and to read in the light of the Creator's revelation the mysteries and problems of his creation.

What results may be expected to follow from such a union? Rather what results have already followed? The co-operation of science and Revelation, the harmonious mingling of God's wisdom and man's science, is the secret of the mighty impetus which moves modern society, and which gives to modern science its

great power and astonishing success. By this union man has been freed from the dominion of imagination working without facts, of speculation moving without data, of hypothesis built without foundations. He is safely conducted over the chasm of fancy and superstition, and is furnished with the true instruments of investigation and with great fundamental principles, true and fixed, from which to start on his explorations of the vast field of God's works. Under these new circumstances Nature freely yields her secrets; the origin, design, and destiny of the world unfold themselves before our investigations; the mysteries and problems of human life and history arrange themselves in order and harmony; and the very elements of Nature become subservient to human science and art. "The day is coming when science, literature, and religion, already daughters of one family, shall be dwellers in one home. Science shall shade her torch and stoop her telescope before the throne of the Eternal; Literature shall pursue her studies, and dream her dreams in the magic atmosphere of heaven's own day; and religion shall take her two sisters by the hand, smile on them with the serene and majestic love of a superior nature, introduce them to the presence chamber of the King of Kings, and in a threefold cord shall be united with them forever."

Again, Christianity has exerted its powerful influence on human society, placing it in the most favorable attitude for the highest achievements of education, giving it a civilization which only springs from her benign influence, characterized by elevation of sentiment, refinement of manners, activity in every department of life, wide-spread charities, equality of sexes, and liberality of government. These are the circumstances most favorable to imparting and acquiring education. It is in such an atmosphere the mind works most freely; it is here she has made her loftiest flights and achieved her sublimest triumphs. But these circumstances are the products of Christianity. "We are compelled to admit, as a fact of history," said Coleridge, "that we owe the largest part of our present knowledge, directly or indirectly, to the Bible; and that Christianity, however much we may neglect it, and turn aside to quote other guides and authorities in morals, politics, and history, has been the main lever by which the moral and intellectual character of Europe has been raised to its present comparative height." And how Christianity accomplishes this result is naively told us by an old English divine: "Were a man designed only like a fly, to buzz about here for a time, sucking in the air,

and licking the dew, we would expect him to be but a sorry and despicable thing, and such, without religion, we should be. But it supplieth us with business of a most worthy nature and lofty importance; it setteth us upon doing things great and noble; it engageth us to free our minds from all fond conceits, and to cleanse our hearts from all corrupt affections, to curb our brutish appetites, to tame our wild passions, to correct our perverse inclinations, to conform the dispositions of our souls and the actions of our life to the eternal laws of righteousness and goodness. It putteth us upon the imitation of God, and aiming at the resemblance of his perfections; upon obtaining a friendship, and maintaining a correspondence with the highest and purest beings in the universe." (Barrows.)

One feature in this Christian civilization we must not forget—the equality of the sexes. Christianity alone, of all the religions or philosophies which have been found among men, has opened the door of the school-house to the female sex, and thrown open the proud walks of science and the fields of literature to women. Other civilizations have permitted some sporadic cases of learned women. Egypt, and Greece, and Rome, and India, and China point to a few illustrious names; but these had risen to eminence by their own efforts and genius, and in spite of the general exclusion of their sex from every department of learning, while we nowhere discover in any of these great States any provision whatever being made for female education. The advantage that Christianized countries have gained over ancient and modern pagan States that have excluded women from participation in the benefits of education, is incalculable. Not only have we been delivered from a great national evil, and a fruitful source of national weakness and degeneracy, in the form of ignorant and uneducated women, but we have gained the positive advantage of the powerful influence of woman refined, exalted, and educated.

Christianity has given to woman a moral equality and an equal destiny with man himself, and she has given back to Christian civilization the powerful influences of educated wives, and mothers, and daughters. We have realized here the sublime vision of the prophet—"a wheel within a wheel"—mutually supporting each other, and bringing forth magnificent results in every revolution. Like the fertile earth, educated woman has paid back to society her gifts a hundredfold. She has only received the seed, that she might transform it into life and beauty, and present to the world a glorious harvest of joy and gladness. Says De Tocqueville, in his

work on the United States, "I can only ascribe the inspiring principle of American greatness, to the superior character of their women." And so it must be, if this progress in civilization is of the true kind, founded on the morality of the Bible. Woman is the appointed preserver of whatever is good, and pure, and true in humanity. She is the first teacher. The fountain of public order, refinement, intelligence, morality, and religion, is not primarily the school, but the family; and over this fountain woman, as the wife, mother, sister, is the presiding spirit. Let the enchanted wand which she there waves be guided by intelligence and virtue, and the whole mass of society, like Peter's sheet, is lifted by the four corners toward heaven. "We hear much," says a nervous writer, "of the power of the *press*; the most salutary and powerful *press* is that of the intelligent and loving mother, who draws her youthful sons to her bosom and, melting their hearts by love, molds them to manly virtue and lofty aims." It is thus that society is formed in its social and moral ideas, and it is thus, too, that educated woman reflects back the genial sunshine of her own character and position, on the moral, and social, and intellectual life of Christian nations.

But we must glance at the influence of Christianity on the individual mind itself, and for a moment contemplate it as a powerful agent, assisting the student himself as he enters upon the life-labor of mental cultivation. Christianity only transforms society, as she transforms the individual, and only exhibits to the world the profoundest and sublimest triumphs of mind, as she throws around the individual and inspires within him the most powerful adjuncts to intellectual activity. It required not only Christianized society, but sanctified thought, to produce such colossal specimens of intellectual power and greatness, as Newton and Milton. With the mind filled with truth that has come from God, the soul imbued with the activities of a heaven-inspired religion, and the heart purified by its genial influence, man is prepared to walk with a firm step through the universe of God; to look with a clear, penetrating eye into nature's secrets, and to seize, with a bold, strong hand the problems of life. Such a man finds in God a starting-point in pursuit of truth; a firm foundation for his reasonings; a link to all that is permanent; a skylight without which the temple of truth would be a tomb.

"Galileo, the starry sage, who first unraveled the map of the sky, was a Christian. Michael Angelo, the greatest painter that ever stamped his strong soul in canvas; the greatest sculptor

that ever wrought his terrible conceptions into marble; the greatest architect that ever piled and suspended the thought of genius between earth and heaven was a Christian; and some of his sonnets, written in his old age, breathe the purest spirit of Christian resignation and Christian love. Lord Bacon, the prince of modern philosophers, was a believer. And need I speak of John Milton, who laid the brightest crown of earthly genius meekly at the foot of the cross, and sprinkled the waters of Castalia on the roses in the garden of God! Isaac Newton passed through the same suns and systems with La Place, and with a yet bolder wing; and yet, from the utmost verge of creation, from those dim regions—the dust of which is worlds—came back to the little hill Calvary, and never rejoiced more than when worshipping in that scene of suffering and shame. He was a little child at the feet of Christ, as well as a little child beside the great ocean of unexplored immensity, for he knew right well that the spirit of reception for the Gospel of nature and the Gospel of grace was in both the same; except we receive both as a child in the spirit of obedience, faith, humility, and love, we shall in no wise enter into either."

Religion is not a theory, but a life, not only a faith, but an operative principle, from which the affections and faculties receive a new impulse; by which the dark understanding is illuminated, the judgment improved, the reason intensified, and the imagination chastened. "It presses all the capacities of the soul into a new service and allegiance; it gives the whole frame and constitution of the mind a nobler bent, to its activity a sublimer aim, to its vacillating desires a fixed object, to its vagrant purposes a settled home."

Purity of heart gives strength to the mind, and sublimity of faith lifts it up, as on the wings of eagles, to build its nest upon the rocks of truth, high as it can reach toward heaven. Under the influence of such a faith, how all the faculties of the soul open as flowers to the Summer's sun! How every feeling points upward to the things that are unseen and eternal! What hidden seeds germinate into life and beauty; what dormant powers spring forth into activity; what sublime visions draw the soul into still higher spheres of thought; what profound emotions thrill the inner life; what powerful motives inspire the patient zeal, the hopeful activity of the soul, whose light is God, whose guide is eternal truth, and whose destiny is heaven! How utterly irrational, then, is any attempt in a Christian nation to conduct a system of education divorced from Christianity!

MY CHINESE COOK.

THE remembrance of my Chinese cook, Aguwée, was brought vividly to my mind by the admirable picture of the "Yankee Kitchen" at Bethel Fair. Every housekeeper feels with despair, in this scene of smartly scoured thrift and homely industry, that it is a reflex of the puritanical matron of those days. Clear of wit and strong of limb, she knew the ingredients of her every soup and pie as she did her Ten Commandments, and abhorred dirt as she did the seven sins. If she did not reign sole as well as supreme in the kitchen, the work was divided with stirring young women known as "helps," ambitious likewise of becoming the model housekeeper.

But our own kitchens at home. Do they ever present, except on some spasmodic "clairing-up day," even a faint semblance of this model? It is true that our piquant damsels from the Emerald Isle are very ambitious, but it is in the style of our chignon, and the liberties of the free and equal American citizen, that they would emulate us. That these peculiar aspirations do not add to the harmony of our homes is a notable fact. The freed woman is only a little behind in these aspirations, with many other failings. Our German girls, after becoming intelligible, are recaptured by young Hans to care for his cabbages. As for our compatriot sisters who "hire out," the possible, nay, probable mothers of our future Presidents, every one knows they are too thoroughly American to live with. And without servants, these plagues of our lives, could we ourselves, O matrons of the present day, sustain a "New England kitchen?" Evidently no. The question is invidious. With weak nerves, precocious children, and the great social problem of the age to solve in societies and meetings innumerable, we have neither time nor strength left to be queens of the kitchen. As long as man is not our equal in philosophy over depressed bread and bilious shirts, the kitchens and laundries are our largest closets of skeletons. What shall we do? A man Friday awaits us all, in the Chinese who are pouring into our country, and, as I have already appropriated him, I offer an experience of two years with a veritable celestial cook. So pleasant is the task that I must be excused if beguiled into painting Aguwée's portrait, and telling of his national traits as well as of his culinary career. The Mongolian character has points as unique as its obtuseness to the sacred rights missionaries and girl babies have to life. I may as well confess that this disregard of our sex and religion, together

with the bird's-nest and opium diet, formed in my mind a violent prejudice to the natives of the flowery kingdom. Then women are instinctive believers in muscular manhood. These lank, scrawny limbs, the drooping glance, the half-long garments, the long back braid of hair, impressed me with the same uncanny puzzled feeling one has at first seeing Dr. Mary Walker. Also, I was assured they could not resist stealing chickens, and the nineteenth century has less endurance for petty peculation than for grand. These prejudices must be shared by many. Hear how they were overcome.

It was in the heights of the Sierra Nevadas that I found my representative celestial. By the way, I met Mark Twain there too. Shall I tell you of him after I am through with my Chinaman? I had expected, when taking possession of my little home, to adopt an Indian girl. Unfortunately the Diggers and Pihtes are not the originals of Cooper's noble creations. They were at that time in a war with each other, and ravaged by the small-pox. The Biddies of that elevated region are unusually high notioned, owing to the scarcity of the sex and species, and consultations with several convinced me that the obligations of the mistress would be too great. While in this dilemma I dined at a quartz mill in a distant cañon, and the pleasantest feature of the rude mining menage was the exquisite neatness of the mess-room. The pine tables and floors were scrubbed to whiteness. The tin cups and plates shone like silver. This my host accredited to his servant, a bright-colored young Chinaman, and warmly commended him to me as the most industrious and tractable of creatures. When I anxiously inquired about his morale he assured me that Aguwee was too arrant a coward to do wrong, adding that he was more like a woman than a man. No notice whatever was taken of this invidious remark, as woman's rights were not then asserted. Besides, hanging being the popular punishment to the Chinaman for thieving and lesser offenses, I had sympathy with his lack of moral courage.

Aguwee's recommendation of himself was not very encouraging. "Washie vely well, no cookie, no sweepie, no stealie, vely good John. One week no dollar; two week, ten dollar; three week, ten dollar; four week, ten dollar."* His lingo heard for the first time, and the legerdemain gestures were very amusing. Except in learning a few more nouns Aguwee never was able to speak better, though he learned to count, cipher, and spell a little. Few coolies master

more, so we are forced to conclude that the King's English is as intricate to them as their extraordinary language is to us. Their adjectives are "vely good and vely bad;" their pronouns two, "me," and "he or him." "John" is their undignified term for man as a species. Their addition of "ie" or "y" to most words is comical; also their inability to pronounce the letter "r," always making it "l," is highly disgusting in the word rice, when your servant asks you if he shall cook it for dinner. Speaking of rice, they all cook it inimitably from curry down. The next evening Aguwee made his appearance at my house, with his earthly effects balanced in two bundles on a pole across the back of his neck, his lynx eyes glancing in every direction. I felt very much as if I had captured an orang-outang. On my giving him aprons to use while baking, etc., he informed me that I was a "vely good John."

His first maneuver was to touch rapidly every thing in the kitchen and larder, speaking or learning its name. By advice I gave him the responsibility of every thing. He watched me with "dumb devotion" for two days, and so great were his powers of imitation, and so exact his memory, that he never had to be shown how to do any thing but once. This is a well-known national trait, and I can not express how it saves the temper of a housekeeper. Scolding might become obsolete. Another trait is their excellence as laundrymen. Indeed, the height of ambition to the emigrant Chinaman is to own a laundry. The only independent step I ever knew Aguwee to take was to barter four loaves of his fine home-made bread for a fluting-iron. They are devoted to ironing with a small mangle and furnace, and sprinkling the clothes by filling the mouth with water, and skillfully squirting it through the teeth. I had to make terrible threats to insure my clothes from this process. According to his promise, in about a week my servant took charge of the little house, sweeping, dusting, and making beds as well, and in half the time of most girls. He was also caterer, and in this his only fault was a tendency to a routine quite unconquerable. He often walked three miles after fish on Monday, because at first I usually bought it on that day. He kept the buttons on the *lingerie*, picked up articles fallen on the floor—a most unmanly trait—and split wood for the fires, never lapsing from his routine. And in looking back Aguwee, with his tireless industry and exact memory, seems to me more like a good automaton which, wound up, would go silently and surely through the week. Of course we had some comical mistakes, from ignorance of the language and

* These were the usual wages of the country

customs. One dinner, I remember in particular, I was trying to make as little *outré* as possible, having as a guest a lady just arrived from Ohio.

I saw her eyes, however, irresistibly drawn to the strange figure and juggler-like movements of the Oriental waiter. At last, just before bringing in the dessert—I had previously charged him to remove “every thing,” meaning the dishes—he suddenly stood like dumb patience at the foot of the table. Knowing it would be vain, and might be ludicrous, to give orders he could not understand, I waited too, rather nervous. A toast was jestingly given, and each glass raised. This was his opportunity, and I suppose he thought a signal, for quick as lightning he seized the bottles, and whisked the table-cloth off in a trice. My dismay at thus suddenly going back to the English custom may be better understood by telling that, in that most primitive country, my extension table was formed of part of the piano box.

He was once told sharply to leave a side of the room where he was crowding behind the chairs of some guests, and cross over where there was more space. I observed afterward that he never crossed that side of the room again. Blindly obedient and contented he always was. This servility, together with the inconceivable cowardice of the Chinaman, seems very like fidelity. But it is well always to remember that self-preservation is the first, and avarice the second law of this nature. Very human traits, you will say; yet standing alone they seem monstrous. Sagacious and expert as my automatic cook proved to be, I was forced to believe that most of his virtues were the result of fear. I never knew him to become attached to or interested in any person or thing for love's sake. To the sight of suffering he was perfectly indifferent, and delighted in cruelty to animals.

My brother visited me often, and having to come a long way through a lonely cañon, carried a brace of large pistols and a knife. These weapons he generally threw on the table as he entered the house. Aguwee was a great source of amusement to him. He would stealthily tie the long queue to the door knob, and as the cook went about his work in a sort of run, he would presently be “brought standing” in a very comic manner. This and similar pranks the Oriental endured with his everlasting smile, and always was eager to welcome my brother with his favorite dishes, and every possible attention. We supposed him quite devoted, when I was surprised to hear him express the most abject fear for the terrible armed man, evidently regarding him as a sort of Nemesis.

Again he waited on me through a long attack

of fever most untiringly day and night, but it was caused by my brother not having confidence in the hired nurse, and threatening Aguwee to cut off his queue if he did not appear every half hour at my door to receive orders. This is the most dreadful of all threats to the Chinaman; the loss of his queue making a return to his native land impossible.

At another time I certainly thought Aguwee had discovered a heart for one of his countrymen. His countenance had been in deepest gloom for several days, and he finally besought me, almost with tears, to intercede with the governor for his friend, sentenced to death for killing a China woman. All the Chinese seem to have the greatest contempt for their countrywomen in America, and, indeed, it is difficult to imagine a creature so utterly degraded and out of the reach of all humanizing influences as the few, filthy, diseased, painted females in the country at that time. I could not learn that women of the same grade or caste were any better at home, and suppose this degradation has been their condition for centuries. That this creature should cause the death of a man appeared to Aguwee a great atrocity; the more so, as he and others could testify that the charmer had made frequent attempts to murder and rob him while sleeping. “O, madame, vely bad John, vely bad John. Gooly no see him!” he said piteously over and over, until my sympathies were touched by his devotion to his friend.

The governor chanced to call upon me that same afternoon, and kindly permitted the Chinamen to plead their cause. This they did almost eloquently, and very abjectly, for they trembled before his rotund, good-natured excellency as a despot of limitless power, and of course cruelty. The governor thought right to pardon the criminal. After he left I found Aguwee radiant with delight. “John owe me one hundred dollars. Kill him no gettie.” Alas!

The sum, and smaller ones, were lost and won every month in gambling. It is the one temptation over their avarice. I earnestly tried to reason and bribe my servant from this vice, but in vain. His faithful earnings would be risked monthly in a most childish game of chance. Another contrast to his grave demeanor was his delight in fire crackers, coveting and firing them like a little boy.

It is true that when coolies first arrive on our shores, that they select the largest pair of boots for the smallest price, regardless of fit; that in carrying a pail of water they will balance it with a heavy bundle on the ends of a pole across the shoulders, and do many odd things. They are

often unsavory with the smell of garlic and opium pipes, but their native sagacity and imitateness soon lead them to drop all customs not enforced in this country by their laws or religion.

As this is an honest little history, I must relate a mortifying result of Aguwee's diplomatic success. An astounding lapse in morality! He stole or helped to steal two chickens!

An evening soon after the release of his friend I rang for water, and, as the servant did not appear, went after it myself. Through the glass door of the dining-room I could dimly see him waiting, at the corner of the house, and receive a suspicious something from a dark figure which stealthily approached him. I opened the door quickly with a call; the other Chinaman ran for life, and Aguwee, dropping two strangled chickens, stood dumb with dismay. Of course I moralized vehemently, holding up the dreadful consequences of theft. When I paused for breath he looked up brightly, "Me tellie Gooly; he all light." After the emphatic assurance that the governor would be the very one to punish him most severely, he became frightened enough, and almost groveled at my feet in distress. He was obliged to pay an exorbitant price for a similar pair of chickens at that season, which hurt his feelings very much, and yet more, to return them to the wronged owner, who was one of our miner neighbors. I believe he was finally and fully convinced that "honesty was the best policy" in America—he had never been to Washington. Certainly he never took any thing from me, and he was trusted most entirely.

I told the story of our Gospels many times to Aguwee. He listened with submissive indifference, or, running after his two Chinese books, would translate something about Confucius, which he considered superior to the history of our Lord. He never objected to following me to Sunday-school, and when there would care for the little children, finding their pages for them with great pride. Yet to instruction or question from his teacher, his only reply was the unfailing grin.

It was a point to have neither compulsion nor bribery in his religious instruction, for I was confident he might dissimulate to any length to gain a shilling. The gentle religion of love seems to fall powerless on these hearts that long years of cruel oppression have made so barren. It is said that the Chinese have perfected the science of human punishment. I am ready to believe that they have excelled us in imagining those in the future forsinners. Dante's conception of hell does not equal theirs, and

"fear of suffering" is the key-note in their characters.

Even to mention the peculiarities in worship, customs, and laws they have brought to this country, would make this paper too long. I only write of the Chinaman domesticated with me for two years, and proclaim it practicable to furnish ourselves with efficient, enduring servants. The Chinese Government continues control over her emigrants in sort of clans or bands. I remember Aguwee was promoted to be civil centurion after his distinguished interview with his excellency.

It would be a very easy matter to arrange with proper officials, at either San Francisco or China, for a band to be sent here to work at the usual wages. The Chinaman, though "clannish," is not a social being, and would not rebel at the solitude of our suburban homes. Let us join in a scheme which would relieve us of so much domestic trouble in the matter of help, and which could not fail to benefit the benighted coolie as well.

HOMELESS.

DECEMBER's blasts blew wild without,

A storm of wind and sleet;
God pity all on such a night
Whose homes are in the street!
God pity all on such a night
Where'er their feet may roam,
Whose hearts are pining for the joys
Of earth's bright, happy home!

Before a stately mansion knelt
A frail and shivering form,
Imploring aid to shield her from
The white arms of the storm;
But soon a loud and angry voice,
In harsh, discordant tone,
With threats and curses loudly raved,
And bade the "wretch" begone.

Once more the chilled limbs staggered on,
Half-crazed, half-clad—alone,
And then that wild and pleading face
Grew pallid as the stone
On which it lay in hopeless woe,
And thus beneath the storm
Death wrapped a winding-sheet of snow
Around a frozen form.

With gentle hand they raised her from
Her cold and icy bed—
Alas, a coffin wrought of gold
Is nothing to the dead!
Too late did Charity extend
The boon she might have given;
That starving heart had found at last
A rest and home in heaven.

"NOT AT HOME."

"I TELL you how it is, my dear," said Mrs. Jones, seating herself more comfortably in an easy chair by her friend's fireside, and lowering her voice to a confidential tone, "I have arrived at the sensible conclusion that all the bores that one happens to know in this world, are not to be entertained whenever they please to inflict their society upon me. I can't afford to waste my time upon them, and yet it is not always advisable to give them the cold shoulder, for, after all, bores have to be treated with a certain respect."

She paused, and her hostess, Mrs. Smith, looked in the fire and sighed.

"Now think of the experience of this afternoon," continued Mrs. Jones energetically. "It is a good illustration of my idea. For three months I have been trying to spend a quiet afternoon with you, and a thousand little cares have prevented it. One day the baby was sick, another day the servants were in too bad a humor to be left alone, and so it has been day after day, until I despaired of my visit; and finally this afternoon, the coast being entirely clear, I succeeded in getting here, leaving all my cares and duties at home, and congratulating myself upon the delightful tête-à-tête we would have."

"And it has been completely spoiled," interrupted Mrs. Smith with another sigh.

"Yes, as you see, completely spoiled by the dropping in of Miss Mills, that best and stupidest of old maids in the neighborhood. I would not dare to speak confidentially to you in her presence; for although she may be harmless enough in her way, and would not doubtless repeat my remarks maliciously, she is not bright enough to know when it is best to speak or remain silent. Now in five minutes I must take my departure, for Mr. Jones always likes me to be at home before he comes, and we never can tell what may not happen in our households when we are absent."

"It seems hard, to be sure," answered Mrs. Smith; "but I know of no way of remedying these interruptions that I have to endure so often. What can I do? Miss Mills must not be offended, though she be the stupidest of old maids; if I had sent her word that I was engaged, I should never be forgiven."

"Ah, that is it. My dear, I believe the conscience will bear stretching a little in a case of this kind. I was amiable as you for a long time, but now I send word without hesitation, 'Not at home' to Miss Mills, and it is the greatest relief, I assure you, for some people only

come at inconvenient times, and I have made up my mind not to receive them. Miss Mills, poor, good soul, is no wiser, and no one would accuse me of falsehood, for now it is generally understood what 'not at home' means, and none but strict Puritanical people nowadays condemn the practice."

Mrs. Smith shook her head doubtfully.

"It does not seem truthful to me; indeed it bears such a strong resemblance to falsehood, I have never been able to make my mind easy on that point. But I could almost have cried this afternoon when that well-known ring came at the door, and I heard the sound of her voice; for, as you say, she belongs to that unfortunate class of persons who invariably drop in when they are not wanted. Must you really go?"

"Yes," returned her friend, adjusting her shawl as she rose to take her leave, "my time is up, and this is the end of the pleasant visit I have been looking forward to for months. When you return it, remember I shall take care to be out to Miss Mills, if she should happen to call, as she probably will on that particular day."

Mrs. Smith watched her cheerful, worldly little friend depart, as she thought of her parting words and advice in connection with the unpleasant interruption of the afternoon visit, and the old maid's tiresome stitching and tedious presence, wondering if a great sin would have been committed if she had been "not at home" to her, and how far her own conscience would require stretching before she could decide to use this current phrase for those unlucky people who happen to call at an improper moment.

"It is best to stick to the plain, unvarnished truth, Jenny," said Mr. Smith, as she narrated the history of that afternoon with Mrs. Jones's advice.

"The old-fashioned Puritanic way of telling the truth, and calling things by their right names, will never lead us astray. For instance, in old times a lie was a lie; there used to be no distinction, and grades, and shades of difference from black up to white; they were all black and sinful alike then; but now one seems a very bad thing, and another a very useful and polite one. How ladies can translate the plain English words 'I am not at home' into 'I am busy, or do not wish to see you,' is stretching the conscience much farther than I can understand, elastic as it is with most of us weak human creatures."

"But can you not imagine exceptional cases?" asked Mrs. Smith, who, though she had argued against Mrs. Jones, when she had so strongly

taken the opposite side, felt now disposed to question her husband's position.

"None for Christians," he returned decidedly, "or for any person who takes the Bible for his guide and rule. No, it is best to keep in the straight line, though we may often find it a little tiresome—it only leads to one end; let us always try and keep that in view in trifling matters as well as questions of great importance."

The subject was dropped and passed entirely out of Mrs. Smith's mind until some time after, when it was again revived, and an opportunity presented of adopting the convenient plan proposed and defended by her friend. She had allotted a particular day for preserving some fruit, and was busily engaged in this most especial and difficult art of good housekeepers. The fire was just at the right temperature; her preparations were made, and with her sleeves rolled up and a large apron on, which completely covered her dress, Mrs. Smith was deeply absorbed in her work, not dreaming of visitors, and she startled with annoyance as she heard a ring at the door-bell, announcing a most unwelcome guest.

"It's Miss Mills," said Bridget, taking a private peep from the window. "I see her bag, so she's come to spend the day."

"How vexatious!" thought Mrs. Smith, pausing for a moment in deep perplexity. "If I ask her to come in she will offer her services, and my preserves will be ruined; and if I say I am engaged, she will do the same, and insist upon my trying her plans for preserving on new and economical principles."

"Not at home," flashed across her mind as another vigorous pull at the bell reminded her that the visitor was growing impatient with waiting. There was no time to reason out the question, it must be instantly decided, and Mrs. Smith turned to Bridget, who awaited her orders, as she hastily said—

"Tell her, Bridget, I am not at home," and Bridget went, nothing loth and used to telling little lies, to execute her mistress's bidding, and very glad that she could relieve her from the annoying dilemma which this most inopportune visit would have occasioned her mistress at that particular moment.

"I've told her, but I'm not sure it's Miss Mills," said Bridget, returning with a bland expression of face; "but she looked like a charity woman!"

"Not Miss Mills!" echoed Mrs. Smith, whose conscience already upbraided her a little. "I wonder who it can be, then?"

"She looked like a charity woman," replied

Bridget, "and stared and asked me if I was quite sure."

Mrs. Smith would have been more mystified and uneasy had she seen the course pursued by her visitor, who, instead of going her own ways, remained standing on the door-steps shaking her head doubtfully, and then slowly walking to the back-door, as if very unwilling to believe the servant's report, she saw Mrs. Smith in the act of taking the preserving-kettle from the fire, while neither mistress nor maid observed the visitor, who, with another doubtful shake of the head and an indignant glance, departed, figuratively shaking the very dust from her feet as she opened and closed the gate for the first and last time.

The lady of the house went on undisturbed with her labors; the preserves were a perfect success, and turned out entirely to her satisfaction, though she discovered that stretching the conscience was a more painful process than she had imagined at the moment of her hasty departure from the strict line of integrity, and a still, small voice accused her of duplicity and falsehood, which asserted itself above the triumph of her success, and caused a feeling of self-abasement of having allowed herself to lower the standard of truth before the eyes and to the knowledge of her servant, whose respect and reliance she expected to deserve and retain.

"It's well the charity woman did n't get in," said Bridget, as she stood admiring the result of the morning's work. "Sure it's better for her to be playing about the street elsewhere, than hindering you this morning!"

Mrs. Smith had taken a resolution: this remark of Bridget's caused her to put it in immediate execution as she said—

"Bridget, I am very sorry I told that untruth; it was wrong and wicked; I was at home, and said I was not; and I shall never say that again."

Her servant opened her eyes and stared at her mistress in astonishment at this confession.

"Ah, ma'am," she returned confidentially, "that need n't worry you; do n't trouble about that; it's only a little sin; and any priest would tell you that!"

"I have sunk to their level," thought Mrs. Smith, who had often, with her friends and acquaintances, spent many an hour in deploring the depravity, deceit, and perfect unreliability and insincerity of their Irish Roman Catholic servants, as a race.

"How can we expect trust and reliance, if we lend ourselves to deceit, and lower our standard of truth," thought the mistress, as she resolved firmly from that time forward to abstain more

carefully from the appearance of evil; having tasted of the forbidden fruit, and discovering that it was not delightful, however convenient, she decided for the future never again to make use of the politic "not at home."

Some months after a distant relative of Mr. Smith's died, from whom the nearest friends expected handsome legacies. She was an eccentric lady, and had never married, and was the possessor of a large fortune, which she had carefully hoarded, living always plainly and in great retirement; and when the old lady passed away many surmises were made, both by the interested as well as the disinterested, as to how and to whom the bulk of her property had been bequeathed. Rumor reported that Mr. Smith, being the nearest relative, and having always been considered a favorite of the eccentric old maid, would inherit the greater part of her estate; and Mrs. Smith was very hopeful and sanguine, while her husband wisely refrained from expressing his opinions on the subject, or indulging in uncertain expectations, knowing the peculiar temperament of his relative—

"We can buy our house at once, instead of waiting for years, and pinching and saving for it," said his sanguine wife as they were going together to hear the reading of the will. "And then there are so many pleasant little alterations that could be made without much expense. Ah, money is a very good thing."

"Yes, money brings its comforts; but don't build your castles so fast, Jenny, for the foundations may be very unsubstantial. Cousin Becky was a strange woman, but a person of the strictest integrity; and as she never dropped any hint indicating the disposition she intended to make of her property, no one can justly accuse her of raising false expectations which she may not have fulfilled; for she was never known to break a promise when once made."

"But you have always been a favorite," urged Mrs. Smith. "Every one says so, and predicts that you will certainly be generously remembered in her will."

"Well, well, we will soon know," he returned, endeavoring to keep under his own hope, which his wife's sanguine mind would have increased in spite of his reason and wiser judgment.

All of the old lady's connections and relations from afar and near were assembled to hear her last will and testament; some who had always been attentively polite to her through policy; others who now came for the first time to the house, either out of motives of curiosity, or hoping by some lucky stroke of good fortune that they had been remembered. Old and young, rich and poor, awaited the re-

sult with anxious curiosity and well-concealed impatience; and of all the assembly there was not a more hopeful or sanguine heart than that of Mrs. Smith as she sat by her husband's side.

All eyes were fixed upon the document which the calm lawyer held in his hand until the preamble was solemnly and slowly read over, as if each word of that was important. Then followed numerous small legacies for the nearest and poorest of the relatives; and as each name was distinctly mentioned the glances of the company were turned upon the legatee, whose eyes sought the floor, or stared blankly at the wall before them.

A long list of these small remembrances was read, and then followed the important and startling, but not altogether unexpected announcement: "To my cousin, Richard Smith, I bequeath the bulk of my fortune."

The lawyer gravely proceeded to read the minute details of the property, while the company looked grimly at Mr. Smith, the fortunate heir of fortune, whose face flushed deeply; and visions of bay-windows, charming little piazzas, and newly furnished rooms, floated through Mrs. Smith's giddy brain.

Murmurs and whispering congratulations were already commencing, when the lawyer continued—

"A part of this will has been revoked!" And all were again silently attentive as he added—

"The bulk of my fortune I shall not leave to my cousin Richard Smith. I have decided to leave him one-fourth of the original amount, and the remainder to various public charities. This determination was made subsequent to my last visit to his house, when I did not find Mrs. Smith, his wife, at home."

Mrs. Smith's brain whirled in a confused jumble as the list of the benefactions for various charitable institutions was named; and her bay-windows and new piazzas seemed tumbling in ruins about her ears as she listened to the tiresome repetitions of the imperturbable lawyer, as he calmly concluded his duty.

The congratulations and envy of the crowd were changed into condolences and expressions of wonder, as Mrs. Smith endeavored to make her escape and avoid their curious questions, and surprise at the sudden change in the old lady's mind, and the revocation of her will in their disfavor.

"It's all out—the mystery was solved instantly in my mind," said her husband, as they walked homeward. "I thought at once of the charity woman to whom you were 'Not at home.'"

"O! if I had only known," sighed Mrs. Smith in deep mortification—"if I had only considered before I yielded to that wicked little weakness."

"Cousin Becky belonged to the last generation," said her husband, good naturedly. "She could not understand in any but a literal sense this new-fangled form of lying, and probably ascertained that you were at home before she made her last resolution; for she was not a woman to jump at a conclusion without certain knowledge."

"I never expected it to come back to you in this cruel way," continued Mrs. Smith.

"I am more fortunate than I anticipated, and shall never regret the loss of this fortune, if it could teach a lesson, not only to you, my dear, but to any of your sex, who are in the habit of making use of this fashionable mode of expression, justifying it to their consciences, as being not only politic and useful, but necessary in many cases; for we invariably find in the end that straightforward, plain dealing, though it may be often a little inconvenient and uncomfortable, leads only in one direction."

"I certainly have been taught a lesson by my one, 'Not at Home,'" said Mrs. Smith.

LIFT THE LATCH.

"IF you would only lift the latch the door would shut softly." It was a feeble voice that spoke, and Aunt Myrie turned wearily on her pillow. Hour after hour she had lain there in that little room, struggling with the cruel pains that held her, every nerve so sensitive that each sound of activity from without seemed fearfully loud and sharp.

"If you'd only lift the latch," she sighed. Once or twice the door would shut softly, but Robbie was in a hurry and, boy-like, would soon forget, and then the noise went on the same as before—slam, slam. It was a serious matter to poor Aunt Myrie, and when she told me about it afterward, adding, with her quiet smile, "But Robbie was only thoughtless, he is a kind-hearted boy," I said to myself, "Thoughtless—ah yes; and how much just such thoughtlessness there is in the world; of how many it may be written, 'kind-hearted, but thoughtless!'" Our hearts are full of good-will toward our neighbors, and we regard them with the utmost kindness, yet we are so thoughtless of their pleasures and preferences, so neglectful of their convenience, that we are filling up our days with troubles and annoyances—are poisoning some of earth's sweetest fountains.

We do not think how heavy are the burdens which we are carelessly binding on men's shoulders, how grievous is the friction which the oil of kindness would so easily prevent, and because we do not think we keep going on in our own selfish ways, sometimes knocking against them rudely, slamming behind us the doors that a little care would shut softly, striking our heels as we go along with an unpleasant ring, doing a thousand things that grate harshly upon the nerves of our fellow-travelers. They are just as annoying to us in their differences and their habits, and thus the world is full of discomforts, thus we are always preparing bitter draughts for our thirsty souls.

Weary and heart-sick, we turn to the home-shelter for rest and peace, but, alas, alas for us! this demon of thoughtlessness has entered here; even our homes have felt his cruel, chilling breath.

Yes, he is here to make us sadly forgetful of others' rights, possessing us to tread rudely upon each other's joys and pleasures, to perform unkind acts that grieve, to speak sharp words that wound.

O, these things should not be thus! God has given us each our characteristics and inclinations, but he never made them supreme, yours nor mine; and our great Teacher instructed us to "love our neighbor as ourselves." The very foundation of our social life and peace is this precept; and when we learn to obey it fully we shall never be found unmindful of the wishes and preferences of the dear ones at our firesides, never thoughtless of our neighbor's happiness.

Every day in our lives should be one step toward this state of blessedness, every hour should be consecrated to the pleasure and well-being of others, glorified by the self-denial which is always looking out for little opportunities to cheer and bless the world, always seeking the occasion to perform those little acts of kindness and little deeds of love that are of great price.

When we take these things into our souls and ponder them well, when we learn to cherish that loving spirit that is always tender of our brother's happiness, when we are never careless of those trifles which make up the sum of human joy, then shall our own cup of earthly bliss be full, then shall we realize how exceedingly precious is the reward which kindness brings.

SCANDAL is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

FAITHFUL ZIP.

ZIP'S master was a hermit. No one knew why he chose to live by himself, with no company but his trusty dog, or what his history was, except as they gathered from his sad face that his had not been a happy life. He lived just within some woods near a large town, to which he came every week, bringing the baskets he made to sell, and always accompanied by Zip.

He was seldom seen to smile, save as he turned toward his lonely home, when Zip never failed to jump about with delight, wagging his shaggy tail to express his joy. He well knew that in his master's little market-basket was stored the meat which was to furnish dinners for both. Side by side walked the master and dog, Zip every now and then looking up and giving a quick bark to indicate his gladness. He was a very happy dog, and, poor fellow, there were but few ways in which he could make it known.

There was one place where Zip's master always stopped—I might say where Zip always stopped, for, just before they came to this church, he gave a few bounds, thus getting ahead, and, going upon the steps, he would stand quietly while his master stepped within—where, just inside the outer door, was placed a box, on which were the words, "For the Poor;" and into the narrow slit in the top of this—with no eye but God's upon him—the hermit dropped his earnings; then, passing out, he was joined again by his faithful follower. But this time Zip gave no bark—only wagged his tail to show his approval.

But at last a day of sadness came for poor Zip. He had come, as usual, into the town with his only friend, and led the way to the church door, meekly waiting for his master to come out. Just as he did so a span of horses came dashing down the street, and one glance showed the man that the carriage contained a little girl. He reached the street in time to stop the horses and save the child; but, alas! it was at the cost of his own life.

Poor Zip's master was taken up senseless, and carried to the hospital. The faithful dog followed, but was not allowed to enter. So he took his place just outside the door, and no threat could drive him off; neither could kind

words persuade him to follow little Minnie, who came every day, with her mother, to inquire after the man who had saved her life. At first he would not touch the food which Minnie brought him; but after awhile he took it, wagging his tail faintly. Little Minnie learned his name from his master, who daily asked about him.

Then came the day when the dog's kind master was taken to his last resting-place. Poor Zip could not see him, yet he knew that in the coffin was the one who had always shown him kindness. He did not know what it all meant, but, faithful to the last, he followed.

One of the hospital nurses who had taken care of Zip's master during his illness, little Minnie and her mother, and poor Zip, were the only ones to follow to the "Potter's Field"—for the poor hermit was laid in the "field to bury strangers in"—the remains of this man, whom none but the poor dog knew and loved.

Minnie's mother, as she stood beside the open grave, wondered what his history had been, and why he had lived thus alone. But, though she knew it might not have been quite right to live apart from his fellow-men, she did not judge him for it, knowing God alone could do that justly.

At last poor Zip was left alone; and when night came he gave a long, deep howl. But it could not awaken his much-loved master.

For two nights and over a day the faithful creature watched beside the grave, when hunger compelled him to leave it. Where to go the poor dog knew not, so he wandered on, looking vainly for food. At last he came to a school-yard, and through the iron fence he saw the boys eating their noon lunch.

"O, see that dog!" cried out one standing near the gate. "Let's have some fun with him." Saying which he held before the hungry creature a piece of meat. Timid Zip seemed a little doubtful, but gnawing hunger led him on, and he entered the yard to seize the tempting morsel. He did not know how cruel boys can sometimes be, or even his great hunger could not have tempted him among so many.

"Here Sam," said the boy, as he caught hold of Zip, "I'll give you ten cents for your old pail."

Sam hesitated a moment; but he, too, was a cruel boy, and being quite ready to help along,

he handed the pail, giving with it a piece of twine. The pail was soon fastened to the dog's tail, and before those boys who were more merciful could prevent it, the frightened dog was driven from the yard, amid the shouts of many heartless boys.

On and on, up one street and down another, ran poor Zip, knowing but one place to seek refuge. He reached that at last, and, completely tired out, dropped down on his master's grave. Even hunger could not induce him to leave it again. Once or twice he gave a faint howl, but there was no one to hear.

Toward night little Minnie and her mother came to bring some flowers to put on the grave.

"O, mamma!" exclaimed Minnie, "here is Zip."

He raised his head as Minnie spoke his name, but seemed too tired to run away.

"O, who could be so heartless?" said Minnie's mother, as she discovered the jammed and battered pail. "Poor Zip!"

It was some time before they could make the poor creature understand their kind intentions, but after awhile they succeeded in untying the pail.

"Now, Minnie," said her mother, "we must go and get something for him to eat. He looks nearly starved, and there is no use in trying to coax him away."

They were soon in the carriage and drove quickly to the market, where they procured some meat and returned with it to the nearly famished dog. Very eagerly did he seize it, and very hastily did he devour it.

"Can not we take him home now, mamma?"

"If he will come; but I do not think he will."

Nor would he. But Minnie and her mother either came to bring or sent him food every day, and after a few weeks he became so attached to them they were able to get him to go home with them. Though he lived with them until his death, he never seemed to forget his first friend, but went regularly to visit his grave.

Years after Zip's death, some of the boys who had shouted at his misfortune—now grown still more hard-hearted—stood gazing at a scene far more sickening. On the gallows before them was the one who had so pitilessly caused poor Zip's suffering. He who had shown no mercy to the unfortunate dog, had been equally ready to give pain to human beings. At the age of fifteen he ran away to sea, leaving his widowed mother to mourn his loss—for mothers love even their wayward boys—and so not knowing where her son was, she spent months in wearily watching for his return, and then death came to end her sorrow.

The son spent many years in wandering about, growing hardened in sin, when he returned to his native city to commit the crimes in which he had become so well skilled.

One of those dark nights which men with evil deeds to do prefer, he bent his steps toward one of the back streets where lived a miser alone, with the gold he had for long years been hoarding. He knew the place well, for when a boy he had spied a little bag of gold which the man vainly tried to hide. And even then he looked forward to the time when it should be his own. And now it had come.

Though the windows and doors were well fastened, he was soon able to make his way into the room where the miser was sleeping. It did not take much to awaken the man, who could never feel safe by night or by day, and, standing over him, the thief demanded his gold.

In vain the miser denied having any, and only to save the life—which he loved a little better than his gold—did he tell where it could be found. It was hard to see it going into other hands, the money he had spent so many, many years in saving; but he comforted himself a little as he thought of one bag concealed in another place.

But, alas! even that small comfort was short, for he saw his life was to be given up. Better the other bag of gold than that.

The miser raised his aged hands and begged for mercy.

"O, spare my life, and I will give you more!"

"If you have more, wretch, tell me where it is hidden."

But only for the promise that his life should be saved would he produce the remaining bag. It was pitiful to see the old man—his white hair and many wrinkles telling so plainly how few more years could be his, clinging to the bag and begging for even one small piece.

"O, woe is me, woe is me! All my hard earnings going from me!"

Perhaps the aged miser did not think where they could have been safe. It may be he had forgotten the verse which says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven; where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

And now before him stood—not only the thief to take his treasures, but the murderer to take what was still dearer to him—his poor, weak life. The boy who had had no mercy on the trembling dog, had now none for the trembling man. It would not do to leave him there to "tell the

tale," so when once he had secured the whole of his hard-earned, but unwisely hoarded gold, he broke the promise he had just made, and soon the poor miser's body lay cold in death.

And then the murderer passed out to wend his way back to his home to secure the spoil, until he could again escape from the city. He concealed the bags as best he could, but too many years had they lain on the damp ground beneath the miser's floor, and as he was hurrying along through the now well-lighted streets, trying to look as if out on honest business, suddenly some of the heavy gold broke through and fell with a loud ring on the hard pavement. Just as he was stooping to gather it up, trying meantime to prevent more falling out, a policeman came along. Picking up gold was a suspicious circumstance, and as the shrill whistle was blown calling for aid, the murderer knew he was too late even to escape with what he still had.

And thus his life came to a fearful end. No one was left to mourn his death, though there were many saddened by its manner.

GREEDY JOHNNY, AND HOW HE WAS PUNISHED.

UNCLE WALTER had sent Greedy Johnny and his three sisters ten shillings' worth of postage stamps, to be divided between them; so their father took the postage stamps, and gave each of them a half-crown. "I do n't wish you to spend your money now," said he, "because I have something in my head that I can't tell you of yet; but I think you will agree with my scheme for spending it—at least I hope so."

When the children got outside—Johnny the eldest, commonly called "Greedy Johnny," Ellen the second, Mary the third, and Julia the fourth—Johnny said, "Well, girls, what shall you do with your half-crowns?"

"Keep them, to be sure," said all three in a breath, "till papa tells us how we are to spend them. It may be a very nice way, you know, Johnny."

"May be—O, yes, may be, indeed!" said Johnny, with a sneer. "Very likely to take in some canting magazine, or have my 'Vicar of Wakefield' bound, or some such queer idea. When I have a half-crown I like to spend it my own way. Besides, papa may forget all about what he has said."

"Well, suppose he does," said Ellen, "you'll still have your half-crown to spend, just the same."

"What are you going to buy, Greedy?" asked little Julia; "goodies?"

"You hold your tongue, miss," answered Johnny, severely. "I shan't ask such a chit as you what I am to buy."

Then Johnny shouldered his bag in a huff, and went off to school. Now, although he was so very severe with little Julia, and got so very red in the face when she asked her rude question, "goodies" were the end and aim of Greedy Johnny's existence. His affection for sweets and pastry must have been deep and fervent, for he loved them in spite of the trouble they got him into.

O, how the half-crown did burn in his pocket that warm Saturday morning! How he did long to leave school that he might get rid of it! He had quite made up his mind that his father's plan was some "duffing rubbish," and that he should spend his money as he liked.

When he was at last released from durance vile, homeward he sped; but he did not reach home for more than an hour. First he went into a confectioner's.

"Good morning," said the woman behind the counter, for Johnny was an excellent customer, and she knew him well. "Here are some two-penny tarts, just up, sir," she said; "and fresh as daisies they are; they'll melt in your mouth like snow."

Johnny's eyes glistened. "All right," he replied; "I'll have two of them."

The two tarts were handed to him on a plate.

"Now give me two of them raspberry sandwiches," said Johnny, with the last piece of tart in his mouth.

The raspberry sandwiches were duly provided.

"Now I'll have a bottle of lemonade," our delightful hero managed to say, as well as a full mouth would let him.

The lemonade was very refreshing, and gave Greedy Johnny quite a new appetite.

"Now I'll have a sponge cake. What's that?"

"Madeira cake, sir," answered the woman.

"Well, give me a slice of that, too, and then put me up sixpenn'orth of mixed sweets, and a pound of gingerbread nuts."

All this was done, and Johnny went out of the shop with just one penny in his pocket. He had spent two shillings and five pence upon "goodies." Julia was quite right.

At dinner his mother was quite concerned because of Greedy Johnny's loss of appetite; and no wonder, for he scarcely ate two mouthfuls of the nice slice of roast mutton his father had put upon his plate. However, his spirits quite revived at tea-time, when his father said:

"Now, children, I am half afraid this fine weather won't last many days longer—West of England weather is so changeable; so your mamma and I have agreed that you shall have a treat on Monday."

Johnny's eyes were big with expectation.

"There is a tenant of mine at Calstock who has large strawberry-beds, sloping down to the Tamar, and I have made arrangements with him that you shall go into his gardens and eat as many strawberries as you like for a certain sum which I shall pay him." (Johnny's eyes dilated more and more.) "But"—(Johnny's countenance fell a little)—"but," continued his father, "you must pay your own fares by the steamer there and back. That will be a shilling; and each of you give sixpence extra to the poor old woman at whose cottage we shall have tea. What do you say to my proposal, children?"

There was a happy chorus of "Delightful, papa!" from the three girls, but Johnny said never a word. His countenance had been gradually falling lower and lower during the latter part of his father's speech, and at its conclusion he looked the most dejected little object you can imagine, and immediately began to shed tears. If you notice you will always find that gluttons are cry-babies.

"Why, what's the matter, Johnny?" asked his mamma.

"Why, I can't go," sobbed Johnny.

"Why not?" asked Julia.

"I shan't tell you; so there!" said Johnny, bawling at the top of his voice.

"Tell *me*, sir, then," said his father, sternly.

So Johnny was obliged to confess all about the tarts, and the raspberry sandwiches, and the lemonade, and the sponge cake, and the Madeira cake; for his father made him account for every penny he had spent. Before he had finished his mamma and sisters had left the room, Mrs. Westlake saying she was too disgusted to stay any longer.

Mr. Westlake rang the bell, and when the house-maid came, he said to her:

"Mary, oblige me by seeing Johnny to bed. Close his shutters, lock his door, and bring me the key."

"Yes, sir," said Mary, and she smiled—as well she might—while she held the door open for Johnny to pass out.

Now, Johnny had marched up to his room before dinner and deposited the gingerbread-nuts and the sweets in the drawer where his best clothes were kept. He was in a perfect agony all the time Mary was with him, for fear she should consider it a good opportunity to put

out his clothes for the next day. However, fortunately, or *un*fortunately, Mary was too much taken up with laughing at Greedy Johnny, and questioning him about the morning's exploits, to think of any thing else.

She had hardly got down the first flight of stairs when Johnny jumped out of bed, rushed to the drawer, and took his beloved gingerbread nuts back with him to his roost.

The afternoon wore away, and the gingerbread disappeared with the hours, or rather with the minutes, and there were still two or three left. These Greedy Johnny *could not* manage to eat. For some time a kind of giddy sensation had been coming over him; his eyes had grown dim, and his throat felt as if it had a lining of something very hot and unpleasant. He felt really very ill, and was thinking he would get out of bed and call some one, when he heard a foot on the stairs. The key was gently turned in the lock, and his mother entered.

"O, mamma, mamma," said Greedy Johnny, "I feel so ill!"

"No more than I expected," replied his mother. "It is impossible, or next to impossible, for a glutton like you to escape such a calamity."

Then she went down stairs and fetched him a cooling draught. But all that night he had little rest; he was tossing to and fro on his hot, uncomfortable pillow, and the next morning he was so ill that Mr. Westlake went for Dr. Wilton. He came, and pronounced that Johnny had an attack of jaundice.

His father and sisters went to Calstock and enjoyed their strawberry feast very much. Johnny consoled himself with thinking that if he had been well he could n't have gone, as he had no money, and he thought, when he got well again, of the tarts he would eat and enjoy. But the doctor soon put a stop to those pleasant day-dreams.

"Mind," he said one day when Johnny was nearly well—"mind, Greedy Johnny"—and he held up his finger warningly, and pierced the culprit through with his eyes—"no more pastry, no more cakes, no more sweets, for at least three years; and mind again, if you do eat them, we shall be sure to know, for you will have the jaundice again."

I believe it was only fear of the jaundice and the doctor that kept Johnny from the pastry-cook's—fear only made him a total abstainer from "goodies." After three years he found that his taste for them was very much diminished, and his title of "Greedy Johnny" gradually faded away from the memory of men, and even boys.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

WHAT IS YOUR STANDING AT HOME?—Here are some beautiful thoughts worth reading and meditating upon, which we clip from the New York Mail:

We often hear the question asked of such and such a one—"What is his standing in society?" or, "What is his standing in the Church, or among business men?" But we never think of asking before we take him into our confidence—"How does he stand at home?" And yet, the man who can make reply to this question with an untroubled heart and a clear conscience, is a hero not so often met with, but that he is worth looking after and closely cultivating.

"Home again, dearest! Safe at home, once more! O, how I have missed you!" So exclaims a glad wife, as she meets with a caress the weary man for whose coming she has watched and waited until the twilight has deepened into night. She draws him into the cheerful family-room, talking all the while, and busying herself in the mean time in sundry little contrivances to make him comfortable. And here come the children! You hear chirping voices and pattering feet in the hall long before the little rosy faces come in sight.

What shouting and climbing, and what playful disputing to see who shall get to papa first! So much to tell! So many questions to ask! So many kisses to be given and taken! And then there is a headlong race and a promiscuous scramble, ending in a general heels-over-head tumble at a suggestion from mamma that papa would like some body to fetch his slippers, may be.

How pleasantly she scolds over the distracting noise with a "Now, children, do be quiet!" But it is plain to see that she enjoys the aforesaid noise as much as any of them, while to the contented man, who is so snugly ensconced in the most comfortable chair in the room, this hour of relaxation is a full payment for all the toils and weariness of the day. This is one of the men who stand well at home.

"How I have missed you!"

You must stand well at home before any body there will ever say these words to you, just as they ought to be said, "How I have missed you!"

How much of grateful affection is expressed in that one short sentence! It tells of hours of tender, brooding thought for an absent loved one. What a blessed thing it is to be missed! How we treasure love's remembrance!

How involuntarily the question arises in the heart

of the absent, "Do they miss me at home?" And how desolate and bitter the heart when we feel that there are none to miss us! Not one to send loving wishes and thoughts out after us! Not one kind voice to greet us when we come! How very hard it must be to lead a loveless life! I think there can be no other cross so hard to bear.

God pity and soften the man whose standing at home is not good; whose family shrink away in fearful silence as his foot crosses the threshold; whose children shun the room that he darkens with his presence; whose wife meets him with a pale, spiritless, crushed look, which tells how small is her hope of a caress, how scanty have been the loving words and looks that have brightened her life. God help those who love him! for it is a *penance* to love such a man. And God bless the generous, cheerful, large-hearted man, who always brings the sunshine with him; who leaves his cares and his business "down town" and brings only his own cheerful and cheering self home to his family; for his face is a never-failing source of gladness to those who love him; and his tenderness is their highest pride and surest shield, after God's.

Ah! if your standing at home is n't a good one, dear reader—irrespective of sex—be in a greater hurry to make it so than you are to do any other thing in this world! Do n't wait until the memory of the grieved look upon some dear face—almost habitual to it, by reason of your habitual kindness—subdues you into gentleness; when that face has gone forever from your gaze, and you can never call forth a smile to dwell upon it again!

THE SHINING LIGHT.—Put the light under a bushel? Nay, verily, no man would be so foolish; for if the light is to be hid, why not leave the candle unlighted?

And yet we have known people, who have a bright light shining in their own hearts, who are so careful to hide it from others, that it never cheers any one but themselves. I wonder why they do so? when there are so many in the world who are in darkness, and, it may be, longing to see light. I wish every one who has got that light would take off the bushel, and let it shine out brightly; if they continue to hide it long, I am afraid they will find it go out, and they themselves be left in darkness. Now I am going to ask if you have not this light: which, as you well

know, only the love of Jesus can kindle; and if you have, are you letting it shine, so that all that are in the house with you see it? Do you let it shine out quietly, but brightly, in attention to the wishes of your parents, in obliging actions to your brothers and sisters, in obedience to your teachers, in thoughtfulness for those dependent on you, so that all these can easily see the light, and glorify not you, but Him who kindled it? If you do so, then the light will glow brighter, and increase in usefulness, till not only those in the house, but all who enter it, shall see it, and, it may be, become induced to seek it for themselves.

Do n't say your light is too feeble to do any good: "the Lord uses small lights sometimes to dispel great darkness." If your light be a true one, it will always shine brightest in your own homes; but do n't leave it there, carry it abroad with you, and take it sometimes into the houses of poor sorrowing ones; when they look up, cheered, almost in spite of themselves, by the brightness, tell them of Him who gave it and keeps it burning, who hath said of himself, "I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall see the light of life."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done."

TIGHT DRESSING.—Very few ladies know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a man or a boy put into one as tight would gasp for breath and feel incapable of putting forth any effort except to break the bands. Ladies are so accustomed to the tight fits of dress-makers that they "fall all to pieces" when relieved of them. They associate the loose dress with the bed or lounge. To be up, they must be stayed up, and to recommend a comfortable dress to them is not to meet a conscious want of theirs. It is a great pity none the less. If they could once know what a luxury it is to breathe deep and full at each respiration, to feel the refreshment the system takes on by having the blood enlivened and sent bounding through the veins, to have the aids to digestion which such process gives, to have their own strong, elastic muscles, keep every organ in place and themselves erect; if they could for a good while know this blessed luxury, and then be sent back into old, stiff, straight jackets, they would fume, and fret, and rave in very desperation if they could not get rid of them. As it is they prefer to languish and suffer dreadfully, and die young, and leave all of their friends, and their husbands, and their little children, and I do not see any other way but to let them be sick and die till they are satisfied. If only the sinner were the sufferer it would be not worth while to make a great ado about it, but the blighting of future innocent lives which must follow renders the false habits

of our women in the highest degree criminal.—*Lives of Life.*

AT EASE IN SOCIETY.—"I'd rather thrash wheat all day in the barn," said Reuben Riley to his sister, as he adjusted an uncomfortable collar about his sunburnt neck, "than go to this pesky party. I never know what to do with myself, stuck up there in the parlor all the evening. If the fellows would pull their coats off and go out and chop on a match, there 'd be some sense in it."

"Well, I hate it as bad as you do, Reub," said his sister Lucy. "The fact is, we never go nowhere nor see any body, and no wonder we feel so awkward when we happen to stir out."

The remarks of this brother and sister were but echoes of the sentiment of many other farmers' boys and girls when invited out to spend a social evening. But poor Lucy had not hit the true cause of the difficulty. It was not because they so seldom went to any place, but because there was such a wide difference between their homes and company manners. The true way to feel at ease in any garb is to wear it often. If the pleasing garb of good manners is put on upon rare occasions, it will never fit and never seem comfortable.

Learn to behave properly at home—to cultivate yourselves. Do not sit, or stand, or lounge about in ungainly attitudes, but acquire a manly, erect, and graceful bearing. I have never seen such vigorous, hearty manhood in any class as among cultivated farmers' sons. Let table manners be especially looked after. Note carefully how well-bred people behave, and do your best to imitate them. It is noble to be an imitator of that which is just and beautiful. Above all, if you wish to be at home in society fill your brains with ideas. Set your mind to work. Wake it out of the sluggishness it would naturally sink into. Take the newspaper, and read it thoroughly. Knowledge is power in more senses than one. If you go into society with something in your mind worthy of explanation, you will not fail to find listeners who will treat you with respect, and where you are well received you will not fail very soon to find yourself at ease.—*Country Gentleman.*

MOLD POISONOUS.—Mold, however induced—whether eaten in cheese, or moldy bread, or other food, or breathed in an infinitesimal spora that are diffused from it in the atmosphere—seems to be the source of a very great variety of very serious diseases. One variety which is found in the hold of damp and badly ventilated ships, is proved to be the cause of ship fever, which is often very fatal.

Another variety which is found in some localities, formed on newly stirred earth, is the cause of fever and ague; and at one time in a place in Western Pennsylvania, every man who worked in digging the canal was affected with it, and most of the inhabitants who lived in the vicinity, on low grounds, were also affected; but above a certain elevation all escaped, and on examination with a microscope spora from mold on the recently made banks, too fine to be seen with the naked eye, were found floating in the damp

evening in every house where those slept who were taken with the fever, but none in the houses on a higher level where there was no cases of fever.

Other varieties of mold, in cellars and damp places, are believed to be the cause of typhoid fever, dysentery, and many other diseases, whose origin can not otherwise be accounted for. These facts should make us afraid of all molds, and, indeed, of all decomposed and decomposing materials, whether in the food we eat, or in our dwellings, or even in our vicinity, where they can impart to the air a deleterious influence.

As corroborating this view, it is a significant fact that in New Orleans, with more people in it than usual for five Summers, while the houses and streets were kept clean and clear from all decomposing substances, not a case of yellow fever occurred—an exception never before known; and this, indeed, is almost proof positive that yellow fever is caused by mold, or at least by decomposition, with which mold is always associated.

CANDY FOR CHILDREN.—You know that the stomach of a child is very delicate, very sensitive—quite as much so as the eye; it will bear milk, and so will the eye; but if you add to the milk pepper, the eye becomes red, and so does the stomach. Cold water is grateful to the eye to relieve this inflammation, and it is equally so to the stomach. Now candy is but little less irritating than pepper; it creates the same redness, the same grade of inflammation, and there is the same demand for water to quench the inextinguishable flame. In such a stomach healthy digestion ceases; the appetite fails; the blood becomes poor and watery, and the tissues are all impoverished. It is not the sugar that does the harm, for pure sugar is healthy; it forms part of the milk of the infant, and enters largely into many of our best vegetables. It is the sugar mixed with various other articles, often poisonous, and the process of manufacture that render candy so injurious.

You mean to do well by your child, but you are slowly and certainly effecting her ruin. At this critical period of her life, when, for proper development and growth, she needs a large supply of nourishing and easily digested food, you give her these detestable compounds of burnt sugar and poisons, which not only poison her system, but, worst of all, deprive her of appetite and even of the power of digestion. If you persist in this course it is not difficult to predict the result; the chances that your child will reach womanhood will be diminished tenfold; if she reach adult years, it will not prove adult life in her case, but rather a dwarfed and imbecile maturity. Her certain inheritance will be dyspepsia, a morbid appetite for crude and indigestible articles, and chronic and incurable diseases, which will render her irritable and peevish, and lead to premature old age and death in mid-life.—*Hearth and Home.*

LITERARY MEN AND THEIR WIVES.—I do maintain that a wife, says Sarah Coleridge, whether young or old, may pass her evenings most happily in the

presence of her husband; occupied herself, and conscious that he is still better occupied, though he may but speak with her, and cast his eyes upon her from time to time; that such evenings may be looked forward to with great desire, and deeply regretted when they are passed away forever. Wieland, whose conjugal felicity has been almost as celebrated as himself, says, in a letter written after his wife's death, that if he but knew she was in the room, or if at times she but stepped in and said a word or two, that was enough to gladden him. Some of the happiest and most loving couples are those who, like Wieland and his wife, are both too fully employed to spend the whole of every evening in conversation.

VALUE OF BOOKS.—God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling—if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for the want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

A REFLECTION.—"When I look upon tombs of the great," said Addison, "every emotion of envy dies in me. When I read the epitaph of the beautiful every inordinate desire goes out. When I meet with grief of the parents on the tombstones my heart melts with compassion. When I see the tombs of parents themselves I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying over those who have deposed them; when I see rival wits placed side by side, or holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some of six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

IRREVOCABLE ACTS.—Yonder lies one who has gone to the silent shore; he realizes now that his acts are irrevocable; he feels what before he had fancied, that time can not alter them. Beside the bier there stands a weeping friend; and too late he finds that tears can not efface his acts, that repentance can not amend them. Too late he finds that every act of harshness, every bitter word, every sarcastic expression lives forever; too late he learns that unseen wings have borne his deeds beyond the flight of love, and that he can never recall them to his embrace again.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By S. Baring-Gould, M. A., author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," "The Silver Store," etc. Part I. *Heathenism and Mosaism*. 12mo. Pp. 414. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mr. Gould made himself widely and favorably known by his very interesting investigations into the "curious myths of the Middle Ages." In the present work he exhibits still more fully his capacity for patient and extended investigation. The volume displays a vast amount of reading and careful research, much close thinking, and admirable powers of generalization. It is a book to be read and inwardly digested. It professes to begin at the bottom of moral and religious things, and to rise by successive steps of demonstration to the summit. Its positions are not to be hastily accepted nor lightly rejected. With most of its facts and many of its deductions we can agree; from many of its generalizations we would dissent. Some of its fundamental positions we would debate with the author. Some of his conclusions very clearly demonstrate that there are some things about religion that he does not know, some phenomena that his philosophy can not reach.

Its greatest faults are two assumptions running through the whole volume; the first, that man's religious nature, life, and history may be entirely studied, and comprehended, and explained by the ordinary scientific or philosophic methods; that all religious phenomena are explicable and demonstrable by the common rules of ratiocination, and may be tested by these rules, and on them alone should be received or rejected. The book, therefore, is written from a purely philosophic point of view. Religion is considered only as an outgrowth of human instincts, and determined in its development by the nature and circumstances of men themselves. He has nothing to do with a revelation *ab extra*, neither admitting nor denying its possibility or reality. "We have a revelation in our own nature," says the author. "An historical revelation is necessarily subject to historical criticism, and it can never be proved to be true. The revelation of our own nature is never antiquated, and is always open to be questioned." The attempt thus to present a philosophy of the history of religion constantly reminds us of the other attempts to produce a pure philosophy of history, and it therefore exhibits the same few advantages, and the same many faults.

Its second assumption is that of the right to criticise "Mosaism" apart from its own pretensions and claims as a divine revelation attested by an extraordinary history. We deny the right and the philosophy of any such criticism. We do not deny the right to

criticise "Mosaism" or the Bible, but the right first to set aside its extraordinary claims, and to ignore its pretensions as a divine revelation, and then to criticise it after the manner of any other ordinary religious book. There may be nothing wrong in placing the Bible side by side with the sacred books of other nations of antiquity for purposes of criticism, but then true criticism of both it and the other sacred books must begin with the question of their claims, of what they pretend to be. If they claim to be revelations from God, that claim is not to be ignored or set aside or held in abeyance, but is first of all to be settled by criticism, as one of the significant facts of the books themselves. "I have therefore," says the author, "subjected Mosaism, as I have heathenism, and as I shall, in the next volume, subject Christianity to criticism." All right, Mr. Gould, but the first step in this criticism is not to place Mosaism, and Christianity, and Parseeism, and Hindooism, and a host of other isms in the same category, and criticise them as mere historical manifestations of the religious instincts, but to criticise first of all the claims of Mosaism and Christianity to a divine and not a mere human origin. That significant fact which you and your school set aside in order to begin your criticism, is the very fact which your criticism should settle first of all. "The Bible," you say, "is quoted, not as authoritative, but as an historical record open to criticism. The question of the truth of Revelation is one on which I do not touch." In our humble opinion this is the first question that ought to be touched in a criticism of the religion which the Bible contains, and the subsequent criticism will be very different after the settlement of this antecedent question, from what it will be when this question is simply ignored.

The volume labors also under the disadvantage of being incomplete. Like such books as *Ecce Homo*, it needs another volume before we can fully estimate the present. If this were in itself a proposed complete showing of the history of religious belief, it would be open to the severest criticism. But the author says, "I hope in this volume to show what are the religious instincts of humanity." This he has done, and done it in a most learned and interesting manner. Yet had he stopped here the book would be a bad one from its incompleteness. To know the nature of these religious instincts, to trace their historical manifestations where they have been left to develop themselves into religions and moralities, is a most valuable knowledge and study. But what has God done for those religious instincts? What provision has their Creator made for them? are very different questions, and we are glad to hear the author say, "In the second volume I intend to show how that Christianity by its fundamental postu-

late—the Incarnation—assumes to meet all these instincts; how it actually does so meet them; and how failure is due to counteracting political or social causes." We await with interest and hope the appearance of the second volume.

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY; or, a Concise, Comprehensive, and Systematic View of the Evidences, Doctrines, Morals, and Institutions of Christianity. By Samuel Wakefield, D. D. 8vo. Pp. 663. Pittsburg: J. L. Read & Son. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Dr. Wakefield's Compendium of Theology appeared under favorable auspices some years ago, receiving, as it deserved, the commendation of our bishops and editors as a valuable popular arrangement and treatment of Christian theology. It contained some matter of debatable authenticity which arrested for a time its popular favor. This debatable matter has now been eliminated, and the work appears in a new and much-improved edition. The volume excellently fills the character indicated by the title-page, and is "a concise and systematic view of the evidences, doctrines, morals, and institutions of Christianity," meeting an obvious want in our Church. It furnishes to the young student, the local preacher, the Sunday-school teacher, and the general reader, a clear and comprehensive outline of Scriptural theology, covering the entire field, from the evidences of Revelation, to the Institutions of Christianity and the doctrines of the future life. It does not take the place of Watson's Institutes, but is rather an introduction to that labored and valuable work, having, in fact, for its basis an abridgment of the Institutes. Nor is it a learned and critical theology, addressed to mature theologians, and adapted to all the phases of modern thought. It is a good execution of the author's purpose, to furnish a popular *résumé* of evangelical and Arminian theology. The style is perspicuous and concise. To all classes desiring a clear, compact, and systematic statement of evangelical doctrine written from the Arminian standpoint we can heartily recommend this work.

LIGHT AND TRUTH; or, Bible Thoughts and Themes. By Horatius Bonar, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 414. \$2. New York: Carter & Bro. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

In eighty-three brief discourses Dr. Bonar here discusses as many interesting Christian themes suggested by passages in the Acts, Romans, and two Corinthian epistles. The author is well known as thoroughly evangelical, a man of deep and earnest Christian experience, and a writer of prose and poetry characterized by depth and clearness, sincerity and tenderness. The first paragraph in this volume is illustrative of the man and his style. "Our Bible is of God; yet it is also of man. It is both divine and human. It comes to us from God's Spirit; it comes also from man's spirit. It is written in the language of earth, yet its words are the words of Him 'who speaketh from heaven.' Natural, yet supernatural; simple, yet profound; undogmatical, yet

authoritative; very like a common book, yet very unlike also; dealing often with seeming incredibilities and contradictions, yet never assuming any need for apology, or explanation, or recantation; a book for humanity at large, yet minutely special in its fitnesses for every case of every soul; carrying throughout its pages from first to last, one unchanging estimate of sin as an infinite evil, yet always bringing out God's gracious mind toward the sinner, even in his condemnation of the guilt; such is the great book with which man has to do, which man has to study, out of which man has to gather wisdom for eternity, one of the many volumes of that divine library which is one day to be thrown open to us, when that which is perfect is come, and that which is in part shall be done away."

BIBLE LYRICS. By Rev. John A. Murray. Square 8vo. Pp. 502. Cincinnati: C. F. Vent & Co.

This volume is a unique undertaking; it consists of a metrical versification of some of the poetical parts of the Bible, and of verses constructed on a large variety of subjects and incidents taken from other portions of the sacred volume. In the entire work the thoughts and figures of the Bible are preserved, and, when practicable, the very words of the common version are used. The entire book of Job is arranged in the form of a sacred drama, and exhibits very considerable poetical merit. The themes of the volume are well selected, and exhibit great variety and adaptedness. Some of the poetry is excellent; some of it is very poor. It is a good book and will be found by the reader to be attractive and profitable. "Those who may discover imperfections can not fail to discover many more excellencies, and will be constrained to wonder how the author could have combined so much simplicity, and so much of the language of the Bible, with so much of the genuine spirit of poetry." Mechanically the volume is very fine; the copy before us is bound in full Turkey morocco, full gilt back, sides, and edges; beveled boards, and Gothic paneled sides. It is embellished also with a number of Doré's Scriptural designs reproduced by the photographic art.

THE LIFE OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, Told by Herself in Letters to her Friends. Edited by the Rev. A. G. K. L'Estrange. Two Volumes. 12mo. Pp. 378, 365. \$3.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Born in 1787, dying in 1855, beautiful, educated, accomplished, moving in the best circles of English society, an acute observer, a fluent and graceful writer, a successful authoress, a thorough Christian, an acquaintance and friend of the most eminent literary men and women of her times, the life of Mary Russell Mitford affords ample materials for an attractive and instructive biography. Her life is here told almost entirely in her own letters, which, though at first sight rather suggestive of dry and commonplace details, are soon seen to be the real charm of these volumes. They are beautifully written, simple, naive, human, unpedantic, unartificial, and cover a

vast variety of topics personal, critical, and domestic. Her life was characterized by no extraordinary events; it was a natural, sensible, dutiful, affectionate, successful life of a good woman, who spent her earlier years in the loving discharge of filial duties, and her remaining ones in the freedom of unmarried life, cultivating many friendships, and shedding light and good around by her pen and her eminent social qualities. Her talents and her genial character brought her into contact with the eminent litterateurs of her day, and her letters contain many fine estimates of the merits and demerits of her literary contemporaries. We agree with the editor that "though the work may have little attraction for those whom nothing less than the strong excitement of a sensational novel can satisfy, the book will have its charm for many others, as exhibiting the reverses and labors, the thoughts and feelings, the tastes and opinions of a very highly gifted and most excellent woman."

THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING, AND OTHER DISCOURSES. By E. De Pressensé, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 258. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Wulden.

De Pressensé writes nothing that is not most worthy of being read, and those who have made his acquaintance through the scholarly and loving exposition of the Life and Times of Jesus Christ, and the masterly exhibit of the relations of Church and State, and religion and politics, in his Religion and the Reign of Terror, will hasten to touch again his warm heart and drink in his eloquent sentences as found in this fresh and important volume. And

they will give thanks, too, to the accomplished Annie Harwood, who has laid us under additional obligations to her for her excellent translation. The present little volume presents the author to us as a preacher, the contents consisting of two series of sermons, the first series, six sermons, being devoted to the subject of suffering, and giving title to the book; the remaining sermons, also six in number, are on Christian Mysticism, The Voice of the Church, The Sins of Religious Speech, The Supernatural at the Bar of Conscience, The Adoration of Mary the Sister of Lazarus, and The Jubilee of the French Revolution. The author's view of suffering is of course the evangelical Christian view, thoroughly studied and eloquently stated, fresh and interesting from its clear presentation and felicity of illustration.

REMOVING MOUNTAINS: *Life Lessons from the Gospels.* By John S. Hart. 16mo. Pp. 306. \$1.25. New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Geo. Crosby.

Professor John S. Hart has been remarkably successful as an educator; he would have been equally so as a preacher. If he had been a Methodist we would have made both of him; as it is he must preach his excellent sermons and send out his admirable "life lessons" through the press. The result, as it is before us, is a precious volume of fresh, warm, loving thoughts on a large number of topics, all drawn from scenes, incidents, and lessons found in the Gospels. The author's style is very neat and clear, and his thoughts and reflections are suggestive and valuable.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOOK COMMITTEE.—The final Report of the Book Committee, to be submitted to the Annual Conference, is on our Table, and we find it also accompanied by a "minority report." The report of this Committee, made to the Annual Conferences, is always quite a different document from its quadrennial report to the General Conference. It is to this body, and not to the Annual Conferences, that the Book Concern and Book Committee are ultimately responsible. The annual report to the Conferences is not a detailed, but a general finding of the Book Committee with regard to the business and management of the Concern during the preceding year. The details of its management go to the General Conference, and are there submitted to whatever examination that body may demand. We make these remarks to meet what we find to be a common objection to the report for the present year, that it gives only the general finding of the Committee without facts and details. This general finding would be all any body would expect under ordinary circumstances; it is only because painful

rumors affecting the Concern have existed, that any one has even expected a detailed report of the Committee to any other body than the General Conference. The Committee felt called upon only to pursue its usual course, and to present its general findings to the Annual Conferences, and to seal up its detailed report for the General Conference. This detailed report consists of a vast amount of facts and testimony, sufficient to make quite a printed volume. It is a question whether it would be at all desirable to lay this vast amount of matter before the Annual Conferences and the public; for the Annual Conferences it ought to be sufficient that the Committee pursues its usual course, and after an extended and thorough investigation, lays its conclusions before the Church. But for the first time in its history, we believe, this Committee presents a divided report; ten of the thirteen present report their findings only; the remaining three in some respects differ from these conclusions, and publish certain facts in justification of their dissent. The majority again inform us that "all these allegations and statements," made

by the minority, "were before the Committee and thoroughly traversed by them, and in view of all the facts and circumstances known to them in the specified cases, the Committee see no reason to modify in the least their solemn judgment."

Accepting as wise the determination of the Committee to report its conclusions, rather than issue a volume of "a thousand pages" of testimony and statements, our only object now is to find the value of these reports. We learn that the Committee had two sessions, at which thirteen of its fifteen members were present; one session held in November, 1869, the other in January and February, 1870. At its first session the Committee "solicited and obtained information from all sources within its reach, and did carefully and patiently examine all witnesses known to them, who could be induced to appear and answer on all points relating to rumors and charges, and upon the testimony before them made up their report, which was given to the public." Then, "learning that the said report did not satisfy in every particular the mind of the Church, and that new and important facts had come to light, and believing that a more extended investigation could be had," the Committee met again in January, 1870, and re-examined all the testimony taken at its previous meeting, "and all additional testimony attainable, and by all possible means endeavored to probe the matters in controversy to the bottom."

Certainly we have here evidence of patient and extended investigation; these are all honorable men, of high standing as the representatives of their individual districts, and of reputation in all the Church. It is their prerogative to know all about the business and management of the Concern. They are responsible not to the Agents of the Concern, but to the General Conference; they are wholly independent of the Agents; they determine the salary of the Agents; they can suspend the Agents for cause. We can conceive of no motive in this Committee to conceal, to misrepresent, or to do any thing else than to discover the facts in the case, and report, as they tell us they have done, their "solemn judgment." That solemn judgment is given in the following form:

1. On the question, "In respect to the management or conduct of the Agents, or either of them, has there been any fraud or corruption in the Book Concern?" the Committee were unanimous in giving an answer in the negative.

2. On the question, "Has there been any thing fraudulent or corrupt in the practice or conduct of any employé in the Book Concern so far as the Printing Department is concerned?" the Committee voted eleven in the negative, two of the Committee declining to vote.

3. On the question, "Has there been any thing fraudulent or corrupt in the practice or conduct of any employé in the Book Concern in respect to the Bindery Department?" the Committee fully deliberated and decided in the negative by a vote of nine to four.

These questions, in the estimation of the Commit-

tee, embraced all the allegations made against the Concern, its Agents and employés, and in the settlement of them every item in any wise affecting the Concern was most fully investigated. The Committee could not find otherwise than that the testimony not only failed to establish the existence of fraud, defalcation, or corruption, but likewise failed to sustain the allegation of the losses.

It will be seen, then, that the entire Committee exonerates the Agents from the imputation of any fraud or corruption in the management or conduct of the Book Concern. Eleven of the Committee exonerate "any employé of the Printing Department from fraud or corruption." The remaining two declined to vote. A vote of nine to four declared the exemption of the Bindery Department from fraud. The entire Committee agreed also in the following: "The Committee, furthermore, is prepared to say that, up to the time of the late disturbances, we find that the Concern has been increasingly prosperous, and that its success has not been surpassed, if equaled, by any other publishing house in the world, and that it is now in a sound and healthy condition, and under such a system of checks and safeguards as guarantee security."

Glancing at the minority report we find that three members of the Committee have not had "their convictions of losses and mismanagement in the Book Concern relieved." They, however, have joined with the rest of the Committee in exonerating the Agents; therefore "the losses and mismanagement," if there were any, must have been through the dishonesty of employés. But one of these three must have exempted the Printing Department, for eleven of the thirteen voted that there had been nothing fraudulent or corrupt in that Department. Looking at the facts stated in the minority report, it seems to us that the minority does not itself claim that any actual proofs of fraud in the Concern were before them, but that these facts did not receive sufficient explanation "to relieve their convictions;" and looking at the facts themselves they are such as indicate that there may have been sharp practice if not deception and fraud in an outside party, and possibly dishonesty in an employé in the Concern. But all these facts were before the whole Committee and patiently examined by them, and yet such were the testimony and explanations of these facts, that ten out of the thirteen still affirm their solemn judgment that neither the Agents nor any employé of the Concern have been shown to be guilty of mismanagement or fraud. It looks to us as if the majority report that they do not find evidence on which to accuse any one connected with the Concern of fraud or mismanagement, while the minority do not find enough evidence to remove their conviction of mismanagement in an employé of the Concern and of deception and fraud on the part of an outside party.

We can not withhold our regret that these averments contained in the minority report, and still others that have been given to the public, were permitted to go forth alone, unaccompanied by the testimony and explanations regarding these allegations which

came before the whole Committee. And then we are again reminded that this testimony and these explanations, "if printed, would cover about one thousand pages," and see the impossibility of giving, through the public prints, equal publicity to the testimony and to the allegations. Better they had not been published at all, but that the whole case had gone to its proper tribunal, the General Conference.

In what we have said of the members of the Committee we include the whole Committee, and respect the honesty, integrity, and purity of the minority as well as of the majority. We have no wish to impugn the motives of any; we have only been trying to measure the value of the two reports, and we believe they both clearly vindicate the honesty, integrity, and good management of the men whom the Church has trusted with the care of this great interest, and that, at most, some frauds or mismanagement *may* attach to an employé of the Concern and to an outside party having dealings with the Concern. It is really a matter of thanksgiving and congratulation that an immense business like that of the Book Concern, involving millions of dollars, a vast variety of interests, and necessitating the employment of so many subordinates, can bear the rigid investigation of a committee of able men for four or five weeks, without eliciting any thing more than that *possibly* one of its employés may have proved dishonest, and *possibly* a purchaser of paper for the house may have used misrepresentation and deceit, and played sharp both on the Concern and the paper men with whom he dealt.

THE CHINA CONFERENCE.—Our readers will be interested in the article of Mr. Doolittle relating the organization of our first Conference in China, and the ordination of the first native preachers by Bishop Kingsley. We append here the following statistics of this new-born Conference in the "far East:"

Total number of adult worshippers.....	634
" " " baptized Children.....	186
" " " probationers.....	763
Increase of adult membership the past year.....	183
" " " baptized children " " ".....	69
" " " probationers " " ".....	410
Number of new students or assistant helpers received.....	12
" " " former " " " retained.....	23
" " " native helpers "licensed" but not "ordained".....	4
" " " formerly "licensed" preachers ordained deacons.....	7
" " " deacons ordained elders.....	4
" " " circuits.....	18
Of appointments or preaching-places there are.....	63
Of these chapels or churches owned by the mission.....	5
" " " rented " " ".....	23
" " " supplied by the native Christians without expense to the mission.....	35

"MORNING PRAYER."—Mr. E. H. Trafton, art publisher, Chicago, has placed on our table a copy of his beautifully executed chromo bearing the above name. It is after the charming original by John Phillips. It is a beautiful picture, and will be a perpetual blessing in its refining influence over both parents and children wherever it is hung upon the wall. It is the representation of a little girl kneeling in prayer in front of a window, with the morning sun sending a rich, warm light on her and through the room. The expression of the face and coloring of the whole picture are very fine. The size of the

chromo, which is an exact representation of the oil painting, is eleven by fifteen inches. It may be had from Mr. Trafton, sent carefully by mail, for six dollars.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.—The Superior Court of Cincinnati has rendered its decision on the important question of the Bible in the Common Schools, and, as we hoped, that decision has the effect of rendering permanent the injunction restraining the action of the School Board from casting the Bible and religious instruction out of our public schools. We have not space to review now the opinions of the Judges. Judge Storer and Judge Hagans ruled to sustain the injunction; of course Judge Taft was adverse in his opinion. The opinion of Judge Storer is what we might expect from a learned and Christian judge, giving concisely and strongly the legal aspects of the case, and then presenting in an earnest and eloquent manner the general relations of this question to the welfare of the State. Judge Hagans presents a very able argument, confining himself mostly to the purely constitutional and legal bearings of the case. His presentation of such questions as the rights of conscience, the relation of religion and morality to government, the relation of the Christian religion to the Constitution of the State of Ohio, the import of the "Bill of Rights," and the legal aspects of our common school system, is a valuable contribution, not only to legal literature, but to the knowledge and thought of the people. We are glad to see it in a neat pamphlet form, and would recommend its careful reading to all who wish to see a thorough presentation of these great subjects. Judge Taft dissents on the same grounds as those urged by Judge Stanley Matthews, and which we noticed some time ago; grounds which would completely subvert our noblest American institutions, and place some of the most vital interests of the nation completely at the mercy of a few dissentients. It is simply an exaggerated presentation of the absurdity that a few men on the ground of conscience may bring the millions to their feet; the conscience of the many must yield to the conscience of the few. The movers in this attempt to drive the Bible from the schools and to convert them into nurseries of atheism, may as well understand at once that the "conscience" of the millions on the other side will assert itself in this matter, and that the great body of tax-payers, who support our school system, will and should resist any tax that would compel them to support a system of atheistic schools. Some of the leaders in this movement, who do not profess to be troubled much with conscience of any kind, may wake up some day to find that the true Christian conscience of this nation is a mightier reality than they have dreamed of. Better let our school system alone. There is little enough of religion and morality in it now; the banishment of that little will not commend it to either Romanists or Jews, but will only place the whole system in jeopardy to gratify a few infidels. The School Board deserves this rebuke of the Court for its precipitate action on so vital a question.







THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1870.

II A Y.

RUDOLF STIER'S COURTSHIP.

IT is really refreshing in these days when, on the one hand, the multitude of lugubrious croakers in favor of the "good old days of our youth," and, on the other, the positive existence and frequent application of slipshod divorce laws, would almost persuade one that the sanctity of marriage has sunk into an affair either of blind and transitory passion, or of mercenary, heartless commercial convenience, to fall upon a case whose unmistakable genuineness and charming *naïvete* may well serve to strengthen our faith in the permanence of human virtue, and to enable us to hope that, as our great-grandparents did in the past, so also will our great-grandchildren do in the future, namely, fall into real heart-love, court, marry, and be happy.

The case we refer to is that of the renowned, spiritually minded Bible expositor, Rudolf Ewald Stier, and his future helpmeet, Ernestine, the worthy daughter of General Superintendent Nitzsch, of Wittenberg.

The marriage took place in October, 1824, and was preceded by an acquaintance and courtship of about three years. When the parties first met Rudolph was twenty years of age, and Ernestine twenty-three.

Ernestine is described, at this point of time, as a young lady much after the spirit of the Christian ideal, as found in 1 Peter iii, 2-4. She had a profound Christian education, the result partly of extensive intercourse with learned and pious leaders in German theology, and largely of personal heart experience in the midst of physical sufferings. Her whole inward and outward activity was directed to the promotion of purity in her own heart and in the membership of the Church. Her ideal of Church-life was kindred to that of the *Unitas Fratrum*,

in which the emotional element largely predominated, with a slight tendency to asceticism. She had thoroughly renounced all the vanities of show and fashion, and laid aside all mere worldly, classical reading, with which, however, she had already become largely conversant. A natural aversion to marriage had recently been strengthened by a believed providential call to devote her life exclusively to the care of her feeble parents—the six older children being already married off. A submissive yielding to the guiding of Providence led her to renounce this purpose, and was, in fact, the key to her whole life of inward peace and far-reaching influence. Such was the future bride.

The bridegroom was, at first, of far different taste and mental mold; though afterward the two drank in so largely of the one Spirit, that the most complete congeniality and oneness of life-purpose was the happy result. Young Rudolf's mind had been well trained and furnished, first at his native Pommeranian gymnasium, and after the age of sixteen, at the University of Berlin. But his early life had not been religious, nor even ploddingly studious; it was rather that of a vague enthusiasm and sentimental aspiration after an unknown good—much such a spirit as was fostered by the eccentricities of Jean Paul, as portrayed in his romances. The tender passion could not but awake early and warmly in such a heart. In fact, it was the sudden breaking off by death of an intense love for a cousin, Pauline—"a child pure and pious as the angels"—that first awoke him to a consciousness of the insufficiency of earthly love, and occasioned his spiritual conversion.

At the commencement of his relations with Ernestine Nitzsch, he was an earnest Christian—an incipient preacher and a student in the theological seminary at Wittenberg. It was by

being thrown together in social religious activities that their mere outward acquaintance was nurtured into a conscious congeniality of aim and heart. Ernestine took such a decided part in promoting the spiritual interests of the society and seminary, that in secret she was jocularly styled the "abbess of the cloister." Her manners were so natural, so modest, and her words so pure and spirit-breathing, that the honest, untarnished heart of Stier could not long resist their influences. The result was that his religious repose was deeply troubled; he found his heart the captive of two seemingly conflicting powers, and feared lest his love to the creature might conflict with his love to Christ. After many inward struggles and tearful prayers, he so far mastered his feelings as to determine to explain by letter to Ernestine the nature of his troubles, fully resolved that unless both he and she could come to the satisfactory assurance that their union was the will of God, not to allow himself to be led into further bondage. She also, though unconsciously to herself, had, to some extent, been attracted in a peculiar manner to the pure-minded young candidate for the ministry. His life and preaching had made upon her impressions that were not merely and exclusively spiritual and impersonal. But it was only after their acquaintance and occasional social intercourse, their honest and mutually edifying conference of views and tastes on heart religion had extended through more than a year, that young Stier ventured actually to broach to Ernestine the question which had long been trembling on his lips, and which had been the occasion of so many prayers and tears—namely, whether she would not be willing to come into a nearer relation to him than that of a mere sister in the Lord.

The letter in which he did this—for after long inward debating he concluded that he could more satisfactorily open the weighty subject by way of epistle than by word of mouth—bears date May 9, 1822; and we take the liberty—a liberty warranted by the fact that his sons have inserted in their *Life of their father* both it and several other of his love-letters—of putting it into English, without, however, entertaining a very sanguine hope that very many who read it either have felt its spirit in the past, or will, in the future, make it their model when writing on the same subject.

The letter reads thus:

"*Beloved Sister in the Lord*,—In the holy name of the Lord, our most merciful Savior, who has redeemed us both with his blood, and called us to everlasting bliss in his love! Read this letter as in his presence, for it was indeed

so written. May He who is the heart-searcher, and whose eyes are like flames of fire, prove and search our hearts, and lead us in the sole right way of his eternal will! Amen.

"Again I address you in writing, as I think it the *better* manner. But this time I have for you a serious and earnest communication, which, in fact, I desired to impart to you verbally last Monday, and hence I waited for you so early in the garden. But the Savior brought it about otherwise; and assuredly it must have been better that it was so. It is now some time that I have been asking the Lord whether I might address you; and so long as I was in the least doubt, I kept silence. But now it has finally become clear to me that I might address you, nay, that I *must* do so in order no longer to remain *untrue*. Ernestine!—for this once let me use the sisterly *du* (thou)—I love you, and no longer *simply* as a sister; I desire that you should forever be united to me in the name of Him to whom we both belong, and in whom, as you yourself write, 'we find and understand each other.' This is the great word which I have to say to you in the sacred name of the Lord Jesus. I submit herewith for your decision what I clearly see to be a most vital question, deeply concerning and interesting my whole inner life, and wait the expression of the Divine will in yours.

"From the very first time I saw you—on my arrival with Sydow—your acquaintance has been for me a great incentive and help in the pursuit of sanctification; in my whole life I know of no external influence through which the Lord has so much promoted my inner life as through your words; even to see you merely, or to think of myself as in your presence, was for me a means of good. But this was not so clear to me at the time, as when—now that the will of Providence seems manifest—I look back over the past. And yet it was so in fact. I have not prepared a single sermon without being influenced and encouraged by the thought that perhaps you would hear it. Dear sister! do not take this for self-deception, or, more still, for passion sprung from *earthly* soil. As the Lord liveth, the more distrustful I have been of myself in this respect, the clearer it has now become to me that whatever lives in me for you, springs from above. How strange and wonderful are the working and counter-working influences of the spirit world! So recently as when I wrote to you about your dejection, I thought of you only as I wrote—as a *sister in Christ*; I did not yet understand myself, nor the change which had long been taking place in me. And then came your answer, so sympathetic with

me, so deeply sinking into my heart, as can not be uttered, but only felt. You said assuredly the Lord meant to bring about a *new connection* between us through these letters. You said, 'Let us in spirit reach hands to each other for the pilgrimage toward Zion.' These words awoke in me the first conscious movement of a desire to possess you. For the first time I thought of ourselves as *united*, in the fullest sense of the word. I thought of ourselves as no longer reaching hands to each other for the heavenly journey, merely in a spiritual sense. And—I will speak as open-heartedly as a child—how often do merest trifles give occasion to wide-reaching spiritual consequences! It was but a slight gossip in Wittenberg, that we were about to be affianced, that awoke me to a serious examination of the wishes of my heart.

"Since then I have thought, and struggled, and prayed. It was expedient from the very nature of my former and much perverted life, and from my mental peculiarity, that I should be on my guard against the delusions of my own heart, and, in fact, trust in it least of all. Hence I have felt it my duty, as much as possible, to look away from you, and to consult the Lord alone—have concluded that, first of all, I must conquer and deny myself—in fact, have had days when all was given over fully to the Lord. But amid all this honest striving to follow the Lord's will alone, amid all my prayers for light and victory, your image ever returned to me with renewed power, and hovered closer to my soul. In the very hours when my soul and heart were communing most sweetly and deeply with the Savior, the longing for you sprang up afresh; even in the presence of the Lord I invariably found you by my side; and every meeting with you—however much I might reproach myself for doubleness of heart and for mingling my own will and selfish desires with Christian fellowship proper—was in fact more elevating, more promotive of sanctification, than all other external influences united. Thus I have ever found my love for you rooted and grounded in my love to the Lord, and with it *from the beginning* paired and interwoven; so that it is now clear to me that I love you with an allowed and God-pleasing love, and that I am at liberty thus to confess it to you, in order to learn whether the all-merciful Savior designs to accord me an unspeakable favor, or to subject me to the purifying fires of self-denial—in either case to the elevation of my inner and better nature.

"The sudden and painful blighting by death of a love which was earthly and of the Adamic man, was, to me, the awakening trumpet to the new birth. And now I found—as, in fact, in

Christ all the feelings and longings of the heart are sanctified and idealized—a high ideal of Christian bridal and wedlock love; one that constantly commended itself to me by its very contrast to my former love, as the highest form of earthly bliss. This ideal of a love plighted in Christ, springing up from the grave of all that is earthly and merely personal, and promotive of mental furtherance in holiness and of preparation for a blissful eternity—this ideal of a Christian love, wherein two hearts long only to show to each other heavenly and God-born love to the utmost of their capacity, and behold in their mutual love only a reflexion of that higher love wherewith each with bridal devotion leans on the common Savior—the ideal of such a union *based in the unseen and existing for eternity*, but which the wisdom of God has established under the form of a sensuous and secular communion, transfiguring thus, as he is wont, the earthly into the heavenly—this ideal of bridal and wedlock love has now, Ernestine, *come to life* in me at the thought of you, and I feel that you would realize in my life that for which my heart pants with a sacred and assuredly God-planted longing. I feel—and it is in prayer before God that I have learned to feel it—that a union with you would be of infinite help in my sanctification; nay, that this union alone would bring to blossom all the germs of my inner man, and fully develop my incipient new birth into mature and divine love.

"Therefore have I taken courage to lay all before you just as it seemed to me. But I really feel too deep my own personal unworthiness to presume to say more; and yet I am certain that, with my whole poor heart, I love you, and I feel that this direction of my heart may be the will of the Lord; in fact, that, possibly, he who knew our days from eternity has destined us for each other. Often my heart is venturesome enough, in looking back over the course of our acquaintance thus far, to discover many things whereby the Lord has been bringing about our union. Often have I wished to hope for that for which I have not dared expressly to pray; namely, that you might actually love me as I love you. And yet what am I that I should not just as much adore the Lord's will, even should I have greatly erred? All I can do, therefore, is to ask and hope.

"Ernestine! all that is of myself is only misery and sin—even that which outwardly might seem quite otherwise. Much sin, much storm and unrest has already passed through my poor heart. But now I know that in the blood of the Lamb I have obtained a new innocence and a heavenly peace; with all my weakness I am

blessedly conscious of the work of the Lord in my soul. And now it seems to me as if you would further and perfect it. Does it not seem to you as if we were destined for each other, to complement, sustain, promote, and love each other in the Lord? I have recognized Christ in you; you in me. Can you also conceive it as his will that we should love him in each other; that God's work in our souls will be brought to perfect development by our union in him? Will you be the life companion of a feeble but faithfully pursuing disciple of the Lord? And can you not believe that, perhaps even in him, the Lord designs to bless you? May the blessed Savior himself guide you in your decision, and may his will be done among his followers to all eternity! Amen.

"Christian marriages formed in Christ, in the highest sense of the word, are something sacred, and, therefore, very rare. If the Lord has brought our life-courses together, and caused us to meet and comprehend each other, in order through us to glorify himself before the world, then may his will and pleasure be done. All that I wish I wish it only, and in so far as I believe it to be his will. And if it is his will, then will his power know how to guide and shape every thing so as to accomplish his purpose.

"The worldly circumstances of the matter, and which the most earnest Christian sense must take prosaically into account, are such that I dropped their import for you; in fact, they were for a long while for myself a dissuading voice. You are asked, beloved sister, whether you are willing to be the comforting associate and helpmeet of a poor Lithuanian evangelist? When I think of it seriously I am almost driven to decide against myself; and yet I would wound you if I placed too much emphasis on this merely material phase of the matter. I would be feeble of faith and unchristian were I, in a case where the inner voice calls, to look seriously at such secondary interests. In fact, I think that, on this subject, we perfectly understand each other. If my soul becomes daily more clear, more calm, more holy, it is only through the thought of you. Your love would call up into blossom in me a heavenly Spring, of which that of earth would be but a feeble shadow. I now look out toward you with weeping eyes, and place in your hand the innermost wish which I have ever cherished. I know not yet how these lines will reach you. Where can I speak with you, undisturbed and alone? Please let me know. If you can, and are willing, soon, to be in the garden [park] earlier than usual—about six o'clock—I will there wait for you.

"May the all-merciful Savior send, day by day, more richly into our hearts, his renewing Spirit, and thus guide us into all truth and wisdom! May his heavenly love ever more fully consecrate you, dear sister, and me, your ever-loving Rudolf in Christ, unto eternal life!"

Such was Rudolf Stier's manner of putting "the question." We submit it, even in the imperfect form of a translation, as a rare curiosity—a sacred page from the heart-life of one of the noblest of German thinkers. It may well call us all to heart-searching. To many it will sound as an assuring voice; to others, it will be a happy coincidence with their own experience. May it not suggest to still others the only spirit in which the sacred sphere of wedlock life should be approached and entered?

To Ernestine this question, from one younger than herself, was at least not expected. She had already said "no" to riper minds; but she knew the peculiar congeniality of Rudolf with herself, and she could not believe it her duty to break off an acquaintance which had already been so great a blessing to her. Therefore, after several days of prayerful meditation, she accorded to him the nearer intimacy of a Christian brother, in the hope of finally obtaining full certainty as to God's will in the matter. From this time on she wrote him at intervals, and when hindered from seeing him personally, many a comforting note. From them we select a few passages:

"*May 14th.*—As heaven is higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways. On this let us reverently and joyfully reflect. All that you think to be able to attain through me, He can give you transcendently and thousandfold more in other ways if it please Him; therefore may our own wills entirely yield to his. I know, indeed, that love in the Lord is very kindred to love of the Lord; as, indeed, the former springs out of the latter."

"*May 29th.*—There is something infinitely more blissful than we usually suppose in the simple consciousness of doing the will of the Lord, and an equally great wretchedness when the opposite is the case. In our habitual labor and living we do not feel this so deeply, but when, at great crises, the Lord holds it up before the soul, then we perceive it sensibly enough."

"*June 14th.*—I have been much nearer to you since we were outwardly separated—as is often the case within me. When I am alone, and in the Savior's presence, or in an environment which leaves my soul free to think, then feel I much more tenderly toward those whom I love in the Lord."

"July 2d.—I would fain pour out to you lamentations over my spiritual poverty, but it would profit nothing; and it might sound as if I knew of no Savior, no physician capable of rooting out this disease. Dear Rudolf, when our pilgrimage will be ended we shall enter into eternal rest, and peace, and clearness of vision; when the bridegroom shall take home the bride, and retain her forever, then will the many voices be stilled which now are so restless and anxious—then will they all blend and come to rest in one."

"July 4th.—You were, in truth, right near to me, and I could joyfully give you, with myself, entirely into His hand. I thought it made really very little difference how we further journeyed in the good way—I mean, whether separated or united, etc.—provided only that we remain in the way. For, indeed, when people are journeying they think of little else than the goal!"

The friends of both Stier and Ernestine were glad of this intimacy, and they hoped and felt confident that she also would soon outgrow this more sisterly love, and pass over into its more earnest phase.

A six weeks' vacation trip of Rudolf served only, as he had wished to her at their parting in the garden, to bring them again together nearer and nearer. He had left with her as a memento a few fresh manuscript poems, and she had sent along with him as a companion on his journey the more recent pages of her journal—that we "see therefrom how poor and miserable was the sought-for bride, and how she lived only from grace."

This journal spread sunshine all along Rudolf's tour. He met with a few very spiritual sisters of the *Unitas Fratrum*, and, in the joy of his love, let one of them read Ernestine's journal. For his own soul it was manna indeed. In fact, he read in it so often, and with such gladdening results, that his friends got to saying to him, whenever he appeared especially merry: "Surely, you have just been reading in Ernestine's diary." Letters to the young lady he of course did not fail to send. They do not consist merely and simply in reiterated expressions of devotion and flattery, as is—*ad nauseam* to any but the two persons concerned—the case with most love-letters; but they abound in vivid descriptions of his spiritual and social experiences, with due interweaving of the gold thread of modest love. Once he goes so far as to exclaim to her: "O thou, my unspeakably beloved second heart!"

At the close of vacation Rudolf met again his beloved, and it seemed to him that they were, in fact, nearer each other than ever before. In

an October evening garden interview he told her that his soul needed, as a help in the pastoral work, the cheer and encouragement of a loving bride, and that even if it were God's will that to the eye of the world she should be but his sister, nevertheless, in his heart, she should be his Rachel forever. Christmas night he spent in meditation in his study. Ernestine was in feeble health, but in her hands lay a little gilt-book in which Rudolf had beautifully copied his better poems. All January (1823) she continued ailing; and almost daily Rudolf sent her a precious message, to which she did not always fail to give answer. It was now first that the doubts in Ernestine's heart began rapidly to break away. She saw more and more, in Rudolf's wooing, a call of Providence. A near relative, one who well knew the state of her heart, wrote her words that cleared away the last cloud: "One thing I have observed wherein Rudolf differs from all others who, as yet, have sued for your hand. Of all of those you were fully the intellectual master. This one, however, is superior to you. If this is true and deeply based, you may doubt and hesitate still, but in heaven the matter is already decided, provided only that his heart is certain and unwavering." And on January 16th she wrote from her sick-bed the first real confession of love: "Until now it has seemed so untrue when I called you beloved, because I found in my heart such an absence of love. But I know it does not depend on feeling, and I have thought finally that, of and before the Lord, there must be some love in my heart without my knowing it, and my conscience, now for the first time, allows me to speak. Childish it may be, but why do you so love such a child?"

Her conscience became soon more flexible still. On February 10, 1823, she gave him the long-sought and now maturely considered "yes," for life. Those who saw Stier at this time, and who have known his whole life, aver that they never saw elsewhere in mortal man such a transfigured look of inward bliss. Two days later Ernestine sent him, in a note, such words as these:

"My soul also as well as yours is enjoying a great calm, far different from what, a little while ago, I could have anticipated under these circumstances. Calmly as when he walked on earth, so comes he now to us. The eyes of friends can not see the great change that is taking place in me, and yet, dear, dear love, I discover plainly in this very calmness the seal wherewith Christ is marking as a bride for himself our united souls. O, if I could only reveal it to you as it is, how clearly would it seem to be His doing

that has overcome my nature and given me to you. In my temperament there was something repugnant to our union, and the more I became conscious of it, the more disinterestedly could I pray that God's will alone might be done. And now that He has overcome this, I see as a type more deeply than ever the radicalness of the spiritual change whereby we are to be transformed into his bride. Humanly speaking, thy life holds out before me no easy pilgrimage; for the chosen messengers of God are, in a far higher sense than the simple lay Christian, to be followers in the footsteps of Christ. But, O, should we not gladly kiss the ground where his feet have trodden, even though it reek with blood!"

But Stier could not bear the change so calmly as this. Every body remarked the unwonted elasticity of the step with which he approached the venerable home of Ernestine. But one serious difficulty remained yet to surmount—to get the consent of the parents. The generous and sympathizing heart of good mother Nitzsch was soon won over. But it was not without serious trembling that the young student-preacher approached, March 9, 1823, the staid and revered Superintendent. On the subject being introduced, father Nitzsch looked up seemingly a little surprised, and with his habitual repose remarked that the matter was as good as new to him, but that it was a principle of his not to interfere with the choice of his daughter, and that in the present case he had nothing to object to the person of the suitor; but still he would have to hold fast to his old axiom, not to permit the complete betrothal of his daughter before the suitor should be well settled in life. Discouraging as this was, it luckily turned out that the prayers of mother Nitzsch and other relatives soon overcame his "axiom;" and Rudolf was then admitted to that freedom of visiting the family and associating with Ernestine, which, in German society, is allowed only to the betrothed.

Shortly after this he closed his course of study in the Seminary, preached his final sermon in Wittenberg, and received his testimonial of proficiency in theology and fitness for office in the State Church. Then, after lingering six weeks longer in the society of his friends, and especially of Ernestine, he took formal leave and started to visit his parents in East Prussia, preparatory to casting about for such a settlement in life as, in his own eyes and especially in those of father Nitzsch, would justify him in taking unto himself his Ernestine. This accomplished, he returned to claim the bride with whom he was already spiritually united.

SYMPATHY.

PART II.

MISS DOROTHY meditated a good deal in the course of the evening. It was an unusual exercise and rather puzzled Aunt Ruthie, who was accustomed to listen with admiring humility to her sister's accounts of her visits. It is true that, as she listened, strong doubts would often suggest themselves as to whether Miss Dorothy always hit upon the best methods of comforting those who needed consolation; and once she went so far as to think that sympathy must be harder to bear than actual trials. You see Aunt Ruth was such a quiet, gentle little woman, with such a shy sense of delicacy in regard to other people's affairs, and such a shrinking timidity as to being herself known as a helper, that she could not be expected to understand the broader field that her sister occupied. She rather liked the meditative mood of the evening. Sometimes it was pleasanter to think than to listen. And this evening, while her fingers worked nimbly to finish little Nannie's dress, all sorts of pleasant fancies were filling her head.

In the morning Miss Dorothy arose armed with new strength. The plain remarks of Doctor Ludlow and Mr. Elder still rankled in her mind like a set of unpleasant thorns, but she was not to be turned from the noble mission of her life by the rude rebuffs of two men. "What could they know of the power of sympathy?" she asked indignantly, brushing out her hair with such energy that nothing but a timely fear of not leaving enough to fasten her chignon kept her from becoming suddenly bald in spots.

"Men," she went on with an inspiration that made her akin to the strongest women's rights women of the day, "men have strength, animal strength, but no hearts. I am glad—ahem! well, I ought to be glad I am not tied to one of them."

Now Miss Dorothy, even while sturdily asserting her right to comfort people in spite of themselves, had an undercurrent of conviction in her mind, or, rather, an instinctive sense that she was not so much actuated by compassionate interest as by a desire to meddle with and control the affairs of others. A woman's instinct is nearly always reliable, and is often a safer guide than the slower process of reasoning.

Miss Dorothy's instinct was a true one. It was so clearly in the right that it was sometimes impossible to stifle it by the most eloquent setting forth of the happy influence of sympathy. On this particular morning there was such a struggle in her mind between common sense

on the one hand and a desire to magnify her "mission" on the other, that she sat down to the tempting breakfast prepared by her sister without once remembering to appropriate for her own eating the crispest buckwheat or the juiciest part of the steak. Noticing this, Aunt Ruthie anxiously inquired if she were ill.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I thought you did not seem like yourself."

No response was made to this remark, and both sisters ate in silence till the sudden ringing of the door-bell startled them.

"Who can it be at this time of the morning?" said Aunt Ruthie, going to the window and peering down into the yard in the vain effort to obtain a view of their visitor.

"You will be more likely to find out by going to the door," said Miss Dorothy.

Aunt Ruth meekly obeyed the hint. It was a little red-headed boy, and he wanted Miss Dorothy.

"My mother wants her to come straight over to our house as quick as she can."

"Your mother is Mrs. Cornell, is she not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is any thing the matter? Is she sick?"

Aunt Ruth's kindly thoughts were off in a twinkling in an excursion among the dried herbs in the attic.

"I don't know," said the boy, taking off his cap to scratch his head. "She told me to come over here quicker 'n lightning and fetch Miss Dorothy. That is all I know."

"Well, I'll tell her," said Aunt Ruth doubtfully as she slowly closed the door after him. "If it is a case of real sickness now, Mrs. Cornell may need a cup of gruel or broth more than sympathy."

It is impossible to describe Miss Dorothy's sudden elation of spirits when the boy's message was repeated to her. It would, without doubt, give her a chance to work in her own way. It settled the question whether she was needed or not. And it was truly providential that when she was just yielding to her discouraging fears, there should come to her very door a stroke of business in her own line.

As soon as she could put on her bonnet and shawl, without even waiting to finish her breakfast, only delaying long enough to tell Aunt Ruth to keep the dishes hot till her return, she started for Mrs. Cornell's. The red-headed boy was watching for her by the door, and he ushered her at once into his mother's sitting-room.

A middle-aged woman sat in a large arm-chair, rocking herself backward and forward, and groaning fearfully. "O, Miss Dorothy,"

she exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you! Bill, go out and shut the doors after you. Boys," said Mrs. Cornell, getting up herself to see if the doors were shut—"Boys are forever in the way. It is a puzzle what they were made for. Now I will tell you something. I have been in a worry for two or three days, and my husband only laughs at me. I am sure you will not do that."

"No," replied Miss Dorothy solemnly, "I never laugh at trouble. It is very unfeeling for any one to do so."

"So I think. I told my husband so almost in your very words. But he said he'd had dozens of them and never thought they were worth mentioning."

"Yes," said Miss Dorothy, not quite understanding whether "dozens" referred to children or cabbages.

"And Martha says they are as common as huckleberries, and are good for one's health, too. Of course she is n't frightened if her father makes light of it."

"No," said Miss Dorothy, still feeling her way through the mist, "I suppose not."

"O, dear!" Mrs. Cornell was again rocking herself furiously. "I suppose there is a great deal in taking it in time, though I've always said if I ever had one I would give right up and die without doing a thing. Mrs. Woodward has had three, but she took them in the beginning. I heard last week that she had another, and that is what worries me. Once started, it is impossible to be entirely clear of them. O, dear!"

"Can I help you about it?" Miss Dorothy hesitated, not certain to what she might commit herself.

"I do n't know. I will show it to you."

Miss Dorothy started and looked keenly into all the corners of the room and under the tables with a vague idea that some animal was to be exhibited.

It was nothing of the kind. Mrs. Cornell hurriedly unfastened the neck of her dress and, slipping it down, displayed on the tip of her shoulder one of those troublesome swellings commonly called "pussy-boils." "Did you ever see any thing like it? It has been swelling and swelling for three days."

If that were true it had been extremely lazy about it, for now it was not as large as a walnut.

"What do you suppose it is? Do n't touch it, for pity's sake. What is it?"

"Not a felon?" suggested Miss Dorothy, whose knowledge of tumors was limited to their names.

"A felon? No. Felons do n't come on the

neck. They start from the bone too. Steve had a felon. I know what a felon is."

"What have you done for it?"

"Not much. I am afraid of driving it back into my blood, or of bringing it to an open sore. Steve says I had better poultice it, but what do men know?"

"Very little, indeed," assented Miss Dorothy with an emphasis only to be explained by her yesterday's encounter with Mr. Elder. "Scarcely any thing, in fact. But, my dear Mrs. Cornell," she went on with a wise look, "I do not wish to frighten you, but have any of your relations ever died of cancer?"

"Why, my mother did. And that is just what I've been telling Steve. I thought of it as soon as I heard about Mrs. Woodward."

"What did your husband say?"

"He said I could not scare my wits out with borrowed trouble. And 'besides,' said he, 'the thing will come to a head and burst before you have time to get crazy.' That's all the sympathy he gave me."

"How unfeeling! Positively brutal!"

"You don't think it is really a cancer?" queried the poor woman, ready to catch at any thing hopeful in spite of her own persistence in foreboding.

"Does it burn and sting?"

"Yes."

"And itch?"

"Yes. O, dear!"

"Well, if I were you," said Miss Dorothy impressively, "if I were you I would show it to the doctor. It might be cut out, you know."

"My sakes!"

"It is true, as you say, that cancers are apt to come again after they are cut out. In fact, they are pretty sure to do so. But there was Mary Ann Day—she lived a year longer for having hers taken out. And life is sweet."

"I do n't know about that if one has to be dying all the time. But I'll see the doctor. That can't do any hurt. Perhaps," said the poor woman, "we may be mistaken. And there's one thing about it," she added stoutly, "I am not going to suffer death with a cancer if I have n't got one. I'll go straight down to Dr. Ludlow's office."

"Not to the young doctor?"

"Yes. Why not? He is our family doctor. I guess he can tell a cancer if he sees one."

"But old Dr. Rose is so sympathetic."

"If I have really got a cancer I do n't want any sympathy. I will just bear it. If it is not a cancer I do n't need any."

Without further parley or a word of apology, Mrs. Cornell tied on her bonnet and started

briskly down the street, leaving her visitor alone in the house.

"There's manners for you, at any rate," said Miss Dorothy, as she followed at a slower pace. "The next time I leave a good warm breakfast to investigate a goose-pimple on a spleeny woman's shoulder I shall be several years older than I am now. I should just like to know what Dr. Ludlow says to her."

Her curiosity was gratified in short time. Mrs. Cornell, who supposed Miss Dorothy to be seriously alarmed on her account, no sooner had her own fears set at rest than she bethought herself of her duty to quiet her visitor's anxieties. Miss Dorothy had not quite finished her second attempt at eating her breakfast before the door-bell rang, and the red-headed lad appeared again. This time he had a note for her. It ran thus:

"Deer miss dorothy, steve was rite. It is a bile. The kore is cum out. the doctor put on a plaster. the pane is stopt.

"MARTHA CORNELL."

A whole week now passed by without any attempts on the part of Miss Dorothy to lighten the burdens of her suffering fellow-creatures. It was a stroke of policy on her part. Just let people try what they could do without her sympathy and then see. Blessings are never valued as they should be until they are taken away.

"If there is one class of people who need sympathy more than others it is the ministers and their families."

Miss Dorothy looked across the little work-stand between her and her sister with the air of one who has just made and is announcing a grand discovery.

"You see, Ruthie, that not only their business, but all their associations are different from the common worldly people around them. Their work is a spiritual work, and this fact is never to be lost sight of. It is a solemn work, a responsible work, the care of immortal souls."

"Yes," assented Aunt Ruth absently, her mind running on the propriety of offering a glass of her clear apple-jelly to an invalid lady who had just moved into the place, and consequently had few acquaintances there. "They are rich, to be sure," she said aloud, "but still it might be pleasant for her to know that we thought of her comfort."

"Rich!" repeated her sister. "How did you find that out? His salary is not large. I was not aware that he had any thing else."

"I do n't know any thing about his salary. I only judged from their way of living. They would not keep two servants if they were very poor."

"Two servants! Have you lost your senses, Ruth? You know as well as I do what his salary is, and that Mrs. Mason does her own work."

"Excuse me, Dorothy. I was speaking of the lady who has moved into Woodbine Cottage."

"I was talking about the minister's folks," responded Miss Dorothy, loftily. "I do believe, Ruth, that you grow absent-minded every day. It is not a very polite habit. I would break it up, if I were you."

"Yes," replied Aunt Ruth, meekly, "it is a bad habit, as you say. I suppose I have fallen into it from staying so much alone. I must correct it."

Still, the almost transparent apple-jelly would not be dismissed from her thoughts. It would be such an unpretending way of showing a neighborly interest; not a bit like offering charity; only saying, as gently as possible, "We know you are ill. Let us help you if we can."

I wish I could tell you just how Aunt Ruth looked. She was not so very old—not more than sixty, but her hair was all white like silver. She had hazel-brown eyes with the pleasantest expression, and yet with a look in them that told you she had suffered. There was a soft peachy bloom on her cheek, and her forehead was only a little wrinkled. Little Jimmie Lake, who would come so shyly into the back door to receive one of her turnovers, always told his mother at night that Aunt Ruth's face was a picture. It was such a sweet, lovely old face, with a peace in it that made you think of the angels—a face that rested and quieted the looker-on; that unconsciously preached the gospel of love. The softly smiling lips were never heard to utter a slander or an unkind word. One would as soon expect to find a well of corruption in the heart of a white lily as to catch a bit of unchristian gossip proceeding from her mouth.

Aunt Ruth thought very little of herself. The unconscious grace of her sweet humility was very charming now, and it must have been exceedingly attractive in those long-ago days when handsome Harry Dayton won her for his bride. Although his choice made her very happy, she could not help being surprised that it had not fallen on her sister who "had so much more talent." How Harry laughed when she told him so! It was no wonder that she was sometimes absent-minded, or that her thoughts loved to linger among the memories of her earlier life; that the twin babies and almost idolized husband should still seem a part of her own

being, though the Father had so long ago taken them to his rest above.

Little children came as naturally to her as to their own mothers. But they never troubled her sister. Miss Dorothy's well of sympathy was altogether too deep for children to sound.

"I guess," said little Fannie Lake, Jimmie's sister, "I guess if you were a little girl, and had the earache, you would n't want her to tuck you into bed."

Still it was indisputable that Miss Dorothy was a fine-looking woman, and a woman of considerable intellectual power. Aunt Ruth watched her in the afternoon as she walked down the street toward the minister's house, and wondered anew why her own life had been so full of love and tender ties, and her sister's comparatively so barren.

"She is so talented," she said admiringly. "Now I never should think of going down to offer sympathy to our minister. He seemed so good and so strong, so far above me somehow. I could not help him if I were to try."

Aunt Ruth little knew the minister's estimate of her lovely character, or how her sweet Christian graces sent a warm glow to his heart when it sank down discouraged with its unavoidable conflict with selfish and worldly Christians. "She restores my confidence in the power of a really religious life," he would often say to his wife. "I never see her without thinking of Lowell's beautiful lines:

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

Aunt Ruth would have opened her eyes in astonishment if she had heard this. As she stood by the window watching her sister, and thinking over the self-denying labors of the pastor and the hinderances to his work, she never once thought that she was one of the few who kept him from utter despondency.

"It is just as Dorothy says," she said humbly. "I need more sense and tact. When the baby died at the parsonage last Winter I felt perfectly helpless. It was such a dear little boy, and I had lost two at the same age. I knew just how the poor mother's heart ached, but I could not say a word. I cried like a baby myself when she clung to my neck, the poor mother!" said Aunt Ruth, crying again at the recollection. "I don't think either of us heard a word that sister Dorothy said, and I have no doubt that it was—it was just as appropriate as it could be. I just hugged her tighter and tighter, and we cried harder and harder. Somehow or other,

since that night, Mrs. Mason and I have seemed very near to each other, very near."

The minister, sitting by his study window, saw Miss Dorothy approaching. He was feeling low-spirited, decidedly so. Ministers will have blue days. They are, of course, unreasonable in this; there are so many pleasant things connected with their work, and so many reasons why they should rise entirely above worldly cares or selfish feelings, that looking on the dark side is perfectly inexcusable in them. With a memory full of sweet Bible promises, and a sure title to a heavenly inheritance, any depressed feelings or carefulness by the way is simply ridiculous.

Still, Mr. Mason, sitting in his study alone, was sensible of a general feeling of discontent, and the pastor's work, including preaching as well as general visiting, was very distasteful in his eyes.

"It is of no use trying. I accomplish nothing," he said again and again.

His brows were knit into as much of a scowl as they could bear, but a darker cloud overshadowed his face as his eyes fell on Miss Dorothy.

"Well," he said, "I thought a minute ago that my prospects were as gloomy as they could be, but I had forgotten the possibility of a call from Miss Dorothy. I can bear any thing better than her sympathy. I could endure very well a visit from the Church treasurer," he continued, smiling grimly, "provided he brought a portion of my unpaid salary. Afterward I could look the tailor and grocery dealer in the face. I could also preach a plain Gospel sermon without expecting to receive a pile of unpaid bills if the said sermon happened to fit any body. Yes, I could bear a little money. And if this lazy woman was coming to help my wife with her ironing I could bear that. I would iron the clothes myself if I knew how. But it is an imposition," said the minister, looking out of the window as the bell rang, "it is an imposition to have to go down stairs just to be sympathized with."

He went down, nevertheless. He knew that his wife was too busy to receive her visitor, and he knew also that Miss Dorothy would prolong her stay till she had a chance to sympathize with him. So he went down. Miss Dorothy had often remarked to her sister that the minister had a cross look, and a curt, uncourteous manner, but Ruth could never see it. He certainly looked cross now—so cross that his wife, who was busily ironing a starched shirt, looked up into his churlish face with dismay, which was nearly changed into a burst of laugh-

ter when she saw its cause in the person of Miss Dorothy, who entered the room directly after him. He was too cross to be polite, but his wife greeted her unwelcome guest cordially. She always made the best of every thing, even of sympathy.

"Take this cushioned chair by the window," she said. "I shall have this work out of the way directly. I did n't hear the door-bell, Edward, or I should have answered it. I dare say that Miss Dorothy will excuse you if you return to your study. A minister's time is always precious, you know," she added, turning with a bright smile to her guest.

"Yes, I suppose so. A man can not preach without studying. But it is not always the study of books that is necessary. A minister needs to study his people, to mingle with them familiarly if he would do them good. Don't you think so, brother Mason?"

The minister, whose especial trial was pastoral visiting, gave a somewhat grudging assent to this question.

"There is Mr. Allen, the preacher in Lakeville. He is n't much of a preacher, but he is successful in his work. He goes among the people and interests himself in their affairs, and they feel as if he was one of themselves. He don't freeze people to death," said Miss Dorothy, having the reception that Mr. Mason had given her still fresh in her mind. "Nobody would ever mistake him for an iceberg in human form. His parishioners are sure of a welcome when they take the trouble to call at his house."

"He is a particular friend of ours," responded Mrs. Mason quickly, afraid that her husband would speak. His ungracious mood was not usual with him, and the visitor did not know that, while suffering with a nervous headache himself, he had spent the whole of the previous night by the couch of a dying child, soothing its agonies and speaking words of comfort to the sorrowing parents.

"Is he?" said Miss Dorothy. "I suppose he is a friend to every body, as a minister ought to be. There is old Mrs. Draper. She is a member of his Church. She told me that she believed he was as anxious that her butter should get the prize at the fair as if he had made it himself. He can lead his people anywhere. They follow him just as sheep follow their shepherd. They prosper, as a matter of course. There is no trouble in raising his salary. When people like their minister the money comes easy."

Mr. Mason saw the beseeching look on his wife's face and answered civilly, "I am glad to hear of their prosperity."

"What is the name of the preacher with whom you exchanged last Sunday?"

"Hitchcock—William Hitchcock."

"Now he is what I call a preacher. Our folks were all delighted with him. The church was crowded. I do n't know when I've seen such a congregation out. It was a treat to hear him."

"Yes, brother Hitchcock is an excellent preacher."

"I wonder how folks feel who hear such preaching all the time. I was speaking about it to Mrs. Taylor on our way home from meeting, and she said we should be too proud as a society if he were our preacher."

"I do n't know about that. Brother Hitchcock is a humble, devoted man. I do n't think he would lead you far astray."

"The evening prayer-meeting was very spiritual. Brother Smith spoke. You know he hardly ever takes any part. He said that he was thankful to hear once more some real Gospel sermons. He had been hungering for the Word a long time, but now his soul had been fed."

"I am rejoiced to hear that you were all pleased and benefited."

"I knew you would be. I told Ruthie I would run down and tell you about it. It is pleasant to bring a word of comfort. But I must bid you good afternoon now, for I want to call at several places. Mrs. Butler's Jimmy is sick. The doctor do n't tell what the matter is, but the child has been exposed to the small-pox, and I think his mother ought to know it."

"Jimmie died this morning of scarlatina. His poor parents are in sad affliction. This is the third child that they have lost, you know."

"O, dear! is the child dead? How very sudden! I must go down there as fast as I can."

The minister looked bluer than ever as Miss Dorothy departed on her mission of comfort, but his wife laughed cheerily.

"I wonder, May, that you can smile," he said in a vexed tone. "I am sure there is nothing to laugh at."

"No? Sit down here a minute, I want to tell you something. I met a member of brother Hitchcock's Church at sister Gray's last evening. She told me that his people were so charmed with your sermons last Sunday that they will make an effort to secure you for their pastor when brother Hitchcock moves next Spring."

"Next Spring! why, May, he has only been there a year."

"But he is unpopular, it seems. Now as we shall move at the same time, it might be possi-

ble to secure him for this place. It seems that he is appreciated here."

The minister smiled in spite of himself. "You have a genius for planning, May."

"There are many ridiculous things in this world," said his wife, watching him to note the effect of her words, "but I know of none more so than to see my husband, who is conscientiously doing his best in the sublimest work ever intrusted to man, looking as if the whole world was shipwrecked and he were accountable for the ruin to Miss Dorothy rather than to his Master. Confess, Edward, that you are ashamed of it."

He looked up more brightly. Her sunny temper had often dispelled his gloomy feelings. "I think, May, I will go back to the study. You will reconcile me to myself, and I do n't think I want to be reconciled."

"No, do n't go; you won't study if you do. You will just sit down and compose sentences of condemnation against yourself. Besides, I want you to help me."

"May, I wish you would give me the secret of your cheerfulness."

"Willingly. I just do the best I can and then *let it alone*. You do the best you can and then worry over it. Now as God does not require any more than our best, I have concluded to be satisfied if he is. If he required any thing more, he would give me the ability to perform it. I am willing to exert all my powers, so are you. But I shall not creep away by myself and get as blue as indigo because I have n't any more powers."

"But," persisted the husband, though his face was rapidly clearing up, "I see so little success."

"Well, my dear, that is God's part. You know what your work is, and you do it—that is your part. Now please let it alone and help me put this ironing apparatus away, and I will make some biscuit for tea as light as—well, as light as Miss Dorothy's sympathy."

The blues vanished; they could not hold their ground a moment longer when opposed by sweet home appreciation and common sense.

We will make one more call with Miss Dorothy and then leave her to the accomplishment of her "mission." We will tread softly as we enter the abode of sorrow where death is reigning now. The mother sits almost hopelessly by the side of her dead boy. A year ago she rejoiced over four healthy, interesting children. Only one remains, and that one is lying in the adjoining room dangerously ill with the same disease which has taken her sister and two brothers. It is not strange that the poor mother's

brain is confused, and that she is nearly distracted with grief. It is not strange that the crushed spirit, crushed but not yet subdued, should rebel at first against the unerring wisdom that so heavily afflicts her. It nearly crazes her to see the neighbors' children carelessly playing in the streets. Pitying friends attempt to soothe, but she turns away from them all. No one but God can comfort her. So they leave her alone with her dead and gather in a distant room to pray for her.

"Ah, this will never do," said Miss Dorothy briskly, coming into the shaded room as if she had a commission to arrest its mourning inmate and convey her straightway to prison. "No, indeed, you must not give way so. Think of your many blessings."

The sufferer gave one quick glance into the composed face above her, and then buried her own face in the pillow by the side of her dead boy.

"You must rouse yourself," Miss Dorothy continued. "Think how much worse it might have been. Suppose it had been your husband or your mother," said Miss Dorothy encouragingly, but checking herself as she remembered that Mrs. Butler's mother had been dead about a dozen years. "Or suppose they had all lived to grow up and had then been taken—don't you see?"

Apparently the mourner did not see, for she made no attempt to answer.

"It is no worse for you than for thousands of other people," pursued Miss Dorothy. "Children are always dying somewhere, and, no doubt, the most of them are better off. Yours might have run into all kinds of sin if they had lived. And this was always a sickly child. He might have been a great care for years. Now, my dear woman, just try to look at it in a proper light. Do n't it look reasonable that God knows what is best better than you do?" concluded Miss Dorothy decidedly.

"O, dear!" sighed the poor woman, "please go away. O, why did they let you in?"

"Is there nothing I can do for you?" asked Miss Dorothy in a stately manner that showed her vanity to be a little hurt by Mrs. Butler's rejection of her sympathy. "I am willing to do any thing in my power for you."

"You can do nothing except to go away. O, please go at once!"

Thus urged, Miss Dorothy left directly. Later in the evening Aunt Ruthie stole noiselessly to the poor mother's side and drew the weary, aching head to rest upon her own bosom. She said not a word, but gradually the heavy sighs grew less frequent, the convulsive sobs less vio-

lent and protracted, until at last a gentle slumber crept over her and wrapped her sorrow in forgetfulness.

God pity her! God help her by his own sweet consolations when she awakens!

MODERN FORMS OF THEISTIC NATURALISM.

WE call this naturalism theistic, because it allows the existence of God, and is thus distinguished from atheism. It is also monotheistic, for it believes in but one God, and that a person. And here it parts from both polytheism and pantheism. But while it is thus monotheistic, and allows a creative will, it so immediately withdraws the Creator from his work as to leave it very much of a self-sustaining, self-operating machine. It catches a glimpse of him at the inauguration of the universe, but seldom sees him afterward. Aloft, in some cerulean vacuity, above men, beyond the angels, beyond the stars, he sits alone, with nothing to do and not much to care for. No disorder disturbs him; no petitions move him; no sorrow awakens in him sympathy. There is not the smallest interposition, by word or act, for the special instruction, guidance, or correction of his creatures. "Away with the gods that have no concern for us," exclaims Plato. "We had better have none than such."

The Deists of the last century, Chubb, Bolingbroke, Morgan, and Hume, speculated in the same naturalistic direction. First they reasoned against miracles, including prophecy and revelation; then against a particular providence, and finally against all interposition or guidance—a mode of philosophizing that in the end cuts away the roots of natural as well as revealed religion.

Mr. Hume's speculations which commenced in doubt ended in a denial, not only of a first cause, but of all causes and effects except as the figments of the mind. There is a charm in his splendid diction and the stately movement of his periods, but to the Christian student it is the charm of funereal flowers laid on the bosom of a dead friend, of whom the doctors have bereaved him, and whom the undertakers are decorating for interment. How could he conceive of history as a course of Divine providence when he had no belief in providence? How could he lead others through the mazes when he confesses himself inextricably entangled in them? "The intense view of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason," he says, "has so wrought upon and heated my

brain that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion as more probable or likely than any other.

"Respecting the original and ultimate principle of things—that energy in the cause by which it operates on its effects—how must we be disappointed," he continues, "when we learn that this connection, tie, or energy lies merely in ourselves, and is nothing but that determination of the mind which is acquired by custom! Where am I, and what? From what cause do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return?"

It is not strange that such a confused and heated examiner should become a universal unbeliever; that one who resolves the ordinary course of events in history and in nature into man's mental determinations should deny the possibility of a miracle, and then construe as fictitious an important class of the most demonstrable facts.

But why does he think a miracle impossible? Because it is contrary to experience. To whose experience? To Mr. Hume's, of course, and that of most other men, else it would not be even a marvel. How, now, does Mr. Hume know what the experience of other men is respecting miracles? By testimony. Is a miracle contrary to the experience of all other men? No. And how do we know this? By testimony. "But it is not contrary to experience," argues Mr. Hume, "that testimony should be false." And is not the testimony against miracles quite as likely to be false as that in their favor? Besides, the one is merely negative, and utterly worthless against counter-testimony. The other is positive, and, by all the laws of reason and of evidence, must determine the question. Suppose the case to be decided is one of murder instead of a miracle. Mr. Hume's witnesses are summoned. No one of them witnessed the alleged fact, or ever saw the prisoner. No one has any knowledge of the case. And having nothing to disclose they are ruled from the stand. The other witnesses are called. They have a clear and exact knowledge. They saw the prisoner do the deed, saw the bloody weapon in his hand, saw his expiring victim. Upon this testimony the verdict is made out and the criminal condemned. Even so decides the court of common sense, and of all true science, the case of miracles. It is not a question of possibility but of fact, determined not by deduction or eloquent pleas, but by testimony.

If there is a presumption against miracles in nature, so there is, in all well-ordered society, against murder. And though testimony may

sometimes be false, the validity of concurrent, verified testimony is an axiom in history that no candid mind will dispute. What are all the records of history but the sum of accredited testimony?

Yet in naturalistic circles this is still deemed the unanswered and unanswerable argument against miracles. "Hume's treatment," says Strauss, "is so universally convincing that by it the matter may be considered as virtually settled. If vicious logic or pure dogmatism can settle such a question, this one is settled. For the same writer avers that "historical inquiry refuses absolutely to recognize anywhere any such thing as a miracle."

Renan, another of the skeptical despots, lays it down as an unvarying rule of criticism, "to allow no place in historical narration to miracles." But who made this rule? Who discovered this self-evident truth of history? David Hume, Herr Strauss, and M. Renan. But are these men sovereign legislators in the realm of law and of providence?

Alas! It is Mr. Hume's fanciful philosophy that spoils his history. It admits nothing supernatural, and is not clear about any thing natural except our mental association and hallucination. This reduces history to the bewilderment of a capricious, ever-varying subjectivity. The mature judgment of mankind upon such historians is, that they write of the course of providence without perceiving providence. They relate, for instance, the events of the battle of Waterloo, without the smallest allusion to Wellington or Bonaparte. "Because we ourselves are wandering," says De Quincey, "the heavens seem fickle."

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

In a certain anonymous treatise which was issued a quarter of a century since, another form of Naturalism made its appearance as a development theory. The boldness of the author and the novelty of his theme produced a momentary sensation as if a new planet had been discovered, or an old one suddenly disappeared.

In this theory God is admitted at the starting point. In the midst of a fiery mass which he brought into being, he stands and promulgates the law of an endless series, and then retires behind the curtain of his infinity, a spectator of the unfolding process. Little suns spring from the heated mass and, expanding, break up into solar systems. The electric spark kindles a bit of albumen into chemical activity, and whirls it into cellular forms; and this is life. Then it is forced by its own law of progress on through

the grades of molluscata, vertebra, marsupialia, and mammalia up to manhood.

Such is the origin and pedigree of man. Electricity is his father, albumen his mother, and the chimpanzee his nearest blood-relation. Surely such an origin neither flatters our ancestral pride, nor feeds our faith in God and providence.

Into the crucibles into which this scheme fell, it was soon resolved back into the fire-mist out of which it sprang from the brain of Lamark, of whom this anonymous author borrowed it.

"Although he has concealed his name," says a discriminating critic, "and a factitious interest is thus excited in the public mind, it is not difficult to delineate his intellectual character. A naturalist from books and not from observation, he has gathered the data of his speculations from the records of science without separating what is true from what is false; and laden with this motley collection of facts and conjectures, he marches, torchless, through the richest domains of knowledge, blind to the beacon by which others have been warned, and stumbling over barriers by which others have been stayed. . . . Trained in less severe schools than those of geometry and physics, his reasonings are in general loose and inconclusive; his generalizations seem to have been reached before he had obtained the materials on which they are made to rest; his facts are often conjectures and sometimes fancies, and the grand phenomena of the material world, which other minds have woven into noble and elevated truths, have become, in his hands, the basis of dangerous and degrading speculations."

NATURAL SELECTION.

Another form of this materialistic theory is new only in the name—Natural Selection, which Dr. Darwin, its last and most distinguished advocate, gives it. He is an enthusiastic student of nature. Science owes him something for his patient collation of facts, but less for the use he makes of them. All the processes in nature start from a single monad progenitor, and proceed by the despotic law that might makes the right, both to being and advancement, the stronger every-where bearing down and superseding the weaker.

Selection generally implies choice, design, and is, therefore, a singularly infelicitous designation of the theory. For the author shuts out of his system all ideas of "creative plan," "unity of design," and every thing intended "for order or beauty." The whole genealogical line, it is claimed, is traceable from the parent potential atom, through lapses of time "inap-

preciable by the human intellect." No links are missing in the author's scheme, though none are found in the works of nature. The ancestral monad is clear and certain somewhere in his system, but not a glimpse of it is seen in science, in history, or anywhere else. Some abyssal gulf has swallowed it up, and with it all the links in the interminable chain.

But why should this utter negation of intellect and will in this stupendous process be misnamed selection? Nature chooses nothing. The suns and planets do not perform their revolutions by natural, but by providential selection. Gravitation is not natural selection, nor is heat or electricity. Nor is matter in any form possessed of will or choice. Does the structureless tend to the most complicated constructions? the inorganic to the highest organisms? and the planless to the most wonderful devices and plans?

With more and more distinctness does all science proclaim the immutable fixity of kingdoms and species in nature. Against the commingling of the vegetable, animal, and rational kingdoms by genealogical flux from any paternal atom, natural history most earnestly protests. Chemistry declares that it is not found in any of her crucibles; Astronomy indicts it at her bar as a mere conjecture; and Geography, latest born in the family of the sciences, rules it from her presence as a falsifier of facts.

Professor Agassiz, who has no equal in paleontology, and no superior in natural history, is very explicit in his judgment on this whole scheme. "Until the facts of nature are shown to have been mistaken by those who have collected them, and that they have a different meaning from that now generally assigned, I shall consider the transmutation theory a mistake, untrue in its facts, unscientific in its method, and mischievous in its tendency."

"I confess," says Sidney Smith, "I feel so much at ease about the superiority of mankind; I have such a decided contempt for the understanding of any baboon I have ever seen; I feel so sure that the blue ape, without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, or music, that I see no reason whatever why justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul and tatters of understanding which they may really possess."

NATURALISM OF HISTORY.

Mr. Buckle constructs what he calls a philosophy of history out of the great average of events, which are brought about by an iron necessity and the omnipotence of natural laws. But it is commonly understood that law knows nothing of averages. He professes to explain

the course of the world by general causes. But he passes over almost entirely that which, for the last fifteen centuries, has been a ruling force in the progress of science and civilization. The influence of Christianity in modern history is as apparent as the sun in the solar system. But Buckle knows nothing of it.

History is a form of Divine providence. He denies providence, and affirms that the movements of nations and races are determined solely by their natural antecedents. It includes in its archives the record of miracles. This class of events he regards as the "offal of a by-gone age." There can be no science of history, he thinks, so long as one holds that the actions of men are determined by free-will or providence, and not by fixed laws. He is a naturalist, and the whole moral kingdom he reduces to the laws of soil and climate, of volcanoes and breadstuffs, making man Nature's servant and not her master.

This absolutism of natural law is finely drawn in the following humorous representation of Mr. Buckle's creed:

"I believe in fire and water,
And in Fate, dame Nature's daughter.
Consciousness I set aside ;
The dissecting knife's my guide.
I believe in steam and ice,
Not in virtue nor in vice ;
In what strikes the outward sense,
Not in mind or providence :
In a stated course of crimes ;
In Macaulay and the Times.
As for Truth, the ancients lost her ;
Plato was a great impostor.
Morals are a vain illusion,
Leading only to confusion.
Not in Latin or in Greek
Let us for instruction seek ;
Fools, like Bossuet, that might suit,
Who had better have been mute.
Let us study snakes and flies,
And on fossils fix our eyes.
Would we know what man should do,
Let us watch the kangaroo.
Would we learn the mental march,
It depends on dates and—starch.
I believe in all the gases
As a means to raise the masses.
Carbon animates ambition ;
Oxygen controls volition ;
Whatever is good or great in man
May be found in hydrogen ;
And the body—not the soul,
Governs the unfathered whole."

O, WHAT an ease it is to the soul when the fear and doubts that hang about it are gone ; when a man sees what he is, and what he has in Christ and the promises, what he has to do ; what are the gifts of God and of his love ; even to spend the time between this and heaven in admiring the grace of God.

POPULAR IDEAS OF RIGHT.

WE can not but think that the adoption and diffusion of the doctrine of self-interest as the rule of right has lowered the standard of morality in this country within the last half century.

This theory of virtue is so nearly allied to the theory of self-indulgence that nothing in the world seems more easy than to practice it. Accordingly, whole classes of men, who know but little of abstract speculations on the origin of moral obligations, are insensibly led by the prevailing tone of argument on these subjects to slide into the epicurean view of human duties. Mr. Mill may argue that the utilitarian system is of necessity identical with the highest precept of religion and objective morality, and that the service of humanity may acquire, even without the aid of belief in a Providence, both the psychological power and the social efficacy of religion ; but the world does not take that view of the matter, and the results of his theory are quite different from what he would himself anticipate or approve.

The desire of procuring and of spending wealth becomes intense, because it is the key to all the most alluring forms of enjoyment. In politics, fixed principles of right and duty succumb to the prevailing popular interest or impulse. In trade, there is a marked decline in commercial good faith, provided success can be purchased, or ill success can be concealed by dishonesty. In manufactures, any expedient is tolerated which will put a tempting surface on cheap productions. The respect for parental authority is weakened in England and extinguished in America. The reckless self-indulgence and prodigality with which multitudes of young men of the upper classes rush to ruin, denotes a feeble sense of duty and self-control. In the relations of the sexes, and the decorum of female life, there is a striking change, which may be traced in a thousand indications of manner, literature, dress, conversation, and art. Crimes of the deepest dye are defended as venial, and even hailed with popular applause, if they are attributable to political motives—a circumstance which in truth only aggravates the guilt of such offenses. There is less veneration for the sanctity of an oath, because there is less of faith in that which gives to an oath its sacred character, not only as an obligation between man and man, but between man and God. We are living in what would have appeared to our forefathers a relaxed state of morality, and the reason is not far to seek.

The utilitarian system of morals consists in

the substitution of a purely mundane, finite, temporal, and limited rule of action for that moral law which rests upon the will of God and the order of creation. The one is the moral rule of paganism, the other is the moral rule of Christianity. It has been justly observed by Professor Maurice that Mr. Bentham, the founder of modern utilitarianism, "rejected a Divine basis altogether for human society, and for the life of the individual man." That is the essence of his system, though it has not been rigorously adhered to by all his followers. If there be no God, no hereafter, no conscience, and no soul, the principle of utility may serve indifferently well to guide men in their actions toward one another in this obscure and transient world. But the moment we admit the religious idea, and a conception of the immortal destiny of man, the whole range of his moral obligations is enlarged. The direct mundane consequences of this or that action cease to be the truest test of its worth. Actions in themselves the most contrary to human prudence or interest become, on the contrary, the most virtuous and laudable. The real test to be applied to either theory of morals is, therefore, in our opinion, whether it rests on a conception of human interest or of Divine law. The morality of paganism was just as imperfect as the religion of paganism; and the utilitarian doctrine of morals brings men back to precisely that point at which paganism had left them, before the conception of morality based on the religious idea had illuminated and regenerated the world.

THE MAGIC OF LOVE.

Poor old cat! She sat there in a little pinched heap, lank and shriveled, her round eyes squinted up in an indifferent, hopeless way, as disconsolate and forlorn looking a creature as a cat can be—poor kittie! I pitied the forsaken thing, cat though she was, and so would you have pitied her too, I fancy, if you had seen her that cheerless morning out there in the cold. Perhaps, too, you would have been as sentimental as I, and thought how many desolate creatures there are in our world, how many desolate human beings, lone, disconsolate souls, drifting up and down through the world, gathering themselves up in just such a hopeless way, shutting their eyes and dropping their heads as if they were comfortless!

Earth's joys are all too scanty, and even her sweetest pleasures are tainted and foul, even her brightest hopes are uncertain. And then when her promises fail, when her lights flicker

and grow dim, the disappointments are so bitter and the night so dark, it is no wonder that we shrink back heart-sick and fold about us our soiled and tattered garments, no wonder we shut our aching eyes and hang our weary head.

Thinking these thoughts, I looked vacantly at the neglected cat, and softly called her, "kittie!" Then she opened her eyes and looked up at me wistfully, opened them wide and began to purr in a brisk, contented way, as if there were magic in the words I uttered. Perhaps there was pity in the tone, pity that touched her cat's heart soothingly, giving her assurance of comfort and shelter, for she sprang up quickly and came toward me, nestling up against me in a happy, thankful way. Then when I saw what a simple thing had brought joy to one of earth's creatures, even though it was a cat, I took a goodly lesson home to my heart, and have been trying ever since to learn it well.

Humanity craves sympathy, is touched by pity, and warmed by kindness. When our souls stand shivering in earth's bitter blasts, when the earth-storms are cold and rough, then we need the warmth of pleasant, friendly words, the light of generous, loving deeds, need them so much; only God and our own aching hearts can understand the craving, only God and our yearning souls can measure the relief and comfort there is in human sympathy.

Not great deeds alone are the outgrowth of this precious sympathy, not these alone, but little acts as well. The voices that come to us in a thousand gentle ways, in little deeds and little words, are full of sweet assurances of love, assurances that fall like heaven's own dews and sunshine. O yes, it is little things, even as simple as the one little word which so much blessed the poor old cat, that sweeten our lives, that lighten our burdens, and cheer our souls—little things.

Through the narrow channels do the streams of our comforts flow, channels that are narrow and half hidden, yet marking lines of beauty across our life plains. And it is very easy to send forth these healing streams, very easy to speak kindly, to smile pleasantly, and in those myriad nameless ways by which a warm, sympathizing heart finds utterance, to shed cheer and sunlight through the world.

How much would the air we breathe be purified and sweetened thereby! O, how many tears would be wiped away, how many aching hearts comforted, all by giving heed to our Savior's precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them!" These golden words would then have blossomed into golden deeds.



THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

FORTH through the solemn street
 The sad procession swept,
 Pacing its mournful way with measured feet :
 While inly wept
 One mourner, in a grief
 Stern as the silent years,
 Which seemed to mock the common, weak relief
 Of outward tears.
 Keen was her sense of loss,
 And agony untold ;
 For Death had seized, amid a world of dross,
 Her piece of gold ;
 They bore her only son,
 Star of her evening, fled ;
 Whose lesser light recalled that vanished one
 Now long since dead.
 For her best loved had died ;
 And, stunned from former bruise,
 The widow's joyous oil of life had dried
 Within her cruse.

Desert her heart, and bare ;
 Like lone house on a wild
 No voice to make blithe music on the stair—
 No laughing child.
 No solace from the past,
 No hope in days to come,
 She cowered, as if sorrow's second blast
 Had struck her dumb.
 But, near the city's verge,
 A sudden silence came ;
 The hired mourners swift forbore their dirge,
 As if in shame
 To mourn a lifeless clod,
 With such despairing cry,
 While the Redeemer—"the strong Son of God"—
 Was passing by.
 "He came and touched the bier."
 They wait, in curious pause :
 Has he the power and will to interfere
 With Nature's laws ?

He walked upon the waves !
 His word the thousands fed !
 Is he imperial in the place of graves
 Over the dead ?

Then spake the royal word ;
 And, quick with rushing throes,
 The red life in the clay obedient heard ;
 The dead arose !

And spoke—just as before—
 Unconscious of eclipse :
 Like babe, who only knows that night is o'er
 From mother's lips.

Or one who, free from harm,
 From the perfidious sea
 Comes home, and finds all in his father's farm
 Which used to be.

No desert dream of tombs,
 Naught but life's love and joy ;
 As Nature has no thought 'mid Summer blooms
 That storms destroy.

The same through endless time,
 Thus Jesus healeth now,
 With "many crowns," for victories sublime,
 Upon his brow.

Conqueror in each stern fight
 O'er mortal sin and dread ;
 And mighty, from corruption's foulest night,
 To raise the dead.

AN APRIL IDYL

How veiled in mists, by sunbeams rent,
 Comes April, lovely herald, sent
 To wake the sleeping flowers :
 She steeps the earth in her warm tears,
 And straightway countless glittering spears
 Of emerald wave above the mold,
 Jeweled with diamond showers ;
 And daisies ope their eyes of gold
 And waxen lips from marly beds
 To drink the drops sweet April sheds.

Her magic voice is on the breeze,
 Her magic touch is on the trees
 Within the forest deep ;
 And lo, transformed, each monarch stands,
 And each young sapling claps her hands,
 To feel her pulses leap !
 A resurrection-angel, fair,
 With cloudy train and dewy hair,
 Sweet April walks through woodland bowers,
 And weeps and whispers to the flowers.

Her feet in fields where she hath trod,
 Have left their impress on the sod,
 In buttercups and violets blue ;
 And from her mine of wealth untold,
 She coins the dandelion's gold,
 And strews it o'er the pastures old,
 Gleaming with gems of dew ;

Which children gather, simple things !
 And think themselves as rich as kings.

The wind-plant dreaming on the rocks,
 Beside the tardy mountain-phlox,
 Awakes and lifts her head :
 She heard in dreams the oriole's trills,
 The young lambs bleat upon the hills,
 The gurgling laugh of silver rills,
 That down the hill-side sped ;
 Bright streams, that burst the frozen chain,
 Which bound them in old Winter's reign,
 And flashed like sunlight to the plain !

The zephyrs linger as they pass
 O'er pale spring-beauties in the grass,
 To whisper they are fair ;
 But soon they leave behind the heath,
 Hoping to catch a sweeter breath
 When pansies' purple eyes uncloze,
 Each sparkling with a tear—
 When faintly glows the early rose,
 And golden flowers of Easter-time,
 Start up to hear the joy-bells chime.

God leaves no age without such cheer,
 No human life without this hope :
 While standing 'mid the ruined year,
 We see the hills, in fancy, slope,
 All clad in hues of Spring ;
 We wander in the leafless woods,
 Where silence, 'stead of swallows, broods,
 Or crickets shrilly sing,
 And think, "Each verdant bough, ere long,
 Will tremble 'neath a weight of song."

See yonder bow on April's brow !
 How bright its beauteous colors glow,
 Reflected in the wave !
 God formed it when old Time was young,
 Ere yet the song the bright stars sung,
 Had thro' heaven's diapason rung,
 And so this promise gave :
 That day and night should never cease,
 But ev'ry season know its place—
 While earth remains, each circling year
 Should bring the blade and ripened ear.

L I F E .

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are ;
 Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew ;
 Or like the winds that chase the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood.
 E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
 The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies ;
 The dew dries up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past, and man forgot.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

RISING gently from the banks of the Inny is a spot where a few humble houses form a hamlet; one of them has disappeared, that in which Oliver Goldsmith was born. It passed into the hands of "the fairies," who, in Ireland at least, do not keep tenements in repair, and are never ejected. And so it crumbled away. Some two hundred years ago the family of Goldsmith migrated from England and settled in Ireland. They had good blood in their veins—it is said even the *sangre azul* of Spain—they maintained a respectable position in society, and always contributed a minister, and sometimes even a dignitary to the Reformed Church. Family characteristics are usually as distinctively marked and as well preserved in the human as in the lower animals. So it was with the Goldsmiths. They were ever right-hearted and generally wrong-headed; benevolent, unworldly, improvident, and poor. Shallow people called them oddities, shrewd people called them fools. One of them, Charles, following the family instinct, took holy orders, and then, in 1718, took a wife, the daughter of his school-master, the Rev. Oliver Jones, of Elphin, in the county of Roscommon. The young couple went to reside at Pallas. They were poor enough, eking out with difficulty an annual pittance of about £40 between the profits of farming, the stipend of the chapel of ease of which he was curate, and what Mr. Goldsmith's uncle, Mr. Green, allowed the young man for assisting him in the discharge of his parochial duties in the neighboring parish of Kilkenny West. But poor clergymen are generally rich in children, and Charles Goldsmith was no exception to the rule. They came quickly enough; so that on the 10th of November, 1728, O. S., Oliver brought up the number born at Pallas to five, which was afterward increased by three more.

Some little rudimentary education Oliver received from the magnate of the village school of Lissoy, an old veteran who had fought in the Spanish wars. A genius in his own way was Quarter-Master Thomas Byrne, a fitting pedagogue for little Noll, now six years old. His soldiering life furnished him with a rich store of strange adventures, which he delighted to recount; he was a votary of the Muses, too; wrote verses and dealt in big words. His head was crammed with all the legends of the country, and he believed devoutly in ghosts and hobgoblins. Tradition has preserved the outlines of his character, but the picture has been filled in with inimitable vividness and humor by his pupil in that exquisite portraiture of the

school-master in "The Deserted Village." Under such a mentor book learning, of course, made little progress; but no doubt the native germs of romance and poetry were insensibly nurtured. Young Noll was familiar with the wild raids of robber and rapparee, knew every haunted spot in the country, loitered o' nights about *Knock-ruadh*, where the fairies danced around the elfin light, and had actually perpetrated rhymes, to the delight of his mother.

But these pleasant days soon came to an end. He was smitten down in his eighth year with a terrible malady in its severest form, and he escaped with difficulty the jaws of death to rise scarred and pitted with the small-pox. Poor boy! disfigured for life, awkward, ungainly, and odd, he was sent forth to that microcosm of probation and suffering, a public school. John Goldsmith, his uncle, resided at Ballyoughter, in the neighborhood of Elphin, and thither he was sent to attend Mr. Griffin's school in that town. These were changed times for Oliver. His uncle, it is true, had discernment enough to see that there was something beyond the common in the boy, and pronounced him "a prodigy for his age," but his school-mates pronounced him a blockhead—little better than a fool; he was accordingly a butt for their practical jokes, and one whom every body made fun of. A blockhead! So he seemed to the thoughtless mates that cuffed and jeered him. But genius in its abstractions, its moodiness, its solitariness, its shyness, often eludes the observation of ordinary intellect, working all the more inwardly that its outward exhibition is impeded. Yet would the sense of injury or insult at times arouse the indolent and kindly nature of the lad to resist an affront with a promptness of wit that told of a power which could make itself felt; and several anecdotes are preserved which display the same spirit in the boy that flashed out in the "Retaliation"—the last light of the genius of the man.

After about three years Oliver was removed to a school in Athlone, kept by a clergyman named Campbell, and thence he was transferred to a similar institution in Edgeworthstown—that of the Rev. Patrick Hughes. We are not without some memorials of him during those days, derived from fellow-students. Idle, and desultory in his application, he yet evinced a love for the Latin poets and historians. His shyness would at times give place to the dash of one who loved fun and adventure; and he was often the ringleader in some boyish exploit, and as often the victim of the frolics of his playmates. There can be no doubt that by the time he had reached his fifteenth year, his family were con-

vinced there was too much good stuff in the young man to be used up in the drudgery of a trade. A mother's instincts told her he was destined for better things, and she pleaded not in vain with the good pastor. He must be sent to college. But how was this to be compassed? His brother Henry had already entered as a pensioner, and the family purse, drawn upon by other domestic events, could ill bear any further depletion.

A charter of Charles I allowed the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, to appoint a certain number of sizars—poor scholars; these were educated without expense, had free lodgings in the garrets, and were permitted to “batten on cold bits,” the remnants that left the commons'-table, where in return they were obliged to attend and to discharge other menial duties. As a sizar, then, must Oliver enter. So distasteful was the proposition to him, that for a year he refused to obey, and was only persuaded at last by one who had been himself a sizar—that “Uncle Contarine” who appears so often in his after life as his best friend; and so, on the 11th of June, 1744, he was admitted a sizar of Trinity College, Dublin.

The college life of Goldsmith is not one on which we dwell with pleasure. His tutor, the Rev. Theaker Wilder, a man of some mathematical ability, was violent in temper, insolent, and overbearing in manners, and of a harsh, vicious, and brutal nature. Oliver detested mathematics, and so incurred the wrath of his tutor, which the indolence and thoughtlessness of the pupil gave too many occasions to gratify. He was subjected to taunts, ridicule, and insults almost daily, sometimes even to personal chastisement from one who, exercising over him the rights of a master over a servant, persecuted him with unremitting rancor. Still Oliver was not without some white days in his college career. More than once he received “the thanks of the house” for his attendance at morning lecture, and this, too, in midwinter, at seven o'clock. It is useless to speculate what the young man's progress might have been under kindlier treatment. Brutality first outraged and then discouraged a sensitive nature. He sought relief from his wretchedness sometimes in dissipation, often in reckless disrespect of discipline—he wasted his time, neglected his studies, and dissipated the scanty supplies which his father could afford him. But even those supplies were soon to cease. Early in 1747 that father was snatched from him. How truly the son loved and revered the parent is proved in that enduring and pious monument which, in after years, he reared to his memory.

Scant as were the young man's resources before, they now become scantier. His widowed mother leaves the parsonage and takes a lodging in Ballymahon, living “in low circumstances and indifferent health, *nigra veste senescens*,” and he is cast pretty much on his own ways and means. The genius that brutality checked was quickened at the call of “squalid poverty.” To supply the pressing wants of daily life he wrote ballads for street minstrels. There was a printer of the name of Hicks who published broadsides at the sign of the Reindeer, far away in Mountrath-street, at the other side of the city. Queer things they were—dying declarations and last speeches of wretches going to be hanged; sacred songs with grotesque illustrations; elegies on defunct celebrities; and popular songs to boot. Thither he brought his songs, and sold them for a crown apiece, often spending the money on his way home, yielding to some sudden impulse of sensibility awakened by the sight of real or feigned distress. Then in the evening he would steal out of college, and, with all the vanity of an author, follow the steps of the ballad singers and listen to his own songs. And so he struggles on—now penniless, pawning books and other property for the exigencies of existence; now flinging away his scanty shillings with the recklessness of a millionaire; now studying fitfully, now joining in some daring breach of discipline, led on by a love of fun and an exuberance of spirits that prudence could not repress, nor poverty extinguish.

The Spring commencement of 1749 terminated his college life, when he took his degree of B. A. on the 27th of February. As he passed out for the last time through the wicket in that massive gate beside which he so often loitered, how little did he think that the time would come when he should stand there, in the mimic bronze, forever—no loiterer now, friendless, nameless, neglected—but honored and admired, one of the great names that fill all lands and ennoble their own! But no such thought cheered the heart of the poor scholar as he made his way back to Ballymahon, to the humble lodgings of his straitened mother. He was now close to all the haunts of his early life, and gave way to his indolent and reckless habits.

Two years thus spent, and Oliver is rising twenty-three, with no occupation. His Uncle Contarine proposes the family profession. He presents himself, after much persuasion, to the Bishop of Elphin for holy orders, and fails. Whether the defect was in the inner or outer man—ignorance of theology or a pair of scarlet breeches—posterity is never likely to know, nor will they ever regret the result. He next tries

tutor-life in the family of a Mr. Flinn, of Roscommon. One can scarcely fancy an occupation more unsuitable and distasteful to him; and so, after a year of dependence, he suddenly terminated the connection, and in a few days after disappeared from his mother's house.

Thirty pounds in his pocket and a good horse under him, he sallied forth, whither? Who knows? A strange account he gave of himself when, in six weeks after, he reappeared, penniless, bestriding a skeleton which he dubbed with the name of "Fiddleback." He went, he says, to Cork, sold his horse, took his passage to America in a ship which very improperly sailed while he was enjoying himself with his friends. When he had spent his time and all his money, except two guineas, he bought "Fiddleback," and turned his face toward home; divided his last crown with a poor woman; put up with a miserly old college friend for a day; changed his quarters to the house of a hospitable counselor, with whose two sweet daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord, he lingered day after day, till at last he reappeared at Ballymahon. The story, whether true or false, is told with much humor and *sang-froid*, and is certainly not inconsistent with Goldsmith's nature.

Uncle Contarine came to his aid, and, with inexhaustible liberality, supplied him with fifty pounds to go to London and study the law. Alas! Dublin lay in the route to London, as Cork did to America. Each was fatal to Oliver's destination. At Dublin he fell in with old acquaintances and old vices, and lost all his money at the gambling-table. There he remained, starving, mortified, and contrite, till at last he is invited back to the country. His mother, poor soul, was very angry, and would not for a time forgive him, and so he had to take refuge with his brother Henry. But what use was there in being angry with such a wayward being, who had absolutely no strength to resist temptation? Uncle Contarine was more practical; he forgave, and again was active in his service. A family council is called; what is to be done for him in the way of a profession? It is Hobson's choice; physic alone is left. And so they make a stock purse, Uncle Contarine, as usual, contributing; and in 1752 he is sent to Edinburgh to commence his studies. What he gained by his medical studies there we know not; probably not much, if we are to judge from his professional attainments in after life. He attended lectures, and seems to have been fond of chemistry and natural history; he contracted some friendships, too, that stood to him in after life; but he was still the same hilarious, reckless,

convivial fellow that sang songs and wrote them, too, and spent his money freely and foolishly, and dressed gaudily, just as at Dublin and Ballymahon. But he neither liked the country, the people, nor their habits, though he was sometimes in very good society; so after eighteen months terminated his residence in Edinburgh.

Restless as ever, the love of a vagrant life now came strong upon him. He would travel and see the world, and fill his mind with better knowledge than that of medicine. True, he had no money, but what of that? Others in like case had traversed Europe. Holberg had done so when younger than he, with nothing but his flute and his voice to help him along! Ah! this is the very thing for him. He can play touchingly on that old Ballymahon flute, and sing sweetly, as all his boon companions confess; he has a strong frame and a vigorous constitution, a light heart and an irrepressible spirit. What more is wanting? So away he trudges, in February, 1755, having first, with a generosity ludicrous, yet touching from its gratitude, spent nearly his last coin in a purchase of tulip roots for Uncle Contarine.

A year was spent in these wanderings, and on the 1st of February, 1756, he stands again on the quay of Dover. To London he turned his steps, and fought his way there, Heaven knows how, battling for very life through that terrible fortnight. At last he stands in the streets of London, face to face with all those horrors that surround the destitute stranger in that populous solitude, and make the heart sink with dismay. Into the depths of that gloom and misery we may not penetrate if we would. Goldsmith himself seems always to have shrunk from any full revelations of them. There is a sanctity for the degradation of starving genius as there is for the dead within the grave. One cry, however, from those depths he uttered, exceeding bitter but not unmanly. "Many, in such circumstances," he said, "would have had recourse to the friar's cord or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies I had principle to resist the one and resolution to combat the other."

Let us pass the uncertain and unaccredited, and come to the reliable. After a thousand failures and repulses, the shy, ungainly, sensitive man, with threadbare garments and an Irish brogue, finds employment from a chemist on Fish-Street Hill, partly as a charity and partly from his knowledge of chemistry, and that the man saw in him talents above his condition. This gave him a few months to take breath and rest. Then came an unexpected deliverance. One whose friendship he had

gained in Edinburgh, the excellent and eminent Dr. Sleigh, happened to be in London. Sunday affords an hour or two of respite, even in a chemist's shop, so Oliver smartens himself up in his shabby-genteel suit, and pays the Doctor a visit. Ah! the poor fellow knew not what a change hard life had wrought in him. "Sleigh scarcely knew me," said he, in describing the interview to a friend; "such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty. However, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse of friendship with me during his continuance in London." Then Dr. Sleigh and apothecary Jacob put their heads together, and they start him as a physician in Bankside, Southwark, in a tarnished old suit of green and gold. His practice was not successful, and lay only among the poor.

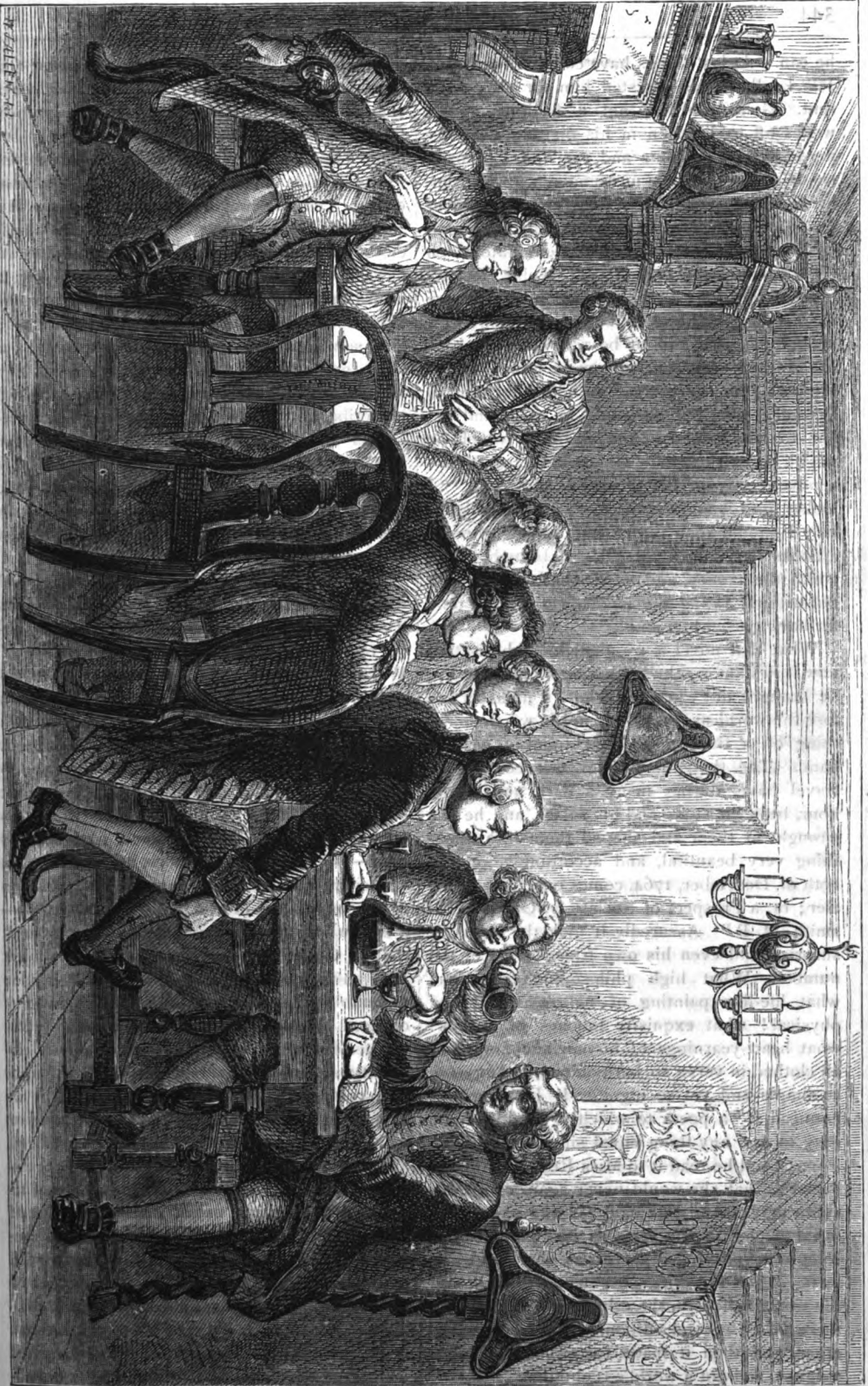
One of his patients, a journeyman printer, suggests that he should call on his master, and so Goldsmith turns "reader" to Samuel Richardson, corrects his press, and becomes acquainted with Dr. Edward Young, then past seventy, serene and imperturbably polite, who used to come up from Welwyn to see his bosom friend, the literary printer of Salisbury Court. But drudgery of printing-office and prescribing could scarcely support his existence. All his ambition seemed now but to live, and he accepted an ushership at Dr. John Milner's school at Peckham, in Surrey. There are stories of his short stay here, which show how little trial and misery had changed him. Elastic as ever, his spirit rose the moment the pressure was removed from it; he was the same kind, merry, and generous, being, playing off practical jokes and lavishing his scanty stipend, till kind Mrs. Milner suggested that she had better take care of his money as she did for the school-boys. Still the life of a tutor was hateful to him, as he abundantly testified afterward in his writings. So he took advantage of the acquaintance which he there formed with Griffiths, the bookseller of Paternoster Row, and engaged with him, in April, 1757, to write for the "Monthly Review" for one year, living with the bookseller and receiving a salary.

A more merciless being than Griffiths could not be found,—save in the compound Griffiths man and wife. The matrimonial and trade firm worked their Grub-street hack, without intermission, from nine in the morning till two, and sometimes during the whole day and late into the night; and, to the personal discomforts of a penurious housekeeping, the woman added the indignity of *correcting* and improving what Goldsmith wrote. The articles written in the "Review" during this period of bondage were

first given as such to the public by the industry of Prior; and they show with what liveliness, and force, and critical judgment Goldsmith discharged the functions of a reviewer. This slavery soon became intolerable. Dr. Griffiths mercilessly exacted "the tale of bricks," and then cried, "Ye are idle, ye are idle!" and made his heart bitter with hard bondage; and Mrs. Dr. Griffiths, who, as De Quincy says, "would have broken the back of a camel, which must be supposed tougher than the heart of an usher," cut down his food and cut up his writings. Then came an open rupture, and fierce words and angry recriminations from both sides, and the lease of the human chattel was canceled by mutual consent, after five months, and Oliver went forth a free man, with the privilege of paying for his dinner, if he had a shilling, and sleeping with "the beggars at Axe Lane," if he could not hire a garret.

For two years more we trace him through this garret-life, struggling for bread, writing for various magazines, "The Busy Body," "The Ladies' Magazine," "The British Magazine," and "The Public Ledger." During this time also he issued several smaller works, some of them afterward enlarged into greater ones; such as the "Mémorial of Voltaire," "The History of England," and at length in 1759, the "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe." Now his fame was made; the volume was savagely attacked and highly praised. It was the turning-point of the author's literary life. "The History of England" also was a great success. Publishers now began to seek him, instead of his begging for publishers. In the mean time he had been making acquaintances, such men as Percy, and Hogarth, and Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson, and then came that fellowship which contributed so largely to the happiness of Goldsmith's checkered life—that club, nameless at first, but which, after Goldsmith had passed away, was known as the "Literary Club." Great names now rise before us, and fill every cell of memory with light. Many a brilliant pen has sketched the characters of the giants that were in those days.

In such society time passed pleasantly enough, and the evening meetings at the Turk's Head were the compensations for many a day of privation; for Goldsmith was too imprudent, and his literary remuneration too precarious, to be ever above want. We find him borrowing money as freely from one friend as he parts with it for the necessities of another. Johnson seems to have taken him into his care as tenderly as a father would take a child, counseling, and comforting, and keeping him as straight as



THE LIBRARY CLUB.

he can. At last things have come to the worst. His landlady has arrested him for arrears of rent. Goldsmith has not a farthing, so he writes off to Johnson in his distress, beseeching his friend to come and see him. Johnson sends a guinea by the messenger, with a promise to follow soon. So he does, and finds Oliver in a violent passion at the indignity, and cooling his rage with a bottle of Madeira, into which he had converted the guinea. Noble, tender-hearted Johnson! he knew what it was to owe for his lodgings, and to be hurried away to a spohging-house, and to be relieved by a true friend—and such a friend he is now. “I put the cork into the bottle,” said he afterward to Boswell; “desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated.” Goldsmith says he has a novel ready for the press, and shows it. “I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating the landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.”

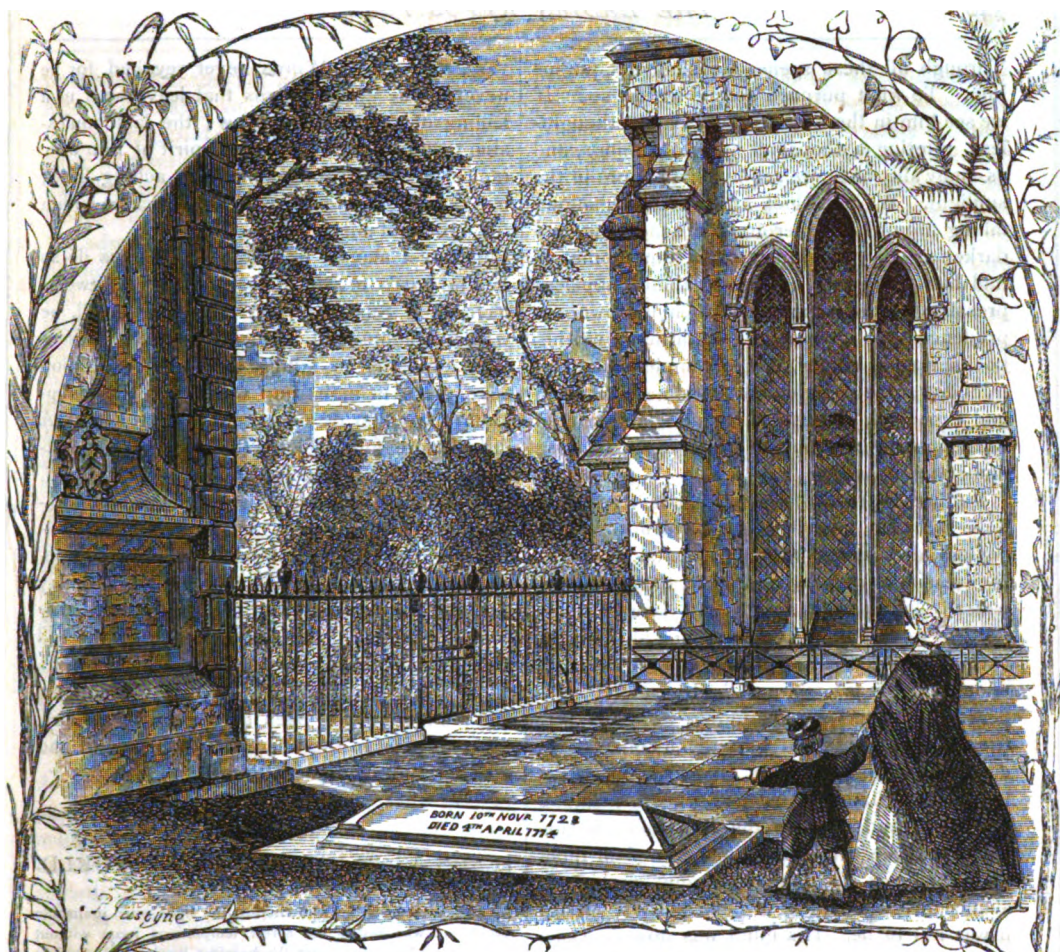
What that novel is we shall know hereafter; now it lies among the bookseller's purchases, to be brought out when Goldsmith's name is before the world as a favorite, and is worth something on a title-page. That time is near at hand. The thoughts and experiences of his travel have, during many a dark and lonely hour, been his study and his solace, and he has wrought at them and shaped them into something very beautiful, and accordingly, on the 19th of December, 1764, comes out “*The Traveller*; or, a Prospect of Society, by Oliver Goldsmith, M. B.” Assuredly it took the world by surprise, and even his own friends were of the number. What high philosophic reflection! what life-like painting of nature, moral and physical! what exquisite touches of pathos! what heart-yearnings of human affection! and all clothed in verse so harmonious, in language so simple and yet so dignified! Johnson pronounced it “a poem to which it would not be easy to find any thing equal since the days of Pope;” and he read it to Miss Reynolds till she declared that she would never again call Goldsmith ugly. And Fox said “it was one of the finest poems in the English language.” And Langton averred that there was not a bad line in it. Then the critics began to praise it, and the world believe in the critics, and in a month there was a second edition, and soon after another, and then it made its way into foreign tongues, and got a world's reputation.

Dr. Goldsmith became the fashion, and essays

and nameless things of his were collected and reproduced, to the great benefit of the booksellers, and with little profit to the author. Oliver thinks that a fashionable poet may become a fashionable physician. He has removed to respectable chambers on the library staircase of the Temple; and out he comes, on a fine Summer's day, in 1765, “in purple silk small clothes, a handsome scarlet roquelaure, buttoned close under the chin, a full professional wig, a sword and cane,” to practice in higher regions than Bankside. But practice would not come; and somehow an apothecary was thought a safer guide by one of his patients—a lady friend—and Oliver indignantly declares he will prescribe no more for his friends. Then malicious Beauclerk retorts, “Do so, my dear Doctor. Whenever you undertake to kill, let it be your enemies!” Yes; there is better work than feeling old ladies' pulses. He will soon feel the pulse of the whole world, as it throbs to his touch.

Francis Newberry bethinks him of the novel that he paid £60 for; so he looks it up, sends it to the printing-office, and gives it to the public on the 27th May, 1766: “*The Vicar of Wakefield*.” To-day we look back with something like wonder at the slowness of Johnson's appreciation of its merits. He told Reynolds he did not think it would have much success. Possibly its utter simplicity made him undervalue it. “I looked into it,” he said, somewhat coldly, “and saw its merit.” The world has been looking into it ever since, and sees its merit—sees it more and more, as time goes on. Criticism has exhausted itself in its praise, in every country and in every tongue. One only—a man whose genius had little in common with that of Goldsmith—has been found to subject it to an unjust analysis, and to censure it upon untenable objections. The unfriendly criticism of Lord Macaulay has been ably refuted by Mr. Whiteside, while he substitutes his own eloquent and genial estimate with a truth and force that command our heartiest assent. But we have a higher criticism to adduce—the criticism by which all critics must ultimately be judged, and from whose judgment there is no appeal—the criticism of the people at large; not of to-day, but of all time; not of one locality, but of every nation. Governed by no scholastic canons, testing by no artistic analyses, but guided by the instincts of the heart and the dictates of the intellect, they pronounce a judgment abiding and irreversible, because slow and matured.

On the 26th of May, 1770, “*The Deserted Village, a Poem, by Dr. Goldsmith*,” was published. Here is no hesitation as to its reception.



THE TOMB OF GOLDSMITH.

The public judgment anticipates the critic's function. Praise is universal, and success immediate. Within a fortnight there is a second edition, four within the month of June, and a fifth in August. "Even his enemies in the press," says Mr. Forster, "were silent, and nothing interrupted the praise which greeted him on all sides" Truly they were great critics who praised it then—Johnson, and Burke, and Gray—and in every age since great critics have affirmed the praise. Goethe and his friends hailed it with transport. Campbell, Scott, Byron, are loud in eulogy. "The judgment," says Mr. Forster, "has since been affirmed by hundreds of thousands, and any adverse appeal is little likely now to be lodged against it."

One might now expect that with a reputation firmly established, a favorite poet, a popular novelist, a successful dramatist, the

condition of Goldsmith, if not one of affluence, would assuredly have been that of comfort and freedom from care. Alas! it was not so. Money for Goldsmith was less a release from debts than an incentive to extravagance. Increase of funds brought increase of expenditure. The attractions of club-life, the passion for all social pleasures, the love of dress, and it is to be feared the love of play—all these, added to a nature reckless, improvident, generous even to squandering, and ever disposed to banish in present enjoyment the thoughts of the future, made him always poor—poorest often when he was acquiring most. Accordingly, his life henceforth, apart from the drudgery of writing for daily necessities that arose as fast as they were satisfied, is to be traced in the clubs which he frequented, at dinners and festivities, often the delight, oftener the amusement of those around him.

Through all these scenes we shall not pursue him. To what purpose should we do so? If we see him in the Literary Club happy, thoughtless, uttering a thousand sprightly things, and as many silly ones, we see but the picture in the sunlight. We must look at it with the shadows falling around it, sobering, and saddening, and darkening it. We must follow him home, to find him struggling under the almost hopeless pressure of the difficulties which his own imprudence was perpetually creating; writing books, not for money, but to complete the contract, the price of which he had already received and expended, and projecting new labors upon the proposed execution of which again to raise money in advance.

But we approach the end. It is terrible to look into the last days of Goldsmith's life: joyless dissipation to stifle mental anguish; the weariness and depression of that drudgery which "lowers the spirits and lacerates the nerves" of the literary man, toiling at his labor "when the heart is not in unison with the work upon which it is employed." Bewildered, disheartened, desperate, yet hiding from the true friends that would aid him the extent of his embarrassments, he at last forms the resolution to sell his chambers in the Temple, abandon the town, and seek in the retirement of his favorite Hyde, whither he had now fled, quiet henceforth for his distracted mind, and some chance of retrenchment of his expenses. Alas! it was not to be. His mind was now diseased beyond ministration. The struggle was killing him. He became nervous, absent, irritable, and strangely moody among those social scenes into which he rushed in the vain hope of flying from himself.

It is the month of March, 1774. Goldsmith is again in town, ill with a low fever and a complaint of some standing. He struggles against his ailments, and wishes to be at the club in Gerrard street on the 25th. Before evening he is seriously indisposed, with febrile pulse and violent headache. A kindly surgeon-apothecary and a skillful physician prescribe, but he rejects their remedies, and adheres obstinately to his own. Then he grows worse. Another physician is called in; a week of conflict with the disease ensues; at one time there is a strong hope of recovery; but more than bodily disease is at work; he can not sleep, he can not take nourishment, he grows weaker and weaker. "Your pulse," says Dr. Turton, "is in greater disorder than it should be, from the degree of fever which you have. *Is your mind at ease?*" The curt answer justifies the sagacious physician's fears, and reveals what is killing him.

"*No, it is not.*" Words never revoiced, for he never spoke again; words that leave with us a feeling of permanent sorrow; the last confession wrung from the troubled spirit of him who, in his day, had soothed many an aching heart, had instructed and charmed all who came within the sphere of his influence.

The rest may be shortly told. Let us do so in the words of Sir James Prior: "At twelve o'clock on Sunday night, the 3d of April, he was in a sound and serene sleep, perfectly sensible previous to falling off; his respiration easy, the skin moist and warm, and the symptoms altogether of a favorable description. A little before four o'clock the gentleman in attendance, Mr. Hawes not being then employed, was summoned, in consequence of an unfavorable change; he found him in strong convulsions, which continuing without intermission, he expired about half-past four on Monday morning, the 4th April, 1774." So passed away from the world, in the prime of life, in the full vigor of intellect, one of the greatest geniuses of his country and his day—a man whose fame and popularity have been daily growing deeper, wider, firmer, in the affections of mankind and the literature of modern times.

JESUS AS RELATED TO THE WORLD.

THE great man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from without and from within; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.—CHANNING.

THE greatness and grandeur of Christ's character nowhere more conspicuously appears than when contemplated from the purely human, and particularly political stand-point.

Jesus was a public man, and, as such, was of course exposed to all the peculiar temptations of public men; chief among which, perhaps, is the temptation to compromise with the world for the sake of success.

The character of a great public leader is to be estimated in the light of two considerations: First. What are the *ends* which he proposes to himself; and, second, what are the *means*, in the use of which he hopes to reach the object of his ambition? Any deviation from the strictest moral rectitude in the choice of either must, manifestly, vitiate the result. If the object itself at which a man aims be selfish or unworthy, this, of course, will be sufficient at once to brand his conduct as immoral, and, it may be, infamous. It is true that this estimate, about which we are now speaking, is likely to

be modified somewhat by circumstances. We naturally worship success. There is connected with every grand and successful career a glamour that seems to blind our eyes to the moral qualities, even of the *objects* of the hero's ambition. We instinctively like to see things go. We admire efficiency; and so great is our admiration of that stuff, of those qualities in men that enable them to succeed, to conquer, to subdue opposition, and compel all things to pay tribute to the purposes of their will, that we are in danger sometimes of overlooking the moral character of both the means and ends involved. Had Napoleon died on the throne of France, instead of St. Helena—had Jefferson Davis succeeded in overthrowing the Union, and on the ruins of this Republic erecting a powerful empire, himself its autocrat and master-spirit, his very success might have extorted from us a tribute of respect, in spite of the infamous character of his designs. Alas! for the weakness of human nature! How liable, ere we are aware, to be lured into the folly of setting up before us some golden calf or other, and then falling down before it and worshipping it!

But, making all due allowance for the influence of circumstances of the nature of those just named, for this tendency on the part of mankind to hero worship, it is still natural for us to form an estimate of a man's character according to the nature of the *ends* which he proposes to himself as the object of his habitual, his life-long endeavors. It is not so natural for us, there is reason to believe, either in estimating the moral character of our own conduct, or that of the conduct of others, to take into account the nature not only, indeed, of the ends proposed, but also of the means that are used. How many there are who would not for a single moment, nor for all the world, entertain the thought of deliberately setting up before them a wicked, a mean, an impious enterprise, who will yet, under the stress of certain peculiar emergencies or temptations, allow themselves to be seduced into the opinion that, provided their *ends* are only righteous, it is not so absolutely essential they should be so very scrupulous in regard to the character of the *means* that are employed—that, to use a certain well-known Jesuitical phrase, the *end* may be regarded as *justifying*, or *sanctifying*, the *means*! It is doubtless at this very point that a great many otherwise great and good men stumble and fall. This, in fact, may be said to be one of the peculiar and most formidable temptations to which public men, and particularly political leaders, are most liable. Up to the time, for example, of Mohammed's flight from Mecca,

and his establishment among the Moslems of Medina, there is no sufficient reason to believe that he was an impostor. Certainly the man who could go alone, and at the imminent peril of his life, and with accents of prayer upon his tongue, to summon an idolatrous city to repentance, must at least have believed in his own doctrine.* But mark, now, just the very moment the tide began to turn in his favor, and worldly success to appear within his reach, that moment a change begins to come over the spirit of his dream. From that moment his fortune rises, it is true, but his character begins to degenerate. His *ends*, indeed, still remain the same; but, alas! his *means* now become the very basest. His object is still none the less to establish the service of the one living and true God; but his means, henceforth, are most emphatically of the earth, earthy. Up to the Hegira Mohammed might, also, with Jesus, have said: "My kingdom is not of this world." But from this time the sword, and falsehood even, lying, plunder, and cold-blooded murder, were to serve him as his most faithful servants in building up Islam. What sadder, more humbling tragedy, indeed, than to see a great soul, a truly master-mind, thus conquered by success, or seduced by a worldly ambition! Mohammed had borne adversity and opposition with a faith and patience almost sublime. Hitherto he had been a prophet of God, teaching God's truth to all who would receive it, and, by the manifestation of that truth, commending himself to every man's conscience. Now he is to become a politician—the head of a party—contriving expedients, utterly regardless of their moral character, for that party's success. Before his only weapon was *truth*; now his chief means are *force*. Formerly he was content to *convince* his opponents; now he compels them to submit by the terror of his power. The opportunity is presented for vastly aggrandizing himself in the use, not only of carnal, but of wicked means, and he proves himself to be unequal to the temptation. Mohammed, indeed, may be said to add another, and perhaps the greatest illustration, to that long and melancholy list of noble souls whose natures seem to have become subdued to the element they work in, who have been tempted to seek high ends by low and unworthy means, and who, while talking of the noblest truths and the worthiest

* Reference is here made to a mission of Mohammed to Tayif, a place some sixty or seventy miles east of Mecca, in hopes of converting the inhabitants. Who can think of the Prophet, in this lonely journey, without sympathy? He was going to preach the doctrine of One God to idolaters. But he made no impression upon them, and, as he left the town, was followed by a mob hooting, and pelting him with stones.

objects, have descended to the meanest prevarications and deceits, and thus have thrown doubt upon all sincerity, honor, and faith.

That person has certainly read human history to very little purpose who has not discovered upon almost every page of it something to illustrate this fact, that, first, every man who attempts to realize a great idea must needs come at once, and very sternly, in contact with the lower world; that, second, in order to influence, effectually to move and overcome that world, he must place himself upon its level; that, finally, but very few, if indeed any, really succeed in placing themselves thus in sympathy with the world they would move, without themselves being overcome by, rather than actually overcoming it, without, sooner or later, compromising their higher aims, and, at last, forfeiting them altogether. Such a man in modern times, and in the political world, was Lord Bacon. Such a man, among conquerors, was Cromwell. And among even Christian sects, how often do we see the young enthusiast and saint ending as an ambitious self-seeker and Jesuit! He continues, it may be, to mouth the familiar language at the time when his heart was really true and simple, and tries, no doubt, thus to delude himself into the belief that he is still as true and as earnest as before, though in reality he has degenerated into the unscrupulous place-seeker and time-server, and almost no chicanery is too base for him to resort to, provided only he can thereby promote either his own personal interests or those of his own particular party or sect.

Such, then, is the weakness of man—such his liability, when assailed from the quarter and upon the side just indicated, to fall. Not but that, now and then, with extreme and melancholy rarity, examples have been afforded of an integrity that was proof against the most subtle and seductive temptations. The sacred writings of the Hebrews, for example, point us now to a Joseph who preserved his purity unsullied amid all the corruptions and solicitations of an Egyptian court; and now to a Daniel who remained inflexible and incorruptible in spite of all the blandishments and persecutions of a Babylonian court; and now, here and there, standing in gloomy and solitary grandeur against the dark background of the age in which they lived, to a true prophet of God, faithful, like Milton's Abdiel, among the many faithless, "faithful only he."

Nor are the annals of the Church, since the Christian era, by any means without instances of an incorruptible virtue; of an integrity that could go unbent in the midst of what-

ever temptations and trials; of a faith so heroic, so sublime as not to

"Shrink
Though pressed by every foe;
That would not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe."

How noble was that response returned by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson to a person of influence, who had significantly intimated to him that, provided he would veil certain heretical views he held, speedy preferment awaited him! "The Lord Chancellor," says he, "might give me the richest preferment in the world, but he could not give me peace of conscience with it. The world has nothing to give me which I care for. I hold the true thing to be ever the safe thing, and I can not turn so much as one hairs breadth for the sake even of royalty itself." How few would have been able to return such an answer as this to the flattering overtures of the world! Nay, would even Mr. Robertson himself, had he once entered the arena of ecclesiastical politics? Perhaps the expression of this suspicion is both ungenerous and unjust, and we will still hope that had this eloquent and prematurely blighted Gospel preacher been promoted to the seat even of the Lord Chancellor himself, his hatred of all shams, and contempt for all cant would have been no less intense and outspoken than it was, and that he would still none the less have been able to testify: "I would rather live solitary on the most desolate crag, shivering, with all the warm wraps of falsehood stripped off, gazing for unfound truth, where no bird finds hospitable bush, or insect wing flits over the herbless granite, than to sit comfortably on more inhabited spots, where others are warm in a faith which, though true to them, is false to me."

But by far the most illustrious, the most conspicuous, radiant, and beautiful example of a sublime superiority to all the solicitations of a worldly ambition, however sweet or enticing, is that afforded in the humble yet matchless earthly life of Jesus of Nazareth.

There came, we are told, in the history of Jesus Christ, that same moment which came also to Mohammed, and to Cromwell, and which sooner or later comes to all great leaders, whether in Church or State, when he saw that he could have great apparent success in the use of worldly means, when the temptation was presented, for the sake of an immediate and splendid success, to yield a little something to what was attempted to be made to appear the political necessities of his position. Some slight concession to worldly wisdom; some little compromise with existing errors; some hardly perceptible variation from perfect truthfulness for

the sake of conciliating some hoary abuse or fashionable folly; some trifling surrender of principle, or mere *suppressio veri* so as not to excite or collide with certain time-honored, highly respectable prejudices—this would be all. And now, lo! the kingdom of God would be at hand. Instead of lingering through long and dreary centuries, the triumphs of the Gospel might attend him from the very outset. The Jew and the Gentile alike might be brought to receive the truth without delay, and his system be established upon an impregnable basis in his own lifetime. Surely what evils might be saved to the race, what woes to the world, what nameless anxieties and sorrows to himself and to his followers, if only the divine Gospel of love to God and man might thus be fully inaugurated by the Redeemer himself!

But now, at least for this once, this arch-seducer of mankind, though thus approaching his intended victim in the most seductive and insidious form, has fully found his match. Jesus had the practical sagacity to call it by no higher name, to see that good ends could be safely, permanently, righteously secured only in the use of good means. As intent as he was upon doing God's work, he was equally intent upon doing it only in God's way. He could patiently wait, if necessary, and as patiently toil, but he could never think of compromising with error, however respectable or hoary, for the sake of a speedier success. He could suffer, but he could not possibly do wrong even though it were to save the very heavens from falling. He could submit to being misunderstood, endure meekly the blasphemy and the contradiction of sinners; nay, if necessary he could die, and under circumstances that would leave his name and cause buried, apparently irredeemably, beneath an overwhelming tide of obloquy; but for the sake of securing to that cause any earthly advantage, nay, even if it were to save it from utter and hopeless extinction, he could never swerve from the most absolute rectitude and truth—could never concede one single grain to that godless, unprincipled, and sometimes unscrupulous worldly wisdom called expediency, much less divert that religious movement of which he was the author from its legitimate, its divine, to objects purely human and secular, using it not for spiritual, but for worldly purposes, and for worldly triumphs.

Here, then, at last, we have our earnestly coveted, and commanding example of incorruptible virtue, of uncompromising rectitude, of absolutely infallible truth—a man, indeed, who spake as never man spake before or hardly since; a man who, while living in the world,

yet lived above it—who could, when necessary, use the world, but without becoming subdued to its spirit, or compromising, in the least, his own higher aims; a man, in a word, who, when approached with the offer of all the political kingdoms upon earth as allies of his own, upon the simple and single condition of subserviency to the spirit, and maxims, and expedients of this world, instantly and indignantly repelled the base solicitation, and vindicated his own unsullied purity and absolute incorruptibility by a withering and most uncompromising, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

MY CONFESSION.

"I SEE it! I see it!" cried Pauly.

"Where?" I eagerly asked.

"Up there; just coming through the big gate."

Sure enough, there was the ox-cart, drawn by old Buck and Brindle, and in it was the piano. I knew it, although the big gate was a full quarter of a mile off.

Pauline and I had been perched for two hours on the dairy-house roof watching for that wagon. Indeed, our father had scarcely started Boston off to Mr. Clayton's for the piano, the cart had not fairly disappeared through the big gate, before Pauline and I had scaled the ladder, and, pushing the drying apples and peaches into heaps on the roof, had seated ourselves to watch for Boston's return.

Mr. Clayton, who for seventeen years had taught the planters' daughters for fifty miles around, whose name was a bugbear to refractory misses for many more miles around, Mr. Clayton, I was going to explain, had, after threatening for many successive years to close his school, finally declared that any body might have his head if he ever should teach another day. And so his school apparatus, consisting of a globe, two maps, a long table, five benches, and a piano, was offered for sale. My mother, who was fond of music, and was an ambitious woman, had succeeded in persuading my father, "a stingy man who never did have any pride," she used to say, to buy the piano, which for seventeen years had been devoted to the scales, "a Life let us Cherish," and the other half dozen airs which rounded the circle of Mrs. Clayton's musical acquirements. With what wonder I had heard her music pupils talk of crotchets and quavers, and semi-quavers, and demi-semi-quavers! How marvelous had seemed their execution of "Money Musk," and "The White Cockade!" What a superior order of beings

these music pupils seemed to us more humble pupils, the daughters of small planters, owners of only a dozen or score of slaves! How I had longed to finger that famed instrument! And now it was ours. We owned the only piano in the neighborhood. Is it any wonder that Pauline and I could watch two hours for its coming?

Having assured ourselves of its approach, we hastily backed down the ladder, darted over the stile, and went flying down the lane, past the apple-orchard on the one hand, and a "cotton patch" on the other, raising, at every step of our bare feet, a cloud of dust. On the brow of the hill we met the wagon. There, sure enough, was the piano, a great box set on four reed-like legs. I smile now as I recall the funny-looking affair. I remember when we bought a new piano, eight years later, my father, who was a close man, according to the Southern idea, endeavored to include the old piano in the trade, but when the merchant came to see the poor old thing he went off into a fit of laughter, so uncontrollable and protracted that my father, who was at first offended, became infected, and laughed until the tears started.

"Stop! stop, Boston, and let us in," we both shouted, panting with running.

"I ain't got no time to be foolin' with you children," said Boston.

"O! do, Boston, let us get in," pleaded Pauline.

"Stop, or I'll tell pa," I screamed.

"Ho, Buck! ho, Brindle!" said Boston, influenced by one or both of us, and soon we had climbed into the cart.

There was no key to the piano; that had been lost years before, and Southerners seldom repair such losses. So we soon had the instrument open, and while Pauline touched the keys reverently, and as if with velvet brush, I pounded the rickety board until the air was filled with the cracked, wheezy sounds. Our father came to meet us, demanding, with impatient peevishness, "Are you going to pound that pianer to pieces? Take yourselves into the house, you miserable tormentors you, and get your books."

Those words, "Get your books," had a galley-like sound to us. Were we flogged, as we too frequently were, with the final blow came the hated words, "Now go and get your books." Did we grow noisy at play? "Stop that noise, and go and get your books," this was certain to greet us. Did we get into a dispute? The penalty was to be set down to our books. And they were not such books as children have now, pretty picture-books with funny poems and thrilling stories. They were "Murray's Grammar"—I do not remember when I did not study

this book—"Olney's Geography," or, at the best, the "English Reader."

Pauline and I got the books, per order, and then, looking over their tops, we loitered as near the scene of action as we dared, watching the progress of the piano, up the steps, and into the parlor, as we called the single carpeted room of the house, and saw it placed against the east window.

That evening my father sat in the dining-room nodding over the first number of the "Ladies' Repository"—we were Methodists—my mother was sewing a coarse negro shirt, pausing every few moments in her work to waken, by cuffs and boxes on the ears, a mulatto girl, Katy, who was knitting, with great glancing needles and almost cable yarn, an unshapely stocking for negro wear during the coming Winter. Pauline was lying asleep on the floor of the open passage between the two main rooms. Let me dwell a moment on the memory of that innocent slumberer. Let me go back of all these long, hard years—back of my own great sinning against the sweetest spirit I ever knew. She was lying on the hard floor, with one slight arm under the head. The little feet were bare and unwashed from the stains of the day. The pale, yellow hair, scant and unkempt, hung over the white forehead, and dirty lines were about the mouth; but there was a delicacy and refinement in the thin features which redeemed them from plainness. The brow was thoughtful, the mouth pensive, and the eyes, when waking, were solemn like the stars at midnight.

I would linger over the sleeping child, for on that night, standing by her as in memory I this morning do, I entered upon that pitiless struggle with her. O, my little Pauline, could I indeed roll back the years I would lay you in my heart; I would cherish thy gifted spirit as my crown. I was blind, blind.

With a presentiment of the struggle that was to be waged between us, I assured myself that Pauline slept, that she would not know of my efforts, and then I crept off to the parlor. Happily the full moon was pouring her light on the piano, so that no candle was needed, for we children were seldom allowed the luxury of a light. Softly I opened the instrument, and stealthily began touching one key and then another, seeking for the first note of "Days of Absence," one of the first airs I had learned to sing. After repeated hap-hazard efforts I found it. "That is to be struck twice," I said, humming the air. The third note I discovered readily, it being the next on the key-board. The fourth was found as easily, and in half an hour I could play the whole air with my right

forefinger without more than a half dozen blunders. When I returned to "the other room," as we called it, and which served as dining-room, sitting-room, etc., my mother spoke some words of praise, and even my father, always more ready to blame than to approve, roused up, and half smiled, half winked from sleep-bleared eyes his pleasure.

The next morning Philip Martin—the Martins were our nearest neighbors—came over to borrow our partridge-net. His mother was going to tie him one, and he meant to have a gay time netting, come Autumn. He had come three miles and a half on this errand, and, as a matter of course, spent the morning and took dinner. So we three children went every-where—to the barn, to the hen-house, to see the pigs fattening for the Winter's killing, over the garden and wood lots, to the spring, to the orchard, bringing up shortly after the sound of the dinner-horn, which was to call the negroes from the field, around the piano. Philip wished he had known that it could be bought for forty dollars, he would have had his father buy it for his sister, she had such a taste for music. I told him exultingly that I could play a tune, and forthwith, slowly and hesitatingly, and with many a blunder, I hammered out with my rigid forefinger "Days of Absence." And then little Pauline, casting her eyes down, said shyly, "I can play that, too, and I can play a bass to it."

"Let's hear you then," said Philip in a challenging tone. "I sha'n't believe you till I hear you."

She went timidly to the piano, turning her toes in as she walked, and, placing the old family Bible on a windsor chair—she was then but eight years old—she played the air through with precision and a pretty expression. When had she learned it?

The impression of that hour on my heart will abide through all time. Then I became possessed of the demon envy, which gnashed and tore me through long years.

"You think you are mighty smart," I said, spitefully.

Pauline hung her head, as though she had done something guilty.

"And she is mighty smart, I tell *you*," said Philip. "She's a *genius*."

Pauline proved herself a genius. I had musical talent above the average, perhaps, but, though I spent much time at the piano, being urged on by the threats and promises of my ambitious mother, and by the dread of being surpassed by a younger sister, I was yet no match for her. Her musical ear was true, and quick as thought. She learned without instruction

every air she heard, and fitted a bass to it with perfect harmony. She became the wonder and talk of the neighborhood, and it was but a short time before I grew ashamed to have her hear my efforts at the piano, they were so inferior to hers. She shall not scorn me, shall not exult in her superiority, I said. So I feigned an indifference to music, thinking, if she were striving for supremacy over me, to put her off her guard, to lull her zeal. Perhaps, I argued, I may manage to overtake her, and, if I should be surpassed, it will appear to be because I do not care for success, and not because I am inferior. But, though striving to appear indifferent, I, nevertheless, assailed the cracked-voiced instrument with great industry; but I chose my times for this. These were when Pauline was not by to see and hear, when she was watching the turkeys to their nests, or seeking under the leaves or in the hollows of stumps for the great clumsy goose-eggs, or when she was at her play-house, on the mossy knoll, under the beech-tree, "playing with sticks," as she used to express it; or when she went to visit old Aunt Silva, to hear her African legends, as she tottered back and forth at her spinning-wheel.

Had my parents dealt judiciously and kindly with my embittered spirit, it might have been cured. But they reproached me ceaselessly with my inferiority to Pauline, and my mother, especially, never lost an opportunity to exalt my sister's talents—their praises were ever on her lips. I can forgive now your pride in them, my poor mother. God knows there was little enough in your life on which to pride yourself.

One day she accused me openly, in the presence of my father and Pauline, of jealousy toward my sister. Pauline had just executed "Bruce's Address" in a graceful manner, and with an expression truly wonderful, considering her age, and that she was self-taught; and to make the performance appear yet more remarkable, my mother said:

"Pauline learnt that in less than an hour."

"Why, mother," I interposed, hastily, kindling with envy, "I've heard Pauline practicing that piece three days."

"How dare you contradict me?" she said, harshly. "You say what is not true, and you say it because you are envious of your sister. I know it; I've seen it for a long time! Instead of being proud of her, you are jealous of her. You had better thank God that he did not pass us by, and leave us to be nobodies. He has given Pauline something that will make us all distinguished—something by which we can all rise."

"I do n't want to rise by her skirts," I replied, passionately. "I wish that old piano had never come into the house;" and I rushed into the yard, where I continued: "I wish she had been born deaf—I hate her; I hate her."

Hurrying on, I found myself at Pauline's play-house under the beeches. I never knew another such play-house. She must have had collected there thousands of sticks, splints of pine and cypress and hickory, whittled and carved into all shapes and sizes. With these she had managed to construct fields and gardens, woods and orchards, cities and roads, furniture and people, horses and cattle—a world, in short. And over this world reigned a wonderful queen, a doll with hair dressed high, much in the present style, jointed at the knees, and thighs, and elbows, so that she sat on her throne and held a scepter, and with a very dirty face, from one cheek of which all the rose had been washed. Pauline had bought this doll from one of her school-mates—one of the boarding pupils—giving in exchange for it seven pickled cucumbers, a hickory-bark tooth-brush, for snuff-dipping, and sundry pieces of white clay; there being a bed of this down by the spring.

You smile at this recital, as at something grotesque; but I—I have wept over this passage in the child's shadowed life a thousand times. My heart has almost burst with its yearning toward the poor little one, as I have remembered her digging, with a great unwieldy hoe, for the clay—as I have seen her in memory working into the night to earn the seven cucumber-pickles—out at the wood-pile, filling her blue-checked apron with chips, or carrying great baskets of sweet potatoes to the cellar, and singing, always singing, as she worked.

I knew I could not deal Pauline a harder blow than to strike through her doll—her Aurelia—for this puppet was inexpressibly dear to the child, who had never had a toy bought for her—our father would have called it wasting money to invest it in toys. I tore up her cities, and gardens, and orchards—all the accumulations of months—making a huge pile of the debris. Then I went to the kitchen for fire, which the cook gave me in a rusty tin wash-basin. When the pile was all ablaze I called to Pauline. She came wondering, for in all my pastimes it was now my habit to ignore her existence.

"Come and see my bonfire!" I cried.

When she beheld the desolation which reigned over the land where her populous cities had been, she, usually so quiet, so undemonstrative, broke into sobs, which—ah! me!—I have heard many a time since.

"And Queen Aurelia," I said, mockingly and

facetiously, "I mean to drown her for a witch;" and I exhibited the beloved doll, the pride of Pauline's heart, with a stone about her neck, and, heedless of her piteous petition, "O! please don't, Rachel," I tossed the doll into the pool, and saw it immediately disappear from sight. Then Pauline threw herself on the earth, with the gesture of a despairing mother beside her dead child; and there I left her with her face in the dust.

When the passion in my heart had subsided, I was greatly alarmed for my deed, for I knew not what punishment awaited me. I think I began then to comprehend the feeling of a man fresh from some crime, expecting hourly to hear the bay of the blood-hounds on his track. But as days passed, and I heard nothing concerning the matter, I began to understand that Pauline had kept my secret. When I was assured of this, I scarcely know which was predominant—relief that I was to go unpunished, or mortification, hate, envy that Pauline was superior to betraying me—superior to me.

I can not recount the persecutions of those years toward my sister. I have not the memory of a single kindness to ease now my suffering heart; and I have not the memory of a provocation on her part, or of a complaint or a reproach. Her sweetness and saintliness have ever been to me a mystery. Her mother was a stern, ambitious woman, often a cruel tyrant with her children and slaves—never a loving woman—her father was a hard, miserly, vulgar man; her sister—alas! there are no words to tell that story—slavery made her home a pest-house. I took in all the taint of my surroundings; but Pauline's dainty nature assimilated only the good and pure about it, throwing off the impure. A fresh wild flower, it bloomed sweet and beautiful mid poison and malaria.

I was fourteen years of age when it was decided that I should be sent to boarding-school, and that, in two years, Pauline should join me. I petitioned that I might be allowed to study music, hoping, with the aid of a teacher and systematic study, to distance Pauline.

"No," said my father, peevishly, "it's as much as I can do to afford to send you to school and pay your board. You won't do any good at music. Here you've had a *pianer* this four year, and you've learnt nothing worth talking about; and just look at Pauline, how she can play. If you were ever meant for a musician, you'd 'a learnt to play before this, just as Pauline has. Besides, what good is it goin' to do for you to learn music, unless you can teach it? Poundin' a *pianer*, and screeching away at nonsense tunes ain't a goin' to help

you make bread or buy a picayune calico dress." And my father went into an adjoining room for his best coat and a clean collar—he was going to the village to enter me at school.

Then I heard Pauline's voice:

"Father, do let Rachel take music lessons. She has a good ear for music, and such a pretty voice; I'm sure she'll learn music. And it won't cost much, only twelve dollars a session"—a session was a half year—"and I'll help make that money."

"I'd like to know how you are going to make any money."

"O, I'm sure I can. I'll do Kitty's housework, and let her go to the field; she'll make more than a half hand. She can make a bale of cotton, and that'll more than pay for the music-lessons. Then I'll go barefooted all the Summer, and you need n't get me any Winter dress. And you know I can knit very fast, and I am sure that at odd times I can knit a pair of socks every week, and I can sell them for thirty cents a pair. O, you must let Rachel take lessons; it would be a pity to have her lose the chance. I'm sure I can make money some way, may be raising chickens and turkeys."

And then my mother came in and put in her plea—"Music would be of use to Rachel; it would make her better thought of"—and so it was decided that I should study music. I think I remember that my heart was somewhat softened by Pauline's pleadings for me; I try to believe that it was. I know I felt less bitter toward her than usual, as I argued that with two years of musical instruction, while she would be raising chickens and doing Katy's work, I could make such progress in music, that she would never be able to overtake me.

So I went to boarding-school and studied music with a very ordinary teacher, though at the time I did not know this. But even with her poor instruction I might have achieved success, according to the standard of the school and of my society, at that time; but the persistent practicing, without which success is impossible, was wanting. Had Pauline been there to stimulate my envy, I might have overcome my indolence and love of ease, but my efforts were spasmodic. At times, when I had heard from home of Pauline's progress, the old flame of envy would be kindled, and with frantic energy I would devote myself, for a time, to music. But my fears were easily lulled. Without a teacher she must fail, I would argue. It did not concern me that other girls in the school were outstripping me; it was of my sister only that I was envious. Had she been my elder, I could have forgiven her superiority, but

I can not even now, after so many years of remorse, see a younger sister greatly an elder's superior without a sigh of regret. My sympathies have always been with Leah instead of Rachel; with Esau, not Jacob. O, I could comprehend how the brethren could sell Joseph into captivity!

I had been away from home four months, when I returned to spend the Christmas holidays. For a few weeks previously I had practiced faithfully a few striking selections from the pile of half-learned music over which I had been spreading my time and energies. When I was called to the piano by my parents to give an exponent of the progress I had made, I responded with a feeling of conscious superiority. This time I felt sure of my triumph. I sang the "Old Arm-Chair," then very popular, and rose from the instrument with a glance of triumph at Pauline.

"Much good the money has done that I've spent on your music," said my father. "Pauline can beat that playing. Go to the *pianer*, Pauline, and sing that song."

"Let me sing something else," she pleaded in an undertone.

"No, sing that song."

And she did sing it with an exquisite pathos and untaught grace, though I did not stay to hear it through. Before she had finished the first stanza, I rose with a feigned weariness and left the room; but I paused at the closed door, listening with strained ears and with fire at my heart. When she had finished I ran out into the frosty air to cool the fever in my veins.

Going to the chamber which I had always occupied with Pauline, I found her already there and asleep. I had intended not to occupy the same bed with her, my little sister from whom I had been months separated; but as I stood by her side, looking upon her gentle, peaceful face, I felt awed and guilty. She seemed the victim, I the assassin. Conscience once more pleaded for her and for me; but the devils triumphed as they always did, and I quitted the apartment, where angels seemed to watch their own, for an attic-room, where for hours I mused my hatred.

The next day Philip came over. I resisted all his importunities for music, until the afternoon, when Pauline was on a visit to the negro cabins, where she was helping first one and then another of the negroes at quilting; for in every cabin a quilt might have been seen, stretched in a rough frame, suspended from the bare rafters. Then I yielded to Philip's pleading eyes, and executed a piece of music in my best style.

"That's pretty well, Rachel, but Pauly can beat that."

Thus was the humiliating truth being forever dashed in my face.

After two years Pauline was sent to join me at boarding-school. I had made average progress in my music; still Pauline, though she had received no instruction—I had studiously withheld any aid which I might have rendered the struggling child—was in advance of me. I had, perhaps, some superiority over her in my knowledge of the science of music, but Nature had taught Pauline more than my instructor could ever teach me, and Nature had taught her secrets which our mediocre teacher could never learn. So, after Pauline had received a few hints concerning time and fingering, she was independent of her teacher. Three days in the week she went to take a lesson, as it was called, but the exercise was really an exhibition of her superiority to any instruction which her teacher could give. Pauline, child of genius, rose untaught to heights which poor Miss Holiday could never have attained. She soon became the wonder of the school, and of the village, indeed, and was more than once the subject of a paragraph in the little newspaper published in the town.

Pauline's first year at the academy closed with a concert. Miss Holiday had assigned me the bass in a duet—"O Dolce Concento," giving the first part to Pauline. I refused to appear with her; Miss Holiday appealed to the Principal, and I was brought to decide between expulsion from the school and submission to the programme. So the evening of the concert found me thwarted, humiliated, revengeful. Ours was the third piece on the programme. The preceding exercises had been stupid, and the audience spiritless and undemonstrative. But now there was a buzz—a rousing up, and a murmur of satisfaction. I understood what it meant: the audience were eager to hear Pauline. O, how I hated her in that moment of triumph! I resolved that she should fail.

There was a burst of applause as we advanced to the piano. There must have been a complete contrast in our appearance. I was then seventeen, tall and full, with a *hauteur* and stateliness of manner, people said. My mouth was proud, my eye dark and flashing. Pauline was fifteen, and very small for that age, and fragile as a reed. Her pale yellow hair was worn short in the neck; her blue eyes were timid, with a look of beseechment in their depths. Her face was pale, and thin, and quiet; the pensive mouth told of a shadowed life.

She wore a white muslin dress, made with short sleeves and a full baby-waist, revealing her thin arms and neck, and the skirt was tucked to show her small slippered foot and slight ankle.

She, perhaps, detected my nervous excitement as we seated ourselves at the piano, for she gave me an affectionate, reassuring glance, and said, "Do n't be frightened, Rachel. You play it beautifully. We won't fail."

"You shall fail," I said mentally as I set my teeth. "I have no laurels to lose, but you shall be uncrowned."

I cast my eyes around on the audience and caught sight of my mother and father. Coarse, sun-burned, countryfied they looked in their holiday dress. I had little affection for them, and felt ashamed of them among the fine village folks, yet as I saw the pride on their faces at the applause which greeted their daughter, I felt a momentary relenting. It was only momentary, and I had played but a few bars before I had entered upon the execution of my plan. I began to blunder, striking wrong notes, losing the time, etc., finally jumping a bar ahead, making horrible discord. Pauline tried to set me right, but I persisted in blundering. I think Miss Holiday read my plan for defeating the child, or she might have perceived that the success of her most brilliant pupil depended upon her interference. Hastily approaching the piano, she laid her hand authoritatively on mine, and forbade my striking another note. I thought it policy to obey rather than to have a scene in the face of the audience, so I folded my hands on my lap. But Pauline was not disconcerted. Without waiting for a suggestion, with ease, and grace, and correctness, she fitted a second to the treble, introducing variations so brilliant and surprising, that I almost forgot my chagrin and bitterness in my admiration of the artist. She retired from the piano amid a storm of applause. Cheer followed cheer, growing in enthusiasm until the shy little figure again stood on the stage. The cheering ceased, and, amid a breathless expectation, her voice was heard in

"John Anderson, my Jo."

It was a pure soprano, sweet and flexible, and, in subdued passages, pathetic, like the voice of a young spirit born under a cloud. I do not know to what Pauline might have attained by study and culture; whether or not she would have won fame when she should have come to measure her strength with the athletes in song; but the music she made was like the warble of birds; no culture could create such, and no criticism could destroy it. I shall never forget

the pathos in her voice, and eyes, and face, as she sang the words,

"But now we're toddling down, John;
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

It seemed as though a life-long yearning for sympathy, a ceaseless heart-ache, a shadowed past, were all gathered into the music of that moment, and revealed to the audience. They did not break into noisy applause. Indeed, it was not till she had made her funny little bow, and was leaving the stage, that the spell seemed lifted, and her listeners took breath. Then the room was filled with tearful sounds. My mother looked softened, and more womanly than I had ever seen her, while my father was vigorously blowing his nose on a red silk handkerchief.

I do not know into what depths of sin and cruelty the demon envy would have led me, had not God's hand touched me. It was during the following Summer, and one still afternoon when I was alone in the lonely plantation-house, that two slave men brought my sister home to me—drowned! They had gone to the river to water their plow horses, and had found the body tangled at the foot of a cliff, from which it had fallen to the swift current.

I can calmly record these things now—but Pauline, my angel, have you not witnessed the blackness that settled down about me—the agony, the remorse of these long years! From thy place of blissful rest, come this peaceful morning to thy old haunts. Follow the wasted fingers that trace this confession; look into these eyes, dimmed by anguish; see this blanched hair and furrowed cheek. Behold, under the apple-tree, the little hillock; it is covered with softest green; not a weed is there, while roses and violets bloom above the pure heart. And, listen: Your sister's tears keep them fresh. Look into this poor heart, and see there that I love—love all God's creatures—and then go, child of light, open the great book, and see if it is not written against my poor name: "She is forgiven."

THE Bible is the bravest of books. Coming from God, and conscious of nothing but God's truth, it awaits the progress of knowledge with calm security. It watches the antiquary ransacking among classic ruins, or excavating buried cities, and rejoices in every medal he discovers, and every inscription he deciphers; for from that rusty coin or corroded marble it expects nothing but confirmations of its own veracity.

"MODERN ATHENS."

"Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labor plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise:
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod:
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode."

BURNS.

IN the county of Mid-Lothian, and about two miles from the Frith-of-Forth, is situated "Modern Athens," the metropolis of Scotland. Having heard much of the unrivaled beauty of Edinburgh, I was somewhat fearful that on seeing it I should be disappointed; but, instead of this being the case, I am now ready to say, the half was not told me. On my arrival in the city I took the advice of one who has rambled over not a little of the world, and, by experience, has learned the art of sight-seeing. "It would be wise," she says, "in travelers to make it their first business in a foreign city to climb the loftiest point they can reach, so as to have the scene they are to explore laid out as in a living map beneath them. It is scarcely credible how much time is saved, and confusion of ideas obviated by this means."

After learning that the Castle was the highest point in the city, and having secured a room in a good temperance hotel, I started out with guide-book in hand to see the Queen of the British Isles. Crossing over the deep ravine, which divides the old city from the new, and, after spending considerable time and strength in climbing, I found myself on the very summit of this once strong fortification. Here, elevated three hundred and eighty-three feet above the level of the sea, is a point admirably fitted to gratify the taste of the most fastidious spectator:

"St. Margaret! what a sight is here!
Long miles of masonry appear;
Scott's Gothic pinnacles arise,
And Melville's statue greets the skies,
And sculptured front and Grecian pile
The pleased yet puzzled eye beguile."

Right well was I paid for my time and toil spent in working my passage up to this lofty rampart. The view which spread itself out before me was novel, romantic, beautiful. At my feet lay the city, with its gigantic buildings, wide and narrow streets, squares and gardens, monuments and towers, all scattered round in seeming wild confusion. Running between ancient and modern Edinburgh is a deep ravine, once a hiding-place for the burglar and bandit—now the highway of commerce and travel. On the north there is a gentle declivity, leading to the village or port of Leith, a broad estuary laughing in the sunlight, and all around are

noble residences, with handsome lawns and well-kept walks. On the east is Arthur's Seat, kingly and majestic, Salisbury Crags, bold and rugged, and Carlton Hill, covered with monumental glory.

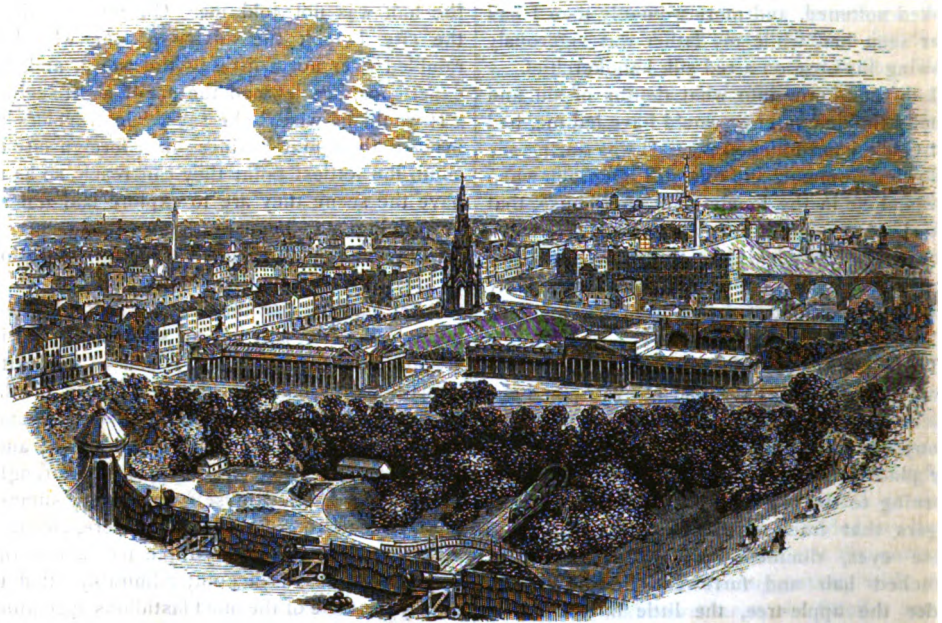
The Old Town presents a jumbled and confused appearance, which, contrasted with the elegance and regularity of the New, form a picture of much beauty. Indeed, it would be impossible for any one at all susceptible of the beautiful in Nature or art to stand here without being over-charmed, yea, ravished with the sight. I believe that for picturesqueness of situation and scenery, mountains and valleys, rocks

and glens, and of the sea itself, within hearing and seeing distance, Edinburgh has no equal!

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers!"

To give a minute description of every thing that attracts the eye would be to give a description of the whole, for "every prospect pleases," and would require a large volume. I shall only attempt to sketch a few of the many places of interest connected with "Auld Reekie," in the order in which I saw them.

On the west terminus of High-street, on a lofty rock that rises on three sides several hundred feet above the level of the ground,



EDINBURGH (NEW TOWN) FROM THE CASTLE.

stands Edinburgh Castle. Tradition says that it was once occupied as a fortification by the aboriginal tribes, long before the conquest of the country by the Romans: if so, its situation must have rendered it impregnable. But much of the early history of this ancient stronghold is unknown—time kindly shuts out many of the dark actions of the past. When Dr. Johnson visited the Castle the guide mentioned that tradition asserted that a part of it had been standing three hundred years before the birth of Christ. "Much faith," replied the Doctor, in his usual manner, "is due to tradition, and that part of the fortress that was standing at so early a period must, undoubtedly, have been the rock upon which it is founded!"

On my way up to the top from the lower yard I met fifteen or twenty soldiers; some on

duty and others lounging lazily around. They were dressed, not in kilts, as I expected to see them, but in the English red and black. Having passed through the outer and inner yards, and then up a long circuitous alley, I found myself in a broad, open space, with soldiers, citizens, and great guns. On the Bomb Battery is quite a large cannon, called "Mons. Meg." It is eighteen feet long, hooped like a barrel, and can carry a ball five feet in circumference, according to history. Mons. Meg was forged at Castle Douglas in 1489, and presented to James II by the M'Lellans; when he was besieging the Castle of Threave. "Meg" was rent in 1682, when firing a salute in honor of the Duke of York's visit to the city. Too great a quantity of powder had been put in, and, as the charge was made by an Englishman, the

Scotch say that it was done out of malice, there being no cannon in England so large. At the south-east corner of the Castle top is a little room, not more than twenty feet square, and, adjoining it, a bed-room not ten feet square, where Mary, Queen of Scots, became a mother. Here James VI first saw the light; and tradition says that when he was eight days old he was let down from the little chamber window in a basket, two hundred and fifty feet, and carried off to Sterling Castle, there to receive Catholic baptism. On the wall of the chamber is the prayer Mary is said to have offered up on the birth of her son. It is painted in old English. The following is a copy of it:

"Lord Jesu Christ, that Crownit was of Thornise,
Preserve the Birth whois Bodyie heir is borne,
And send Hir Sonne Succesaione to Reign still
Long in this Relme, if that it be Thy will;
Also Grant, O Lord, what ever of Her proseed,
Be to thy Glorie, Honor and Prais soheid."

"Year 1566—Birth of King James—Month 19 Junii."

The room in which the Scottish Regalia are stowed is on the east side of the quadrangle; but not having an order from the Council Chamber, I was unable to see it; and my time being limited I did not think it provident to go and get one. The Regalia consist simply of a crown, scepter, sword of state, and other jewels—symbols of Scotland's ancient glory—now of her submission! These were long supposed to have been lost, but, after lying in an old oak chest from the date of the Union—1707 to 1810—they were brought to light by Sir Walter Scott.

While on my way down from the airy tops, I

thought, if the old Castle could but speak, what tales she might tell me of olden times. These walls, now weather-beaten and time-worn, once surrounded infuriated mobs, and by them have passed the funeral train of successive generations. And over these streets have marched kings and queens—some in honor and some in dishonor. Yes, and greater than kings or queens; for here, upon these pavements, Buchanan, and Robertson, and Hume, and Mackenzie, and Ramsey, and Chalmers, and Knox, and Miller, and Burns, and Scott, have often strolled! Visions of the past come up before me—a sacred antiquity looks out from every crevice, centuries have left their traces on these pillars, and touching memories are inscribed on every stone!

Passing down High-street, toward Canongate, my attention was called to the first house on the right, a miserable-looking old structure, but worthy of a passing notice. This was once the residence of the first Duke of Gordon; and in the gable wall is to be seen a cannon ball, which is said to have been shot from the Castle, while the Pretender had possession of the town. Continuing my journey down the street I passed the Canongate Church, where repose the bones of Ferguson, the poet, and Adam Smith, the political economist. And a little farther down, where the street contracts into a narrow lane, called the Neitherbow. Here, at the commencement of this narrow street, stands a queer-looking old building, projecting nearly half-way across the street, called—



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

This is the house of all others in Edinburgh I wanted to see most. Here, in this quaint old building, lived and labored one of the boldest spirits of the Reformation—a man over whose grave the Regent of Scotland triumphantly pronounced this noble eulogium: "Here lies he who never feared the face of man;" next to the house stands the church in which he preached fearlessly to kings and queens, and in which it is said the second Reformation received new life through the action of a woman. Jenny Geddes had brought her stool with her to Church on the memorable day in 1637, when the obnoxious liturgy of Laud was to be introduced into Scotland by authority. The Bishop of Edinburgh had just asked the Dean to read "the collect for the day," when Jenny exclaimed, "Colic, said ye; the de'il colic the wame o' ye; wud ye say mass at my lug?" and having finished her speech she lifted her stool and sent it flying at the Dean's head.

There is nothing very remarkable about Knox's house except its great antiquity.

"Time consecrates ;

And what is gray with age becomes religious."

Over the lower door are the nearly obliterated remains of the following inscription: "LYFE. GOD. ABOVE. AL. AND YOUR NICHTBOR AS. Y'R. SELF." On the corner which puts out into the street, under a sort of canopy, is a figure of a man on his knees—supposed to represent Moses on the Mount receiving the law—with hand raised and finger pointing to a stone on which is cut the name of God in three languages, thus:

Θεός. Deus. God.

Above the inscription is a coat-of-arms, to which no clew can now be found. It is a wreath of flowers encircling three trees and three crowns, bearing initials J. M. and A. M. at the four corners.

What changes has the hand of old Time brought about in this street! Here, in these dingy houses that surround me, once lived proud princes and nobles, now filled with the poorest of the poor. Here, where once was heard the voice of song and the merry laugh, now only the wail of want and misery. Princes, knights, and nobles have given place to toiling artisans and emaciated children of poverty. Here was once witnessed the clash of arms; here foe met foe in deadly grasp, and here the gathering war-clouds of angry passion often emptied themselves without law or justice. Sir Walter Scott thus refers to such:

"When the streets of high Duneden
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the Slogan's deadly yell."

On most of the old houses may be seen rudely carved inscriptions—some in old English, but the majority of them in Latin, telling of the times previous to the Reformation. Few of these can at all be deciphered; the waste of years and the hand of the scavenger have put out of sight many records of the past.

"Time lays his hand

On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think
Immortal workmanship: he sends his worms
To books, to old records, and they devour
Th' inscriptions. He loves ingratitude,
For he destroy'd the memory of man."

Having satisfied myself in looking at the exterior of Knox's house, I passed up the outside stair, at the top of which is a door opening into a small hall; here I was met by the lady who has the house in charge, and who, for sixpence, showed and explained to me every thing from sitting-room to garret. From the hall below there is a narrow, circular stairway, leading first to a room fitted up as a museum, and then higher still to the chamber in which the Reformer slept. The recess in which stood his bed was pointed out. Here he laid down the armor and took up the crown. Just a little before he died he said to his wife, who stood by, "Read me the chapter [17th chapter of John] where I first cast anchor." Dr. Preston being with him offered up prayer, and then asked him if he heard it. "Would God," said he, "that all men could have heard it as I have," and then added, "I praise God for the heavenly sound." His friend, Richard Bannantyne, drawing near his bed, said, "Now, sir, the hour that you have longed for, to-wit, an end of your battle, has come; and seeing now all natural powers fail, remember the comfortable promises which oftentimes ye have shown to us of our Savior Christ; that we may know ye understand and hear us, make us some sign." Upon this he lifted up his hand twice, and died without a single struggle.

"Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?

Yes, but not his; 't is Death himself there dies!"

John Knox is not dead! He still lives. Lives in the hearts of Scotia's sons and daughters! Lives to-day in the actions of a Protestant world more powerful than ever!

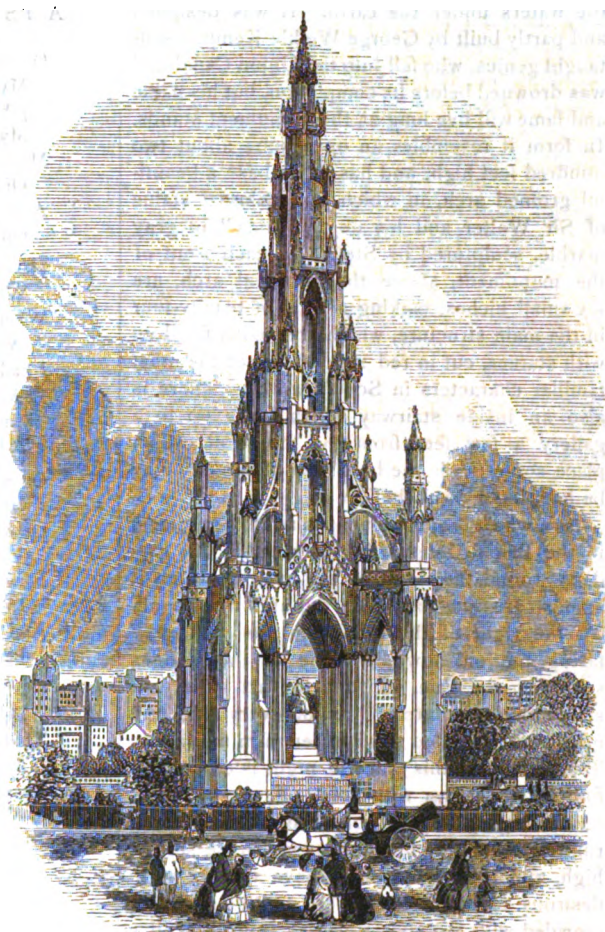
From the bed-chamber I was taken into a little room not more than six or eight feet square, called the studio; here he was wont to clothe himself with strength for the battle. On the window of this little room is a likeness of Knox; also his crest, the year of his birth, 1505, and of his death, 1572. Here, too, is an old chair, said to be the only article of furniture in the house which belonged to him. My

guide called it his study-chair. I took a seat in it for a little while and thought of the inspiration which filled the soul, nerved the arm, and made brave the heart of the great Reformer.

If the date on the window be correct, Knox came into the world just twenty-two years later than Martin Luther, and four years earlier than John Calvin. He was the leading spirit of the Reformation in Scotland, as Luther was in Germany, and Calvin in Switzerland—men raised up and anointed from on high to battle with error in high places.

The highest point in the new town has an elevation almost equal to the Castle Summit of the old, and is called "Carlton Hill." The Scotch have been trying, it would seem, to cover it, like the Acropolis of Athens, with monuments of their warriors, statesmen, and poets. Of these the most conspicuous are Lord Nelson's and the National Monument. The former is about one hundred and twenty feet high, which, with the hill, gives it an altitude of over five hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is built after the form of a light-house, and serves the double purpose of monument and prospect-tower for sight-seers. By the payment of a sixpence the visitor is admitted to the summit, from which there is a magnificent panoramic view of surpassing beauty and variety. On the flag-staff there is a large time-ball, which drops exactly at one o'clock, Greenwich time, and in connection with this there is a gun fired by electricity at the same moment from the Castle.

But the most noteworthy object on Carlton Hill is the national monument—a monument to the nation's folly, for having commenced the work without counting the cost or measuring their strength. After the battle of Waterloo gratitude welled up within the Scottish heart, and they "resolved, at a great public meeting in Edinburgh, to erect some public building which should perpetuate the remembrance of events, in which the heroism of Scotsmen was so conspicuous." The work of erecting the same was commenced in 1822, during King George's residence in Scotland, and the idea was to produce an exact model of the Parthenon



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

at Athens. At the expiration of two years over ninety thousand dollars was spent in the erection of three steps and ten exterior columns, and, for want of funds, here it has rested for almost fifty years, and doubtless will rest for many more. It has been thought by some that the monument, as it now stands, is more picturesque than if completed, but I can't see it in that light. It is all very well for the Scotch to make the best of their misfortune. The fox said, "The grapes are sour," when he found out he could not reach them, and we often find out what we will do by learning what we can't do.

But the handsomest monument in the city is Scott's, situated on the finest street in the empire, and well worthy of such a place. It was erected in 1844 at an expense of over one hundred thousand dollars. This stately pile, rising in rich artistic beauty, might almost be worshiped without sin, for its like is not in heaven above, nor on the earth beneath, nor in

the waters under the earth. It was designed and partly built by George Weikle Kemp, a self-taught genius, who fell into the Union Canal and was drowned before its completion, but his name and fame will live long as the monument stands. In form it resembles an open spire about two hundred feet high, and has in its base a beautiful groined arch, in which is a colossal statue of Sir Walter and his dog "Maida" in gray marble, sculptured by Steel. In each front of the monument, above the principal arch, are six small niches, making a total of twenty-four in the main structure, which are mostly filled up with statues, cut in red sand-stone, of the most familiar characters in Scott's works. There is also an inside stairway which leads up to a gallery a few feet from the top, from which place some think the best view of the city may be had, but I don't believe it.

As a whole the monument is not to be equaled in the British Isles, if in the world. The gardens around the slope, on the brow of which it stands, are elegantly laid out and free to all. To the right of the monument, as you stand facing the old town, on one of the bridges spanning the vale, is built the art gallery, a solid stone structure pillared on every side, and might well be called the Parthenon in miniature. The view from this place at night is one of the finest I have ever witnessed. Facing the east, on the right, are the houses of the old town, running up eight, ten, and even twelve stories high, and then rising one above another as if desirous to reach the skies, and these being crowded with the poorer classes from the cellar to the garret, every room has its separate occupant, and consequently every window in this immense pile of buildings is illuminated. On the left is Prince-street, with its long row of well-lighted, beautiful stores looking over the flower and tree filled valley. The illumination of the old city is the consequence of poverty and wretchedness, and in the new of wealth and luxury; but both uniting make an illuminated picture of remarkable effect. Here poverty and wealth have met together, wretchedness and luxury have kissed each other.

HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept distressed friends company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way, and the miseries of our pilgrimage. It tells the soul sweet stories of the succeeding joy; what comfort there is in heaven; what peace, what joy, what triumph, what marriage songs and halleluiahs there are in that country whither she is traveling, that she goes merrily away with her present burden.

A PSALM OF THANKSGIVING.

O! THOU divine Eternal One,
My soul's Creator, Love and Lord,
My Father and my faithful Friend,
My Trust, my Comfort, my Reward!
My heart seems bursting with its load
Of gratitude and loving praise,
As rapt and still I meditate
On all thy gracious, glorious ways.

How shall I thank thee as I might?
What can a stammering mortal say
When visited in love by Him
Whom all the rolling spheres obey?
I had not thought to know this joy
While in the flesh, O, Ever Just
To answer all thy people's prayers;
It bows my spirit in the dust.

O! what am I that thou shouldst hear,
Or stoop to answer to my cry?
Or what my father's house to thee,
That thou our need shouldst thus supply?
Now do thy servants know thee well,
In every truth the faithful God,
And may our trust ne'er waver more
Beneath thy smile, beneath thy rod!

O! blessed, loving, pitying Lord,
Behold, behold my choking heart,
That can not speak its love and praise,
Nor its high thought of what thou art.
There is a language for the soul,
Able to voice its throes of love,
Able to sound thy praises forth,
And I shall speak that tongue above.

A SPRING MORNING.

THE earth hath felt the vernal tides again,
The upland snows flow down into the glen,
The foaming torrent rushes to the main,
The streaming ground gives pledge of Summer rain.

The barn is open, and the cattle stand
And snuff the air, blown from the pasture land,
And dream of sunny slopes, and grasses sweet,
And winding paths that wait their loitering feet.

The children riot o'er the greening lawn,
Fresh vigor gleaming strength of brain and brow,
While, o'er the threshold bars, baby's shout
On quivering wings of rapture flutters out.

In through the open window glide the feet
Of wand'ring winds, laden with odors sweet,
From orchards culled and from the ferny woods
Where Spring is weaving, in the solitudes,
The mysteries of bud, and leaf, and bloom,
Hinted to us in whispers of perfume.

O! shall the days when Summer blooms are fair,
When bobolink with music floods the air,
When swallow sweeps the azure with his wing,
Bring sweeter life than thou hast brought, O Spring?

STORY OF THE SANGREAL.

OF all the old chivalric legends which have come down to us from the days of King Arthur and his famous Knights of the Round Table, not one conveys a better idea of what a true knight should be—*sans peur et sans reproche*, brave, true, pure, and faithful—than the story of the Sangreal, and the search for it by Sir Launcelot du Lac and Sir Galahad.

The Sangreal, or Holy Grail, was the cup from which our Savior drank at the last supper that he partook of with his disciples. After his crucifixion "the gentle knight," Joseph of Arimathea, brought it with him into England, where he founded the Abbey of Glastonbury, and where he abode many years. After his death it remained long in the custody of his descendants, and by its beneficent presence shed peace and plenty over all the land.

But the guardian of the Sangreal must be pure in thought, in word, and in deed; and at last it befell that a young monk, to whose charge it was committed, forgot his vow, and it vanished from the sight of men; and then over all the land came down the iron age of violence, and oppression, and distress. At last Arthur ruled over the people, and brought back somewhat of happiness and prosperity.

One day, when all the Knights of the Round Table were feasting with the King at Camelot, a soft radiance suddenly illumined the hall, and the air was filled with sweet odors, and there entered the room the Holy Grail, veiled in robes of samite, and passed slowly down the apartment.

Then up rose in his seat Sir Gawaine, the Courteous Knight, and vowed a solemn vow to go upon the pilgrimage of the Sangreal, and one after another the rest of the knights followed his example.

Then appeared an old man leading by the hand a youthful knight of fair countenance, and the old man said, "Peace be with you, fair sirs! I bring here a young knight of the line of Joseph of Arimathea"—and the name of the knight was Sir Galahad.

Now at the Round Table there were twelve seats for the twelve disciples, and one for the traitor Judas, and in that seat none had ever ventured to sit, since a bold Saracen who placed himself therein was swallowed up; and it was called the Siege Perilous from that day.

But there sat Sir Galahad unharmed, and on the table before him appeared these words: "This is the seat of Sir Galahad, the good knight." And they marveled greatly and said, "Surely this is he who shall achieve the adventure of the Sangreal."

The knights then celebrated a solemn mass, and set forth each upon his own way to seek the Holy Grail. Many a strange adventure had they; but we will see what befell two of them—Sir Launcelot du Lac, the bravest and most accomplished knight of the Round Table, and Sir Galahad, the youngest of them all.

Sir Launcelot du Lac wandered on through pathless forests, and came at last to a stone cross, near which was an old chapel; and looking through a chink in the wall, he espied an altar richly decked with silk, and on it a tall, branched candlestick of pure silver, bearing lighted tapers.

Here he fain would have entered, but there was no door, and sad at heart he laid him down upon his shield beneath a tree at the foot of the cross. And as he lay between sleeping and waking, there came a sick knight borne in a litter, who lamented and complained, crying, "O, sweet Lord, how long shall I suffer thus before the blessed cup shall appear to ease my pain?"

And then Sir Launcelot saw the candlestick come out before the cross, and the Holy Grail with it, borne on a salver by invisible hands, and the knight was healed of his disease; and then the tapers and the cup returned into the chapel, and all was dark.

The knight kneeled before the cross and gave thanks; and as he arose he beheld Sir Launcelot sleeping, and wondered that he could rest thus, while the holy vessel was present near him. "I trow," said his squire, "that this man is guilty of sins of which he repenteth now, and hath not confessed"—and they departed, and Sir Launcelot awoke, and wept and sorrowed until the birds sang at the daybreak.

Then he arose and wandered on until he came to a place where dwelt a saintly hermit, and to him he confessed his sins; and the hermit absolved him, and ordered him to perform a severe penance; and Sir Launcelot abode with him for a day, and repented him sorely.

And it chanced that one night, when the moon shone clearly, he came to a great castle, guarded by two lions. And as he entered he laid hand upon his sword, but it was smitten out of his grasp, and a voice said, "O, man of evil faith, trustest thou more in thine arms than in thy Maker?"

And Sir Launcelot crossed himself, the lions suffered him to pass by unharmed, and he came at last to a chamber where the door was shut, and within a voice sweeter than any mortal's sang, "Joy and honor to the Heavenly Father!" As he kneeled down and prayed, the door opened, and all around was a wondrous bright-

ness, and a voice said, "Enter not, Sir Launcelot!"

And in the chamber he beheld a table of silver, and on it the Sangreal, veiled in red samite. And about it stood a throng of angels holding a cross, and the tapers and ornaments of the altar.

In joy and amazement Sir Launcelot forgot the command, and stepped forward to enter the room, but a hot breath smote him to the ground, he felt himself lifted up, borne away, and laid upon a bed, where he lay for twenty-four days; and in his sleep he saw many a vision of strange and wondrous things. When he awoke, and told those about him of what he had seen, they said to him, "Sir, you have seen all that you shall see, and the quest of the Sangreal is ended for you."

Then Sir Launcelot returned thanks unto God for the favors that had been vouchsafed him, and arose, put on his armor, and took himself to the court of King Arthur, where he was received with great joy.

Sir Galahad rode forth without a shield upon his journey, and for four days he met with no adventure, till on the fifth he came to a great white abbey, where he met two knights, who told him that within that place was a shield that none might wear save he alone who was worthy.

On the morrow they heard mass, and afterward rode to where the shield was hanging; when one of the knights called King Baydemagus, took it and hung it about his neck. Then came riding a knight clothed in white armor, who tilted with King Baydemagus, overthrew him, and wounded him sorely, for the shield slipped from his shoulder and refused to cover him.

The next day Sir Galahad put on the shield, when it hung in its place. He then rode to the place of meeting, and asked of the white knight a solution of the mystery.

The latter replied, "This is the shield of the gentle knight, Joseph of Arimathea, and when he died he declared that none should ever after safely bear it, save only the good knight Sir Galahad, the last of his line, who should perform many wondrous deeds;" and speaking thus the white knight vanished from sight.

Many great deeds did Sir Galahad, and many a lonely heath, many a gloomy forest, many a pleasant countryside, and many a town, did he visit in his wanderings, till at last he came to the borders of the sea, guided by a gentlewoman, the sister of Sir Perceval, a brother Knight of the Round Table.

There he found a vessel in which were Sir

Bohort and Sir Perceval, who welcomed him warmly. They afterward passed over the sea to two great rocks, where was a fearful whirlpool; and there lay another ship, by stepping on which they might gain the land. The three knights went on board, Sir Galahad first.

Here they beheld the table of silver and the Holy Grail, veiled in red samite; they all kneeled before it, and Sir Galahad prayed that whenever he should desire to die, his prayer might be granted. Then was heard a voice saying, "Galahad, thou shalt have thy wish; and when thou desirest the death of thy body, it shall be granted thee and thou shalt find the life of thy soul."

The ship now began to drive before the wind till it came to the city of Sarras. There the knights took the silver table out of the ship, Sir Bohort and Sir Perceval going first and Sir Galahad behind. On reaching the city gates they met a man upon crutches, and Sir Galahad called him to come and help to carry the table; when the cripple arose and bare it with Sir Galahad, although it was ten years that he had not walked without aid.

The king of that city had just died, and in the midst of the council a voice cried out bidding them choose as ruler the youngest of the three strangers. When Sir Galahad was chosen king, he commanded a chest to be made of gold and jewels, wherein he placed the Sangreal, and every day he and his comrades kneeled down and prayed before it.

When it was a year to a day that Sir Galahad had reigned in that country, he and his friends came to do homage to the holy vessel, and behold, there kneeled before it a man in shining raiment surrounded by a multitude of angels; and he rose up and said to Sir Galahad, "Come, servant of the Lord, and thou shalt see what thou hast long desired to see." And when the king beheld him, he trembled and the stranger said,

"Knowest thou me?"

"Nay," replied Sir Galahad.

And the man said, "I am Joseph of Arimathea, whom the Lord hath sent to bear thee fellowship."

Then Sir Galahad lifted up his hands to heaven and said, "Now, blessed Lord, if it pleaseth thee, I would no longer desire to live."

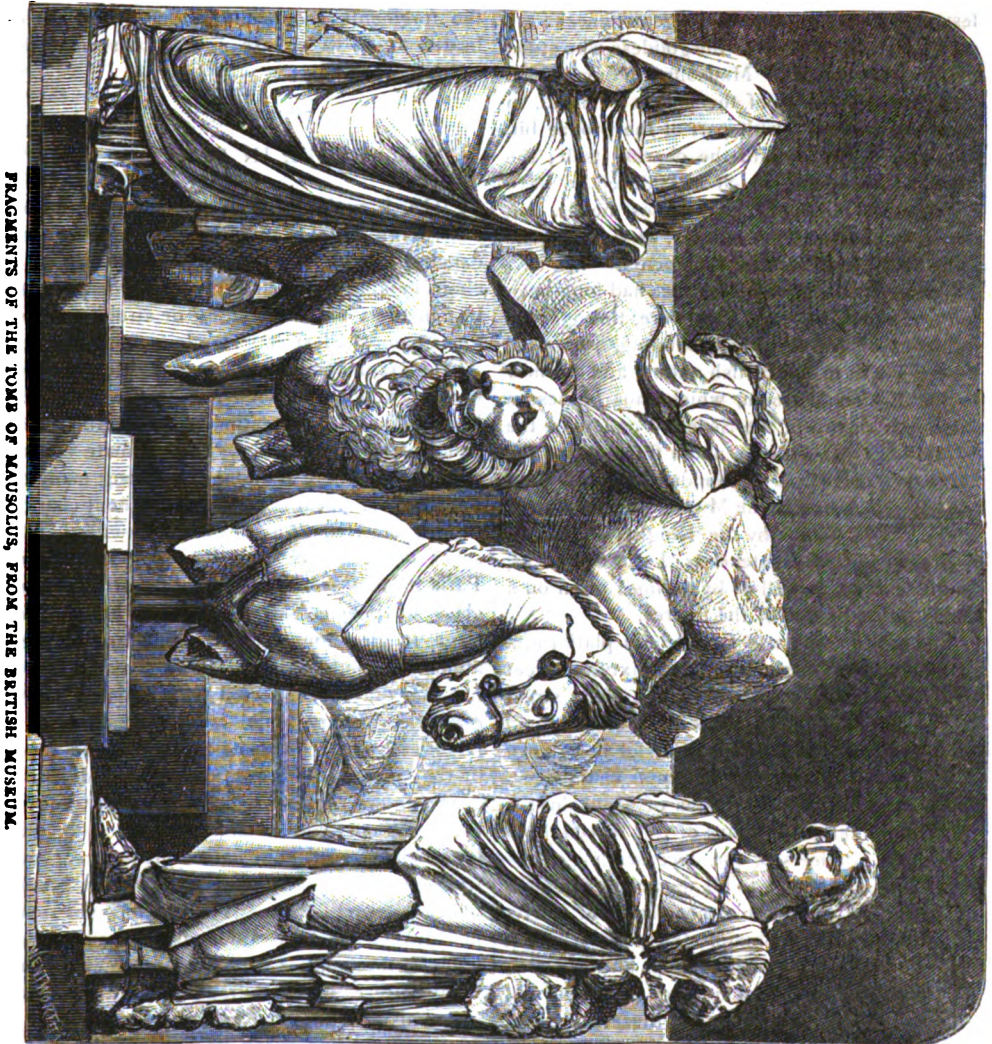
Then he kissed his two companions, and commended them to God, and kneeled down before the Sangreal and prayed; and before their eyes a multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, and a hand came from above and took the Sangreal up out of their sight; and no mortal man has ever since beheld it.

THE TOMB OF KING MAUSOLUS.

KING MAUSOLUS, the oldest of the three sons of Hecatomnus, the wealthiest of the Carian dynasty, died B. C. 353, when his widow, Artemisia, mixed the ashes of her husband with wine, which she drank, and erected to his memory at Halicarnassus—now Budrum—a superb tomb, which was esteemed one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and, by its artistic

celebrity, has given the name of *Mausoleum* to tombs and sepulchers of stately character.

The tomb of Mausolus was designed by the architects Satyros and Pythias; the names of the sculptors were the celebrated Scopas of Paros, and Bryaxis, Timotheus, Lochares, and also Pythols; and we know the part of the structure which each of the sculptors embellished with his work. Artemisia died before the monument was completed, when the artists



FRAGMENTS OF THE TOMB OF MAUSOLUS, FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

are said to have finished the work for their own honor and the glory of art. Strabo in the first century, Pausanias in the second century, Gregory of Nazianzen in the fourth, Constantine Porphyrogenitus in the tenth, and Eudocia in the eleventh centuries, respectively speak of the Mausoleum in terms which imply that it was still existing during these periods; while Fon-

tanus, the historian of the siege of Rhodes, states that a German knight, named Henry Schelegellot, constructed the citadel at Budrum out of the Mausoleum, and decorated the walls with its marbles and bas-reliefs.

To the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Newton, the keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum, the world owes

the recovery of the best part of the remains of this famous tomb. They consist chiefly of a large portion of the frieze—one of the slabs preserves its original sharpness of sculpture in a remarkable manner—several of the lions which stood in the intercolumniations; the head of a lion, treated in the best style of art, and for which Mr. Newton paid a dollar! part of a colossal equestrian statue finely modeled, probably one of the corner decorations; the statue of Mausolus himself, of which, however, Professor Westmacott doubts the genuineness; the companion statue, that of the goddess who stood in the quadriga with Mausolus, acting as his charioteer; portions of the horses; a head, in very fine condition, with part of the bronze bit, etc., and a fragment of the chariot itself; the head of the statue, which is believed to have represented Artemisia, and torsos, heads, and pieces of several other statues, as well as portions of the architectural ornaments.

The existence of these marbles had long been known, when, in 1846, they were, through the influence of Sir Stratford Canning, presented by the Turks to the British nation, and are now in the British Museum, which thus possesses fragments of two of the Seven Wonders of the World—the Mausoleum, and a fragment of the carving of one of the Pyramids of Egypt. That the bas-reliefs now in the Museum were inserted in the Budrum walls by the Knights of Rhodes is proved by the escutcheons, Latin sentences, and date 1510, as well as by an inscription on a shield borne by one of the figures.

The entire tomb was raised on a platform, a parallelogram, four hundred and sixty-nine feet on the outside, in the center of the finest street of the city which Mausolus himself delighted in—Halicarnassus, now the cheerful little town of Budrum. It comprised a small chamber in the basement for the remains of Mausolus; a *podium*, or temple, upward of fifty feet high, in which the admirers of the deceased might assemble to pay homage to his memory; a *pteron*, or colonnade, above this, consisting of thirty-six graceful Ionic columns, thirty-seven and a half feet high; a pyramid of steps and pedestal, with a base one hundred and eight feet long and eighty-six wide, resting upon these columns; and on the top of all a colossal group, representing the apotheosis of Mausolus—Mausolus carried to heaven by his favorite goddess in a chariot drawn by four horses abreast. At the corners of the basement, and level with the ground, were placed colossal groups of sculpture; above, between the columns, deities and heroes reclined, while lions and other animals guarded the *cella*. The material was Parian

marble, parts being colored, some pure red, the others pure blue. When Anaxagoras saw this costly work he exclaimed, "How much money is here changed into stone!"

From the description of this monument by Pliny has been modeled the upper part of the steeple of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, London, the surmounting figure, instead of Phaëton, being that of George I in Roman armor.

In the illustration we have a view of some of the fragments grouped together of this celebrated tomb, which are now to be seen in the British Museum.

LIFE IN PARIS.

THE Frenchman finds his pleasure out-of-doors, in the cafés, in the singing and dancing gardens, in the parks, sitting on a chair, looking at the flowers and at the passers-by; in the theaters at night, or strolling along the Champs Elysées. He does not envy his Anglo-Saxon neighbors their domestic life. The fireside would be tedious, if such a thing existed. That is the estimate most Americans will make of Paris life. The estimate is true and false. There is home life among many of the French; but it is not the prominent characteristic of Paris. Americans see chiefly the absence of it, unless they live long enough in Paris to gain access to the homes of the better class of people. Most Parisian houses are large lodging-houses, where you are allowed almost absolute privacy. The inmates know but one official connected with it; that is the *conciERGE*. Every house is entered through a large archway. Adjacent to this is the room of the *conciERGE*, always a woman of middle life. None enters or passes out without her knowledge. When you establish yourself in her house she records your name, birth-place, country, age, and occupation. It is a part of the police system of Paris. You pay for your room in advance, at such rates as you can agree upon beforehand, ranging all the way from thirty to three hundred francs a month, according to accommodations and quarter of the city. If you would live cheap go south of the Seine. If you are a bachelor establish yourself in the Latin Quarter, near the Pantheon or the Gardens of the Luxemborg. There you will see French life as it is; there you will be able to see the student life of Paris. There are abundance of good restaurants where you can obtain a breakfast or a dinner, consisting of soup, one plate of meat, one plate of vegetables, half

bottle of wine, bread "at discretion," and a dessert, for from one to two francs. Many live in this quarter for a dollar a day, and even less, by practicing such economy as the poorer class of students practice. Here you are within a few minutes' walk of the colleges of law, and medicine, and theology; the grand old Cathedral of Notre Dame, and of the Garden of Plants, with its rich botanical and zoological collections; of the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg and the Theatre Oden. Here also you will be above the Catacombs, those vast under-ground receptacles of millions of dead. Here, too, from the dome of the Pantheon, the highest elevation in Paris, you have the grandest views of the city and its suburbs; within, you have the never-ending services of the Church, calling incessantly upon the votaries of pleasure in the midst of life to remember their mortality. Here, all around you, is that institution of semi-marriage, known only among Parisian students. Near at hand, also, is the Seine, most beautiful of rivers that flow through the heart of a great city. Through this whole region passes the Boulevard St. Nickel, with its palatial buildings and broad pavements.

North of the Seine, as north of the Thames, you come into the region of high prices, of resplendent shop-windows, of the centers of fashion and dissipation for the foreigner. You are in the region of the Grand Hotel, that huge Caravan Serai, chiefly patronized by Americans and English, with its miles of halls, its rooms for 1,200 guests, its gorgeous dining hall, with waiters in white kids; its large reading-room, covered with Paris dailies, and the London *Times*, *Telegraph*, and *Star*; its central court filled with chairs and little stands, about which John Bull and Jonathan are drinking their coffee or smoking—all overarched with a glass roof in an iron framework.

Southward outside the hotel, which is somewhat triangular in form, and faces three streets, is the Boulevard des Italiens, once, as the name would seem to imply, the head-quarters of the modern Romans, but now usurped by all the world. This is the gayest thoroughfare of all Paris. It is very wide, with very broad sidewalks, adorned with trees planted along the border. Along the Boulevard and its extensions are the costly luxuries of Parisian handiwork, displayed at the windows in such manner as to attract the newly-rich, who covet diamonds and cashmere shawls, silks and satins, tapestry and porcelain, silver-ware and Oriental carpets, as the outward insignia of their wealth. At the Grand Hotel you are within three minutes' walk of the Madeleine, that glorious church, modeled

after the model of the Parthenon; within five of the Place Vendôme, with its lofty monument, made out of the cannon taken by Napoleon in his German campaign of 1804; within ten of the Palace of the Tuilleries, where live Napoleon and Eugenie, and where in the Gardens, from five to six every afternoon, the grand military band of the emperor discourses daily the delicious music of Gluck, of Gounod, of Meyerbeer, of Mozart, of Weber, and all the master-spirits of music; within ten of the Place de la Concorde, where two fountains are ceaselessly playing, as if intent on washing out the many blood-stains of the guillotine, which here butchered Louis XVI, Charlotte Corday, Robespierre, Danton, and 2,800 others, in a little more than two years, from January 21, 1793, to May 3, 1795.

Would you ride about Paris? Here are the cheapest vehicles in the world. Paris is traversed in every direction by omnibuses that hold fourteen inside and twelve outside. A convenient map is published by the omnibus company, showing you all the routes and their connections. For the privilege of driving five hundred omnibuses through Paris the company pays the government a million francs a year. If an omnibus is too slow or too plebeian for you, there are ten thousand other vehicles which you may hire at from one and a half to two francs an hour, with an inevitable "*pour boire*" of a sou or two thrown in for the driver. But the top of an omnibus is the place whence to see Paris. Mounting the steps at the rear end, you sit back to back, looking at the sides of the streets as you pass by. In a moment the conductor of the omnibus mounts after you, with a "Pay for your place, gentlemen, if you please." The "if you please" is never omitted, no matter how low you may descend in the social scale. "*Merci*" and "*S'il vous plait*" are always on a Frenchman's tongue. For three sous, or four cents, you can ride to the end of the route. For six sous you get a ticket, "*correspondence*," which takes you on any other route in connection. If you get inside you pay six sous, with or without correspondence, as you choose. On the omnibus is, "*Liberte, egalite, fraternite*"—that is, first come, first served. There is no crowding, no cramming. An omnibus can carry so many, no more. If you would learn wisdom ascend to the tops of omnibuses, those elysiums for the weary poor, those lookouts for the curious stranger. Here there are no women; they must all go inside. But here is the talkative, smoking Frenchman. He will interpret the little French you may talk as a profound knowledge of the language, and will rattle on

at a racer's pace, until he sees the clouds of blank ignorance and despair gathering upon your face. Then his enthusiasm dies out, and he either talks slowly, or resigns himself to unhappy silence, wondering why all the world does not know French. Possibly he resigns himself to his evening paper, and therein reads about the theaters, about the musical concerts, about the various kings, emperors, princes, dukes, queens, and princesses, which Napoleon has succeeded in enticing to his gay capital.

No city in the world probably has such a multiplicity of street cries as Paris—perched on to omnibus, as you pass from one quarter of the city toward the outskirts, the cries of venders of fruit, of vegetables, and little articles of handicraft, increase in number. To my ears there is deep melancholy in the appeals of these wandering Parisians. It is the voice of the French Revolution—it is the battle-cry that the poor of Paris sometimes raise when the struggle for bread begins. And thus will Paris unfold its outward self to you. You will see its bright, airy Boulevards, and its narrow, dirty streets. You will see its gay pleasure-seekers, and will catch glimpses of its miserable and its poor. You will pass its cafés, rejoicing in lusty life, and its hospitals, filled with the suffering. You will contrast its theaters and its prisons. If you go far enough eastward you will penetrate beyond the Bastille, among the manufactories and work-shops. You will see where other revolutions may be quietly brewing, waiting another opportunity to gratify the French thirst for blood.

But Paris by night is pre-eminently Paris. There are not wanting books that promise to admit the stranger into its mysteries. But these are unnecessary. Every-where you are safe, far more so I believe than wandering through London. The police are omnipresent, and Paris is just now content. Let us, then, visit the Summer Dancing Gardens. These are what many an American, I fear, will chiefly remember of his visit to Paris. Nominally it is Terpsichore who presides, but it is well understood that another goddess receives homage also. "There," says the enthusiastic guide-book, "under the green trees and amidst the glories of a thousand gas-jets, every youthful heart beats with a more fiery pulse, every bewitching eye is still more entrancing, every blooming cheek yet more blooming!" "There," says the astounded American, "you will see the most beautiful young women of the demi-monde dancing in a style that puts womanly modesty to shame. There you will see thousands of young men and girls." This is enough.

Mabille! Mabille! That is the magic word, and Saturday night is a festal night. Situated near the Champs Elysées, it is easily accessible. It was established in 1831, and from being, for many years, a dancing garden, with a half-franc admission, it has grown to be the great fashionable resorts of the "lorettes" or "cocottes" of Paris. Here no "grisettes" come. This would be endangering their fragile reputation. In 1847 the proprietor, Mabille, spent 500,000 francs in making this garden, in beauty and elegance the most attractive in all Europe. Since then it has been growing in attractiveness, until now it is one of the best types of "modern civilization" in Paris.

The Garden is not large, but on entering, the long succession of gaslights makes a genuine artistic background, that suggests an almost endless continuation. Shortly you turn to the left, passing through a blooming avenue of trees and flowers, and are, at once, in the center of all this wildering blaze of ten thousand gas-jets and in the presence of the central orchestra of fifty performers. Around it is a hard beaten floor of sand, on which the dancing is conducted. Here four or five groups have made as many rings, within which two couples are dancing. Both male and female are probably hired to dance by the proprietor. But certainly there can be nothing so remarkable in all that, you say. Wait a moment. The dancing attraction of Mabille is all in the *Can-can*. This is a wild, aboriginal dance. Then are witnessed those violent gymnastics of feet and legs that are nowhere visible out of France, unless it be among the Bushmen of South Africa. You stand on the edge of the ring, and suddenly the gleam of a dancer's foot is in your very face, or your neighbor's hat is rolling in the sand.

It is not alone in the dancing, however, that Mabille has its attractions, for, of late years, there is but little dancing, and this is chiefly done by hired persons. It is the resort on festal nights of the aristocracy, of the "demi-monde," that half-world, which, in Paris, hovers midway, only, between respectability and shame. On every side, seated, wandering along the illuminated paths, or clustered about drinking-tables, at the further end, are the short-lived women, whose ways in Paris, as elsewhere, literally "take hold on hell." They are dressed in the latest and often most eccentric style, many of them in garments hired for the evening. All the blandishments of female beauty, gotten up with pencils for the eye, "rose d'Armide" for the cheeks, powders for the complexion, carmine for the lips, "*nymphia blanche en liqueur*" for the shoulders, are before you.

This is their trap. They affect smiles and heavenly rapture. They feebly attempt to impersonate both the beauty and the innocence of an angel. It is the old story, however. They could not conceal their restlessness, their anxiety. Their eyes wander to and fro as if seeking some one. To the man who will look at it rightly, it is a ghastly spectacle of painted women, who exhaust, by dissipation and excitement, the few golden days of their beauty, only to die in a hospital before they are thirty, or to drag out a miserable age. Nowhere are youth and beauty in a woman such dangerous and such potent gifts as in Paris. Beauty is worshiped as long as it lasts. In these, at the Mabille, your inexperienced youth looks, possibly, for hearts. Alas! there are they who have no hearts, or at most "marble hearts." They estimate their victims in francs alone, and yet, shall I say it, if they are like craters, long burnt out, is not man largely at fault? It is only the old story of war between the weak and powerful, the former employing artifice instead of strength.

But the Mabille is gotten up especially for the foreigner. Here you do n't see the Parisian in his natural state. Go to the Bullier, near the observatory and at the end of the Luxembourg Gardens. Here you see young enthusiasm and a genuine French devotion to pleasure, such as you do n't see in the glittering Mabille. There five francs admit you, here but one is needed. The Garden is not large, but amply sufficient for the crowds that stream into it. The dancing is in great contrast with the tame, hired shuffling of feet in its aristocratic rival. Here it is wild beyond all description. Each attempts to outdo the other in crazy whirling and capering, twisting and jumping. Here the "Cancan" is seen as a spontaneous production and not nurtured by money as in the Mabille. The Bullier has its "great" and its "little" days. Saturday, Saturday night, and Monday night, the Latin Quartier turns out the students and their grisettes who have to play the part of a faithful one to several of their lovers. Here are they who toil not and spin not, and who except in innocence bear a slight resemblance to the lilies of the field. Like them, too, they bloom for a brief Summer, and are swept away by the cold winds of advancing age. Always piquant, often with charms of beauty, their chief occupation is converting gold into silver and silver into nothing, with a rapidity quite surprising. On Sunday night, however, this Garden has its festal night. Then wildness and excess rule the hour, and all goes merry as a wedding bell.

There are similar places in various parts of the city, all enjoying more or less reputation with the Parisians or with the foreign world. Each is frequented by its special class of persons, each having its special merits or defects, according to the taste of the individual. Here the natural results of that socialism which so pervades Paris life are seen more prominently. Ostensibly, in all these Summer balls, it is dancing which is the attraction. In reality, it is another divinity that is here worshiped. All this asks no apology here. It is not crowded out of public sight, as it would be in other lands, if it were even allowed to exist at all. The spirit of it all is totally foreign to Anglo-Saxon life. It is the peculiarity of Latin civilization. It is not my province to decry or to preach. I merely paint the picture, not in overdrawn or prejudicial colors, I trust, but simply as it presents itself to any careful observer. In Anglo-Saxon countries the Summer balls would be scenes of rowdiness and pugilism. The irrepressible animal would assert itself in noisy, coarse, often brutal exhibitions. Not so here. French courtesy has penetrated the lowest strata of life, and nowhere at these Summer balls will there be any thing to offend, unless it be the singular freedom there is between the sexes. But enough for this time. I have given you the outlines, you can do the moralizing or philosophizing at your leisure.

"WHY DID N'T SOME ONE SPEAK TO HIM?"

"PLEASE hasten to the house of Mr. M. Their oldest son has died very suddenly, and they wish to see their pastor." That message sunk into my soul like lead, for I was afraid the boy was not prepared to die, and that his parents had no grace to support them in their bitter and sudden bereavement.

In a few moments I stood beside the lifeless form of one of our Sabbath-school boys. Samuel was an amiable lad. For several years he had been a regular attendant of the church and Sabbath-school. He was respectful and obedient to his parents, attentive to his teacher, kind to his playmates, and deservedly a favorite with all who knew him. But he had in life given no proof, that he was a Christian, and at the early age of seventeen he had suddenly died, and left no evidence in his last moments that he had experienced the great change. The only hope was that he had heard the truth, and, unknown to others, he might have trusted in Jesus.

His parents, alas! were careless people, who

had paid more attention to worldly matters than to religion. They had no seat in the house of God, and evinced no regard for the sanctuary and the Sabbath day. They loved their children, but delegated the care of their spiritual and immortal interests to other people. But now they are awake from this strange reverie. They stand aghast beside the corpse of their first-born. How can they believe he is dead? Only three days ago he was apparently as well as ever. An insidious disease laid hold of the youth, and in a delirium he died!

"O!" said the distracted mother, wringing her hands in the most intense agony, "O, that I could have heard him say he died happy! O, that some person had talked with him before his sickness, and could testify, as the result of the conversation, that my boy trusted in Christ! *Why did n't some one speak to him?*"

With thrilling effect that piercing eye met mine, and that pitiful wail of a disconsolate Rachel entered my ear. I blessed God, however derelict I had been in other instances, that heart-rending complaint did not convict me. Only a short period previous to that time had I entered upon my present pastorate, and never before had I seen the boy to recognize him.

But I thought, Here is a great lesson for me and others to learn. As I turned from that chamber of death, I thought, While life is prolonged, while health is robust, while youth lingers with its sunshine and gayety, how often the Christian neglects to speak to one over whom he might exert a powerful and beneficial influence! And all the while the precious opportunity to save that immortal being from eternal perdition is passing away! The sands of life are rapidly dropping—perhaps the last is just about to fall—but the Christian procrastinates, and soon, as he stands beside the bier, or at the grave, the words ring in his ear and sting him with remorse—"Too late!"

"*Why did n't some one speak to him?*" Ah! who is guilty of neglect? The *parent*—the kind, tender parent, who makes careful provision for the temporal welfare of the child—ought he not also to have a regard for his spiritual and eternal interests? When the fond mother weeps over the mortal remains of her child, can she cast off all responsibility for his salvation upon others? Certainly not. It was her duty, above all others, to teach his infant lips to lisp the Savior's name, to accustom him from early childhood to pray and read God's holy Word, and herself lead him to the sanctuary. It was her duty, above all others, to talk to him personally and pointedly about his sinfulness and need of redemption through Jesus Christ, and

use every effort in her power to lead him into the kingdom. The fact that she is not a professing Christian is no excuse. She ought to be, and can be, a true disciple of Jesus, and a humble, consistent member of his Church. And her neglect to perform this duty will never serve as a plea for neglecting the other. And the same thing is true with reference to the father. He has no right to let his children grow up without endeavoring by his example to teach them the power of true religion, and, by prompt and judicious influence, striving to lead them to Christ.

O, parents, neglect not your beloved offspring. Begin early to bend the twig. Begin early, because the younger the child is, the more easily he is influenced. Begin early, because the younger he is, the less delicate will be the work you have to perform, and the better heart you will have to engage in it. Begin early, for life is uncertain, and ere you are aware you may be forced to bury your dead out of your sight. Or, it may be, the summons to depart will sound in your own ear, and as you reluctantly obey the call, your heart will be filled with anguish, not only for your own welfare, but also for the eternal interests of your neglected children.

"*Why did n't some one speak to him?*" Perhaps this inquiry convicts you of negligence, Sabbath-school teacher. You go each holy day to meet your interesting, youthful charge—go prayerfully, go intelligently, and perhaps, to the best of your ability, explain the Scriptures. But do you eagerly seize every opportunity to speak to each dear pupil plainly and affectionately about his soul, and urge him to give his heart unto God?

"*Why did n't some one speak to him?*" Are your skirts clean, pastor? As you perform sacred services over the dead, does conscience utter no upbraidings? It is impossible for the pastor, especially in the busy city, to see every member of his flock, and point him individually to Jesus. Yet because it is an impossibility to see all, is there not danger that the man of God will grow careless, and act upon the principle that he can not see or influence personally any; that all he can do is to stand in the pulpit and draw the bow at a venture; that the work of riveting truth by conversation upon the mind and heart, belongs to others, not to him? And surely if he reasons thus in his mind, or acts upon this principle in his ministerial life, he is wrong. Our Savior and his apostles came in close contact with the people, talked to them individually as well as preached to them in promiscuous crowds; and so must the ministry now, so far as possible.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER VII.

FATS, MEATS, SOUPS, EGGS, ETC.

THERE is perhaps no more convincing proof of our lack of nice discrimination in the matter of wholesome food than the way in which we treat most things in the line of pastry. Understanding by common repute that they are hurtful, we still boldly risk the ultimate consequences, if the stomach will only consent to take them in and dispose of them in some way. Nay, we seldom reason so far as to suppose that there may be any "ultimate consequences" beyond the stomach, and the injury to that we gauge by our immediate feelings. There seems to be a prejudice rather than an intelligent conviction against pies and cake. Men eat them to-day and eschew them to-morrow. Mothers at one time refuse them to their children, alleging that they are hurtful, but anon we find them giving the innocents the very same hurtfuls, perhaps even as a reward; and the grand-mamas and the aunts, when they wish specially to please the little ones, are sure to hold up a piece of cake as a bonus. These practical contradictions form one of those curiosities that would be exceedingly amusing, were they not indicative of profound ignorance on so important a question.

A few sensible persons, it is true, systematically reject pies and cakes, but even they often take other things which violate the same principle. We shall hardly find one in five hundred who can point out the physiological law which they transgress. This is simply because they have not studied the process of digestion, or, if so, that they have not intelligently put together the two well-established facts, that the gastric juice does not digest fats, while it is the indispensable solvent of all farinaceous and fibrous food. Consequently, when this food descends into the stomach, with fats not only mixed into and coated over it, but driven through and fixed into it by heat, how is the gastric juice to gain access to its own proper objects of action through the impervious oily coating? The oil is supposed to be acted upon after it leaves the stomach, but the food can not go with it to get the entangling alliance undone, or if so, it loses all chance of digestion, for here in the stomach is its only proper solvent. What is to be done?

I believe physiologists are not quite agreed as to what is done. Some say that the stomach, by its muscular action, beats out the fat and then acts upon the food. How difficult a task this must be any one may convince himself by trying to wash the fat out of a piece of pie-crust

with his fingers, though they can evidently apply themselves far more forcibly than the muscles of the stomach. If this be the true state of things, we can readily see how all shortened food overtaxes the stomach, and induces dyspepsia with all its attendant train of evils. Other physiologists say that the emulsion of fats is effected in the stomach by the introduction of gall, the duct for which enters the duodenum a few inches below. In this case, if the gall and the gastric juice could work together harmoniously—which is by no means certain—the stomach would still have a much more difficult task to perform than it would if the fat were not cooked into the food. This explains, for example, why pie-crust and crullers are so much worse than bread and butter, why fried meats are so much more difficult of digestion than broiled. If people who care for health would remember this they would much more frequently know what to avoid, and they would also be able to give an intelligent reason for avoiding all such food for themselves and their children.

The stomach does not always rebel at once; it is very patient, and, as one might say, it tries to do the most unreasonable tasks silently even at its own expense; but such tasks always tell sooner or later on its ability to serve us; and if we are wise masters we will not, for our own sake, tax so indispensable a servant unreasonably. We give it hard work enough at best, through our ignorance, and in eating things that we may sometimes be obliged to eat when we can not get wholesome food. We ought to be very grateful that in such emergencies the stomach can adapt itself somewhat to circumstances, rather than permit us to starve; but to tax, nay, outrage this wonderful adaptability for a moment's tickling of the palate, is unworthy of an enlightened conscience. In looking through the catalogue, especially of cooked farinaceous food, we will be surprised at how few articles can be found free from this hurtful characteristic—scarcely one on the baker's counter excepting bread. It will therefore need constant watchfulness to avoid injuring ourselves with these hurtful things, and some test of the presence of shortening is desirable, especially to the gentlemen who will not recognize it by the eye or the palate so readily as will the ladies. If a crumb of the suspected article be pressed upon white paper it will, if shortened much, leave an oily stain.

The excuse given for this wholesale deterioration of food is, that it is done to make it tender. But this would never have seemed necessary to any considerable degree, if the flour had not first been tampered with. Having lost that

which would have made it tender and light—if properly cooked—something also must be put in to supply the deficiency.

As to the dietetic value of fat there is very little accurate popular information. The farmer thinks that his fat pork "sticks by him the longest" of any thing, and it certainly is a long while digesting. It makes its presence felt in the stomach some hours, but that is no proof that it imparts a proportionate degree of strength; rather the contrary. However, this prejudice is decaying gradually. Our progressive, reading farmers and their families eat more fresh lean meats than formerly; but they also eat more shortened and constipating food, so that what they gain in one way they lose in another.

The Esquimaux are frequently quoted as eaters of fat, and it is true that they eat it in immense quantities; but this very fact proves that this substance can not be very nutritious, so the more they eat the worse the argument. It is well known that, in consequence of the vigorous action of the vital powers in a cold climate, fat can be worked off with less injury to the system than in hot climates, where such eating would speedily prove fatal. But the effects of this much quoted diet are not to be envied even by the quoters. Neither the intellectual nor the physical condition of these Esquimaux is desirable, and Captain Hall asserts that they are now rapidly dying off with consumption. But it is not even certain that they could sustain life by the fat alone, for they also eat much lean muscle and some sea-weed. Our Arctic explorers do not copy them so much in eating candles and blubber as in eating their meat raw, and in their devices for keeping out the cold.

Perhaps a little inquiry into the nature of fat will aid us here. It is not fibrous nor muscular. It contains no power or force. If eaten alone it would be a miserable and repulsive diet to us who already like its taste well enough. Wild animals commonly have no fat except in the brain, and to cushion some of the other organs, except occasionally when food is very plentiful. The same is true to some extent with domestic animals, but their opportunities for exercise are unnaturally limited, and when it is desired to fatten them their food is increased, and their chances to work it off diminished. The excess is deposited as dead matter in the loose, cellular tissue, as much as possible out of the way, until the vitality gets a chance, either through diminished nutrition or increased opportunities for exertion, to work it off and restore a healthful balance. Some contend that this excess is taken up and used as nutrition when the latter is deficient, and give for examples the hibernating

animals. It is true that these animals retire fat in the Fall and come out lean in the Spring. The fat may have served a good purpose as a warm blanket, but there is not a particle of proof that any of it has served as nourishment. We know that in cases of human starvation the fat individuals live no longer than the lean; indeed, they often die sooner.

It follows from all this that fattened animals are not so healthy as the lean, and this is further evidenced by the condition of the liver. This organ, being one of the great purifiers of the blood, is soon overtaxed by the excessive quantities of waste matter, and becomes diseased, and, as our butchers are well aware, very few fat animals are slaughtered which do not show by their diseased livers the unwholesome condition of the system. I have been credibly informed that these indications are so convincing that the butchers themselves eat much less meat than other classes of people. As to the propriety of eating such livers no one can hesitate; and livers of any kind, as well as kidneys, would be forever banished from the tables of the tasteful if they but stopped to reflect that, as depurating organs, these must always contain more or less of the peculiar secretion which it is their business to separate from the blood.

In the hog the liver is very rarely in good condition, and the fat is excessive. His enormous appetite is not select, and his habits are not active; hence, much dead matter accumulates, and we are called upon to eat it. One recent writer of some note advises us to receive him as a "good creature of God," and to "consider what he was made for." Gluttonous man argues that if he can find no other use for any thing he must needs eat it. The hog himself acts somewhat on the same principle, so that he really makes himself useful as a scavenger. He eats every thing eatable, but it does not therefore follow that we should eat him. The prohibition of the hog by Moses was reasonable as well as religious, and the prohibition of fats, all of which were to be sacrificed, stands equally approved by the light of modern physiology.

"What shall we eat then?" is the next inevitable question, as if fats and hogs, or indeed meats of any kind, form the bulk of our living. The truth is, that we are not nearly so carnivorous as we sometimes fancy. Probably very few of us ever sit down of choice to a table spread only with meats, while the most of us do sit down to at least one meal in the day without meats whatever. It is, moreover, estimated that more than half the people of the world never eat meat, though we do not find among them the nations with which we are best acquainted.

An elaborate article was recently published in one of our leading magazines trying to show that, as all the leading Christian nations used flesh meat, that article was an indispensable promoter of Christian civilization, or something to that effect. Now, with all due deference, we submit that the writer might as well have made the latter dependent upon the influences of electricity, or of the North Star, since all these nations happen to be located in the northern hemisphere. The simple and self-evident truth is, that the possession of God's Revelation only gives Christian civilization to the nations. It is physiology that teaches us the science of nutrition. From this we learn that we can get no element from animal food which the animal has not already obtained directly or indirectly from the vegetable world for its own nourishment. We may take our choice, use the nourishment when at its highest point of perfection as stored up in grains and fruits, or take it after the animal that has eaten these grains and fruits has half used it up for its own sustenance. It must be remembered that all animal tissues are in a state of change, some of the matter new and fresh, just deposited by the blood, some half used up, and so down in all degrees to that which is just ready to be thrown out. The result is that animal fiber is not so nutritious as the same weight of grain, but what is more important the innutritious matter, even in healthful muscular fiber, is dead and taxes the vitality to dispose of it, while the nutritious—not dead—vegetable matter has its part to play in the vital economy, as we have already seen exemplified in the case of the wheat bran. This tax on the vital energies is supposed to be the principal cause of the "stimulation" felt after eating meat.

Moreover, meat is an imperfect food. The muscular fiber which we eat does not contain materials for bones, ligaments, muscles, etc., in any thing like the proper proportions; hence the tendency to gluttony exhibited by fine meat eaters; they eat much of what they do not want in order to get enough of what they need, and the necessity on the part of others to supply the lacking items from the same source whence the animal obtains them from the vegetable kingdom. We notice further, that those animals which we esteem most for food eat only vegetable matter. But now, if we rush off to the other extreme and suddenly forswear all flesh meat, we shall get into trouble. The action of our stomachs is fixed by life-long habits of eating meat, and any change should be gradual. The composition of the gastric juice varies with the kind of food we give it to act upon, and in case

of a sudden change it would not be able to adapt itself at once, and extract sufficient nutriment to nourish the body in the accustomed manner. We may, however, have required and accustomed it to digest meats without being able to prove from this state of things that we belong naturally to the carnivora. Tradition and revelation, besides the habits of half the world, oppose such a conclusion. It does prove, however, that man's adaptabilities enable him, like a worthy "lord of creation," to obtain nutrition enough for the support of his existence in almost any circumstances capable of sustaining highly organized animal life. This adaptability has, no doubt, been the means of greatly promoting the settlement and replenishing of the earth from the days of Noah, when the permission was given, to the times of our own "Pilgrim Fathers," who, on more than one occasion, would have been swept away by famine if they had not been permitted to hunt in the forests and to "suck of the abundance of the seas." However, this does not forbid the supposition that some kinds of food are better adapted than others to aid man in securing the highest mental, moral, and physical development. What these classes of food may be we do not yet despair of wresting from the arcana of science. As to the "canine teeth" argument it deserves but a word, for these teeth are not nearly so much developed in man as in the quadrumana and some other animals who do not eat meat at all. Really, we never use them in eating meat, but rather as testers, the tongue carrying directly for their sharp dissection any hard substance, and especially any little seed that we may find in our food.

No doubt there are many worse things that we do dietetically than to eat meats, at least in the direct results. As to the more extended results we must needs leave them to the scientists, among whom this question is by no means settled. We probably, in this climate, eat too much meat, especially those of us who eat it three times a day. One proof of the fact of excess is, that we sometimes become almost as crazy for it as a dram-drinker for his dram. I heard an amusing instance in the case of two ministers at a camp-meeting, where, on account of some delay in the arrival of supplies, they were without meat some twenty-four hours. At last the craving became so imperious that they were obliged to resort to some excuse for leaving the grounds in order to satisfy it. Now, if they had been accustomed to eat it but once a day, they would not have found themselves so enslaved by the appetite. Men rush into habits and form appetites without reflection. Is it not

possible, and if possible is it not worthy of the dignity of and the independence of man for him to be able to make one meal, or several, on any good wholesome food without an uneasy longing for some accustomed but missing article?

We have known the change made from eating meat three times to eating it once a day much to the advantage of all concerned. In some cases soup was substituted at breakfast, which made a nutritious and comfortable dish, and, moreover, did away with the necessity for tea and coffee. The soup was made by putting about a pound of lean beef or mutton into three quarts of cold water, and simmering gently three or four hours: this extracts much more of the soluble part of the meat than when it is put into hot water. It was then skimmed closely and one cup of chopped cabbage and one cup of chopped onion were added, boiling one hour; then a cup of pearl-barley—previously cooked five or six hours—and sometimes a sprig or two of Summer savory or thyme, or a little chopped parsley, cooking ten minutes longer. If any one likes carrots, parsnips, celery, turnips, etc., cut into slices, or a cup of stewed tomato, they can easily be put in, only observing not to put in too many kinds at once, and not to mingle such things as turnips and parsnips, or celery. Cabbage and onions can hardly be dispensed with. Potatoes in small slices add to the richness, as also a little maccaroni or vermicelli; and oaten groats are much liked by some. The vegetables may be strained out or not before the farinaceous materials are added. Do not flavor highly; let each salt and pepper for himself, if he must have it. Soups once spoiled with much pepper can not be restored, and many stomachs ought not to receive this article at all. Those who like their soups thickened still more, will find wheat meal a rich addition. Eat with butter-biscuit, breakfast rolls, oatmeal breakfast cake, cracknels, or any thing else you fancy.

The French fashion of keeping the soup-boiler constantly on the stove, and throwing in any clean bits of meat, raw or cooked, is an excellent one. The richness of the soup is greatly improved, also, if the bones, especially the larger ones, should be pounded up finely and added. The soup-boiler should be set off occasionally to let the fat cool and be removed. This skimming is practiced, in one way or another, by all the best soup-makers, and it is perfectly physiological treatment. Melted fats or butter, either in soups, gravies, sauces, or on hot bread, floats on what liquid there may be in the stomach, and makes it much more difficult to be reached by the bile. Sometimes the effort

throws some of the mingled fluid up to the throat, causing that distressing symptom known as heart-burn, or water-brash. In some stages of dyspepsia, where the moisture of the food and drink is not speedily absorbed by the stomach, this symptom is common.

Pea soup and bean soup, both very excellent and nutritious, may also be used. These are to be made with the peas and beans cooked very thoroughly, as directed in No. IV, of this series. Add about one-half pint of either to one quart of water, boil till quite diffused, run through a colander, return to the fire, thicken to the taste with wheat meal—say about two heaping spoonfuls or one gill—cook five minutes, salt slightly and serve. Rye and Indian bread goes excellently well with the bean soup, and wheat meal and oatmeal with the pea soup.

The fashion of soup for breakfast is winning its way favorably in many quarters. It is found to refresh quickly, without being likely to overburden the organs with a heavy meal to be digested. The children especially enjoy it. If variety is wanted, after the meats and tea and coffee have been dismissed so long that they are no longer cared for, some of the mushes already described may be introduced, with occasionally good fresh eggs. The latter are probably the purest animal food we get, though no more digestible, when cooked up into cakes and puddings, than fat in some other forms; the yolk contains a large per cent. of fat, though in this case not dead fat; the albumen is very nutritious, though, when fried up in fat or cooked hard in any way, it is leathery, and very difficult of digestion. So we will not fry eggs nor boil them; we will pour boiling water over them, and, setting them well back on the stove, let them stand where they will not boil about seven minutes. The time required, however, will vary with the dish, and the proportions of eggs and water; but a careful cook will soon learn by experience with her own utensils. The tests of excellence will be that the white throughout will be as tender as a custard, and the yolk unstiffened, or slightly stiffened, as you choose. They may also be broken into milk and simmered slightly, and then dished on toast; but omelettes, poached eggs, and such preparations, are very unwholesome. Raw eggs are much more digestible, but, whether raw or cooked, it should be remembered that they are very nutritious, and they should always be eaten sparingly, with food containing a larger amount of waste matter.

In the selection of meat we must look first, of course, to the habits of the animal from which it was taken, and next to its health-

fulness. The latter is not always easily ascertained. If slaughtered at home you can know whether it has had air, exercise, etc., and whether the liver is in a healthful condition. Sheep being nice in their food and habits, and dying quickly when diseased, afford the healthiest meat commonly accessible; beef next, and fowls next. Of the beef the round is probably the purest; and a most excellent way to cook it is to trim off all the fat, cover it up tight in a kettle and set it over a slow fire, where it will barely simmer, five or six hours, or until perfectly tender. Remove the cover as seldom as possible, so that the aroma may not escape. Salt when done, cook it a few minutes longer, and then serve.

It would be folly to undertake to specify many dishes in this department of cooking, and, indeed, we do not think it called for, but rather to indicate some general principles to be observed in the processes already practiced. In boiling meats they should be plunged at once into boiling water, as this coagulates the albumen on the surface, and prevents, to a large extent, the escape of the juices into the water. Also, in roasting, the oven should be hot enough at first to scald the surface quickly. Basting tends to draw out the juices, or to saturate the roast with fat.

Broiling is far more desirable than frying, because the heat commonly being greater, not only is the surface quickly seared, and the juices retained, but the fiber is not so incased with fat that the stomach is injured with efforts to dissolve it. But if you would have it at its best, do not put a fork into it to let out any of its juices: use the new wire-gridiron, with handles, where the meat is put in between the wire-nettings, and it can be turned quickly and constantly without any other utensil. Any one ought to be able to broil well with such a device and a good bed of coals. But if the latter is not ready, meat can be cooked in a frying-pan very passably by remembering the principle—the quick application of heat. Have the pan hot, so as to sear the meat at once, cover close, and cook quickly. Boil thoroughly, broil lightly, and do not fry hard.

Do not salt while cooking, as that will draw out some of the juices. Add the salt afterward, but no butter nor pepper. Abjure mustard, pepper, horseradish, and all high seasonings, with meat as with other things. If your appetite is not good do not force it in this way. The benefit you gain from your food depends not so much on the amount you eat as on the amount you can profitably digest. If the stomach is in good condition it will call for all it

needs, and, if not, biting condiments will not cure it. As to taste, you will soon enjoy your food more without them than with them.

Salt meats are not nearly so nutritious as fresh. When we put salt on the meat we can see the rich juices flow out, and they are always found in the brine. Besides, the texture of the meat is changed, hardened, and rendered less digestible. Drying increases the indigestibility, so that dried beef is by no means the innocent food sometimes fancied. Smoking makes it still worse. In short, all of the substances commonly used to preserve meat against the action of the atmosphere also preserve it against the action of the gastric juice, at least until they are dissolved and washed away.

Gravies are partly a device to help us hurry down our food. If made at all they should contain no fat. The albumen, and much of the osmazome, or flavor of the meat, are found in the juice; these are wholesome, if not burned, and, if more is wanted, add some of the stock from the soup-boiler; thicken with wheat meal, and, for venison or mutton, add capers, if you like, or a little lemon juice. But a better plan is always to have prepared fruit of some kind that will harmonize with the meat, and succulent vegetables, and especially some moist dish, as beans, peas, succatash, corn, samp—the Southern hominy—or some vegetables dressed with a white sauce, made with milk, thickened with wheat meal. Then, above all things, we should eat slowly, and masticate thoroughly, and we will not only get the good out of it as we go along, but we will avoid the necessity for washing down or slipping down the food. If we will thus send proper food to the stomach, properly prepared for digestion, and stop when we have eaten enough, we shall be likely to go clear of dyspepsia.

THE PARKS OF COLORADO.

VISIT TO MIDDLE PARK.

ONE of the distinctive features of Colorado is her system of upland parks; these are generally distributed amid the mountain fastnesses of the interior. There are four large parks that constitute what is commonly understood as "*The Parks of Colorado*." These are the North, Middle, South, and San Luis Parks. They vary in size, from twenty by fifty, to one hundred by two hundred miles. North Park extends to the northern limit of the territory and within about forty miles of the Union Pacific Railroad. Its elevation is too great for an exuberant vegetation, but game is plenty, and

the streams full of trout. Middle Park lies below, separated from the North by a range of mountains. It is just across the grand "Snowy Range," that line that divides the continent, where start the rivers of the Atlantic and Pacific. Three lofty peaks are stationed near—Long's Peak at the north-east, towering 14,050 feet, Gray's Peak at the south-east, 14,251 feet, and Lincoln Peak at the south-west, frowning down from a height of nearly 14,000 feet. South Park communicates with North Park; Pike's Peak and Lincoln's Peak are situate respectively at the south and north, while the Snowy Range is left on the west. Its waters flow in the Arkansas and South Platte Rivers. The scenery is diversified, soil rich. Here Nature has been prodigal of her wealth in form and color; every-where the eye is delighted with the brilliance of flowers and foliage, the smoothness of the valleys and hills. The San Luis Park is in Southern Colorado and New Mexico. It is the largest and probably best adapted to agricultural purposes. As yet it is little visited, being the haunt of hostile Indians.

On the first of September last we started for a trip over the "Range" into the Middle Park; this is the most visited from the fame of its hot soda-springs; said to be a panacea for illness and ennui. Our party were seven—three of whom were tourists from Massachusetts, the rest, with the exception of myself, Coloradians. There are several passes by which to reach Middle Park—all precipitous and rough. During the past Summer the experiment has been made of taking horses and wagons over; this is found barely practicable on the Boulder Pass alone.

One of our number, W. B. Walling, an old Coloradian, who had been over the route before, acted as guide and furnished the outfit of horses and accouterments. Following his advice we should have ridden ponies and packed an extra number with our provisions and other necessities; but we thought what had been *once* done could be done again. Our Eastern friends were unused to equestrianism; the ladies were delicate. We thought a wagon would be convenient for our baggage and a comfortable change for ourselves when tired of horseback riding. So, with our company mounted on sturdy ponies, our wagon furnished with the necessary provision, clothing, and camping paraphernalia, all amounting to not more than a few hundred pounds, we started on a pleasant day from Central City.

The ladies, four in number, were dressed in stout alpaca dresses, water-proof cloaks, broad-brimmed hats, thick gloves and boots. The

gentlemen wore stout, serviceable suits. For the first ten or fifteen miles the road was tolerably good, then it began to ascend abruptly over rough crags and huge boulders; there was merely a track; one of the gentlemen was obliged to walk by the wagon nearly all the way and hold, with all his strength, first upon one side, then the other, to prevent its overturning, as the wheels would separately mount on immense boulders and the horses scramble painfully over. At intervals the way would become so impassable as to render it necessary to transfer the baggage to the ponies and "pack" over the bad places. Here we began to congratulate ourselves on the excellent guide and driver improvised of our versatile friend; a perfect adept in horse-knowledge—such a driver as you might dream of but never see twice in a life-time. No matter how impassable seemed the route, a gulch under one wheel and a precipice under the other, that man, kindly urging his horses, sitting firmly, with one foot on the brake and his watchful eye every-where, drove triumphantly over; and his horses seemed to partake of his determination and courage; straining every nerve and muscle, till the veins swelled and knotted beneath their glossy hides, they clambered on over the rocky steeps, the wagon jolting and bouncing after. He was a rare sportsman, who never made a false shot, but brought down his game inevitably; a man of resources and expedients; just the one to bring order out of chaos—to establish a camp, have a fire builded, tent pitched, beds made of elastic pine boughs cushioned with blankets, and all by an hour's quick work and timely direction; with the best of spirits, the most genial cheerfulness, and that happy talent of smoothing difficulties, he was just the person to general such an expedition.

The second night found us bivouacked at the foot of the "Snowy Range." Our camp was among the pines on the border of a little green plateau, where our horses found delicious pasturage. First a slanting shed was constructed, two tall trees serving for front corner-posts; this was covered with a heavy canvas, and over that were laid branches of hemlock and pine. The front was open, and right before it crackled a magnificent fire, whose high, ruddy flame lit up the evergreen lodge, the bright faces and negligent, reclining figures of the group gathered before it, the grazing horses, the heaps of saddle-bags and accouterments, while it cast in deep shadow the heavy back-ground of somber pine forest. It threatened to be stormy before morning. Right above us, beyond the timber line, swept up the barren slope of upper mount-

ain, gray with rock or white with snow; over the crest circled and eddied a storm of sleet and snow, white and silvery in the shivering moonlight. Now and then the clouds gathered and hid the mountains, then they would disperse, and the bare, bald brows stand out bleak and cold; again, over the summit would whirl the white storm in waving lines, sweeping and circling down the sides almost to the place where lay our little camp, a spot of brightness in the weird, eerie scene.

Morning came, and with it sunshine, although at intervals we could still see storms careering over the heights. The temperature was cold and the atmosphere thin at this altitude. Wrapped in cloaks and shawls we mounted our ponies, all heavily packed, in order to lighten the wagon; and now came the real trial, for we were to cross the summit of the Range to-day. Slowly and laboriously we toiled up the precipitous pitch, often delayed at some particularly ugly place to "pack" over the little remaining load. We came to look upon Mr. W. as a magician, and his horses and wagon enchanted, else what prevented them all from being dashed in pieces a hundred times? Our ladies abandoned the idea of finding comfort in *that* vehicle, and contented themselves with clinging to their saddles or picking their way on foot. The storm that had been threatening us all the morning descended; it sleeted; the wind bore down in our faces sharp as a knife; the ponies winced and the riders shivered. We drew our heavy garments around us, but the gale snatched them away like rags. The difference in the atmosphere was painfully perceptible to all, especially to those of us unfortunate enough to possess weak lungs. I was seized with violent fits of coughing, and not being able to get breath enough to walk, I had to content myself with bouncing in the wagon, while the rest trudged, panting, along, equestrianism being any thing but agreeable in that piercing cold, and amidst that tempestuous wind.

The storm temporarily abated, the sun shone out, and we stopped to rest in a little grove, the extreme outposts of the "timber line." Right before us was a nearly perpendicular pitch of considerable length, the last sharp step before we struck the rolling swell of the summit; directly beneath our feet, down an abrupt declivity of perhaps a hundred rods, lay a little valley with two tiny lakes, green as emerald, nestling in its breast; toward the north, on the upheaving slope, was an immense snow-field, stained by weather and furrowed by streams flowing from and over it into the ravine below. Above and around peak on peak towered frowning to

the sky, with ever and anon the angry storms circling round their brows.

Again we resumed the march. We had achieved the ascent of that last steep, and had before us the crossing of the broad, bleak summit, when the tempest burst again upon us. Four of our number, two ladies and two gentlemen, were walking, and so far in the rear, that before they had overtaken the wagon in which the remaining three were riding, they were completely chilled and wet with the cold rain accompanying the sleet. They thought it would be dangerous to discontinue their exercise in such a situation, and concluded to walk till the storm should slacken, riding horseback being entirely out of the question. But the storm did not slacken, the wind increased to a hurricane, the cutting sleet drove directly in our faces, the horses were blinded and refused to go; irrespective of whip or threat, they trembled and stood still. Here was an alarming predicament; however, by some process of necromancy, they were at length persuaded to go on.

Clear across the wide summit of that terrible Range we traveled that fearful day. Sometimes I thought we must surely freeze, and felt that dull lethargy that approaches after the stinging pain of the cold is past; but after we began to descend the western slope the temperature became more tolerable. Benumbed, chilled, and suffering we at length perceived before us a fire, a wagon, and, O joy! human figures. A few moments and we were by that fire with aching limbs but thankful hearts. The strangers were kind, as strangers always are in the West. The sun shone forth in the frigid weather; we had left the storm behind us.

But where were our friends? We felt considerable anxiety lest our track had covered with snow so quickly as to disable them from following us, or that fatigue and cold had overcome them. Either view was doleful; but even as we spoke the four forlorn pedestrians appeared in sight. A loud huzza was exchanged, and directly they staggered in our midst with white, pinched faces, and frozen and bedraggled garments. The ladies especially had suffered much in that long five miles tramp; one of them fainted from chill and exhaustion as soon as she came into camp. It took considerable time, strength, and brandy to revive her from the convulsive spasms that followed the fainting fit. We all felt serious results from our eventful day. We had rushed from the lap of Summer into the very jaws of Winter; but it is remarkable how much one can bear of exposure and fatigue in this wonderful country and climate. Night found us snugly encamped on the other

side, having made an additional journey of five miles over a frightful road to the warm timber of the farther slope.

The next day was fair and smiling. While winding along a narrow ridge, a turn brought before us the magnificent panorama of the Middle Park—a vast garden of grassy plateau, gentle hills, winding wooded streams, lovely groves; and all this paradise of beauty encircled by the gigantic sentinel mountains, now frosted and silvered by the storm of yesterday.

At a merry pace we descended into the waving valley. We made a noon halt on the border of a wood, gave our horses their dinners, and part of our number went to fish in a sparkling trout-stream near by, while the rest stretched themselves idly on luxuriant piles of blankets, reading or sleeping, while above their heads the tall pines soughed and sung in the upper breezes. One of our ladies had the triumph of capturing the first trout, a shining, speckled fellow, weighing nearly two pounds. After tiring ourselves fishing we joined the others, and, after partaking of a lunch, saddled up and moved on. That night, by a roaring fire, supper was served up, dainty and delicious enough for a king. How we ate! What appetites we had! The richly browned trout disappeared as if by magic. I would cordially recommend Luther Hill, Esq., of Massachusetts, favored citizen and honored legislator, also a traveler of wide experience, as an admirable *cuisinier*, and fit to grace any lady's kitchen, full of anecdote and pleasantry, as well as a connoisseur in culinary arts. He proved the chief ornament of our camp.

On the day following we met a large party of Ute Indians, mounted and heavily loaded with skins and furs, on their way to Central City and Denver to trade. These Indians are friendly, but the romance that clung so long to these wandering people has faded entirely away, leaving a disgusting reality in the half-naked, dirty red skins themselves. This tribe, selfish like all their race, but more wise than some, have found that the better part of valor is discretion, and are on good terms with the Government; however, this does not prevent them from sometimes taking undue advantage of unprotected whites. No doubt, hatred of the nation dispossessing them of their hunting-grounds is just as bitter in their hearts as in those of their more savage neighbors. After chatting awhile with the chief we purchased some plumed arrows for souvenirs, and passed on.

The scenery became more beautiful as we advanced; it was a delightful change to gallop over the smooth, turfy plateau, instead of painfully picking our way over rocks and gorges. Lo!

the hours flew until, in the waning day, we found ourselves on the bank of the broad, clear Grand, sweeping its sparkling waters on toward the far Pacific, for all the streams of this Park are tributary to the Colorado River, and thus flow into the Western Ocean. Here all the rivers and brooks are so pure and transparent that every pebble gleams up plainly from the bottom, and the speckled trout are seen flashing amid the rapid current. A quarter of a mile away were the "Hot Soda Springs," and close by the rustic lodge of the persons employed to keep the bath-house. Around this cabin were lounging a few hunters and Indians, whose picturesque costumes lent a strangeness to the scene; farther down are clustered the dusky tents of an Indian village, and all was backed by a semicircular sweep of bluff, now steep and rocky, then smooth and waving with grass. Before us rose an abrupt conical hill; at the right, a mile away, extended a low range of crumbling mountain, covered with disintegrated lava, marking it as the debris of an ancient volcano. Immediately about us was the rolling swell of the grassy plateau, and over all, streamed with warm, glowing splendor, the level light of the lowering sun, touching with a finger of flame the bald brows of the circle of peaks and mountains, glistening with the sleet and snow of the tempest, Arcadia with a crown of ice and a heart of fire.

We made our camp on the farther bank of the river, and walked over to the springs. A few rods distant from Grand River, and perhaps fifty feet above it, say 7,725 feet above sea level, on the rising hill before mentioned, the springs boil up in three different places, mingle in a stream and rush headlong over the precipitous bluff, twelve or fifteen feet, into a natural basin in the rock. The waterfall is a foot in diameter, the basin about twelve by fifteen feet; the water is from three to four feet in depth, and from here flows swiftly off to the river. Mr. Byers, of Denver, has, during the past Summer, taken possession and erected a rude shelter over the bath, and furnished necessary fixtures and attendants. The water is strongly impregnated with iron, sulphur, and soda, whose deposits are traced all along the course of the stream above. The temperature of the main springs is 112° Fahrenheit, but one less exposed to the air is as high as 115°; the mean temperature of the bath is 110°. Into this seething caldron, from which arise the vaporous fumes of sulphur, the bather must very warily enter. The almost scalding heat is at first unbearable, and he retreats with a shriek of pain; but by gradually letting the body into the water one soon becomes accustomed to the

temperature, and then it is the most delightful of baths. Standing under the streaming waterfall you may take a hot douche bath, surpassed by no Turkish or Russian system in the world; or you may plunge into the green water below, and luxuriate in a warmth and subtlety of temperature and atmosphere almost intoxicating. However, persons in delicate health should enjoy this luxury with moderation. From its heat and peculiar qualities the bath is necessarily relaxing if too long continued, but if of short duration invigorates and tones up the system wonderfully." Drinking this water is any thing but agreeable. Its warmth and saline properties render it particularly unpleasant, but there is a sparkle and stimulus about it exceedingly exhilarating. Taken internally, and applied externally, it is thought to possess great medicinal virtue in cases of rheumatism, paralysis, and cutaneous affection. During the Summer these springs are much visited by invalids and persons of leisure. To "do" Colorado without seeing Middle Park and the "Soda Springs" is to lose its rarest novelty.

Another attraction is the "Moss Agate Patch," twelve or fifteen miles over the mountains. Gasper, chalcedony, agate, and onyx are found all over the Middle Park, but at this place is considered to be the richest deposit of moss or fortification agate. These are a species of chalcedony in which the colors, usually black or brown, are in dendritic lines, exactly resembling delicate moss; when the stone is decidedly white and transparent, and the delineations clearly defined, the gem is valuable and much used in jewelry. The color is probably due to oxides of iron and manganese. Sometimes the moss is green or red from the presence of oxides of chrome or iron.

On a brilliant morning, having provided ourselves with a guide, a regular old mountaineer, and being joined by the last few lingerers at the Springs, mounted and following our leader in Indian trail, we rode over the hills and far away to this famous "Patch." We found it stretching over a considerable extent of hill. We wandered about for several hours, found the ground literally covered with agate and jasper. We selected some very fine specimens, and found still others by breaking open promising-looking rocks. Certainly this is a paradise for the geologist and collector.

We had a merry ride back through forests of sage brush and across lofty hills; many a picture of natural loveliness presented itself; for miles and miles away we could see the Grand River, like a flashing line of light, winding sinuously through the green meadows, fringed

by willow and silvery aspens. It seemed impossible that this beautiful land, so smooth and garden like, was wild and uninhabited.

The next morning we struck camp and prepared to start for home. We could have spent a few weeks here very pleasantly, but the season was already so far advanced as to render it precarious crossing the Range; also our friends had made arrangements to be in Massachusetts within a limited time; so we reluctantly bade farewell to park, and springs, and river. As we were about starting the Indians, from their village, gave us a parting salute in shape of a musket-ball, whistling a few feet above our heads. We were assured they often paid visitors this compliment, certainly a questionable one. Our returning trip was agreeable. We had the good fortune to have pleasant weather in which to recross the Range. All the startling majesty of scenery that had before been hidden from us by the tempest revealed itself in gloomy grandeur under the clear sunlight of our return. Standing on this great continental divide, looking off upon the surroundings of cloud-cleaving peaks, slashed with the snow of years, and then across to the distant plains, blue and dim in the far horizon, one feels in the immediate presence of God. The loneliness is so impressive, the isolation so complete, that a sense of awe creeps over the spirit. Man seems so weak and little amid this proudest pomp and majesty of Nature. You look down upon the parks, and there is radiant, voluptuous Summer; you gaze around and above, and are locked in the embrace of hoary Winter.

I stood, a strong waif, upon that watch-tower of the Continent, feeling the breath of two oceans mingling in the gale that fanned my cheeks, impressed by the magnificent sweep of distance and beauty of form, characterizing this vast land. I would seem to see, beyond the fading line of the eastern horizon, the palaces and cities of commerce, and over the piles of naked peaks, purple in the western distance, catch the glow of the sunset land. I could almost hear the shriek of the locomotive flying through the cañons at the north, and trace the line of steam that girdles the world, bringing the jeweled fire of the Orient to flash in the golden diadem of the Occident. On the summit, at an altitude of more than 11,000 feet, we found brilliant mosses and delicate daisies peeping from the snow, and looking just as sweet and contented as if growing in a fairy's garden.

On the ninth day from our departure we were again at home, nothing loth to rest our weary bones on a civilized bed, or sit down at a *bona fide* table once more.

BISHOP HAMLINE'S SERMONS.

VOLUMES of sermons are not popular books. Metaphysics, essays, histories, travels, novels, and almost every other literary production, take the precedence of the printed sermon. The sermons of our most eloquent preachers are scarcely an exception. The excitement to hear some popular minister is intense, while his published sermons lie mouldering upon the booksellers' shelves. The publisher who can run off a single edition of such a book ranks high in his profession. The melody of the voice, the flash of the eye, the expression of the countenance, the magnetism of the speaker, and the sympathy of the hearer, have much to do with this, but they do not fully explain the charm that gathers about the sermon preached, and the lack of interest in the same production printed. Solicitude to hear distinguished clergymen is commendable; it furnishes entertainment, elevating and instructive, but it should not create a distaste for their written productions. It should rather awaken an interest in us to read the writings of these magnates of the pulpit, containing their maturest thoughts, clothed in their choicest language. As far as permanent instruction is concerned the printed has decided advantage over the spoken discourse. In one case only a single opportunity is afforded of becoming familiar with the theme discussed; in the other it may be investigated until thoroughly understood.

Some of the grandest thoughts ever uttered may be found in published sermons. In no other productions can you find sublimer truths presented in more appropriate style. Where can you find profounder discussions of vital truths than in the sermons of Jeremy Taylor, South, Barrow, Watson, or Olin? Where clearer expositions than in the sermons of Wesley, Howe, Edwards, and Dwight? Where more eloquent writing than in the sermons of Saurin, Hall, Melville, and Chalmers? Where more finished productions than in the sermons of Blair, Foster, Haven, and Channing?

Sermons have this excellence, that they present the discussion of any given topic in a briefer, more complete, and condensed form, than it can be found anywhere else. An exhaustive sermon, by a vigorous and well-disciplined thinker, usually presents a comprehensive view of the whole subject in a very few pages; and this, in an age so fast as ours, is a consideration of no trifling importance. There is scarcely a theme in morals, science, or philosophy, that may not be found thoroughly discussed and illustrated in some good sermon.

We have been led into this train of reflection by the perusal of a volume of sermons by Bishop Hamline, published by Hitchcock and Walden, at the Methodist Book Concern. It is got up in attractive style, rivaling, if not surpassing, the issues of the celebrated Riverside Press, at Cambridge.

Hamline's sermons are among the best that have been issued from the press for the past few years. They are worthy to be ranked with those of Olin, Robertson, Alexander, Clark, Melville, Bushnell, Spurgeon, and Beecher. Hamline's will not suffer in comparison with either of these in thought, argument, or style.

The Bishop, in his day, had few superiors as a preacher, and a careful perusal of his sermons will show that he richly deserved the high reputation which he enjoyed. Gifted by Nature with a high order of intellect, enriched with varied culture, possessing rare powers of eloquence, great logical acuteness, and a soul deeply imbued with love to Christ and perishing sinners, he rose to eminence as a pulpit orator, and occupied a rank scarcely inferior to any in the denomination so distinguished for eloquent divines. Dr. Hibbard contrasts him with Olin, who, in our humble opinion, taken all in all, was the noblest specimen of pulpit oratory Methodism has ever produced. "Hamline was impassioned, never boisterous—Olin was vehement; Hamline was earnest—Olin impetuous; Hamline was like the even though often rapid flow of a beautiful stream, bearing its buoyant burden safely and gracefully onward—Olin was like the torrent, or the whirlwind, hurrying all before it. With him the hurricane was inevitable, but he rode upon it in majesty, and, like the spirit of the storm, directed all its forces. Hamline never suffered the storm to arise, but checked it midway; and, if the sweep and force of his eloquence were less, the auditors were left more self-controlled, and the practical ends not less salutary." Bishop Hamline was an eminent lawyer prior to his entrance upon the work of the ministry, and his legal attainments were of great advantage to him as a preacher in assailing error and defending truth.

These sermons are practical, the thoughts fresh, the style attractive, the arguments conclusive, and the theology orthodox. The cardinal doctrines of Methodism are illustrated and defended with an ability that can not fail to command the commendation of all true Methodists.

These discourses are deeply imbued with a revival spirit, and are constantly directed to the salvation of souls. His highest ambition was to preach Jesus and save sinners. He once

exclaimed, "I would rather be Brainerd, wrapped in my bearskin, and spitting blood upon the snow, than to be Gabriel." His sermons were prepared with the distinct object of saving men, and leading them to a holy life. He dissected the heart, and laid bare its depravity, set forth the atoning sacrifice, and portrayed the love of God in the gift of his Son with such fervor and power as to awaken the careless, arouse slumberers, and win souls. He so defended the truth against the attacks of the foe as to drive skeptics in dismay from the field, or bring them, with the grounded weapons of their warfare, to the foot of the cross.

We present a few extracts from these sermons as specimens of their beauty, eloquence, and power. The following passage sets forth, in a style rarely surpassed for eloquence, the divinity and humanity of our Lord :

"Our Savior's life, as well as his birth, displays both his Godhead and his manhood. True, as man, he suffers the pangs of hunger; but as God, he feeds thousands upon a few loaves. As man, he seeks fruit from the tree; but as God, his word blasts the tree from its root. Does he ride into Jerusalem on an ass? He also rides upon the wings of the wind, and makes the waters his pathway, transporting himself from the mountain to Gennesaret, and walking on its stormy waves. Was he derisively robed in scarlet, and crowned with thorns? At his transfiguration he was clothed in raiment white as snow, and his face did shine as the sun. Did he yield to the power of death, and give up the ghost? Even the grave was his empire, and he held its keys. In his own good time he spurned its dominion, and cast away its cords.

"Such are some of the tokens of Christ's supreme Divinity. And now, standing by the cross, and watching the scene of his deep humiliation, let us realize that we behold the true God. Let us never forget that the expiring Nazarene is infinite in glory. Those very eyes, which pour out floods of sympathy at the grave of Lazarus, look through heaven, earth, and hell. Yonder victim of human impotence formed the worlds, marked their courses, and impels them in their flight. He who cries, 'I thirst,' laid earth's broad foundations, reared its massy mountains, delved its vales, and hollowed the beds of its seas and oceans. Is it so? In that weary sufferer are there concealed the energies which impress this fair creation with its charms? To that fainting form may we trace the hidden source of all that ever *was*, or *is*, or *shall* be? Yes. He who is now gasping out his life, once breathed on chaotic ruins and

marshaled them in order. He breathed again, and earth forsook her chambers to greet the new-born light. He breathed again, and from her teeming bosom sprang all that animate her dust, shelter 'in her vales, or flood with life her watery depths and airy heights."

The following description of the inconstancy of the world is replete with beauty:

"The world is capricious. Her modes are mutable as the lunar phases. At one moment the world is all love and beneficence. She can scarcely bestow enough upon her children. Her ministrations seem as they began to be toward unsinning Adam in Paradise. She sends to caress us all her sweet and smiling ministers. She shines upon us with her light, warms us with her fires, and fans us by gentle breezes. She spreads before us the verdure of Spring; feasts us with Summer dainties, and enriches us with Autumn harvests. She waters us from her cloudy canopy, wreathes the gloom with rainbow charms, and spreads over us the bow of the covenant, to assure us that her love is everlasting. But we soon find her in another mood, and experience from her another dispensation. She yields up her smiles, and meets us with frowns. She puts out her lights and blinds us. She quenches her fires and freezes us. She rekindles them like a furnace and scorches us. She blots out the beauties of Spring, snatches from our lips the fruits of Summer, and consumes from our garners the stores of Autumn. She converts her dews into frosts, her calms into storms, her temperate ardors into torrid heats; and, from caressing, frowns upon and persecutes us.

"The redeemed soul is not thus affected. If we seek aright we shall find it overspread with a perpetual calm, and cheered by constant sunshine. We shall feel the refreshing dew, and dread no blighting frost. We shall find its climes all temperate, its aspects all fair, its moods all amiable. The charms of a moral Spring, and the sweets of a moral Summer, and the riches of a moral Autumn, all blend in its Divine constitution. And no morose Winter will come to despoil it of these glories, and chill and freeze the spirit."

The following description of Divine love has not often been equaled:

"But while traveling through creation for proofs of God's benevolence, we alight upon a scene at which we pause—a scene which arrests not only man, but angel and archangel—a scene which attracts the seraph from his height, and the demon from his depth—a scene which fixed the gaze of every world but this—a scene which will forever challenge the devout

or profane attention of heaven and hell. Approach and behold—while I draw aside the curtain and unveil the sacred mystery. See there! The altar, the victim, the agony of sacrifice, the sprinkling blood and water gushing from a heart all pure and palpitating in the writhings of death, the rays of God's benevolence circling and converging to intense and overpowering ardors till the victim is consumed! Creation groans! But on his bloody cross, and on his crimsoned vestments, and on his dripping hands, and on his gory heart, I read in flaming characters, 'God—so—loved—the—world!'

The sermons on baptism furnish a fine illustration of his eminent ability as a logician. He presses the argument against exclusive immersion with relentless power, and scatters to the winds the sophisms with which it is defended.

We commend these sermons to our intelligent laymen, to the sick, and those unable to attend the ministrations of the house of God, for in them they will find elevating and consoling thought, and most eloquent expositions of the doctrines of the Cross. Few books can be placed in the hands of those troubled with doubts in regard to the religion of Christ better calculated to convince the judgment and affect the heart—for the author was a keen logician, distinguished for acuteness in argument, familiar with every phase of error, and he knew how to present the truths of the Gospel so as to remove difficulties from the skeptic's mind, lead to the renunciation of error and the reception of the truth.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY FRIEND'S DIARY.

A CIRCUMSTANCE that occurred a few days ago recalled to my mind a call I received years ago, and a conversation that then occurred, leaving its influence upon the tenor of my entire subsequent life.

How vividly it all returns to me! I was sitting in the nursery with little Emma on my lap, trying to keep her quiet as I rocked baby Joe to sleep, feeling unusually dull and listless, when my Irish Bridget entered with a very unnecessary amount of noise, saying, "There's a lady in the parlor, ma'am."

Resigning my little ones to my maid-of-all-work I went, with a feeling of impatience at the interruption, to meet my visitor. I opened the door, and there, sitting quietly by the bright fire in the grate, was the friend who, in the dear old school-days, had been my inseparable companion. Years had passed since we had embraced and parted, vowing eternal fidelity. We

had heard from each other since then only by letter, but our correspondence, like such affairs among school-girls generally, had died out. Of late years we had altogether lost sight of each other. I only knew of her marriage and removal to some Western town.

Eagerly I scanned the bright face looking so little care-worn—life, I felt, must have treated her very gently—the countenance was more mature. I noticed no other change save an increased beauty in the smile. How rapidly we talked! She had been making her first visit to her parents since her removal to the West, some ten years ago, and was now returning home. Her husband, who had accompanied her, had been compelled to return before her visit was completed. She had failed to meet expected friends through some error in making connections, she supposed, and was now traveling alone. From a mutual friend whom she had happened to meet she had ascertained my whereabouts, and also learned that she could make it convenient to peep in upon me.

We talked of old times, of the teachers we had loved, of the friends who had been scattered,

"Like roses in bloom,
Some at the bridal, and some at the tomb."

Then there came a pause, and I felt that each wanted to know something of the other's inner life.

I broke silence by saying, "And how has life served you? Has the beautiful enthusiasm of your early years all vanished? is it all bare and cold?"

"O, Annie," was the answer, "in my wildest youthful dreams I never pictured life as so truly noble and beautiful as I have found it. And how is it with you, my friend?"

Now one of my infirmities, resulting from mental or physical peculiarities, or both, has always been a liability to severe fits of depression—"the blues," I term them—and I had been that morning, before her call, yielding myself up to the full luxury of making myself miserable, and her presence had not served to exorcise the demon.

Mentally, I had been comparing myself with her. She seemed to be in the full tide of vigorous health, while I felt prematurely old. I could not fail to perceive in our conversation, though she was nothing of a pedant, that she had kept abreast of the current literature of the day, while I had fallen far behind; and yet, in our school-days, I had had no difficulty in keeping pace with her. All this rushed through my mind as I answered, "Your experience of life has been very different from mine. I married young; I have had many children; my hus-

band's business and family connections have required that our style of living should correspond with our social position, even though our income has been very limited; we have not had the means to employ competent servants, and much of household drudgery has devolved upon me; my mind has grown stunted in the society of children, their almost incessant claims upon me, first to wash faces, and then to mend tears in garments, or to tie up cut fingers, etc., have made me almost forget the existence of a beautiful world of literature, or a beautiful world of nature, or of any beautiful world except that 'beyond the flood,' and I have longed for that sometimes with a wild, passionate longing, and yet, not because it is beautiful, or because I shall there see 'the King in his beauty,' but because there is 'rest.'"

She smiled sadly, but answered quietly, "I see you still suffer from your old fits of depression, and under the influence of that depression you exaggerate your difficulties. Come out of your gloomy castle, my dear, and look through my spectacles, and you will see life all beautiful, if not all rose-colored."

"First tell me the circumstances of your life which have given you so different an experience," I answered.

"Outwardly, not very different from yours. It is easily condensed in almost the same words. An early marriage, a large family of little children, many wants, a small income. Inwardly, there have been struggles. I once pictured a life of luxurious ease; I dreamed of affection to be lavished upon me—of treasures of literature which were to enrich my intellect. I have found that the path of selfish ease furnished no such flowers as those which one may gather from the thorny hedges that edge the rugged path of self-denial; that treasures of love poured upon us give not the joy we feel, when we pour those treasures from our own full hearts upon others; that the intellect is never so truly enriched as when we are trying to enrich others. This blessed experience of life has been, very much of it, acquired through the ministering influences of my children. I believe that the highest stage in the mental and moral development of each man and woman is to be reached through the proper discharge of the parental duties. You remember the words of Mrs. Browning:

'I thought a child was given to sanctify
A woman—set her in the sight of all
The clear-eyed heavens, a chosen minister
To do their business, and lead spirits up
The difficult blue heights. A woman lives
Not bettered, quickened toward the truth and good,
Through being a mother? then she 's none.'

"Well, I have realized the meaning of those words. I have lived 'better, quickened toward the good and truth through being a mother,' ever since the eyes of my Jamie, my first-born, first looked into mine. I have tried to make myself worthy, with God's help, to be his mother. Faults that I might otherwise never have conquered have been successfully grappled with for his sake. You remember my old habit of hyperbolical speaking about which you so often teased me in the olden time? I considered it then as a foible rather than as a sin, but when I came to train Jamie's character I found that the ideal of truth I had set up for him was far ahead of that to which I had attained. With bitter heart-searchings and many prayers I began the work of self-reformation. How could I 'lead spirits up the difficult blue heights' unless I myself went before them?"

"I remember the sorrow with which I first saw Jamie lift his tiny hand to strike his sister Mary, but my sorrow was vastly increased when, upon the evening of that same day, as I sat reading, I came across this passage, and was compelled to acknowledge its truthfulness: 'The harsh treatment which children inflict upon each other is, in many respects, the reflex effect of the treatment they themselves receive from their elders.' I stood self-convicted. That very morning I had given Jamie an angry blow, for what was rather an accident than an intentional misdemeanor, and in the angry blow he had visited upon his sister I had witnessed the 'reflex effect' of my own treatment. If I was a sadder woman that evening I have been a better woman since. And this is why life seems so rich to me. I am daily growing both mentally and spiritually, and the self-sacrifice necessary to secure this growth is all for the sake of the loved ones. O, often on my bended knees I thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift that I am led, because of my holiest affections, to submit myself to a discipline which I would else elude."

"I can see how these influences may all be made conducive to our spiritual growth," I answered, "though I must plead guilty to having allowed 'the cares of this world to choke the good seed.' But pray, how can you plead the life such as you describe as the best for one's mental advancement?"

"You spoke awhile ago of a mind stunted by the society of little children: only think of these minds full of life, anxious for information on all the subjects with which they come in contact, with an earnestness and glow which is apt to be impaired in later life—think of these little ones coming to a mother with their doubts

and their difficulties, think of the earnest mother-love which should impel her to keep her own mind active for their sakes—it may not be just the mental acquisitions she would have selected—it may not be just the knowledge she would have chosen, but in leading these minds, in solving these doubts, she will often find her own doubts and difficulties vanish; she will be gaining mental power and grasp, and there is a 'reflex' action even here; this happy life of mind and soul will tell upon the physical health, and there will be no great liability of a premature breaking down of the physical life. Joy is a good medicine. O, I often think one needs not, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, be consciously nearing the pearly portals ere he enters the land Beulah, where 'the birds sing and the flowers bloom!'

Then looking at her watch she rose to leave, saying, "My time's up, and I have monopolized the conversation." I followed her to the door, and, with promises of a renewed correspondence, we parted.

I returned to the nursery thinking of her and murmuring those words of Mrs. Browning:

"And this is love,
To have the hands too full of gifts to give,
For putting out of hands to take a gift."

A few days after the telegraph flashed over the country the news of a terrible railroad catastrophe, and when the papers gave the names of the victims, my friend's appeared among those instantly killed.

The pleasant Western home, the affectionate husband, and the loving children were never more to be gladdened by her presence in the flesh, and yet I doubt not that in that home she, "being dead, yet speaketh;" and through my heart and home vibrate the echoes of that last earnest conversation.

But the circumstance which recalled all this—it was a call from this dear friend's daughter, Mary, now a fine-looking young woman. She brought with her, at her father's request, for my perusal, her mother's Diary. She gave me full permission to copy any extracts I might wish; also to publish them if I desired, but added, "You will, of course, not attach dear mamma's name." I have done as she desired, and below the reader will find some of the passages that pleased me:

"*January 10th.*—I am sitting in my room by the side of the cradle that contains my sleeping baby—my fourth child; she is just three weeks old to-day. Like the old Jewish mothers, I feel grateful for this addition to our household treasures; and with it there comes an increased sense of responsibility—a more intense desire

to be a true mother to these little tender beings. I think as we grow older we not only *outgrow*, but we actually *forget* the feelings of our childhood, and this very forgetfulness is the cause of our lamentable want of sympathy with the griefs and joys of our little ones. I have thought of a plan which may perhaps assist in reviving the memories of childhood in the breasts of my children when I am laid aside, and when they in their turn shall become parents, as probably some, perhaps all of them may. It is this—I will keep a journal in which I will enter the details of our family life. Childish joys and sorrows, griefs and cares shall here be recorded, and here also my experience as a mother in the training of these little ones, and years hence when these pages are brought to light, and my tall, manly sons and daughters, settled perhaps into sedate matrons, read these pages, the little incidents shall vividly recall to their minds occurrences otherwise but dimly remembered or entirely forgotten; and with this strong hold upon the outer life will not memory help them to a more vivid realization of the internal struggles, joys, and triumphs? If so, they will by that means be the better qualified for the discharge of parental duties than I am. Just now, as I sit with my foot resting upon the cradle, listening for the patter of little feet upon the stairs and the prattle of little tongues at my door—for I know they must soon return from their walk—and dreading also the entrance of the nurse and the arbitrary interdict of longer writing lest I fatigue myself, I feel that there can be no office holier than is a mother's. Give me one child of the Highest, whom I am to train for eternity, and you put the wand of a prophet in my hand, and the crown of a king, and the anointing oil of a priest upon my brow. To-day I feel the exaltation of my high and noble calling. To-day I exult as 'prophet, priest, and king.' Alas, these exalted moods will pass. Perhaps to-morrow I may feel only the weak, tired woman, almost harassed with the cares that seem too heavy for me."

"*May 10th.*—A beautiful Sunday. Our pastor's text was, 'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' The sermon helped me—was real food for me. On coming home I met little Jennie in the passage; her face was flushed and her brother was by her side crying. Margaret explained that there had been some difficulty among the children about a picture-book, and that while her attention had been called away to some other matter, Jennie had snatched it and struck her brother. I took the little offender in my arms and seated her on the parlor sofa, bidding her stay till I came for her,

and as I left the room I turned saying, 'Mother does not love you now; mother never loves you when you are bad.' There came a grieved, shocked expression on the little face; an expression that clung to me with painful intensity while I was removing my wrappings.

"Did Jesus treat us so? thought I.

"Had I not just heard that it was 'while we were yet sinners' that he showed his intense love, and yet I had just refused my love to a little sinner; I had just said, 'Mother does not love you when you are bad.' In another light also my conduct was wrong, for were not my words untrue? Did I not love her? Does not the mother always love the erring one, and is the child that remains safely in the fold so likely to call out all her intense agony of love, as the wanderer on the mountains who may at any time fall a prey to the devourer? Should we not always teach our children, even in their infancy, that, whatever may be their faults, their crimes even, yet so long as mother lives, a loving heart shall follow them, a mother's prayer strive hourly at the mercy-seat for their restoration?

"As these thoughts passed through my mind, I sought my little offender. The trembling little mouth was earnestly lifted for a kiss, and as I took her in my arms she whispered, 'Please love me again. I will try to be good.' I answered, 'Mother made a mistake when she said that, dear. Mother does love you when you are bad, but it pains her heart to see her little girl do wrong. Mother loves you always. I must punish you, but I shall punish you, *because I love you*, and wish to make you good.'"

"*March 8th.*—Little Arty came to me to-day saying that Jamie said 'God is every-where.' He was puzzled and said he had looked for him under the table and under the bedstead, but could not find him. I gave him no answer then, but sent him out to play, and have been sitting thinking here since then.

"How gently God led his children, the Israelites, into the knowledge of spiritual truths!

"Although grown men, they were but children in intellect and knowledge. At first they met at the tabernacle court for sacrifice. Inside the tabernacle was the mercy-seat, and above rested the Shekinah, the visible sign of God's presence, and it was not till centuries after that the most enlightened of the nation had learned that in all places God is present, and that 'God is a spirit.' 'Milk,' thought I, 'for babes.' As yet my little one is repulsed by the thought that 'God is every-where,' and so I will not urge it on him. I will teach him that he is all-powerful, and that he beholds all men and at all times, for the little mind, I find, is much more easily

reconciled to the fact that 'God sees me' than that he is 'every-where.' He shall think of him as God in heaven, looking down upon this world, loving us, and providing for us. I will paint heaven to him as a beautiful place; I will let him grow familiar with John's beautiful imagery respecting it, and in after years, when the mind is better adapted to these deep truths, he will have no difficulty in feeling that though heaven is the 'city of the Great King,' yet all space is permeated by his presence, and that, being the author of all spirits, the creator of all nature, he is every-where. I have not found the same repugnance or irreverence in children's minds in accepting the equally incomprehensible truth that God is eternal. It is because of the irreverent ideas with which this truth is received by children, that I object to the premature urging it upon them. I once heard two little girls in conversation upon this very subject. One said, 'He is every-where.' The other answered, 'Yes, he's on your bonnet, but you can't see him.' 'But I can strike him,' said the other, raising her hand and giving her bonnet a heavy blow."

I will not tire the reader by any more extracts. We are generally poor judges of the writings of those we love, and it may be that the knowledge of my friend, the sense of her personal magnetism which to me penetrated her writings as well as her conversation, has caused both to possess for me an interest they may lack for others.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT.

I WELL remember, when I thought of "a strong-minded woman," much as I would of a hydra or a griffin considering her a cross between man and woman, a species of monster of which I did well to beware. But at a certain time, happening to be in the metropolis of New England, the birth-place of this movement, I bravely resolved that for once I would attend a woman's convention and judge for myself. Unconsciously drawing my skirts close about me, I entered the crowded hall, half expecting to see bloomers stride upon the stage, smiting with the fist of debate, and fiercely arguing the right of women to be men.

And had I not reason? I had read frequent accounts of this body as "a concentration of all that was vulgar, coarse, and masculine, disaffected old maids, fault-finding widows, childless married women, who had rushed together to vent their spleen upon the world, to exasperate each other, to court notoriety, and to unburden themselves of the gall of bitterness."

How complete was my disappointment! Lady-like in dress and manner, one woman after another made her appearance on the platform, reading reports from female medical colleges, schools of design, and other industrial enterprises undertaken for the benefit of woman. Then followed the story of a colored sister's escape from the house of bondage, and a tender and touching one it was. When the narrator had finished she took the woman by the hand and introduced her to the assembly, which greeted her with warmest acclamations.

Whatever sins may be laid to the account of these women, their fidelity to the cause of the oppressed, as well as their ardent patriotism, must be frankly conceded. In the late war Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, who annually sends in her protest against taxation without representation, claimed the right of being represented on the battle-field by an able-bodied substitute. She thus proved her fidelity to her own principles. Nor was this right disputed.

But to return to the convention. I was not so fortunate as to see that model of true feminine excellence, concerning whom a young girl once remarked: "Say what you please, a woman that can speak like Lucretia Mott ought to speak." At the same time I did not happen to see or hear any of those disagreeably notorious women who affect singularity, and whose efforts, however sincere, are quite as likely to result in *de-forms* as in reforms. On the whole, bating those blemishes and disfigurements common to all human associations, my prejudices were, to say the least, wonderfully modified. And I could not but feel that among the opposers of this movement, and the satirizers of these women, were some who might well say,

"Take them all in all,
Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind,
As truthful, much that women claim as right
Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly theirs
As dues of nature."

While writing this account the earnest charge of a friend has been ringing in my ear: "Be careful and not glorify those termagants that figure in Women's Rights conventions; those blatant creatures are not good models." Now, if there be any "glorifying" here, since it is due, not to my humble pen, but to the simple facts, I trust I shall be pardoned.

"As to the 'Woman's Rights movement,'" says Mrs. Stowe, "it is not peculiar to America; it is part of a great wave in the incoming tide of modern civilization; the swell is felt no less in Europe, but it combs over and breaks on our American shore, because our great wide beach affords the best play for its waters; and as the

ocean waves bring with them kelp, sea-weed, mud, sand, gravel, and even putrefying debris, which lie unsightly on the shore, and yet, on the whole, are healthful and refreshing, so the Woman's Rights movement, with its conventions, its speech-makings, its crudities and eccentricities, is nevertheless a part of a healthful and necessary movement of the human race toward progress."

Mistakes, without doubt, there are; yet of these, candor suggests that some of them come only from reaching up unwisely or ignorantly, after a true ideal. Intent on one object, etiquettes and conventionalities are sometimes forgotten; and, with a certain class, a breach of etiquette is a greater sin than a breach of the moral law. How many unkind comments were made on that noble woman, Mary Lyon, who bravely did her work in the face of contumely and reproach! Often did she exclaim, "My heart is sick, my soul is pained with this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness." "Coarse," "masculine," "out of her sphere!" such were the taunts flung at this woman, than whom, for strength of intellect, largeness of heart, and exalted piety, no woman of the nineteenth century has stood higher.

I must plead guilty of once having beguiled a gentleman of refined and scholarly tastes to go with me to a large hall, crowded to its utmost capacity, for the sake of hearing Anna Dickinson's "Plea for Woman." You may be sure that he listened with every faculty alive to criticize. But she was too much for him. He fairly succumbed, generously admitting that she stood fully justified in her course. In his cooler blood, the next day, however, he was careful to discriminate, and qualify, and limit, regarding her as *sui generis*, and expressing himself just as much as ever opposed to woman's holding forth in public. I was not disposed to controvert his position, especially as I fully agreed with him, not only that ordinary prating would not serve, but that, to sanction such a mission, the call must be unmistakable.

I had almost a quarrel with another gentleman, who could by no persuasion be induced to compromise his principles so far as to listen to her. I insisted that he was not qualified to judge, because he had not heard her; while, on his part, he insisted as strenuously that I was not qualified because I had heard her.

But, however such instances as Miss Dickinson's may tend to the removal of certain prejudices, it remains as true as ever that woman's influence should be that of a woman, and not of a man; and that, as a general thing, her call is to the private rather than the public walks

of life. And in the exercise of unusual gifts one must take care that she does not starve her heart. There is a whole volume of significance in the confession of Aurora Leigh in her later and wiser days.

"Passioned to exalt

The artist's instinct in me at the cost
Of putting down the woman's, I forgot
No perfect artist is developed here
From any imperfect woman. Flower from root,
And spiritual from natural, grade by grade,
In all our life.

... Art is much, but Love is more.
Art symbolizes heaven, but Love is God
And makes heaven. I, Aurora, fell from mine;
I would not be a woman like the rest,
A simple woman who believes in love,
And owns the right of love because she loves."

Men sometimes taunt women for their lack of independence; but oftener they taunt them worse for its display. Rebuke and sarcasm, however, are not the only weapons which have been employed to keep them within "their own sphere," and to check their efforts for the redress of their wrongs. Man, it is said, is woman's natural protector; let her look to him. This is just what she has been doing all along the ages. But as to the sort of protection given her let history answer.

In 1825, when Dr. Gooch made an appeal in England in behalf of educating women as nurses, he failed to excite the smallest interest. If this be charged to apathy, what will be said to the fact that when a school of design had been opened, a petition was drawn up praying that "women might not be taught at government expense arts which would interfere with the employment of men, and so take the bread out of their mouths!" Unparalleled protection!

In a recent English pamphlet Mrs. Bodichon gives an account of a woman's unsuccessful application to fourteen medical institutions in London for private anatomical lessons, that she might be better fitted for the charge of two crippled children.* A wealthy English woman, who had applied in vain to several medical colleges for instruction, at last took private courses at the expense of two thousand pounds, sometimes paying fifty guineas where a man would pay five. Having completed her studies, she forced The Apothecaries' Hall, under fear of losing its charter, to give her a degree.

When Mr. Barnett attempted to deliver a lecture in England, on opening to women the employment of watch-making, he was interrupted by hisses, and the meeting was finally broken up. Three well-educated girls sought

instruction in the business, but not an Englishman would give it. At length they found a Swiss watchmaker in London, from whom they commenced learning, and in six months made more progress than the generality of boys in six years. But a constant persecution of them and their teacher finally drove them from the business.

The same opposition was made to women's winding silk, weaving ribbon, and pasting patterns of floss upon cards—work purely feminine, yet which was persistently monopolized by the gallant sex. In the steam-factory in Coventry, the employing of women at the looms was at first strongly opposed; and, to this day, one of the lightest and easiest processes of the manufacture is engrossed by the men under heavy penalties.* In the painting of crockery and china, in Staffordshire, in which women are more skillful than men, the latter, in their determination to keep down female wages, induce their employers to forbid women the use of the customary hand-rest.

This same kind of protection has also been extended to women in our own country. In 1854 the journeymen in a Philadelphia printing-office left in hot displeasure because two women had been employed as type-setters, while violent threats were uttered against the men who sought to fill their places. An attempt was also made to stop the printing processes through cutting the ropes by which the forms were raised. In another office all the hands signed an agreement never to work with a woman or instruct her in the business. Indeed, within a few years, there have been more than twenty strikes in printing establishments, consequent on the employment of women.

A similar opposition has been manifested in the higher vocations. Not long since the Pennsylvania Medical society passed a resolution recommending "the members of the regular profession to withhold from the faculties and graduates of female medical colleges all countenance and support; and that they can not consistently, with sound *medical ethics*, consult or hold professional intercourse with their professors or alumni." As these colleges are strictly allopathic, it is evident that this resolution is based wholly on an unwillingness to admit women to the profession. Now if this be protection, it is such as vultures give to lambs. In Australia it has been the custom to break the finger-joints of the female infants. But in this enlightened land, in order to make sure of keeping woman within her own sphere, more than her

* For these facts, as well as much other information, I am indebted to "The College, The Market, and The Court."
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* Edinburgh Review, October, 1854.

finger-joints are broken. Is there nothing, then, to hinder their entering the various vocations, as has so often been asserted?

In 1847 Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, a resident of Boston, and who had an extensive practice, applied for leave to attend the lectures of the Massachusetts Medical College. This was declined on the ground of "*inexpediency*." Protection! Three years later, on a second application, the desired permission was granted. A great commotion ensued in the class, culminating in a series of resolutions which were passed with but one dissenting vote. As an indication of the times I give a part of them:

"*Resolved*, That no woman of true delicacy would be willing, in the presence of men, to listen to the discussion of the subjects that necessarily come under the consideration of the student of medicine.

"*Resolved*, That we object to having the company of any female forced upon us who is disposed to unsex herself, and to sacrifice her modesty by appearing with men in the medical lecture-room."

These knightly resolutions close with an earnest protest against the proposed "innovation" as "detrimental to the prosperity, if not to the *very existence* of the school." Protection!

Were these scrupulous students aware that their weapon has an edge in the hilt which cuts the assailant more keenly than its blade cuts those whom they assail? If, in the view of such excessively refined young men, a woman forfeits her character for delicacy by joining a male class for medical instruction, do not their female patients much more "sacrifice their modesty" and "unsex themselves" by employing a male physician? If woman is excluded from the class-room with men for medical instruction on the ground of delicacy, surely, for the same reason, should men be excluded from her sick-room for medical practice.

But, fortunately, all esculapians are not burdened with so exquisite a sense of propriety; the Geneva Medical College opening its doors to Elizabeth Blackwell, of whose attendance at the lectures a journalist says: "She comes into the class with great composure, takes off her bonnet and puts it under the seat, takes notes constantly, and maintains throughout an unchanged countenance. The effect on the class has been good, and great decorum is observed while she is present."

Another instance of unaided but successful energy in this line is that of a daughter of one of our most distinguished publishers—the first woman ever graduated at any college of Pharmacy in this country. She is fully recognized

as a member of the profession by *L'Ecole de Medicine* in Paris, the great medical institution of the world. And she enjoys all the honors and privileges it can confer, none of which have ever been bestowed on a woman before.

Contrast with this the narrow policy of the Homœopathic Medical Society of Massachusetts, which, after an exciting discussion, voted—thirty-three to thirty-one—not to admit Mrs. M. B. Jackson, M. D., to their membership. Not a doubt was expressed as to her professional competency, and no objection offered except the worn-out one—that no woman can be a physician without going out of her sphere. And what shall be said as to the late disgraceful course of the medical college in Philadelphia?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LOST ART.

IT is a universally conceded fact that conversation, properly so called, is unknown in this country. This arises from a variety of secondary causes, underlying which is one broad and undeniable fact, the lack of time amid the rush and bustle of our daily life for the cultivation of the æsthetic faculties to any extent. Our country is young; our men, absorbed in business, have no time to devote to the amenities of social life. Many of them have "risen from the ranks," and the struggles and necessities of their early life barred them out from the culture for which, now that they have leisure, they have ceased to feel any desire or need. Women are said to govern the realm of conversation; but the women of an age are, for the most part, such as the men require them to be. While the "lords of creation" are satisfied with "airy nothings" and vapid small-talk in lieu of conversation, so long will women supply the demand. When men rise to a higher level and are capable of responding to a higher tone, then, and not till then, may we hope to see again the reign of brilliant conversers—men and women of intelligence and culture, of wit and refinement, who have made conversation a study as it deserves.

For of all talents there is none which is so available. The musician, the painter, the sculptor charm the select few who are capable of appreciating their peculiar branch of art. To the others, to the masses even of educated people, who have no technical and precise art-knowledge, their works are a dead letter. They feel them perhaps vaguely; they admire as a child would, yet with a restless, dissatisfied feeling—an unexpressed consciousness that there

is a something beyond the outside which is alone visible to them—a something grander and deeper than the outward harmony and symmetry, to which they have not the key.

Worse still is it when, admiring what they see or hear, they turn away satisfied that what their shallow senses have perceived is all locked in their blind ignorance and conceit from the very perception of the hidden beauties and mysteries of the world of art.

Others again admire because it is said to be admirable, and because it is the fashion to applaud, but behind the mask is a weariness more or less utter, a disgust for themselves and the object of their feigned enthusiasm.

But conversation is a charm which works from the highest to the lowest, for the true converser will adapt himself to all with whom he is thrown in familiar contact, and as all have, to a greater or less degree, the faculty of expression, so all can be warmed and charmed by this universal talisman.

Foremost among the requisites for excellence in this art, must of course be placed a well-stored mind, and, moreover, a mind in which knowledge and information are so arranged and systematized as to be always and instantly available. Without this many a flushy and superficial observer will shine, where one of solid but unavailable merit would be overlooked.

Indeed, it is a question whether it is not just those superficial scholars and thinkers who are most successful in general society. In long and intricate acquaintance their shallowness will, of course, be detected; but in ordinary intercourse the very fact of their not being incumbered by the weight of their knowledge, nor confused by its extent, gives them a certain advantage. They flash off their sparkles of wit and trifles of information, and those who see only the foam and sparkle, dazzled by their brilliancy, are apt to take the depths beneath for granted. Unfortunately it is not always the case, in this sense, that

*"The foam-flakes that dance on life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep."*

Perhaps the next requisites are fluency and aptness of expression, neatness and precision in language and epithet, a style perfect in its kind, whether terse and racy, ornate and picturesque, solid and concise, or brilliant and sparkling. Better yet may be a happy combination of all, or the faculty of adapting the style to the subject under discussion and the participants of the conversation, for the power of adaptation is indispensable.

Wit and humor, perhaps, hold the next place

in the list of requisites. Wit alone often wears by its brilliancy, but humor, relieved by flashes of wit, seldom fails to please and amuse. Self-possession and good-humor, enabling one to bear hard thrusts with equanimity and to parry them carelessly and adroitly, or, in case of need, to retort with delicate satire, piercing but devoid of acerbity, are essential to the character of a popular converser, though not, perhaps, to that of a merely brilliant one. Some men wield facts like bludgeons, knocking away specious arguments and light retorts mercilessly to right and left. Such a one was Dr. Johnson, of whom it was said that "it was useless to argue with him, for if his pistol missed fire he knocked you down with the butt end." Such men may be admired, but can hardly be called popular.

Others wield in their defense a Damascus blade, keen, flexible, glittering, cutting close with a fair, clean stroke, which "lets daylight through you ere you know you're hit," and many can bear with equanimity—can even admire, at their own expense, the stroke of a sharp, polished blade, who would shrink from the more brutal blow of an oaken staff.

Most unpleasant companions are the ponderous and matter-of-fact people. Every one knows them. They treat all subjects, grave or gay, with equal solemnity, insist upon arguing upon questions to treat which seriously is like breaking a butterfly upon the wheel. They can not comprehend a joke, and make savage and determined war upon rhetoric, treating irony and hyperbole as breaches of truth too grave for a smile. They insist upon introducing the most serious and the deepest topics at the most inappropriate moments, and consider the smile which the incongruity can hardly fail to call forth, as proofs of the most determined levity and frivolity. No jest will turn them aside, for the very good reason that jests are utterly unintelligible to them. They plod on with the gravity and solemnity of an ox over all the flowers of life, and, like oxen, excellent as they are in their places, are most sadly incongruous with the holidays of life.

Equally unpleasant, though in an opposite way, are the determinately brilliant people, who look on life as one huge farce, and all its incidents as fair food for wit and merriment. Gravity is to them a farce, earnestness or enthusiasm is sentimentality, and, as such, a fair field for ridicule. No feeling is too sacred, no sentiment too delicate, no nature too high to be the object of their mockery. Such people amuse for awhile, but "gayety without alloy wearieth," even sooner than perpetual seriousness, in so

far as jests which wound are more unendurable than heaviness which only bores.

But if even brilliant wit wearies at length, what shall be said of those whose sole idea of conversation is a frantic but futile striving for this end? No more lamentable mistake can be made in conversation than this. No greater bore exists than that sadly common one—the man who aims at brilliancy without the first requisite of success. Have we not all “smiled and smiled” in mute agony, with writhings of the spirit manifold, beneath the elaborate and pointless jokes, the fearfully misplaced “pleasantries,” the dull hackings of what the duller perpetrator fondly imagines to be satire of the keenest? And all the while our tormentor sits blandly smiling, recking nothing of the disgust rampant in our hearts. It is one of the most pitiable sights, and ludicrous as it is pitiable, to see a man who, if he followed the bent of his nature, would be kindly, sensible, inoffensive, thus deliberately impaling himself upon the hook of ridicule, and in serene self-complacency mistaking the attention which he attracts for the admiration which he covets.

Another fault to be guarded against is verbosity. Let your sentences be terse and clear, your stories—if you tell them—short and pithy, coming straight to the point without preliminary observations or side issues, and, above all, not floundering about in a quagmire of words until the “point” being reached at last, the only feeling in the mind of the bewildered hearer is one of intense relief that the end is attained by any means whatever, while all the life and aroma of the anecdote have evaporated long before.

Not less to be avoided is the fault of monopolizing the conversation, or directing it into channels when those present may be incapable of following it. If the aim is to be an agreeable companion, the endeavor should be less to shine one's self than to draw others out, to raise them in their own esteem by adroitly finding out their favorite topic and then gently leading them to talk upon it. Take it for granted that every one can talk well upon some subject, and let your endeavor be to find out what that is, and lead the conversation toward it. A man will be more grateful to you for a single piquant or original remark elicited from him, than for a whole Golconda of brilliance which you have poured at his feet. It has been said that the most agreeable conversations are those of which you can recall nothing definite, but which leave behind only a vague, pleasurable remembrance. It has also been said that in order to be a successful talker you must say many commonplace things, some silly and a few brilliant ones. In

a certain sense this is true, if by a successful talker is meant a popular one. Human nature being slightly given to self-esteem does not like to be outshone—to be used merely as a lay-figure whereupon to display another's brilliancy. Let your opponent have the advantage of you occasionally, and he will be far more ready to applaud you when occasion arises.

Perhaps, after all, the most simple rule would be that of Christian kindness. Let the golden rule be your guide in this as in all else, and, given true Christian courtesy and refinement, solid information and the faculty of expression, one can hardly fail to interest and please.

THE FATHER'S DUTY.

WE estimate a mother's importance in her family as high as any one; and yet we do not believe that she monopolizes all the qualities needed in the great work of training up human beings. Her familiarity with her children places her, in some respects, at a disadvantage for the exercise of wholesome authority. The wise father will not indeed take the reins of the family government from his wife; but he will make his children feel that her gentle sway is sustained by a firm and steady hand; that behind their mother's tender heart stands a cool judgment, and a will stronger even than their own, and that they can not impose upon the one nor resist the other. But if he would be truly the father of his family, he must not be a stranger to them. It will answer no purpose for him to come in once in a while to meet some great emergency, and awe down rebellion by hard authority. He must be the companion, the friend of his children. Strong, natural love must be the basis of all beneficial discipline. To preserve an affection for and retain companionship with the young is a sure way for a man to remain always young himself.

But this is also, we had almost said, equally necessary for the father himself. Nothing keeps the heart so fresh and young, saves it from bitterness and corrosion through the cares, and conflicts, and disappointments of life, as daily enjoyment of a happy home. A man of business, or a scholar, who thus allows himself time for relaxation, and for the play of the domestic affections, will in the course of years have accomplished more, with less wear of mind and body, than one who has been all the time on the stretch, seeking “to catch the nearest way” to wealth or any other object of personal or public good.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

MY FIRST DEBT.

I WAS ten years old, and flitting about in the sunshine as free from care as a butterfly. Happy days were succeeded by happy nights, filled with pleasant dreams. Not a cloud had ever appeared above the horizon of my youth, not even one "no larger than a man's hand," and thus I dreamed it would ever be!

Half-way down the street, by which I went to school, was a fancy shop, kept by a little Scotch woman. Shop and keeper were suited to each other, both being small, dark, and dingy. Notwithstanding all this, the spot had peculiar attractions for me, and seldom could I pass its charmed precincts without pausing a moment to take a peep at the little show-case on the counter next the door, to see if its scanty stock of jointed dolls, side-combs, perfumery, buttons, etc., had been increased or diminished, or if the artificial flowers in little red pots, which looked *so natural* then, and seem so stiff and unlike *real* flowers now, had been appreciated and bought by some admirer of the "works of nature."

On cool days the outside door of the little shop was closed, and when opened would bump against a sharp-toned little bell, that seemed to say, "Look out there, I expect thieves!" And then from out the still darker little back room would pop the little dark mistress, with a Jack-in-a-box movement, with her little black eyes full of interrogation points, and perhaps a half-finished "artificial" or dress-cap in her hand.

Sometimes, when fear of being late at school would lend unusual quickness to my naturally lingering feet, I would just flit in, take one look, flit out again with one "longing, lingering look behind," and hasten on. If the doom which fell upon Lot's wife had been visited upon me at any of those times, I fear there would have been a melancholy little "pillar of salt" standing, a solemn warning to loitering school children, in the quiet street of that well-remembered village.

One lazy Spring day, when the blood circulated sluggishly through my veins, and my feet felt less inclined to "move on" than usual, I paid my customary visit to the little shop on my way to school. Something unusual was going on. The little mistress was "rubbing up" the show-case preparatory to putting into

it a new supply of the before-mentioned articles. I paused to look, of course. They were soon arranged in tempting display, and, forgetful of school and all outside the show-case, I dreamed and lingered.

The voice of the mistress aroused me. "Would n't you like to buy something to-day?" at the same time holding up a diminutive jointed doll. Now if I had a passion or failing worse than day-dreaming and thoughtlessness, it was dolls—and she knew it. Long, short, thick, thin, broken, or whole, the very sight of a doll would fill my heart with a tender longing. When possession crowned desire, no child so happy as I! So, balancing myself first on one foot, then on the other, I looked at the tempting wooden bait, then at the temptress, and said, meekly, as if it were a crime, with such an object concerned, to be so situated, "I have n't any money."

"It is only a sixpence, and you can hand it to me to-morrow," she blandly answered.

Little persuasion was needed; I took the doll, and was soon on my way, not actually rejoicing, for I already felt the weight of the debt—my first debt. O, how little I thought it would prove a perfect "Old Man of the Sea" to me ere I had done with it! But I said to myself, "I will ask mother for the money to-night, and pay it in the morning. Somehow I could not study as well as usual that day. The figures in the multiplication-table would all crook up, like my doll's legs and arms, and I said, "Five times one are five," five times too often, because I knew that, and had only to study on the rest of the line. But the figures five and one tormented me all the afternoon.

I went home at night hungry and tired. I thought I would go to mother at once and ask for the money, but, after seeking her in vain, I was told by my grandmother she was not at home, and I had best keep quiet, for she would probably not be home for some time, as she had been called to the bedside of a sick neighbor. So I ate my supper, and then took my stool, and withdrawing to the rear, and in the shade of grandma's chair, I took my possession from my pocket. I did n't tell grandma what I had done, as she had an old-fashioned notion that money spent in dolls and such useless things was "just so much money thrown away!" And then when one had one and had n't yet

paid for it—whew! I would n't tell her for *any thing!* So I put dolly back again into my pocket with a sigh. Growing weary at length of the click of grandma's needles and mother's absence, I gave a sudden jerk, when crack! went something in my pocket. It sounded like a pistol shot to me, but it evidently did not appear so to grandma, for she knitted on as unconsciously as ever. I cautiously put my hand into my pocket and felt for the poor dolly, and my worst fears were realized—it had been broken against the arm of my chair. Then the thought occurred to me for the first time, perhaps mother would not be willing to furnish money for a jointed doll, much less a poor broken one!

Bed-time came, and still not mother. With a sigh I crept into bed, hoping the morning would see an end to my troubles. I said my prayers as usual, but when I got to "Forgive us our debts" I broke completely down, and cried aloud. Fortunately no one heard me, or I should have been obliged to confide to other ears what might have a patient hearing and lenient judgment when poured into my mother's.

I was awakened next morning by the summons, "Come, it is 'most school-time." After all, I had slept more soundly than people with heavy consciences are wont to. I went down to meet a new disappointment. Mother had been home and gone again before I was awake. Had gone—and I was still in debt, with no means of paying my liability!

I took the poor maimed doll from my pocket and looked at it. All possibility of taking it back, as had occurred to me I might do before the accident, was past, and perhaps mother would refuse to give me the required money. Heart-sick, I contemplated my situation. The poor doll had suddenly become changed in my eyes. From the fascinating being I had first deemed her, besides being mutilated, she had become actually ugly! She had no profile, and looked more like a half-starved Chinese—begging pardon of their celestial highnesses—than any thing else, and she had no nose, to speak of, and only two little black dots for nostrils. And such limbs! I wondered what I had ever seen in the miserable little thing to admire, and my tears flowed afresh. The shadow of the debt had fallen over the once-loved charms, causing the graces and symmetry, which before had enticed me, to vanish.

That morning I took the opposite side of the street to school. How I passed the day I do not remember, being in such a state of suspense. It seemed as if the hands of the clock never

moved so slowly, and I fancied they pointed toward me, while the clock ticked out, "She owes—a sixpence—for a—broken—dolly." But four o'clock came, and I went home—again on the opposite side of the street. I remember thinking perhaps I would not find mother at home, and began to feel as if I could never tell her; and finally began to hope she would be away, though I could see no real help or comfort in that.

She was at home and very busy, as company had come, and tea was in progress. A sudden spasm of frenzy seized me as I approached her and twitched her sleeve.

"What do you want?" she asked, pausing a minute.

"I"—my courage failed, and I only asked, "How is Mrs. Lake?"—the sick neighbor.

"Better—a great deal—but do n't trouble me now."

I turned sadly away, and, looking back, saw mother's eyes fastened upon me, no doubt thinking how soft-hearted her little girl was to be so moved at Mrs. Lake's illness.

Slowly the days crept along. Suns rose and set, and rose and set again, and still I kept my secret locked up in my heart. Often it balanced on my tongue's end, so near was I parting with it, but something would always happen to tip the scale, so the secret would fall back again into my heart, wearying with its weight, which seemed to grow every day.

Never before in my life had I known money to be so scarce. No capitalist, keeping daily watch on the rising and falling in the money market, ever suffered more in mind from "hard times" than I did then. In vain I solicited errands to run, in hopes of a few pennies for reward, for, though every one accepted my services, doubtless thinking me wondrously accommodating and thoughtful, no idea of pay for "value received" seemed to enter their minds. When sent to the market or shop, the change always was "even," or too large for me to hope or expect to keep. At last the weight grew so burdensome that I no longer dared to go down the street, even on the opposite side, pass the dreaded fancy store, so I "took" to the towing-path of the canal. Sometimes I met with rough-looking men and a great many rude boys, who stared at me but seldom spoke, seeing, doubtless, how frightened and forsaken I looked. Once a rough-looking, but, I am sure, kind-hearted driver lifted me upon his horse for a ride. It is needless to say I have had many a ride since, when I felt prouder of my horse and attendant.

"Time," it is said, "is a healer," and so it

proved in the case of my wounded conscience. After a few weeks' constant travel upon the towing-path—and some narrow escapes from savage dogs attendant upon the boatmen, and once from being swept into the canal by getting between the rope and the water while the boat was passing—I found my debt no longer appeared in so terrible a light as at first. Not but that I intended paying it at my earliest possible chance, but I had begun to be accustomed to its existence; and, like many other burdens which we feel at first we can not bear up under, I found I could not only bear it, but was beginning to look upon it almost with indifference. So I abandoned the canal and its dusty path, and once more resumed my walks down the wide, shady street, though even yet on the side farthest from the scene of my temptation.

At last there came a day, a happy day for me! In return for some light service my grandma gave me a bright new sixpence. An unbounded treasure it appeared to me—a perfect mine of wealth.

How I danced over the side-walk again! As I neared the shop, my mind full of the words I should say and the manner of saying them, my eyes caught a glimpse of a tempting row of oranges in a grocer's window. Instinctively my mouth watered, and my first impulse was to buy one; but, "No," I thought, "I will deny myself and pay my debt." I took a few steps onward, then something inside seemed to whisper, "No harm to go in and ask their price—you need not buy one now."

So in I went, and found they were just twopence each. The shop boy held one in his hand, expecting me to take it, and again the voice inside whispered, "So mean to pretend you were going to buy and not do it."

"I'll take it," I said, and hurriedly giving the boy the money, ran out of the shop and down the street, the orange in my hand and only fourpence in my pocket. But all my happy thoughts had left me with my money. I tried to silence the whispers of the inward voice—which, now that I had obeyed it, began to be reproachful—by saying, "I will tell mother to-morrow, and I know she will help me." I could not eat my orange then, and concluded to share it with some one at night, thereby partially atoning for my fault. I must have been in an unusually dreamy state on my way home from school that evening, for suddenly raising my eyes I found I was close to the dreaded shop before I was aware, and there, in the doorway, stood the object I had been eluding so long. She smiled grimly as I stopped, my face burning, and wished her "good evening."

"Where 've you been so long?" she asked; then, without waiting for an answer, she asked me to come in. Impelled onward as if by a resistless and relentless fate, I obeyed. When once inside, the various articles from which I had almost become estranged, again began to assume familiar appearances, and I soon felt the old charm coming back, and myself drifting away in an old-time dream over the show-case.

"See any thing there you like?" fell upon my ears, dispelling my dreams.

Not liking the expression of her keen eyes, I burst out nervously, "Yes, but I can't buy to-day, for I have no money."

"You are generally in that fix, aren't you? By the way, don't you owe me a little for a *dolly* you got here once—some time in the Spring?"

I told her I believed I did.

"Well, I have been making a cap for an old lady, Mrs. White, and if you will take it home for me I will forgive you the debt."

Gladly I consented—yes, I knew the lady in question, and clasping my arms around the band-box, which was larger than any cap-box I ever saw before or since, I started on my errand.

It was a long, hot walk to the top of that steep hill, right in the face of the sun, and the band-box, though not heavy, was difficult to manage. But the white cottage, perched on the very top of the hill, cheered my vision even as I glanced, half-blinded, upward; for it was to me the goal where I should, like Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress," drop off my burden forever. I almost fancied that on my arrival at the top, "shining ones" might come to me, even as they did to him, and say, "Peace be to thee." Heated and panting, I arrived at the cottage, and presented the box with a sigh of relief to Mrs. White. Words can not express the surprise of the good lady, or my disappointment. She was the plainest dressed of all plain-dressed Quakeresses, and she looked aghast as she lifted the gaudy cap from the box, and stood still in astonishment. The flowers and ribbons with which it was decked were of all possible hues, and before her quiet tones assured me it was not for her—I knew it.

"Thee has made some mistake, daughter," she mildly said, and replaced the cap.

"She said Mrs. White," I answered meekly.

"It may be the Mrs. White who lives over by the meeting-house," she suggested.

So I again took up my burden and started forth. The other Mrs. White lived at the extreme end of town, in the opposite direction, and I despaired of ever being able to go so far and back home again before dark. I hoped,

too, in consideration of what I had tried to do, my creditor might be merciful, and "forgive" me the debt, without exacting any thing further. My temples throbbed, and my throat was dry and hot, and before I reached the shop again I felt, "Verily, 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

As I entered the little woman bounced in in response to the bell.

"I went to the wrong Mrs. White," I stammered, "and I don't think I have time to do the errand to-night."

"Well, then, I suppose you can pay the money soon?"

I could only say, faintly, I hoped I could, and crept out of the shop, and homeward. I feared my face would show I had been under some unusual excitement, and so it proved, for when I met my mother in the hall she laid her hand upon my forehead and said, "Why, how hot your head is; where have you been since school?"

Then the flood-gates of my sorrow burst open, and my tears flowed through. I told her all then. How hard it had seemed before, and how easy it really was to tell her then!

I was consoled and chided in one breath, and assured that the following morning I should pay the debt.

"I have fourpence toward it now," I said; but mother only laughed, and made me promise I would never contract another debt. And I did promise, and have kept my word.

I enjoined secrecy upon my mother and shared my orange with her. I afterward found the poor dolly tucked away where I had put her, long weeks ago, and, patching her up as well as I could, made a fancy pen-wiper of her.

Long years have passed since then, and I have arrived at the part of life's journey when jointed dolls, or in fact any dolls, please no longer, perhaps because that place in my heart once devoted to them has been filled by a living, breathing, black-eyed jointer, and for whom I pray that in the years to come the horizon of his youthful sky may never be darkened by even such a tiny cloud as—my First Debt.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

DO my dear young friends ever think how almost all that is good come to us? Did you ever see a farmer planting and sowing? Down in the moist earth goes the seed and yellow corn, grain by grain, little by little. God sees the farmer at his work, and knows full well that he has done what he could; so he kindly

sends the gentle rain, drop by drop, and not one of these little drops ever forgets its errand upon which the good God sends it to the earth.

"I have found you," said the rain drop to the tiny grain of wheat; and "though you are dead and in your grave, God has sent me to raise you up."

Well, there is nothing impossible with him; so when the rain drop has done its errand, a spark of life shoots out from the very heart of the tiny grain, which is dead and buried, and little by little it makes its way out of the tomb, and stands a single blade in the warm sunlight. That is nobly done; and if the great God pleased, he could make the little blade strong and fruitful in a single moment. Does he do this? No. Little by little does the stalk wax strong, and its leaves grow slowly, one after another, leaf by leaf.

Is it not so with every thing that is good? Should we like another way better? Impatience would.

It was only a few days ago that I heard a little girl say, "I am tired, tired, tired! Here is a whole stocking to knit, stitch by stitch! It will never be done."

"But was not this one knitted stitch by stitch?" I asked, taking a long one from her basket and holding it up.

"Yes."

"Well, that is done."

The little girl was counting instead of knitting her stitches. No wonder that she was tired.

Did you ever see a mason building a house of bricks?

"Poor man!" Impatience would say, "what an undertaking, to start from the earth and go on so far toward the sky, brick by brick!" Who ever saw a patient, persevering person try, and not succeed at last? So, then, step by step, which is God's way, must be the way.

Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl who, in looking back upon a day gone by, can say, "I have done one thing well," may be happy in the thought that one step has been taken in the way of wisdom. But remember one thing, dear little friend, the buried grain of wheat would never start into life if God did not send it help, and it is by the same help that it now increases day by day.

As the little rain drop—God's beautiful messenger—descends into its tomb, so in the darkness and death of sin the Holy Spirit comes to us. If he breathe upon our hearts, we live to do good; without him, we do nothing good. Let us obey the Spirit, and all good will be ours at last, though we gain it little by little.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"COME AND SEE."—Prejudice is a judgment formed without due examination of the facts and arguments necessary to a just conclusion. A man, otherwise excellent, doubted if any good thing *could* come out of Nazareth. The rational mode of correcting his prejudice was adopted. One who knew that a good thing *had* come out of Nazareth, promptly said to the doubter, "Come and see." Nathanael was candid enough to do so much, and was soon convinced.

Every one knows that many have prejudices against Christianity which might be removed, would those who cherish them but make personal investigation of its claims. And every one who has endeavored to bring individuals to Christ, knows on what partial and insufficient grounds they often refuse to become Christians. One refers to some doctrine which he has heard denounced, and held up to ridicule or scorn; and, though he has never examined the evidence of its verity, he has a repugnance to it, and turns away from the whole because he dislikes a single particular. Another has been defamed or defrauded by a Church member, and becomes prejudiced against all Christians, and even Christianity itself. A third finds a subterfuge in the diversity of creeds and the multiplicity of denominations. Numerous are the objections, frivolous in themselves, which men interpose as a foil to appeals which press upon their consciences and hearts.

Our religion, like its Author, is open, both as a theory and a practical system, to examination, and invites scrutiny.

Candid experiment is better than controversial discussion. When once prejudice is banished from the heart, it is soon expelled from the head. Get the mind open to the simplest form of evidence, and there will be conviction, and a frank avowal of the conviction.

Christians who can not argue learnedly, can invite their friends to Jesus, and thus render them incalculable service. The most acute logician could not have done Nathanael so much good as was done by Philip of Bethsaida. The simplest Christian can say, "Come and see," and that may be more effectual than a labored disputation.

That word "Come" was far better than would have been the word "Go." "Come" is attractive, and significant of the spirit of the Gospel. How often and sweetly did that word fall from the lips of

Jesus! "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come.'" It is the word for all his followers.

"RELIGION AT HOME."—We have seldom heard a more practical sermon from the pulpit, or one more needed, than an editorial article which lately appeared in one of the leading secular papers of New York, under the above title. We can not deny ourselves the pleasure of making some extracts:

Home is the place where men need their religion most, because it is at home that men are not only most tempted, but most inclined to show their meanness. There is seldom any one to call a man to account in his own house. There he can too often play the tyrant or the ruffian with impunity, and there he not unfrequently does so misbehave himself as to render his presence intolerable to all within his power.

There are tens of thousands of persons in this city who profess to be Christians, and it would be interesting to get at the precise number of those whose families or dependents derive any benefit from their master's supposed religion—whose wives thank God that they have religious husbands, whose children thank God that they have religious fathers, whose employes thank God that they have religious employers. We hope there are many such, because the professedly religious man, whose wife and children and employes do not have occasion to thank God for a religious husband and father and employer, has no religion which will pass muster either in this world or in that which is to come. Nor are the employed exempt from these conditions any more than the employers. A truly religious man, whatever his station, puts his religion into his daily life and vocation, and makes it tell beneficently in the humblest duties as well as in the highest.

These remarks and principles apply to women no less than to men. The wife whose religion does not lead her to try to make her home the blesseddest place on earth for her husband and her children, will attend prayer-meetings and sewing-circles in vain; and in vain also will she who fills her house with scolding all the week attune her discordant voice in church to Sabbath psalms.

THOUGHTS FOR PARENTS.—1. Be what the children ought to be.

2. Do what the children ought to do.

3. Avoid what they should avoid.

4. Aim always, not only in the presence of the children, but also in their absence, that your conduct may serve them for an example.

5. Are any among them defective? *Examine what you are yourself*, what you avoid—in a word, your whole conduct.

6. Do you discover in yourself defects, sins, wanderings? Begin by improving yourself, and seek afterward to improve your children.

7. Think well that those by whom you are surrounded are often only the reflection of yourself.

8. If you lead a life of penitence, and seek daily to have grace in you, it will be imparted to you, and through you to your children.

9. If you always seek Divine guidance, your children will more willingly be directed by you.

10. The more obedient you are to God, the more obedient will your children be to you; thus in his childhood the wise Solomon asked of the Lord "an obedient heart," in order to be able to govern his people.

11. As soon as the master becomes lukewarm in communion with God, that lukewarmness will extend itself among his pupils.

12. That which forms a wall of separation between God and yourself will be a source of evil to your children.

13. An example in which love does not form a chief feature is but as the light of the moon—cold and feeble.

14. An example animated by ardent and sincere love shines like the sun; it warms and invigorates.

MODERN INFIDELS.—A writer in the *Congregational Journal* thus exposes modern infidelity: "The infidelity, to be sure, of the present day has become pious, and goes to meeting, but the teeth are just as sharp, and malice just as deep as when imported from France. Formerly the infidel wolf was wont to growl and snap in open daylight, now it puts on sheep's clothing, and appears religious, uses honeyed words, smiles blandly, and even prays with some apparent fervor, finding this to be the best way to oppose the Orthodox. Mr. Thomas Paine was a green hand at the work. He was too outspoken. He showed his hoofs, horns, and tail, and supposed he could accomplish his end. Poor, mistaken man! if he had become a doctor of divinity he would have shown more tact, and had more prospect of ultimate success. Whatever may be the other attributes of the devil, he certainly is not omniscient, for he has learned something during the last hundred years. He is not the same coarse, uncouth, homely creature he used to be. He has sawed off his horns, he wears as nice boots as any body, covering his cloven feet, and his tail is rolled up under a neat sheep-skin, and he bows and scrapes, and smiles and prays just like other folks. Formerly he was frightful, hideous—now he is quite attractive, winning by his smiles the young and unsuspecting."

LEGH RICHMOND AND HIS MOTHER.—Legh Richmond, writing to his mother, says, "Your occasional doubts and fears arise from too much considering

faith and repentance as the *grounds*, rather than the *evidences*, of salvation. The truth is, that a weak faith makes the soul as sincere, though not so happy, as a strong one; and an imperfect repentance, as we deem it, may be sincere, and, therefore, a work of grace. Our salvation is not because we do well, but because 'He, in whom we trust, hath done all things well.' The believing sinner is never more happy and secure than when at the same moment he beholds and feels his own vileness, and also his Savior's excellence. You look at yourself too much, and at the infinite price paid for you too little. For conviction you must look at yourself, but for comfort at your Savior. Thus the wounded Israelites were to look only at the brazen serpent for recovery. The graces of the Spirit are good things for others to judge us by, but it is Christianity as received, believed in, rested upon, loved and followed, that will speak *peace* to ourselves. By looking unto Him we shall grow holy; and the more holy we grow, the more we shall mourn over sin, and be sensible how very short we come of what we yet desire to be. While our sanctification is a gradual and still imperfect work, our justification is perfect and complete; the former is wrought *in* us, the latter *for* us. Rely simply as a worthless sinner on the Savior, and the latter is all your own, with its accompanying blessings of pardon, acceptance, adoption, and the non-imputation of sin to your charge. Hence will flow thankful obedience, devotedness of heart, etc. This salvation is by faith alone, and thus saving faith works by love. Embrace these principles freely, fully, and impartially, and you will enjoy a truly Scriptural peace, assurance, and comfort."

PREACHING CHRIST.—I am thoroughly and solemnly convinced that no other than the preaching of Christ "in the demonstration and power of the Spirit" will boldly confront and effectually check the prevailing Rationalism and Ritualism of the day. A lifeless, intellectual, philosophical presentation of the Gospel will, for all such practical purposes, make no more vital or saving impression upon the minds and hearts of the people, than the arrow on the air, or the snow-flake upon the sea. A ministry that is not unequivocally evangelical in its doctrine, practical in its teaching, loving in its spirit, and clothed with the anointing of the Holy Ghost, is not the ministry for the momentous and perilous times in which we live. To combat the errors and to explode the superstitions of the day, the Gospel must be proclaimed without reservation, and Christ must be uplifted without a rival; no ghostly priest with mock sacerdotal pretensions standing between the Savior and the sinner.

POWER OF WOMAN.—Dr. Adolphe Monod, that most eloquent of all evangelical ministers of France, says: "The mightiest influence which exists on the earth, both for good and for evil, is concealed in the hand of woman." She may not sit as a judge or a senator, or fill the pulpit, or plead at the bar, or be diplomaed in medical colleges, or command armies, or vote at elections, yet her power is greater over

men who do those things than all else, and the greatest over those who deny it. What made the Greek soldiers braver than all others? If there be truth in history, it was due to their mothers, sisters, and wives. They conjured them to conquer, or return, borne dead or wounded upon their shields.

Our soldiers were patriotic in the late war, but who does not know that their patriotism was re-enforced by the women who presented banners and flew to the fields of blood with kind words and sanitary supplies!

Dr. Judson was a brave man, but the charming and beautiful Ann Hasseltine, whom he loved, re-enforced his bravery. The influences under which John Bunyan grew up to manhood were not good. He was wild, reckless, and profane. But he overheard four poor women talking, not of their neighbors' faults, but of Christ and their own Christian experience. They arrested his attention. It resulted in his conversion. Those four poor women made John Bunyan what he was.

The power of men over women is great, but not so great as that of women over men. It is hard for a man who plunges into vice or error to drag his wife with him; but easy for a woman to lead her husband astray. It is a power that grows out of her nature. The morals of the people are in the keeping of women. What they frown upon, men will not do. Men can be saved from drunkenness if women set their faces against it. Young men will not drink if the young women they love and respect frown upon it; but if they are indifferent as to that matter, or encourage the practice, they will.

WEARING MOURNING.—The Cornhill Magazine contains some sensible ideas on the subject of wearing mourning: The addition of so many inches of crape for every degree of affinity is irrationally absurd. Apart from this, crape itself is a peculiarly bad material for the purpose, from its expensiveness and its liability to injury from every drop of rain. To lay aside one's ornaments is the natural symbol of grief, and a relief when the feeling is real. The French plan of signifying the "depth" of mourning by increasing the degree of plainness of the simple black dress, and by the absence of ornaments and trimming, seems much the most reasonable and appropriate. The free use of white in all cases of mourning, however deep, would also be a great gain. In hot weather to condemn mourners to the use of heavy black clothes is a mild form of suttee, and should, in common charity, be abolished.

THE BETTER LAND.—There is a place of blessedness. No storm ever beats upon its shores; no famine or pestilence ever stalks around its cities; no tears are ever wept there; no disappointments crush the heart. You have friends and loved ones there. In the night visions, "when deep sleep falleth upon men," they are present with you in dreams. There is a ladder like that which Jacob saw at Luz, reaching from heaven to earth; and they go to and fro upon it. They stand beside you in the night watches and utter the old words of love. Their voices have

caught something of the music of heaven, though they have not lost the old love tone. Their eyes glow with much of that light which bathes the heavenly world, but have not lost the melting tenderness of the former times. They shake celestial odors from their wings when they come in these dream-visits, and for days leave all the air about you redolent of heaven. We wish they would come oftener, and bring with them, when they come, yet larger tokens of the land whither they are gone, and whither we are going.

Ever and anon, another and another is being caught away from our household; and we reach out our arms after them weeping bitter tears. Let it not be so. Let it rather be our first care that they and we be suitably appareled when the Master sends. Up there they go in raiment which has been "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb;" for that is the royal color in heaven, and is worn by all the sons and daughters of the King.

FOUR THINGS IMPOSSIBLE.—To escape trouble by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment, but it did not succeed. Therefore manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.

To become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, such is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross, and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed luster.

To form an independent character except when thrown on one's own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on every side by trees that shade and shelter it, runs up tall and comparatively feeble; cut away its protectors and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character which he could not otherwise have attained.

To be a growing man by looking to your social position in society for influence, instead of bringing influence to your position. Therefore, prefer rather to climb up the hill with difficulty than to be steamed up by a power outside of yourself.

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the Spring of life opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed upon her cheek. That rose never faded yet—it never will fade. Who does not love and respect the woman that has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion or folly, and let her love truth and virtue.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE; or, *Scripture Testimony to the Divine Person and Work of the Holy Ghost.* By E. H. Bickersteth, M. A., author of "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever." 12mo. Pp. 192. \$1.25. New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Mr. Bickersteth a few months ago touched the heart of the Christian world by his daring but successful venture in the form of a great Christian epic, "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever." We call it a daring venture, because no one has essayed it on such a scale since the days of Milton, and Young, and Pollok. And like even the *Paradise Lost* itself, its four hundred pages of blank verse lay for some time waiting for some one bold enough to undertake its reading, and still longer for an American publisher who would venture its reproduction. But as with the immortal epic of the blind singer, reader after reader began to find himself astonished and delighted as he detected the thickly shining gleams of rare poetic genius in this work. It has already taken its place by the side of those grand old Christian epics which the world does not let die. It is one of the few books written on the ever solemn themes of death and life, and immortality, the upper and nether worlds, of which it can be said that the thread of the narrative once taken up, the reader is led resistlessly onward to the end.

But in an entirely different field and method the author produces the little volume before us. It is an unpretentious attempt to adduce in a compact form the full teaching of the Holy Scriptures on the nature, offices, and work of the Holy Spirit. It is not the author's first venture in prose. Christians have already welcomed two little volumes, "Hades and Heaven, or What does Scripture Reveal of the Estate and Employments of the Blessed Dead and the Risen Saints," and "Water from the Well-Spring for the Sabbath Hours of Afflicted Believers." A treatise entitled, "The Rock of Ages," on the one eternal Godhead of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, met with prompt favor, and has been widely circulated in England and America. The present volume is an enlargement of one of the chapters of that treatise, developing at greater length the Scripture testimony respecting the Spirit's Divine operations. It is a timely and valuable book, drawing all its lessons from the Holy Scripture, which it treats with a humility and reverence that is exemplary in these days. It studies fully "the teaching of the Word of God with respect to the Spirit's infinite unction of the Son of man, to his inspiration of Holy Scripture, to his striving with the world, to his quickening of those dead in sins, to his progressive sanctification of those who are quickened, and finally, with respect to the issue of his work in

the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

THE PURSUIT OF HOLINESS. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 261. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Dr. Goulburn, Dean of Norwich, and formerly chaplain to the Queen, has also made himself very favorably known to American Christians. "The Devotional Study of the Holy Scriptures," "The Idle Word," and others which we have noticed, have won their way by the beauty and simplicity of their style, the seriousness and piety of their thoughts, and the reverence and devoutness in which they study God's Word. "Thoughts on Personal Religion," to which this volume is a sequel, is a searching and instructive volume, pointing out to the penitent and the young Christian the reality of a vital and conscious experience of religion, and the way to reach it and grow in it. The present volume is intended to carry the reader further onward in this spiritual life. The first thing about the book which impresses us is its earnest piety, and its anxiety to instruct and save men. Another noticeable feature is the directness with which it goes to those questions and difficulties which arise in the life of every sincere and earnest Christian, and the clearness and ability with which it helps the inquirer, sometimes making him feel humiliated, where it shows his great lack, and at others enabling him to rejoice that certain of his thoughts and efforts are evidences of a Christian heart. One of the chapters will be of great service to that class of Christians who go doubting all their lives because no raptures are vouchsafed to them. The author forcibly shows that the love of God is a principle quite as much as a sentiment, and manifests itself better by our confidence in Christ, coming to him in our troubles, referring our actions to his will, and by our single-mindedness in desiring to know his will and seeking to please him, than by any mere ebullition of emotion. The love of Christ is an affection of the will, whose presence will produce more or less manifestation in our emotions according to the temperament, education, etc., of the individual. This is by no means one of the every-day guide-books to holiness, but an able, original, logical, and often profound treatment of subjects connected with the Christian life.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. A Poem. By William Morris, author of "The Life and Death of Jason." Part III. 16mo. Pp. 382. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The first and second parts of this remarkable poem were noticed in the Repository a year ago, and the American and English critics, with hearty prompt-

ness and almost universal accord, concede to its author a high place among the highest of the poets of modern times. It has been given to few mortals to leap so suddenly into poetic fame, as but few mortals have been so richly endowed with the imaginative faculty and the power of smooth, fluent, perspicuous poetic expression. The world had not ceased admiring and wondering over the magic scenes of the grand epic of "The Life and Death of Jason," on the fame of which the author might have lived for years, when the astonishment was multiplied by the appearance of the "Earthly Paradise," and critics began to fear that such productiveness must soon exhaust itself, and the quality be submerged in the quantity. But no, the perusal of the new volumes only proves that the fertility exhibited denotes not the inferiority of the crop but the richness of the soil. The care, the patience, the wealth of knowledge which the poems before us reveal, thoroughly shut out the notion of haste in their composition. The author is simply a born poet, and his thoughts flow from him in measured lines, with a spontaneousness that seems to evince no labor on the part of the artist. And they are read with the same flowing, dreamy ease with which they seem to have been written; and this is one of the great charms of the poems. He speaks, too, in language easy to be understood, simple and natural, hiding nothing in a poetic fog, but clothing every idea in a life-like beauty.

"The Earthly Paradise" is a novel conception; it is an exquisite poetical painting of those half-reasonable, half-superstitious hopes, that have been leading men in all ages to dream of and seek after some earthly paradise free from the thought of death and pain. The machinery of the poem is simple and artless. A band of wanderers start upon this search for Utopia; their journeys through the various months and seasons, described with sympathy and pathos, constitute the links by which the exquisite tales from ancient and mediæval lore are bound together. All the tales, taken from the old Greek, or Italian, or Norse legends, told by these weary wanderers, are in keeping with the deferred hope, the triumphant anticipation, the weary disappointment, or the soothing rest of these Utopia-seekers. The present volume, to be followed by still another, contains "The Death of Paris," "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," "The Story of Acontius and Cydippe," "The Man who Never Laughed Again," "The Story of Rhodope," and "The Lovers of Gudrun."

HEALTH BY GOOD LIVING. By W. W. Hall, M. D., editor of "Hall's Journal of Health." 12mo. Pp. 277. \$1.50. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Dr. Hall needs no introduction to our readers. We have felt quite free in presenting to them from time to time the pithy, rational, and varied thoughts which he so often gives to the world through the "Journal of Health." Dr. Hall may be called the "health doctor" rather than the healer, his great aim being to teach the people common sense with

respect to the principles of health and disease, and to keep them well rather than to heal their maladies. "The object of this book," he tells us, "is to show how high health can be maintained, and common diseases cured by 'good living,' which means eating with a relish the best food prepared in the best manner. As there can be no good living without a good appetite, how to get this great blessing without money and without price is pointed out in very clear and plain terms." It is full of sensible advice, and attention to its suggestions would save many visits from the doctor and a good deal of misery.

HEDGED IN. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Author of "Gates Ajar." 16mo. Pp. 295. \$1.50. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This volume, from the author of "Gates Ajar," will of course be welcomed from one who is now on the flood-tide of popularity. Though it has not the novelty of subject which made that work so wonderfully popular, it treats a well-worn and troublesome question with a freshness and power rarely equaled. It is the story of a girl who growing up among the dregs of the people, and becoming the mother of an illegitimate child, was raised through Christian sympathy to not only a useful position in society, but was made the loved and valued friend of persons of refinement and virtue. The narrative is intended to inculcate by example the benign and Divine judgment, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Its characters are finely and sharply drawn, and its incidents are within the bounds of probability, though unfortunately such judicious helpers as poor "Nix" met with are too rarely to be found. The book will interest thousands of readers, and we trust will do them good also.

MAUPRAT. By George Sand. From the French, by Virginia Vaughan. 16mo. Pp. 324. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

George Sand is another of those lady writers who have taken the strange freak of assuming a masculine *nom de plume*. She is a great favorite among French litterateurs. She is eminently French in her genius, style, and subjects. We doubt if she will ever become very popular in America; we can not hope that she ever should. Yet she is a grand writer; rather exuberant in imagination, extravagant, as most French writers of fiction are, yet exhibiting in every thing she writes an artistic excellence rarely equaled. The romance of *Mauprat* was written in 1846, while the author was suffering the pangs of disappointed matrimonial life, and passing through the miseries of a legal separation. The book glows, therefore, with burning indignation against every form of false marriage, and with brilliant passages on the true ideal of love, and the felicity and moral beauty of the marriage of kindred souls. It has a moral, which is not objectionable as a whole, though we would be unwilling to accept it as a true exposition of either love or marriage. It is nearer right, however, than many of her other productions.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"WAIF WOODLAND."—We are sure that many of our readers will thank us for placing before them in this number the modest, gentle, womanly face of "Waif Woodland," who, for many years, sang to them some of the sweetest and purest poetry that has adorned our pages. It was never our pleasure to meet our contributor, but as we read her poetry we built up our ideal, and are glad to find it realized in the portrait that we give of her. It is that of a genuine woman, beaming with maternal and wifely love, satisfied with her home, feeling that she was filling one of earth's highest places in blessing her household, and shedding around her a silent but powerful influence, refining and blessing all who knew her. No lines of restless ambition mar the patient restfulness of those features; she sang for neither fame nor money, but because the song was in her and welled up from a loving, thankful, satisfied heart. She was a sufferer, too, yet drank the cup with patient submission. She has gone to sing sweeter songs among the angels, for which even her picture tells us she was ripe and ready.

The proper name of "Waif Woodland" was Mrs. Caroline P. Blair; she was a resident of the town of Barker, in New York. Her life was marked by no extraordinary features; the lot was such as falls to the common heritage of men and women. She received a good education, commenced the career of teaching, early gave her heart to Christ, and continued a faithful and devout Christian till the Master called her higher. When about twenty years of age she was married to Mr. A. E. Blair, who, with seven children, five of them members of the Church of her early choice, still survives her. She was a sufferer almost from the time of her marriage till her death, yielding at last, like so many other gifted ones, to that fell destroyer, consumption. Her poetry breathes always the spirit of her life, indicating deep-toned piety, sanctified and refined by suffering. We bid farewell to the gifted writer, and sorrowfully dismiss the name and poetry of Waif Woodland from our pages, by giving two of her poems which she finished only a short time before her death, one of which seems almost prophetic of the coming change.

THE SILVER CUP.

Bring your uncle the little escritoir,
Alice, that stands on the oaken drawer I
There. You may unlock it—my hands, you know,
Are weak as a woman's, and tremble so.
Carefully, child! these are links of our fate,
The silver cup, and its pitiful freight.

They are here—all here—there is just a score
Of pale-pink leaves—neither less nor more;
From a tropical land beyond the sea
Your father, my darling, sent them to me;
Like a sigh borne back from a distant land,
Or the last cold touch of a "vanished hand."

You can judge of the night—little I thought
Then of the change which its hours had wrought;
My hair—ah me! 't was a terrible blow—
When the morning broke, was like drifted snow;
And the lines which fell on my youthful brow
Were as deep and long as you see them now.

The ship was staunch, and your father, they said,
"Had skill that would honor an older head;
The ocean for him held its beaten track
Twelve months, and Alice should welcome him back."
Tears darkened her vision, but Hope, too fond
Of brightness, was gilding the dim Beyond.

Bertha, my blossom, too fragile for earth,
Imbuing heaven's purity even from birth,
Reluctantly silenced her heart's protest,
And yielded to try the voyage in quest
Of firmer health. But, alas, for the day!
When Bertha, my beautiful, sailed away.

It was Spring-time—I shall never forget,
There were dew on the early violet,
And the wild white-pink and the arbutus
Smiled the saddest, tearfullest smile for us,
Remembering afterward, I could see
How Nature foreshadowed our destiny.

The sky's soft blue was o'erclouded, and thick
Cold mists hung heavily over the creek,
Whose waters swept with a foam, and a surge,
And a sound, which seemed like a funeral dirge.
But the slow hours passed, and day followed day,
Until weeks and months were worn away.

At length, when Summer was scenting the air
With its new-mown hay and its fruitage rare,
A missive was put in my hands, which bore
The name of a port on a foreign shore.
So fierce was the tumult which shook my heart
That I scarcely could tear the seal apart.

A message from her! just a few sweet words,
Like the first glad ripple of early birds;
Or a carol of Hope, so fresh and wild,
That I wept for joy—like the veriest child.
But a silence came, and a grave meantime
Took its tender trust in a distant clime.

Ah, Alice! we had not woven our plight
In a form of words; but the stars of night
Knew it, and so did the flowers, and the trees,
For Nature had whispered it on the breeze;
The path was not hidden which we had trod,
The angels saw it—and so did God.

Now, dear, you may gather the rose-leaves up,
And put them again in the silver cup;
They came when the Autumn winds were sighing,
The rose she held in her hand while dying!
A score of years—they are faded and torn,
They came to me, child, the night you were born.

Two gifts on my heart the angels had laid,
One from the dying—one from the dead!
These, from the hand which was wasting to dust,
You, darling—a babe—to be held in trust
For him—my brother—for this they said
Was your mother's prayer on her dying bed.

Alas for the night! just over the way
They showed me the room where his dead wife lay,

Then they told of the new-born babe, for whom
She had given her own sweet life and bloom ;
But the tidings which came an hour before
Had stunned me—I could not suffer more.

They were sisters, Alice, and both were gone !
I remember it all, the day's chill dawn,
The empty world, the discomforting sky,
And the ominous rooks that flitted by ;
Though I felt no pain, and could shed no tears,
That night had accomplished the work of years.

Yes, dear, you will put our treasures away,
My heart has been pleading for them all day !
Grown weary, perhaps, yet loving its cross,
Your father was never to feel his loss ;
No wearing unrest—no pain of rent ties,
Only a struggle and happy surprise.

But the sea is deep and its waves run wild,
So I keep the leaves, and I keep thee, child !
For a tattered sail, and a drifting spar,
And this silver cup, which came from afar,
And a sailor's word, and a tempest's frown,
Are all that told where the ship went down.

IMMORTALIS.

"Passing away !" this solemn truth
Can never more be banished !
One after one, the bright young dreams,
The glowing hopes and golden gleams
Of youth have swiftly vanished.

How strange they look, these silv'ry threads,
Amid my tresses shining !
A furrow here and there which fell
As if by stealth, yet loudly tell
Of life's too quick declining.

And yet it seems but yesterday
Since I, a child, was straying,
With birds and flowers, in thoughtless glee,
Or kneeling at my mother's knee,
The nightly prayer was saying.

Or later still, another scene
On Memory's canvas waking—
A timid bird, mid smiles and tears,
With budding hopes and chilling fears,
From the home-circle breaking.

A changeful sky, a checkered path,
By light and darkness shaded ;
O life, how strange a thing thou art !
But stranger still the human heart
When the frail form has faded.

Buoyant, and bright, and youthful still
Its unquenched fires are burning,
Earth's withered blossoms only feed
The deathless flame, and heavenward lead
The spirit's quenchless yearning.

DEATH OF DR. M'CLINTOCK.—The Church has been suddenly called upon to mourn the loss of one of her most gifted sons. On Friday, March 4th, Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D., LL. D., died, after a very brief illness, of typhoid fever, at his home in the President's house of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. It was startling intelligence even for his nearest friends, many of whom had only a few days before been enjoying his genial presence and society, while to the Church at large the announcement of his illness and of his death was almost simultaneous. His loss to the Church is among the heaviest of the many good and strong men she has been recently called to dismiss from the

earthly struggles to the heavenly rewards. Few men had won so many friends, few possessed such commanding talents and such varied abilities, few had filled so many posts of honor and usefulness, few will leave behind them so large a gap and so hard to fill.

Dr. M'Clintock was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1814, and, therefore, had only reached the ripe age of fifty-six, giving promise of many more years of usefulness to the Church. He was of Irish parentage, and possessed the warm heart and enthusiastic nature of the Celtic stock. He experienced religion early in life, and maintained an unwavering Christian faith amid the temptations of a varied literary career, and a devout Christian heart amid the seductions of a varied social life. He pursued his collegiate course at the University of Pennsylvania, in his native city, and graduated in 1835. He soon after entered the traveling ministry in New Jersey, and was first appointed to Jersey City. He was then elected to a professorship in Dickinson College, Carlisle, where he remained about ten years. In 1848 he was elected editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, in which position he remained for eight years, till 1856. From 1857 to 1859 he was pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in New York city, and near the close of 1859 he went to Paris to take charge of the American chapel in that city. He was there during all the hottest part of our recent war, and rendered incalculable service to his country by his inflexible loyalty, and by his eloquent defense of the Government, both in France and England, against the mistakes and prejudices of European and English aristocracy. He returned in 1864, and retired for rest and to prosecute his literary labors to a country residence, near New Brunswick, New Jersey. In 1868 he was called to Drew Theological Seminary, where he closed his active and faithful career.

Dr. M'Clintock was a greater literary worker than his published volumes would indicate, as the great work of his life, which has consumed years in its preparation, in association with Dr. Strong, is yet unfinished, the Theological and Biblical Cyclopedia. Besides, he was a very large contributor to his own periodical while editor of the Quarterly. In conjunction with Professor Blumenthal he prepared a translation of Neander's Life of Christ, and with Dr. Crooks, a series of Latin and Greek elementary books. A series of Letters on the Catholic question was also issued in a volume entitled, "Temporal Power of the Pope." He was a great and good man ; ripe as a scholar, eloquent as a preacher and speaker, liberal, yet evangelical as a Christian, genial as a friend, he will be greatly missed from the Church and the world.

DEATH OF BISHOP THOMSON.—And still again Death has thrust in his sickle and cut down one of our richest and ripest sheaves. On the evening of Tuesday, March 22d, while in Jersey City awaiting the arrival of the Bishop who was to preside over our Conference, a telegraphic dispatch informed us of

the sudden death of our beloved Superintendent, who had that morning died of typhoid pneumonia at Wheeling, Western Virginia, where he had been obliged to stop on his way to preside at the session of the Newark Conference. We felt as if we had lost a dear personal friend. Only a few days before we had been in consultation with him on some of his literary plans and purposes for the future. Now his work was ended, and the laborer had suddenly gone to rest and reward. We draped the Church in mourning, opened our Conference with devout prayers to God for his blessing on his Church and on the family of our dear Bishop, renewed our own vows to live more for God and nearer to heaven, and under the superintendence of Bishop Ames pursued our Conference business with the sadness and solemnity of our affliction resting upon us.

Our readers will find an excellent sketch of the Bishop in the March number of the Repository for 1865, and also a very fine portrait. We can only introduce here an outline of his useful and active life.

Edward Thomson was born at Portsea, a suburb of Portsmouth, England, in October, 1810. His parents belonged to the wealthier middle class, the family being remotely connected with that of James Thomson, the poet. The circumstances of the family secured him the advantages of early education, but in 1819, when he was in his ninth year, his father emigrated to America, and two or three years later settled at Wooster, Wayne county, Ohio. Notwithstanding the scarcity of good schools in so new a country, the boy Edward was well trained in the elements of the sciences and the classics, and ranked as a good Latinist. A scientific taste led him first to the medical profession. He received a diploma of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania in 1829.

The young doctor returned to Ohio, and opened the practice of his profession at Wooster. At this time he was a skeptic in religion, with an entire disbelief in the Bible and Christianity. With several other able and skeptical young men he formed an Infidel Club, to meet weekly and seriously to read and refute the Bible. The experiment resulted in Thomson's conviction of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and this conviction, strengthened by a powerful sermon from Russel Bigelow, and by the instantaneous death by accident of a friend, resulted in his embracing the faith which he had rejected. He entered the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1833, at the age of twenty-three, began work as a minister in what was then the Ohio Conference. In 1836 he married Maria Louisa, daughter of the Hon. Mordecai Bartley, afterward Governor of Ohio.

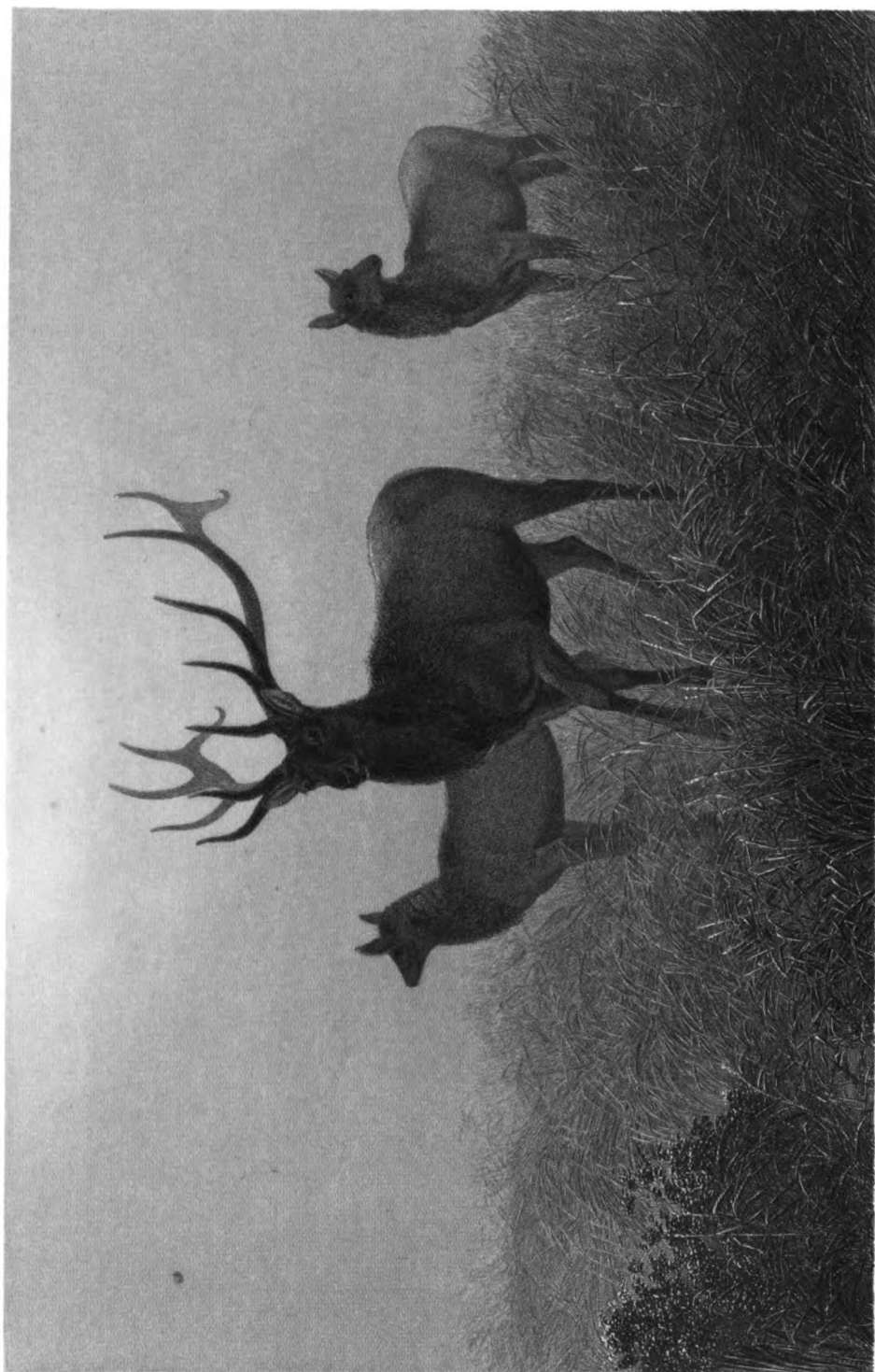
The success of Dr. Thomson as a pulpit orator in Detroit, where he was located in 1836, forms one of the most complete and thrilling records of the Church. The family of Governor Cass, and many of the cultured and elite of the city, thronged his ministry. At the end of his first year in Detroit he was called to the Principalship of Norwalk (Ohio) Seminary, which position he occupied for eight years. By the General Conference of 1844 he was elected editor of *The Ladies' Repository*. In 1845 he was elected first

President of the newly founded Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio, the first Methodist College in the State. He remained fifteen years, bringing the institution to the leading position it now holds in the education of the West. His success in the Presidency of that College is in many respects without a parallel in the history of the Methodist Church. In 1860 the General Conference called him to the editorship of *The Christian Advocate*, in New York, where he succeeded Dr. Abel Stevens, the accomplished historian of the Church. Those were stormy times when Dr. Thomson entered upon this task of editing the *Advocate*; the advanced wing of the anti-slavery party in the Church had just gained the ascendancy, but the conservative party was still strong and active. But such was the ability and urbanity with which *The Advocate* was conducted that it came out of Dr. Thomson's hands with a larger subscription list than he found. Few religious journals in the land did the country better service during the war for the Union than *The Christian Advocate*.

The General Conference of 1864 elected Dr. Thomson to the Episcopacy, with Drs. Clark and Kingsley. He had been a member of every General Conference since 1840, and received the doctorate of divinity from Augusta College, Ky., in 1844, and that of laws from the Wesleyan University, Conn., in 1855. No man ever elected to the Methodist Episcopacy brought to his place a higher reputation either for learning or eloquence. His first work in his high office was to visit the Methodist Missions in Germany, Bulgaria, India, and China. The India Mission he organized into an Annual Conference. On his return he passed in review the work of the Church in California, Oregon, and the new Territories. Since that time he has been actively engaged in his portion of the home work. His first wife dying in 1863, the Bishop, three years later, married Miss Annie E. Howe, whose pen has frequently enriched our pages.

Bishop Thomson was a ripe scholar, and was possessed of a wide range of knowledge, which was always ready for use either by the pen or in the pulpit. His style as a preacher was chaste, clear, tender; his voice was not powerful nor flexible, but it sent forth living thoughts and burning words, and chained the attention of the hearer. His style as a writer is of classic beauty, simple, perspicuous, smooth, and flowing, and his essays will not suffer in comparison with the best prose compositions in our tongue. His published volumes are four; namely, "Educational Essays," "Moral and Religious Essays," "Biographical and Incidental Sketches," and "Letters from Europe." We have now in press two admirable volumes descriptive of his tour through our Oriental mission fields in India, China, and Turkey.

In the death of Bishop Thomson a noble spirit has returned to God. Pure and upright in character, wise in counsel, gentle, patient, amiable as a man and friend, careful, sympathetic, just as a presiding officer, an eloquent preacher, a classic writer, and a model Christian, his loss is great both to the Church and to the world.









THE END OF THE WORLD. BY J. M. W. TURNER. 1843.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1870.

JUNE.

HAVEN'S NATIONAL SERMONS.*

"Sis quoique attributus est error;
Sed non videmus, mantice, quod in tergo est."

IN those days, vanished so long since, when Theodore Parker was the oracle of Music Hall, he was wont frequently to denounce the Christian ministry as dumb dogs that would not bark at the misdoings of American slaveholders. Evangelical ministers vainly pointed him to the fact that many whom he condemned spoke out boldly on this theme; he had the ever-ready reply on his lips that few discourses of that kind, considering the multitude of the ministry, fell into his hands. These exceptions he admitted, and even lauded; but he insisted that the masses of the ministers of Christ were sadly derelict in this duty. Moses Stuart and Nehemiah Adams were his favorite examples of this clerical sin. Reading his charges, then, the feeling would assert itself that Mr. Parker wished to make men say to themselves, "If ministers generally believed his theology they would be more faithful against such sins." I can not help the same feeling to-day, as I give those discourses a fresh perusal. I am, perhaps, mistaken in this thought. Speaking and writing as he did, Mr. Parker may not have intended to exalt his theology above the theology of the Church; yet I can not but believe that he was more prompt to condemn the unfaithfulness of his theological opponents than to record and honor their fidelity.

The famous letter in which, shortly before his death, he gave a detailed account of his ministry, discloses the reasons of this conduct. He there confesses that regard for the Bible seemed to him to stand in the way of needful reforms.

Hence he set himself to the task of breaking down the authority of the Scriptures. His opposition to slavery, then, did not proceed from the Word of God. It flowed rather from the principles of what he was pleased to call, somewhat arbitrarily, absolute religion.

It perhaps never occurred to Mr. Parker that men would some day ask themselves how his philanthropy differed from that of Christian people; whether the influence of his theology on his relation to questions of moral and social reform was such as to commend it? Yet the volume which gives its name to the present article puts us quite naturally on this question. Its author began to prophesy about ten years before Mr. Parker ceased to blaspheme. Near one-fourth of this large volume was already in manuscript when the orator of Music Hall fell asleep at Florence. The rest has grown up since, as circumstances have favored. But their inspiration filled the writer's heart long before they fell from his lips. The questions discussed in them have evidently had a large share of their author's thoughts, as they did of Mr. Parker's. The twain are alike, also, in deeming this work, though so important that men might have been proud to die in it, subsidiary to their functions as religious teachers. Each came to the discussion of the subject under the impulse of his particular religious convictions and feelings. Both lived in New England, with the same intellectual and moral atmosphere around them, save as their own choices and sympathies produced a difference. They were sons of poor men: in early life both moved in circles of about equal culture and refinement. Parker was reared a Unitarian, and became a Rationalist and a celebrated preacher; Haven is a Methodist, a supernaturalist, and editorial chaplain to a far wider and more

numerous audience than ever Music Hall collected in its ample area. Both were abolitionists of old standing; both Americans in every sentiment and conviction of their souls; both radicals among the radical; alike in the substance and form of their intellectual faults, the main, almost the sole difference between them is in their religion. This parallel might be traced with a freer hand were not Mr. Haven a daily and ever-welcome presence among us. Had he for once gone over to the majority—*ad plures abire*—which he never will do by choice, we might dilate on this piquant, but now forbidden theme.

If you take down the volumes containing Mr. Parker's speeches and discourses on the subject of slavery, the impression which they produce is not doubtful. A strong breath of opposition to slavery pervades them. But what is its basis? Parker was a great believer in the value of wealth. He prized it not merely as affording better food, clothing and homes for its possessors, nor as a means to greater indulgence of any kind; but, other things being equal, he held that the richer any nation is the greater will be its happiness. Hence he was very careful to prove, in every possible way, the mischievous effects of slavery on national prosperity. There is something striking in the frequency with which he returns to, and the urgency with which he dwells on this topic. Commerce, agriculture, manufactures, population, capital, every item or source of national wealth, is pointed to in evidence of the injurious effects of slavery on material prosperity. In this kind of argument success was easy.

Then he sought to show that the influence of the system of slavery had corrupted nearly all classes in the United States. He painted its sad havoc among ministers and their churches, on our higher literature and periodicals, on those who held and those who hoped for political office. He had only to select and combine his facts with due care, and the picture could not fail to be effective. He loved to contrast the principles on which the American Revolution was fought with those upon which the affairs of the country were administered. He claimed that slavery had perverted the spirit, if not the letter of the New Testament, and held that its practices were repugnant to the words of Christ. He greatly aided fugitives from the South in escaping to places of security, resisted the surrender of such as fell into the slaveholder's hand, and did his utmost to arouse the sentiments of the people against such abuses.

He thought that the chief sins of the Amer-

ican people are, that they put respectability before right, law before justice, and money before God. He held that the three chief safeguards of society are righteousness in the people, in their political institutions, and in those who administer them. It would seem that Mr. Parker must have judged with great severity all who stimulated the besetting sins, or threw down the safeguards of American society. It chanced that a man who, in Parker's judgment, had done more of this wickedness than any of his contemporaries, died in the vicinity of Boston. The preacher of Music Hall weighed his life and character with great care in the presence of a vast audience. He told his hearers that Daniel Webster had great intellectual power, much religious sensibility, rare opportunities to serve freedom, abundant power to enkindle affection in others, and a strangely familiar acquaintance with the Bible; but that his intellect was the life-long slave of his unprincipled ambition, his religious emotions a species of refined self-indulgence, his life stained with treason to freedom, his affections a spring of uncleanness to the gentler sex, and his knowledge of the Scriptures unable to inspire in him regard for men created in the image of God and redeemed by the blood of Christ. He said that Mr. Webster drank ardent spirits, swore, reveled, accepted bribes, and forgot private debts, left his laundress unpaid, and debauched the public conscience. There is much more of the same sort to be read in that memorable discourse. Now how does Mr. Parker judge such a life? He simply dismisses the dead statesman to the mercy of God and the joys of a better world. I know that this is done with great skill. The failure of Webster's ambitions, the disappointments and bitterness of his old age, are painted so as to move our sympathies, and the final scene is pictured so as to reveal the workings of that naturally religious soul in the solemn presence of death. While you are touched and melted at these affecting circumstances, Mr. Parker slyly hints that we do not know who the sinner is, nor what Webster had resisted; and then he delivers the dead into the hands of mercy, with a charge to lead him safely to heaven.

Defly done, sir! But what jugglery in logic, what confusion in morals! You do not know whether the eminent statesman was a sad sinner? Your entire course toward him while alive implied the contrary; your commemorative discourse is, from end to end, the arraignment of his life as godless and wicked. So long as the man speaks in your ringing sentences there is no lack of robust sense; not

till the liberal theologian begins to assert himself does judgment falter, and the enormous falsehood find vent that men may sow tares and reap wheat. In reading Mr. Parker's declamations against intemperance, slavery, licentiousness, and other sins, we observe the same contrast. The sin is sternly and even fearfully depicted, its miserable personal consequences in this life are powerfully unfokled, its baleful effects on society are demonstrated and sharply denounced; and then, however conscious and impenitent the sinner, an attempt is made to palliate his offenses and open before him the gates of paradise. This as truly contradicts our instincts of justice as the teachings of the revealed Word of God. This infirmity in moral judgment springs from theological notions. Parker tells us that God has made man just such, and conditioned him just as he wished him; that he leads us in the very paths he would have us travel; that, though we may abuse our moral powers, no permanent evil is to ensue from such conduct; and that every soul is sure to attain ultimate perfection. In the long run of eternity, the first murderer and the last kidnapper, both reformed and blessed, will be brought safely home. I am not now debating the truth or falsehood of such ideas; I only remark their effect on Mr. Parker's judgments of bad deeds and evil men. It is easy to see that such doctrines would not be likely to have any very patent effect in restraining the intemperate, the unchaste, the oppressive, and the irreligious, from their respective sinful courses.

On taking up Mr. Haven's volume of *National Sermons*, I am at once struck, speaking from a critical stand-point, with the different atmosphere which they breathe. From lid to lid, the book is an arraignment of slavery in its principles, institutions, accompaniments, and consequences. Yet it is not merely the old song set to a new tune. The song, as well as the tune, is different. Mr. Haven knows that human bondage is inimical to material prosperity. He often says so, and even argues the question in detail. But you note that this aspect of the subject has not deeply impressed his mind. He indeed touches it neatly, but in a passing way, that seems to hint its comparative insignificance. He does not appear to deal with his theme mainly from the stand-point of the political economist or legislator. Not that he avoids such topics. He discusses them at length, that his treatment of his subject may not lack fullness, variety, and harmony, but his manner is such that you feel that they are not the burden of his message. He appeals to the Constitu-

tion of the country to show that its spirit is wholly inimical to human bondage, but he is no prostrate worshiper of that document. Were it proved beyond all doubt that the Constitution sanctioned slavery in principle, and even in all its practical enormities, quite undisturbed, he would, in Heaven's name, pronounce it a moral and political monstrosity. He points out the system of modern civilization as a mortal foe to slavery. On this head the contrasts that he develops are sometimes very strong and effective. He makes you see and feel the irreconcilable opposition which he asserts and denounces. You perceive that he deems these arguments and appeals perfectly conclusive, against the evils of which he is the sworn and steadfast foe. Yet there is something not easy to define, but whose influence is constantly felt, which suggests that these are not, in their author's estimation, the crowning and irresistible appeals and arguments. He deems them peremptory; but, if they were not, he has something in reserve which is peremptory.

In truth there are two men in Mr. Haven—the modern American and the sincere Christian. Every page of his book discloses the American. In this respect he is not peculiar—Parker, Garrison, and Phillips are as American as he. They are as quick as he to detect and expose the faults of their common country. They can display her merits and exalt her glories as efficiently as he. But none of them, except Phillips, and he in far smaller measure, has his Americanism penetrated and sanctified by the vital and regenerating breath of Christian faith. It is this eminently Christian spirit, breathing in full energy through the sermons before us, which gives them their peculiar air, their distinct physiognomy among publications of this kind. In this feature lies their chief value. Let us dwell upon it.

There is a Pharisaism which defends itself by the rule. It is very high spirited, and takes pains to think all men as high spirited as itself. Such a Pharisee says: "Were I poor, I should be too proud to receive charity—I could bear want, but not the humiliation of dependence. I would rather starve than beg. I have no doubt that the poor in general, at least the honest poor, feel as I do. In refusing to give to the needy I act under the sanction of the words, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.'" I surely need not multiply words in showing the various forms of offense against the Gospel assumed by this proud and sophistical Pharisaism. It forgets utterly on what errand He came to this world who first uttered that golden rule. Such

selfishness can wear purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, though beggars glean up, with frightful eagerness, the remnants of its immoral luxury. Perhaps the Pharisees who openly say what I attribute to them are few. Let us even hope, for the credit of human nature, that they are few who distinctly and in full consciousness cherish such thoughts. But to show that we are not wholly blind, let us confess that multitudes act in this spirit. True Christianity interprets the golden rule by the example of Christ—it reads that solemn mandate under the awful shadow of the Redeemer's mysterious cross.

Mr. Haven has never forgotten this sacred duty. While our humanitarians have inquired into the natural rights of man, the spirit of modern civilization and the Constitution, he, without despising such inquiries, has sought wisdom and direction at the Cross. What does he there behold? With bowed head he adores the Son of God. Mystery of love! His dying for him. Not for him alone—not for a single race or branch of men—but for all mankind. Here he sees a new force in the words of the Crucified: "Hereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one toward another; "All ye are brethren;" "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me;" and, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these, ye did it not unto me." Now bring masters and slaves before him. He stands in the presence of the sublimest immolation of self ever made for the glory of God and the good of mankind. The master is the incarnate, and, in human legislation, the legal violator of every possible right of his victim; the slave suffers every conceivable injury without any earthly redress. Can the effect of the Cross upon persons standing in such relations to each other be doubtful? Nay, since that Cross was set up, men have realized that they are brethren. The sublime sufferer brands all injustice, nay, more, any lack of tenderness and sympathy for the needy, as shameful immorality. The Cross cries out, Behold how God loves! Behold how men should love! Such is the tuition that has kept Mr. Haven from the shallow judgments of simple humanitarians respecting the offenses of the slaveholders and the retributions which they risk.

We trace the effect of such influences through all Mr. Haven's book. This makes his indictment of slavery more comprehensive and fearful than those of the mere humanitarian. These relate chiefly, and with greatest emphasis, to the temporal and civil wrongs of slavery; he over-

shadows these with its eternal and spiritual crimes.

Of course he is not singular in this treatment of his theme; but I recall no other who has so fully and earnestly dwelt upon these phases of it. It is sad to remember that some who deemed themselves good men were so far from comprehending the true spirit of such a treatment of the subject that they cried out, "Blasphemy!" And what was the blasphemy? Simply this: Mr. Haven had said that Jesus Christ was scourged and nailed afresh to the fatal cross in the slave. Surely they forget that "in all their affliction, He was afflicted." And, still more strange, they forget that all voices which denounce sin are but faint and remote, though true, echoes of that "Voice which shook the world."

This identification of the poor and oppressed with Christ lies at the basis of much else in this book. In 1854, when Mr. Haven was in his second appointment, he delivered his discourse on *Caste; The Corner-Stone of American Slavery*. It contains conclusions which the most pronounced humanitarians have been slow to reach, which some of them have not been able, and never will be able to reach. It is a startling picture of the enforced inferiority of the negro in all the relations of life, and a stern protest against its cruel injustice. This sermon is on many accounts the most striking in the whole volume. Caste is the denial, on ethnological, political, professional, or social grounds, of the fraternity of mankind. The Cross is the affirmation of the unity and fraternity of man. The discourse shows that all the disabilities under which the colored race suffers are the outgrowth of caste feeling, and that they would be swept away by a pure and earnest Christianity. To show how consistently the author applies this principle, I need only cite the conclusions he draws toward the close of the sermon. It was much in those days to say that the negro should be treated as an equal in society, business, and politics. Mr. Haven adds, treat him as equal with whites in respect to matrimonial arrangements. I need say nothing more in proof of the Christian character of the writer's humanitarianism. Even to-day there are few who accept this position. I have neither time nor call to defend this doctrine; but let those who reject it ask themselves what are the principles on which their rejection is based. Beginning with a discourse on the Higher Law, on occasion of the enactment of the Fugitive-Slave Law, the sermons of this volume treat all the subsequent great events of the antislavery conflict. They will

be found, in future days, a valuable contribution to the history of the memorable period of which they are a monument.

If you inquire into the merits of the work merely from a literary stand-point, there is much to be said in its favor. But, not to carry laudation too far, let us note what appear to be its chief defects. Some of these are patent to every eye.

I choose to be a little rigid with Mr. Haven on this head, because, when he falls into sins of this kind, they are sins against light. He has declared his belief that language is vital and organic; that it is not the soul's garment, but its manifestation, and that it is instinct with thought. He thinks that in the use of language every great author has a style of his own, marked as his hand-writing, limited as the shore of river or sea. I do not discuss these high matters, but surely I must be right in testing Mr. Haven's work by his own rule. It was the error of the elder school of criticism that it measured and valued all things by their agreement with or departure from a conventional type, and it is the effort of the more recent school to understand the design intended in every work of literature or art, and then determine whether the deed does fully embody the idea. I ask, then, whether Mr. Haven's thoughts and their verbal embodiments are perfectly harmonious. I do this with the greater pleasure, because he is the promptest of men to confess and avoid, as special pleaders say.

First, there are grammatical mistakes. Of such as seem accidental, I say nothing. It is only to cases where the author is apt to slip that I draw attention. On page 502 there is a use of *will* which is an unjustifiable contempt of *shall*. Not that Mr. Haven is partial to *will*; no, with perfect indifference he often allows *shall* to encroach in turn on the lawful jurisdiction of its rival. The termination of this border war would be an improvement in the style of the writer. The following sentence occurs on page 363: "Slavery is condemned more frequently and more severely than them all." Such a substitution of the objective for the nominative case after *than* is not uncommon.

Another class of mistakes seems to spring from undue effort after conciseness. Thus, on page 483, the author evidently does not express his real meaning when he says that the President urged the South "to abolish slavery with compensation." On page 363 Mr. Haven surely does not intend to say that either the New Testament or antislavery is more spoken against than theatric exhibitions or gladiatorial shows. Yet such would be the natural conclusion from

his language. It seems that *did* may well complain of the unlawful rigor of a literary prescription which would compel it to a service so far beyond its natural powers as the government of *system*. And Chief Justice Chase would have just cause for an action against a writer who makes him *uproot*, with his judicial *ax*, the *roots* of pride and caste. To be sure these are minor, but not unimportant matters.

A far more important class of mistakes arises from the fact that the author's pen does not always develop his logical processes with sufficient clearness. In the introduction to the first discourse two illustrations of what we mean are to be found. In the author's argument to that introduction, I trace a simple, obvious, and forcible line of remark. Its development in the sermon would lay an admirably strong foundation for the body of the discourse. Hence its exposition should be clear and flowing as a sunbeam. On perusal you find it any thing but luminous. You lose your way more than once in the opening paragraphs, and go back to regain it. The writer has missed that neat simplicity which is the charm of exposition. I need not delay to show fully how he has missed it; a hint or two must suffice. On the second page the following words occur: "Around him, as well as within him, ever operates the same infinite energy under the guidance of the same infinite wisdom, co-operating through all the lower orders of being with his highest faculties or by the same obedient officers modifying or suppressing their unhealthy activity." Such words convey no thought, but they do not fail to create a sad confusion in the reader's mind. Nor does the context in any way dispel his perplexity. On the fifth page the writer asserts that, "Excess of indulgence or of abstinence becomes the mode of human action, and ignorance of the true law or inability to pursue it steadily, prevents their perfect harmony and growth." Here the reader is puzzled to know what is meant. Expel *their* from the sentence and all its obscurity will depart with it. Boileau reckons it the trait of an able writer that he often teaches us the power of the apt word in its true place. Mr. Haven, who not unfrequently reminds us of that admirable saying by his easy but daring success, sometimes reminds us of it also by his failures. And one of the perils which they risk who snatch at the highest achievement is conspicuous failure.

But I arrest these ungenial remarks, which the critic can not wholly omit, to challenge attention for the real and substantial literary merits of the book. But I should do wrong to leave the reader with an impression that such

faults as I have noted are of very frequent occurrence. In any account which I have ever seen of General Grant's career, the affair at Belmont holds a larger place than in strict proportion is its due. To see Mr. Haven in his best moods, read the discourse on the Mission of America, the letter to the London Watchman, or the closing pages of the sermon on the War and the Millennium. What rapidity of style, what generous fire, what glowing visions, what many-voiced jubilation over past success and coming victories! Yes, when the business in hand ceases to be exposition and argument, and becomes denunciation, expostulation, retort, exhortation, exultation, and prophecy, the author is marvelous. In other words, the peculiar element of Mr. Haven is not logic but emotion; his mind is nimble and lyrical, not stately and epical. He is in letters what Sheridan is in arms. But why dilate on the good points in Mr. Haven's manner when I can reveal them to the reader by a quotation? On page 589 he is speaking of the situation of the nation in July, 1864, and his words are these: "No gloomier hour has shut down upon us since the war began. The bells almost tolled, ring them merrily as they may, so dismal were our rejoicings. The whole head was sick, the whole heart faint. The resolution of the Lieutenant-General hardly sustained the public faith. The mercury sank into the bulb. Traitors stalked boldly through the land, and held open conference with the armed rebels against the Government. The Presidential contest was beginning to agitate the nation, and liberty and nationality were to be subjected to such a test as they never before suffered, much less endured—that of a popular vote on the very question of national existence, in the hour when almost one half of her children were in arms against her.

"Dark, how dark, total eclipse, was that hour! The sun was turned into blackness, and the moon into blood. The stars of heaven fell as when a fig-tree shaketh her untimely figs. We almost saw the sheeted dead walk gibbering through the streets. If we failed in the field or at the ballot-box, if we failed in either, all was lost. Liberty went out into returnless night. The rights of man disappeared from the face of the earth. Free institutions were at an end. Cæsarism was the law of this as of all preceding ages. Democracy was a vanished bubble, man a slave, humanity a delusion, Christianity a lie."

The critic may still pursue his quarry in these sentences. He may complain that the imperfect tense has too perfect sway in the second paragraph. He might say that the sense requires, as memory might have hinted, *casteth* in the

room of *shaketh*, and that *returnless* might find better company than night without going very far for it. Great Shakspeare would certainly have chided that intrusive *almost* in the sentence whose phrase is inspired by him. Alas! cold-blooded critic, to dwell on these trifles, in the presence of such vivacity in painting, vigor in style, and comprehensiveness of vision!

DAISY CLIFTON.

I.

AN invalid, as I have been for many years, is too apt to become selfishly indifferent to the outside world, and also to dwell much, in thought, upon the scenes of the past. Memory is an unfailing friend, as it is sometimes, also, a bitter enemy of the sick and lonely. To me it is a dear friend. I love to remember.

One bright Winter's morning, some years ago, I was lying on my couch as usual, quite alone, and feeling very lonely, although without any special cause. The day was glorious; the sunshine fairly streamed into my room, gilding the bars of my little bird's cage, and setting the bird himself to pluming his yellow breast, and singing in the exuberance of his spirits as if his throat would burst, while my favorite kitten, in the same sunshine, sat neatly folded up on her soft paws—after the manner of cats—on one corner of the bureau, apparently dreaming soothing dreams, while, in reality, she was holding herself in quiet readiness to make a spring at the bird, the first moment accident might give her the long-coveted chance.

In the deep recess of the south window stood my beautiful flowers, throwing their shadow and that of the window frame across the crimson carpet. A monthly damask rose full of buds, a flourishing heliotrope, a splendid dark-red suchsia, heavy with its graceful bloom, a pot of mignonette, and some cuttings of roses in a box, which gave me employment in tending them and watching their progress every day. People were very kind to me in the way of flowers. I was often gladdened by having seeds or choice plants brought to my bedside, with a kind note from some of my friends. The rearing of flowers was indeed one of my principal delights, as knitting, which I could do as I lay on my bed, was my chief occupation.

It was wrong, all wrong, for me to permit the entrance of murmuring thoughts into my mind, while I could look around me on a room so comfortable, even luxurious as this chamber of mine in so kind a home; the cheerful light just sufficiently subdued by the soft drapery of the

windows and bed; the couch and pillows by the fire, and table covered with a profusion of papers and tempting books; yet it is too true, I did murmur, and I did pine for the liberty of rising strong and well from that bed, and walking out into the open air to go just where I pleased.

Presently the door opened long enough for a bright face to look in, and a sweet voice to say, "Good-by, dear aunt. I will not be gone more than two hours. Hannah will soon be done her work, and then she will come and see if you want any thing. Good-by."

As I returned the parting salute, even with a smile, the thought bitterly forced itself on my mind, "Why may not I go out into the warm sunshine too?" and I found myself so lonely after this that I was compelled to turn my thoughts very far away from the present and the near."

The sunny face I had just smiled upon brought afresh to my memory one very similar that I had known more than thirty years ago. My portfolio, with plenty of paper in it, and my pencil were lying beside me, so I forced back a sigh and a tear or two, and began to write upon a foundation of facts a little sketch for the dear child who had just left me, thinking there might come some weary day, even to her, when it would possibly divert her thoughts. As I took up my pencil I recalled those quaint lines, I think, of George Herbert's:

"When muttering thoughts rise and repine,
Thy rod and Word
Teach patience, Lord,
And still these barking thoughts of mine."

Not many days had passed when one of the sudden changes of Winter brought a storm of sleet and snow, driven by a gusty wind to darken the outward and inward aspect of my pleasant room. There was now no temptation to murmur, not the least. In the dead, white dreariness of all things, and with the sleet dashing against my window panes, I, the prisoner, felt only thankful for my sheltered position.

The family were scattered through the house, following their several occupations, some of the children being collected round their mother in her room reciting the lessons they had prepared for school. Being alone, I had just taken up a book which could only be appreciated in solitude, when the door opened to admit, as I thought, the same sweet young face I have before alluded to. It was the face, but not the expression, for that was as dreary as the day itself.

"What troubles you, Agnes, darling?" I asked.

"O, Aunt Lucy, I have come to you for comfort; nothing goes right this morning; every

thing is dismal, outside and in. I am literally 'under the weather;' and yet there is mamma as bright as a bird, saying it is so delightfully stormy this morning that she will have no 'calls,' and she intends bringing a great basket of work upstairs and spending the whole morning with you."

"That is good news for me, Agnes, at all events. What troubles you besides the weather?"

The only answer being a burst of tears, I asked again. Half smiling through her tears, and half vexed at herself, Agnes at length made out to tell me that she had expected a certain letter this morning, and the postman had not come.

"That is better than if he had come, and passed without stopping, is it not? So you think your civil engineer is any thing but civil? Take care, darling, remember Philip is my only son."

"I am not blaming him, dear auntie. I know it is not his fault. You expected a letter too, did you not?"

"Indeed I did, and I have been listening for the last half hour for the postman's knock, but it is my belief, Agnes, that the storm of last night has delayed the mail, and the letters have not yet been carried out."

"I hope that may be true," said Agnes, "but I am afraid there is no chance for to-day."

Finding her spirits were quite below par, and remembering that love sometimes engrosses the feelings to the exclusion of commonplace matters and people, I thought of a remedy for her troubles made out of the same material. She had come and seated herself by my side on a low chair, her golden curls resting against my cheek while I soothed and caressed her, for I had ever most dearly loved her mother, and this child was exceedingly like her in many respects.

"If you will hand me my writing-desk, Agnes, and mother does not require your services just now, I will give you something to read that may divert your thoughts for a little while; it was written for your especial benefit, darling, against the coming of some such gloomy day as this. It is quite a love story, and when you have read it come back and tell me whether it pleased you."

The impulsive child looked all sunshine again; her bright eyes danced when she perceived I had a manuscript and not a prosy book for her to read, and with a kiss and a smile she bounded out of the room.

The little domestic story which you are about to read has for its starting-point a locality so

more romantic than a large, pleasant-looking nursery, with all the attendant furniture, play-things, etc., demanded for the comfort and amusement of one of that species of unconscious monarchs who generally govern all within their reach, known by the name of Baby.

A beautiful young girl stood at the bedside amusing herself with the little fellow, and at the same time carrying on a lively conversation with his mother. What remarks had been already made I need not recall, but Mrs. Clifton paused a moment, in her occupation of emptying the shelves of a closet into a large trunk, to say, with an incredulous smile, "You do n't expect me to believe you, Daisy? Nineteen years old, and even fancy free?"

"Certainly I expect you to believe me, Aunt Ellen," replied Daisy with spirit. "In all my life—a very long time—I have never even seen, much less conversed with, a single gentleman that I cared to look at a second time."

"Well, I hope you are not compelled to say the same thing with regard to gentlemen who are not single," said Mrs. Clifton, laughing.

"O, auntie, you know what I mean! Do n't she, Harry? Is n't she a naughty mamma to be putting notions into cousin's head? Ouch, how you pull my hair!" and she disengaged the little fat hands from among her curls, while the sweet baby laughed, and crowded, and displayed his pearly treasure of two small teeth just come to light.

"Ah, Daisy, you must not be so cold-hearted and so hard to please. But you will meet your fate at last, when you least expect it, and very likely 'pick up the crooked stick' at last."

"Not I, auntie. Catch me getting married. No, no, Harry, cousin could n't be spared to go and be so foolish. Stop scratching my face, little rogue. How could Harry's mother ever get into her new house if cousin did not come and help her pack up? O, do n't cry! Here are her coral and bells. Now, pet, do n't cry any more," and the romping went on.

So full of life and playfulness was Daisy that strangers would scarcely have believed her really fine character was marked with strong, good sense and energy; added to these was a sweet and unselfish disposition. In the midst of her frolic with the baby Miss Daisy heard herself called, and as the door opened her uncle came in, with his hearty voice, "My dear," he said, "can you spare your Philadelphia help an hour or two? I want her down stairs to pack some books for me. I think I told you that I succeeded yesterday in getting a tenant for my office, who will take the unexpired term off my hands, and will be very glad to take his chance

of such patients as may not care to follow me up town. He needs practice, too, I should think from his looks. Can Daisy come?"

"Well, considering the damsel has spent the last hour in playing with Harry, instead of helping me clear out this interminable closet, I think perhaps I can spare her to you," answered Mrs. Clifton with mock gravity.

"Now, Aunt Ellen," exclaimed Daisy, "if this is not ingratitude of the deepest dye! How would you have removed one earthly thing out of that closet if I had not been here to amuse Harry for you? Never mind, you shall see before the day is over that I came from Philadelphia on purpose to help you move, and for nothing else. Come, uncle, show me your books," and kissing once more the lively, blue-eyed baby, who screamed after his playmate roundly, she danced out of the room.

The house in which Dr. Clifton had been renting two or three rooms and an office, stood in one of the gloomiest streets of the lower part of New York. The office just now looked particularly dreary; the carpet was up, part of the furniture removed, and nothing left, in fact, except one or two book-cases, a tall, narrow closet, and one chair. In the middle of the room stood the two white boxes that were to receive the books.

"Give me your directions, please, uncle, and show me just a little how you want them arranged to avoid confusion, and I will have them all done in an hour or two."

"You need not work so very hard, Daisy, the whole afternoon is before you, and evening too, if you choose, for the doctor will not take full possession until to-morrow night, when he also comes here to board. I shall be very busy at the other house this afternoon, and can not see you for a couple of hours; but if you get tired go upstairs to your aunt and rest yourself by teasing her a little while." And after showing her how to begin Dr. Clifton went away.

As Daisy emptied shelf after shelf, and piled the books up all around the box ready for putting in, she said to herself, "I would n't have engaged to pack all these volumes in two hours if there had been any thing I could have been tempted to read as I went along, but these musty old medicine books, I would n't be hired to look inside of them. How can any body be a doctor, I wonder? It is the last profession I should choose if I were a man; however, I'm not a man, I'm thankful to say."

Presently it began to rain, quietly, but steadily; still darker and more lonely looked the deserted office, and harder worked Daisy. Casting a suspicious look at the tall, slender closet of

stained wood, in which she felt sure there was a skeleton, "for doctors always have all such horrid things," she thought, her voice broke out into a merry song by way of repelling the melancholy inmate from stepping out into the lonely room and grasping her hand.

The two hours were nearly up, and she was expecting her uncle every minute; and, if the truth must be told, hoping for his arrival with some little nervous anxiety on account of "that skeleton." Still the books were not half packed.

Right opposite the door, leading into the entry, stood the box at which she was engaged, down on her knees, with her face toward the entrance, fitting and settling big and little volumes into the most suitable nooks and corners. The little white hands went glancing in and out, up and down, while the earnest, rosy face, half covered with soft brown curls, which would keep veiling the sparkling blue eyes, was bent resolutely over her work, and the song of "Lochinvar" came out from the box by fits and starts, as she was puzzled where to put a book or the contrary.

At length, and it was getting quite shadowy now owing to the rain, though not very late, she heard the welcome step in the entry. She was very much perplexed just at that moment, because the books would not lie to suit her, so she did not lift her head from the box when she exclaimed, "O, uncle dear, I'm so glad you have come. There is a skeleton in that closet, isn't there?"

The step was now fairly in the room, and as she heard the answer, "I'll see," she raised her eyes. But what was to become of her? Right opposite to her, with only the box between, stood a tall, slender, though rather dripping young gentleman, whose clear hazel eyes were resting on her face with such an expression as makes one think of the reflection in the eastern sky of a glorious sunset going on in the western; in other words, he looked artlessly overwhelmed with admiration of the glowing loveliness so suddenly revealed to his sight.

Daisy's self-possession—you know how hard-hearted she had been—did not forsake her, but rising from the floor she distinctly said, "Excuse me, sir, there must be some mistake. I am expecting my uncle, Dr. Clifton. His office is not yet given up, I believe;" and her look further said, "Are not you an intruder?"

"Permit me to explain," said the young man, bowing respectfully, while he held his wet hat in his hand, thereby leaving uncovered a remarkably well-set head, with its clustering dark locks; "I merely stopped, being in the neigh-

borhood, to procure an article from this closet. I will intrude on your presence one moment only," and taking a key from his pocket he applied it to the skeleton closet.

"O," said Daisy, hastily, "excuse me, but let me get out of the room first," and in her great fear of being compelled to look upon the grim subject of her afternoon's apprehension, she made one bound and rushed out of the office, and up to her aunt's room, waking little Harry with her vehement entrance, just as his mother had laid him softly down, hoping for a good long nap. Babies are sadly in the way when there is work to be done, and the nurse is engaged about more important matters.

"Daisy! what in the world is the matter?" exclaimed her aunt, as with blushing face, and flying curls, and very dusty hands, the young lady dashed into the room.

"Why, aunt, some man came in as wet as possible, and went right up to Uncle John's skeleton closet to unlock it—he had a key of his own—and the awful thing had been haunting me the whole afternoon, any how; so I rushed up here; I did not want to see it. Who can it be?"

"Which—the skeleton or the man?" said her aunt, smiling.

"O, you teasing auntie! Why, I mean the man—the half-drowned man. Who can he be, I wonder?"

"I think I can answer that question more readily than the other, Daisy, though still I am not certain; however, in one respect you have been needlessly agitated. Your uncle does not possess any skeleton closet, not even in the sense of the old Italian proverb, which bestows one on every family. But, darling, I wish you would wash your hands and take Harry a little while, especially as you have waked him up for me. There is no talking while he cries this way."

Mrs. Clifton left the room, and Daisy, after righting herself a little—seeing she had been in such a gale—took up the baby, and in language adapted to his age, recounted the adventure in the office to him. When, after a time, her aunt, gently and unheard, opened the door, she was amused to see Daisy leaning over the baby on the bed trying to get him to sleep with a monotonous, sing-song kind of a chant, the burden of which seemed to be, "Naughty man, with curly locks, scared poor cousin behind the box. It was n't kind of him, Harry, was it, to go and open the skeleton closet?"

Here was an end of sleep for Harry now until bed-time, for in came Dr. Clifton after his wife, laughing his loudest and heartiest laugh—

"Well, Daisy, you have been nicely taken in!"

"Uncle John, do tell me who that man was, won't you?" begged Daisy. "What right had he to come into your office? Was he a patient?"

"If he was, Daisy, you have given him a remedy, in the shape of a fit of laughter, that will do him more good than any of my pills would do. Why, did n't you know—though, to be sure, how could you?—that it was my successor, young Dr. Lansing?"

"O, uncle!" exclaimed Daisy. "And only think how I tore out of the room, because I thought he was going to unlock the skeleton!"

"O! that accounts for what he told me just now. He was puzzled to the last degree to know why the prospect of seeing that closet opened should have filled you with such dismay, and sent you flying from the room. Why, my child, it is his own closet—it was brought here to-day—he keeps his overcoats, umbrellas, etc., in it. He stopped to get a dry overcoat, in place of his wet one, this afternoon. Poor Lansing!" And here Dr. Clifton broke out afresh into a peal of laughter, which infected his wife and Daisy—in spite of herself—to such a degree that poor little Harry first looked at them all in a kind of bewilderment, and then began to cry.

Quiet was restored at length; and then Dr. Clifton lighted a lamp and said:

"Now, Daisy, come back to the office with me, and I will help you with the books, or you will help *me*, which ever you choose: the enemy is withdrawn for the present, any how."

The next day still being rainy, no moving was attempted, except that Dr. Clifton sent off his books and other things, and the office was quickly made ready by a char-woman for Dr. Lansing to bring in his small library and slender stock of furniture. He had commenced his change of office the day before, not aware that the movement was premature.

At the tea-table, in the evening, Mrs. Clifton and Daisy were formally introduced to him—not without some amusement on the part of one and embarrassment on the part of the other.

The hazel eyes again met and rested on those of Daisy. A very expressive mouth, with a fine set of teeth—not displayed, but unavoidably seen—gave a charm to Dr. Lansing's face—yet, as he was very thin, and wore neither flowing beard nor curling mustache, most ladies would not have called him handsome. Single-hearted by nature, and perfectly simple and unassuming in his manners, he possessed intellectual gifts of a very superior order. In his presence,

and without any apparent effort, conversation insensibly took an elevated turn—so that tea-time was made so agreeable this evening that good Mrs. Ward, who, being a notable housewife, maintained the old custom of washing her silver and china herself after breakfast and tea, was compelled to have the water and towels brought in and commence operations while the family still conversed at the table.

It became a matter of sincere regret to Dr. Clifton that so pleasant an acquisition to their little circle should not have been made until just as they were going away.

Two or three days of wet, gloomy weather, still caused delay in Dr. Clifton's motions. They were living quite uncomfortably, because neither their present abode nor the spacious dwelling to which they were going was in order. But now and then Daisy and her aunt found a little time to sit down stairs with their sewing; and as Dr. Lansing more than once found them in the parlor—coming in to look for something and forgetting to go out again—the acquaintance rather increased than otherwise.

It was in the rain at last, after all their waiting, that the family one evening followed the last car-load of furniture, and, bidding their kind landlady farewell, departed for their new home. By some process known to himself—he knew a good deal in a quiet way—Dr. Lansing divined the time of their passing through the hall, and, coming out of his office very opportunely, with hat and umbrella, he begged to know if he might escort Miss Clifton and protect her from the rain. Of course it would have been ungracious to refuse, and Daisy was obliged to accept his arm on account-of the umbrella.

She fully expected to walk very carefully, and look closely at the pavement, in order to choose her steps; but somehow Dr. Lansing was always making some remark that compelled her to look up and gather the whole of his meaning out of the clear, dark eyes. She did not suspect the young man of any design in so ordering his conversation as to produce this effect. How was she to know that he would not have been so polite in offering his escort if he had not promised himself the reward of frequent glances at her beautiful face, and especially into her deep-blue eyes, so truthful and confiding?

At the end of their walk the young physician was invited to come in, which he did; and after a pleasant stay of exactly the right length—too long would have been intrusive—he rose to take his leave, at the same time asking, in the most respectful manner, if he might claim the privilege of visiting them hereafter as a friend. Dr.

and Mrs. Clifton cordially conceded the permission—satisfied by Mrs. Ward concerning both his past and present worth of character—and, looking last at Daisy as he bowed himself out of the room, Dr. Lansing was gone.

A peculiar silence followed his departure. Daisy, very much afraid of being bantered, started up, saying,

"Come, Aunt Ellen, there is a great deal to be done before bed-time. Let's go upstairs."

But her aunt had no intention of teasing her—her own young-lady-hood was not so far back in her memory but that she could feel kindly for her niece, who had evidently made a conquest of their new and very intelligent friend.

THE BIBLE AND NATURE.

ATHEISM is comparatively a modern product. In the days of the Psalmist there were fools who said in their *hearts* "there is no God," but it was reserved for later ages to develop this denial as an *intellectual* theory. We are sustained in this statement by the fact that the Bible does not contain the positive assertion "there is a God." Neither can we find any attempt in its pages to prove the existence of a Supreme Being. By all the sacred writers this basis-truth of religion is assumed. Had theoretical Atheism existed in the days of Moses and the prophets, it is reasonable to believe it would have been denounced by them, as well as idolatry, and they would have left on record some argument in refutation of it. God gave such peculiar manifestations of his presence and power in the early ages of the world, that the denial of his existence was hardly possible. It is true that the ancient heathen nations gradually corrupted their traditions, and fell into the errors of Polytheism, but they were never without a God, or gods of some kind, to whom they ascribed the attributes of intelligence and power.

There are many now in the world who have but little, if any, faith in the Scriptures; who contend that Nature sufficiently reveals the character of God, and the duties and destiny of man. We would like to have these advocates of natural religion explain to us the true philosophy of Polytheism, and especially give the cause or causes of its origin. How can they account for the historical fact that all the ancient tribes and nations, except the Jews, worshiped a variety of gods, and that the Jews themselves were kept from imitating them only by the fear of punishment from Jehovah? And why is it that Polytheism prevails so generally in mod-

ern heathendom? The fields, the forests, the mountains, the valleys, and the floods are before those who now worship different idols. Nature speaks to them with all the voices she ever had, and yet they are not able to learn that there is but one God.

The truth is that Nature, corrupted by sin and disharmonious, is utterly incapable of teaching the unity of God, but, on the contrary, all its lessons, in the absence of God's written revelation, are favorable to Polytheism—to the pagan belief that there are many gods. What if the heathen mind has some ability to reason from effect back to cause, will not the apparent conflicts of nature induce him to believe that the discords he hears, and the contradictions and wars he sees in the natural world were never produced by, and are not under the government of one Being in perfect harmony with himself?

In the absence of true scientific knowledge, which is taught only in Christian lands, how can the heathen believe that the God of the lightning is the God of the tree which it destroys? Without the Bible how can he believe that the God of the lion is the God of the lamb?—that the God of the serpent is the God of man? With the truths of revelation and the facts of science before us—with the knowledge of sin and its effects upon the material as well as the spiritual creation, *we* can very easily harmonize the conflicting elements we see, hear, and feel, with the unity of God; but to a mind unacquainted with the origin of moral evil these difficulties are insurmountable.

Suppose that an inhabitant of some other world, as ignorant of the character of God as the heathen, but possessing mind and culture of the highest pagan degree, had been brought to earth immediately after the creation and introduced to Adam in Eden, what would have been his conclusion in regard to the origin of things around him? Possibly he might have reasoned out that there is one God, and he might have formed in some degree correct conceptions of the Divine character. But suppose the same person had been introduced to Cain the murderer and vagabond outside of Eden, could he have derived a correct idea of the Creator from such a fallen being? or from the condition of nature after the curse had come upon it? No! A child can comprehend that, if Adam in his innocence was a representative of the character of God, Cain in his wickedness was not; if the light of external nature, as it shone from the beautiful and harmonious Eden, was a sufficient revelation of God to man, the light of disordered nature, since Eden passed

away, has been insufficient. Sin is a perversion, not a creation, nevertheless it is a terrible reality; but as God is not its cause, unless man first learns the origin of sin from the pages of revelation, the boasted "light of nature" is no guide to moral or religious truth.

The Scriptures teach us that there is a curse resting upon the earth in consequence of sin, and this truth is confirmed by our observation wherever we go. We see beauty and deformity, kindness and wrath, pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, so strangely blended together in the world that we wonder not at the old Greek philosophers who believed in the eternity of matter, and taught that the imperfections we see are the necessary results of the bad materials out of which the present system of things was arranged.

The Deist tells us that God created the world, according to his pleasure, with all the natural evils we see in it, and yet he says God is infinitely good. But ask him to prove from nature, the only revelation of the Divine character he accepts, that God is infinitely good, and you bring him to a stopping-point at once.

Admitting that man is a fallen being, that through him moral evil has been brought into the world, we can easily believe that God, in perfect harmony with his infinite goodness, has cursed the earth with thorns and thistles, diseases, death, and all the natural evils that exist here. And we can believe also that in his government of the material world, he may, consistently with his attributes, use natural evil in the destruction of moral evil; but, denying that the Bible is a Divine revelation, we must take the ground either that, according to the testimony of Nature, God is not infinitely good, or that he did not create the natural evils in the material world.

Where is there a class of religionists who represent heaven as having volcanoes, earthquakes, tempests, destructive animals, and poisonous serpents? The lowest pagan conception of heaven associates none of these things with it. Ask the Deist, who believes in the immortality of the soul, to give you his views of heaven, and will he connect any of the evils of earth with it? No. He will tell you it is a place of perfect happiness, free from all suffering and death, a place adapted to innocent beings. Now, what does this amount to but an indirect acknowledgment of the truth of revelation, that this world is under a curse, and is not adapted to a sinless race of creatures? But what is there in nature that, independent of the Bible, satisfactorily points to a future heaven for man? Nothing! It is true that we shrink

from death, and desire to live on, and this may be considered natural evidence of our immortality; but is not the same evidence to be found throughout the animal creation? Does not every brute that dies, in some way utter a protest against death? If it were true that Nature has satisfactory evidence of the immortality of the human soul, upon what ground does the Deist anticipate a future world for man with greater perfections than he finds here? If the present world pleases God, if he created it as it is, to suit his pleasure, he will doubtless continue it as it is, full of diseases, sufferings, and all the natural evils that are now in it; and how can the Deist expect to find his heaven a different world from this if God is unchangeable in his pleasure? Surely what pleases the Divine Mind here, will please him hereafter, and so, looking to the present visible world alone for evidence of what heaven will be, those who neglect the Bible can find no encouragement to hope that they will ever see a condition of more perfect happiness than they have realized in this life.

To the thoughtful Christian mind it is very apparent that the government of God in the material world has a tendency to work out his purposes of mercy in regard to human salvation. After man became sinful, was it not merciful in God to curse the earth in such a manner as to remind him frequently of his fallen condition, and induce him to seek salvation through the Redeemer? Sin "brought death into the world and all our woes," contrary to the primal will and pleasure of God, but we ought to adore his goodness and mercy that the consequences of sin are so regulated under the dispensation of grace as to discipline our souls and prepare us for heaven. Since we must die, is it not a merciful arrangement that disease and pain put us in frequent remembrance of death, and warn us to prepare for it?

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is a penalty—at least it is a consequence—of sin, but who can not see the wisdom and mercy connected with it? In the absence of restraining influences the tendency of man is toward evil continually, and had the ground continued to yield as bountifully after the fall as it did before, how much leisure our race would have had to devote to wicked schemes and the commission of crimes! The couplet we learned in childhood, that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,"

has much more truth than poetry in it, and, therefore, the penalty of labor may and does become, in the wisdom of God, a blessing to

mankind. The natural world in its present condition is mercifully adapted to probational beings. There is goodness in its earthquakes, its volcanoes, its tornadoes, its excessive cold and heat, and in all the dangers, diseases, and physical sufferings to which men are exposed in it; for the Divine purpose in these evils is to make us dissatisfied with our present state, and cause a longing in our souls for that perfect future heaven which is revealed in the Bible as the final inheritance of the saints.

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.

MASTER TOMMY JONES, aged twelve years, who is just getting fond of school, has a bad habit of stooping while at study, which fills the sensitive heart of his mother with dismal forebodings. Visions of a round-shouldered, hollow-chested, wan-faced, coughing, consumptive young man, if he should live to be so old, haunt her. She remembers that her dear, only brother, who died of consumption twenty years ago, used to stoop in the same way, and this stoop was a precursor of the disease which finally carried him off. The youth is accordingly admonished, entreated, and commanded to lay aside this fatal practice. Fully persuaded that his shoulders are at fault, Mrs. J. administers daily lectures on the criminality of stooping, giving them a practical turn at last by trussing him up in some villainous form of shoulder-brace—in which he looks and feels as comfortable as a dray-horse in his heavy harness on a July day. Admonitions, expostulations, and even mechanical appliances, are equally futile. Day by day his nose gets nearer the page he reads; his head creeps gradually toward his chest; his neck acquires a swan-like curve, and his shoulders get rounder. Mrs. Jones is in despair, and anxiously asks, "What *can* be the trouble with Tommy?"

There is nothing the matter with his lungs, my dear madam. The difficulty with Master Tommy does not lie with his chest, his chin, or his shoulders. Consumption, like a worm in the bud, is not preying upon the freshness of his youth, nor blasting the fair promise of his early manhood. He is simply near-sighted, or, as plain people term it, short-sighted. An object which you or I see distinctly at twelve inches from the eye he perhaps sees at six inches only—the page of his book at school is a mere blank to him if it be at a greater distance. As the desk on which it lies is fixed, and can not move, he must bring his eye down within this range of vision—Mohammed goes

to the mountain—hence the stooping. What causes this near-sightedness, or, as scientific men have it, this myopia?

To answer this question satisfactorily it is necessary to go somewhat into the physiology of vision.

We see only those objects which send rays of light to our eyes. Whoever has noticed a gas jet in a foggy night will recall the appearance of the rays of light diverging from it in all directions—forming a circle like the halo around the head of a saint, according to the medieval artists. A similar halo of divergent rays exists around every light, and is noticeable in this instance because the usual diffusion of light through the transparent atmosphere is prevented by the resistance which the denser fog offers to the passage of any but the comparatively powerful direct rays in straight lines to the eye. The rays of light which are reflected from the surfaces of bodies not luminous themselves are also divergent. No two are parallel, unless they come from a great distance, and even then they are not strictly so. It may then be stated, as a general law, that rays from distant objects alone are parallel; those from near objects are more or less widely divergent. The images formed by these rays must then be as large, or larger in outline than the objects themselves, and indistinct at that. How, then, can we get the outline more distinct, and the size diminished so that the image formed by the object may be contained within the narrow limits of the human eye? The photographer's camera encounters the same difficulty, and obviates it by a very simple contrivance. All are familiar with its construction—an oblong, dark box, with an opening at one end, in which a convex lens is placed, and a slide at the other to receive a plate of sensitive glass, called a negative. Rays of light passing through this opening fall upon the negative, and leave behind them a picture of the object from which they come. Such a picture may be only a hundredth part as large as the original object, and yet faithfully depict every part of it. This is brought about by the agency of the convex lens, through which these rays pass; and its office is to refract, or bend them, until they come together, or, in other words, are brought to a focus upon the plate of sensitive glass. In this way rays of light widely divergent are concentrated, until they form an image only a few inches from the lens—a distinct image, whose size depends upon the degree of refraction of the convex lens. By it parallel rays are rendered convergent, and divergent rays parallel, at a certain distance within the camera, denom-

inated the focal length of the lens. To increase the efficiency of this instrument, we have, besides the above-mentioned parts, a diaphragm plate, to intercept all rays except those passing through the center of the lens—thus securing a sharply defined image as free as possible from spherical aberration—a draw tube to increase or diminish the distance between the lens and the negative within the camera; thus accommodating the former for objects at a greater or less distance; and a surface within, painted black to shut out all rays except those passing through the convex lens.

The eye is a camera in miniature—a darkened chamber, admitting light only through the small pupillary opening in front. The convex cornea and crystalline lens correspond to the double convex lens; the iris answers to the diaphragm plate; the ciliary process accommodating for near and remote vision, performs the office of the draw-tube; the dark choroid, lining the tough resisting sclerotic, is analogous to the black paint daubed over the inside of the camera, and the retinal expansion of the optic nerve forms the negative retinal. If a convex lens be essential to the production of a distinct image, reduced in size, at a distance of eight, ten, or twelve inches from the opening of the camera, much more is it essential in the human eye, where an image of an object sometimes of great extent, a landscape or a mountain, is to be thrown upon less than a half square inch of surface, at the distance of not more than an inch from the opening in the iris. This focusing of divergent and parallel rays is effected upon the retina—a nervous expansion lining the whole posterior part of the eye. The brain, therefore, has by this means an image spread out before it, and is enabled to read it through the instrumentality of the optic nerve.

The essential parts of the eye, then, are: 1. An apparatus for bringing rays of light to a focus. 2. A sensitive surface to receive the image formed by these concentered rays. If, therefore, the refracting apparatus be normal, and the retina be placed just at its focal point, the eye, viewed as an optical instrument, may be considered a perfect one. Opacities in the front part of the eye, preventing the passage of rays to the retina, or disease of the nerve, preventing the brain from recognizing the presence of the picture photographed there, do not now concern us, since they can not be considered optical defects.

Let us now suppose that the convex crystalline lens possesses too great refractive power, so that the rays brought to a focus before reaching the retina cross each other and diverge

again. The result would be a confused image upon the retina; those rays alone throwing a distinct image which, by reason of their great divergence on entering the eye, were not brought to a focus with the rest. The practical result would be the same if the difficulty were not in the refracting apparatus, but in the position of the retina—it being placed behind the focal point of the eye. The image is formed at the right spot, but the retina is not there to receive it. The rays cross each other as before, become divergent, and produce an indistinct image. This is the condition in myopia. The chamber of the camera is too long; the negative is behind the image, and a blurred picture results. Our friend Tommy has an eyeball which is too long. He sees objects distinctly only when they are brought very near the eye, because their rays of light being widely divergent, can alone be brought to a focus upon the retina, while distant objects are rendered indistinct from the formation of their images in front of the retina. This inability to see distant objects distinctly constitutes myopia.

Until recently scientific men supposed that near-sightedness depended upon an unnatural roundness of the front of the eye, producing excessive refraction, and the notion is still a popular one. This erroneous explanation of the defect gave rise to an equally erroneous assumption that this disease would disappear in old age, when the eye became flatter than natural. Painstaking measurements of the eye, made by those most patient of men, German oculists, have proven, on the contrary, that this extreme roundness does not exist, neither is there any appreciable flattening of the eye in old age. These measurements have demonstrated that the defect is due to excessive length of the eyeball. Instead of measuring nine-tenths of an inch from front to rear as it should, the eye has a length of 1.1 or even 1.4 inches. In old age there is a gradual change in the shape of the convex crystalline lens by which its power of refraction is diminished; and in extremely rare instances of slight myopia, unaccompanied by any disease of the retina, this diminished refraction may remedy the near-sightedness. The unfortunate rarity of its occurrence will be explained further on.

Myopia is often hereditary—perhaps it is so in the majority of cases. The incipient defect, causing little inconvenience at the start, may be very much increased by injudicious management. This is abundantly shown to be true by the great army of school children who are only found to be near-sighted after the first two or three years of study. These children originally

had a predisposition only to myopia in the fact that a weakening of the coats of the eye existed, by which they yielded to the pressure of the muscles attached to them, for the purpose of moving the eye in various directions. These muscles act most powerfully when the eye is looking at near objects, and their action tends to elongate the eye, the two sets of muscles pulling in opposite directions. Now, if a child's eye be congested with blood by constant stooping over a low desk, its immature tunics naturally weaker than they should be, finally yield to these opposing forces, and an increase of the antero-posterior diameter results. This is why the child, slightly myopic at birth, becomes markedly so after commencing active study, or after pursuing any occupation requiring close attention. By means of the ophthalmoscope—an instrument by which the interior of the eye can be scanned as thoroughly as its exterior—it has been demonstrated that in high degrees of myopia there is bulging of the posterior part of the eye, producing a stretching and consequent thinning of the retina, and even a separation of it from the sclerotic. When the latter occurs the nerve fibers lose entirely their sensibility to light, and no longer convey impressions to the brain from the part so separated. When the retina is made tenser and thinner than natural, clearness of vision is lost in a greater or less degree. If these unfavorable conditions continue to operate, the myopia will increase until the tissues of the eye become matured in manhood and capable of resisting pressure. The myopia then becomes stationary and continual during life.

Our friend Tommy will undoubtedly continue to snuff the page because he knows no better, and thus place himself in a most favorable condition to aggravate the difficulty. As he grows older, and becomes more ambitious to excel in study, he will use badly printed books at unseasonable hours—studying by artificial and oftentimes injurious lights—until the slight defect becomes almost if not quite a diseased condition. Much mortification of spirit is in store for him, if he be at all thin-skinned, by reason of the daily blunders he will commit. He will pass by his own mother in the street, in a most unfilial manner, not dreaming that he has ever seen her before. He will bow with the utmost politeness to entire strangers, under a vague impression that he ought to know them. At the table he will fail to discern any difference between bread and butter, making indiscriminate attacks upon them with his fingers. While at church a dim darkness sawing the air—a shadowy outline of the human form will be his only im-

pression of the appearance of the occupant of the pulpit. His utter disregard of many obvious precepts of courtesy will cause much scandal to his friends and trouble to himself. It is, however, some satisfaction to know that in due time he will discover his defect of vision, and with an appreciative pair of glasses will get about the world very well, if his eyes be not too much injured by previous neglect.

A remedy for myopia is found in the use of concave glasses. These simply lessen the refractive power of the eye, and thus throw the image back directly upon the retina. Such glasses are a boon to the near-sighted man. By their aid, instead of groping about the world, almost needing, like one of old, some one to lead him by the hand, he is now on equal footing with men of keenest sight. A new world opens before him, of whose beauty he never dreamed before. A thousand objects hitherto unknown, or scarcely seen, are revealed to him by the agency of these simple pieces of concave glass—as the countenances of friends, the signs along the streets, beautiful scenery, and the like. Posthumous blessings rest ever on the head of the unknown benefactor of the race who discovered their marvelous properties, centuries before Kepler explained the principles governing their use!

All near-sighted people do not possess sufficient myopia to require the aid of concave glasses. If vision be only slightly impaired, not deteriorating, or it may be gradually improving without them, they are not necessary, and should by no means be used. This very rarely happens. The worst feature of myopia, as shown by ophthalmoscopic researches, is its progressive character. This can not always be prevented by the most judicious management. The bulging of the posterior part of the eye, the tenuity of choroid coat due to diminished nutrition and the tension of the retina, may all increase until irremediable harm is done to vision. The faculty of vision becomes more and more impaired, until even a resort to powerful concave glasses does not furnish any great amount of relief. Hence, if the myopia be found at all progressive, concave glasses should be procured early, and worn more or less constantly. If the degree of near-sightedness be so great that the effort to concentrate the gaze of both eyes upon the page while reading becomes painful, and the pain be accompanied by fullness of the head, and a sense of oppression in the eyeball, then concave glasses are not a mere convenience, but a decided necessity to prevent graver evils. In the majority of cases the glass should be worn constantly—being of

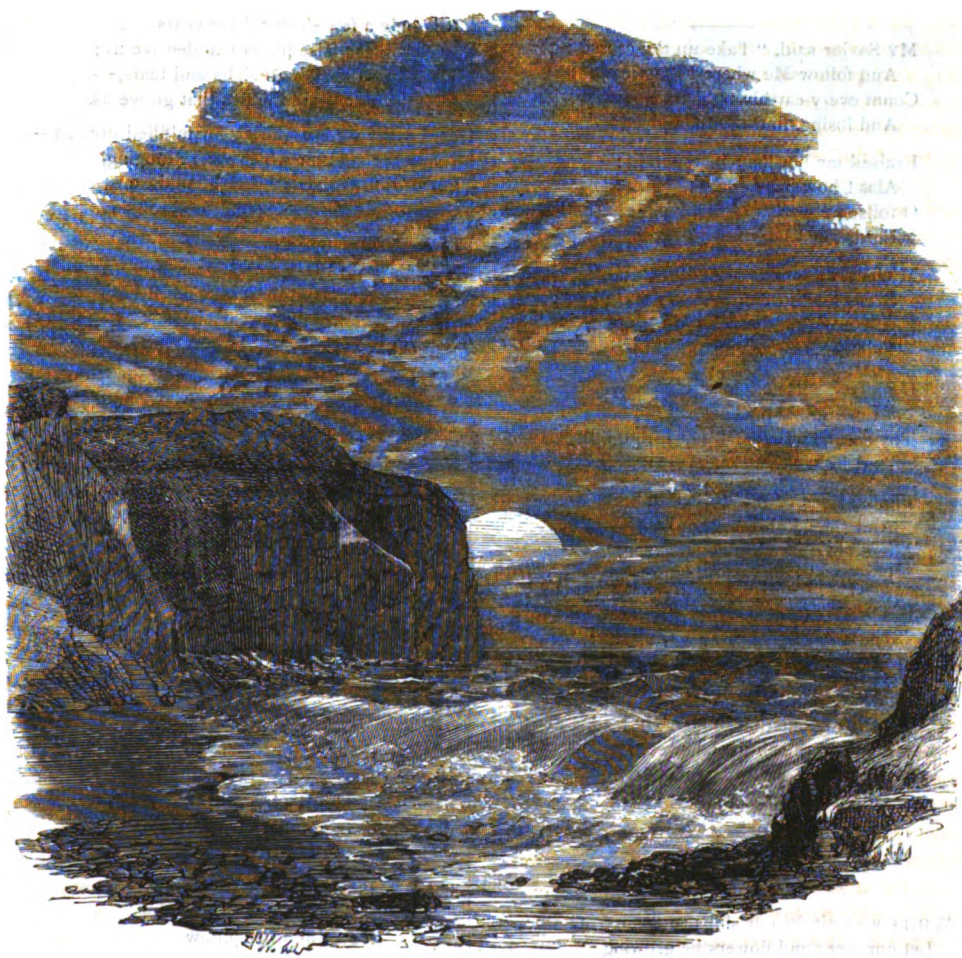
as low power as will afford easy and distinct vision. Those who don glasses in early life must, as a rule, expect that they will become life-long companions, and dismiss all hope of being able to lay them aside in declining years. This will be especially true of those engaged in literary or mechanical pursuits requiring especial use of the eyes, in whose cases the myopia will be progressive enough to undo all the good which might otherwise attend any alteration in the convexity of the crystalline lens. It is generally better that the excessively myopic person should have a glass of high concavity for viewing distant objects, and one of lower power for reading, than too great assistance be not furnished the eye for near vision, producing thus an effort at accommodation. A moderately near-sighted person will be able to use the same glass for near and distant vision without fear of disturbing the power of accommodation. Notwithstanding the almost perfect relief furnished by concave glasses, a certain inconvenience attends their use, so that it is somewhat unfortunate that Master Tommy will be eventually compelled to put them on. He might possibly never be obliged to use them if he or his friends knew how rightly to manage his eyes during the next few years. He should never use his eyes continually for a long period, especially by insufficient or artificial light. It would be better for him not to read or study at all at night. When at school his desk should be of a proper height, so that he may read or write without being obliged to stoop over his work. The book he uses should have large, fresh type, and any long gazing at minute objects should be avoided. His eye should be daily trained to look at distant objects, and his vision in this particular should be cultivated as much as possible. The extreme keenness of vision which the sailor enjoys from his training at the mast-head, illustrates how much benefit may be hoped for by such disciplinary measures. By pursuing such measures until the tissues of the eye, in common with all the other tissues of the body, acquire the maturity of adult life, he needs have little fear that his myopia will much increase. The seed of the great harvest which spectacle-makers and opticians reap, is sown in early youth, when the mischief is done before its existence is suspected. Myopia is much more commonly found, as hinted above, among literary men, artisans, engravers, and the like—men who have overtaxed their eyes by long-continued gazing at minute objects. The laboring classes are singularly free from those high degrees of the defect we see in the former classes—not that any difference exists at birth between the

two. The hereditary predispositions existing alike in both are in the one case developed by the subsequent habits of life, and in the other held in check by more favorable pursuits. It is much to be regretted that no statistics have thus far been gathered in our own country from which the percentage of near-sighted people could be determined.

From observations made in Germany—that land of close students and myopics—it is estimated that seventeen per cent. of the middle and higher classes show this condition. Dr. H. Cohn has published some interesting figures showing the influence which a life of study has in producing it. These figures were compiled from observations among school children, and showed that, while in the primary schools in the country the percentage of myopics was only 1.4, in city primary schools it rose to 6.6, due, of course, to closer confinement and greater incentives to study; in the next grade, the medium or grammar school, 10.4 per cent.; in the gymnasia, and other higher schools, 21 per cent.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

MEN can never precisely explain the manner in which the Holy Scriptures were composed, nor, in particular, how the Spirit of God and the spirit of man are combined in them so as to make them at the same time Divine and human—a Divine word reaching to heaven, and at the same time human, and quite near to us. This is not less difficult to explain than the manner in which the Divine and human nature were united in Jesus Christ. This parallel is not mine, for Scripture calls itself the written Word, and it calls Jesus Christ the "Word made flesh." But, however the Holy Scriptures may have been composed, "they literally are heaven speaking upon earth;" they are the maxims of the kingdom of heaven communicated to men in human language, as if the invisible world were come down among them and placed before their eyes. There is no other book, even among the best, which like this makes known to us the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. All are more or less tainted with human errors—this alone is exempt from them. It is the book of God, full of the truth of God; in it we hear God speak by the Holy Spirit. We see God, man—the present, the future—life and death—time and eternity, described exactly as they are. "For any one who has thus understood what Scripture is it will not be difficult to confess the use he ought to make of it."



COME FROM THY DREAMING.

COME from thy dreaming, the daylight is dying ;
From the sweet South-land the breezes blow free ;
Over the moorlands the night-birds are flying,
Fragrance is stirring 'mid blossom and tree.

Down in the westward the red clouds are glowing,
Dabbled with purple and flashing with gold ;
O'er the horizon their banners are flowing,
Trailing the hills with voluptuous fold.

Far in the distance the blue sea is gleaming,
Moaning in tenderest tones to the light ;
Catching the last of the day's rosy beaming,
Flashing it back in the face of the night.

Come from thy dreaming, the flower-bells are swinging,
Breathing their fragrance 'mid gathering dew ;
Faint sounds the tremulous vesper-bells ringing,
Cut from the distance all mellow and blue.

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Come, for the heat of the day is declining,
Cold winds are stealing from mountain and sea ;
Softly the star of the evening is shining—
Come, for my spirit is sighing for thee.

Come from thy dreaming, the willows are sighing,
Trailing their locks in luxuriant woe ;
Delicate perfumes are lazily straying
Down through the valley all bloomy and low.

Here will thy spirit grow fervent and tender,
Casting the care of the busy day by ;
Come bathe thy soul in this glorious splendor,
Under the bend of the beautiful sky.

Come, for the purple-winged twilight is shading
Mountain and valley, wild moorland and sea ;
Far in the westland the red light is fading—
Come, for my spirit is calling for thee.

**"IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE
TRIBULATION."**

My Savior said, "Take up thy cross
And follow Me where I may lead;
Count every earthly treasure dross,
And losing, find thy life indeed!"

I raised my burden; it was light;
Alas! how heavy it has grown!
O toilsome way! O cruel height!
Lord, can I bear my cross alone?

My foes, unnumbered and unseen,
Press madly round me day and night;
I have no friend on whom to lean;
I sink in sorrow and affright!

O blessed voice! I hear Him say,
"Lo, I am with Thee till the end;
Thy strength shall fail not through thy day,
And I am thy eternal Friend."

The burdens of the world He bore,
And shall I shrink from bearing mine?
Alone He walked in anguish sore,
But me upholds with love divine.

His grace can smoothe the roughest road;
The way He hallowed I will take;
How heavy, yet how light the load
That I must bear for His dear sake!

Through tribulation though He lead,
He maketh self-denial sweet;
My life I lose each day indeed
To find it at my Savior's feet!

WAITING.

WHILE we wait for our ships to come from sea,
Let our trees and flowers be growing;
In our dreams of the life that is to be,
Let no present joys be going.

It is foolish to dream o'er the "might have been,"
Or to think what the years are bringing
When the sweet flowers bloom, and the trees are green,
And the cheerful birds are singing.

Your thoughts may flee to the far away—
To your castles in the distance,
But to any neglect of the grand to-day
The heart should make resistance.

You may gaze afar on a shining star,
And forget some fair sweet blossom
That is nearer your heart than those climes afar,
And is longing to rest in your bosom.

The clouds that hover anear the earth
In the sunset are full of beauty,
And over the clouds of this lower birth
Shine the Evening Star of duty.

As the light of heaven and earth are twined
In the rainbow's shining pinion,

So the mingled light of soul and mind
Make for God a fit dominion.

It is only a few short rolling years
That these false lights will deceive us;
Then let us banish all sighs and tears,
And the shattered hopes that grieve us.

And while we are waiting for fulfilled dreams—
For the goal for which we're longing,
Let us not neglect the bright sunbeams,
And the blossoms round us thronging.

Let us gather up in our quiet path
Each beautiful bud and blossom,
And a peace which no selfish spirit hath
Shall come to each weary bosom.

For I know there will come a day of rest
When the soul will cease its yearning—
When the human heart shall at last be blest,
And the bale-fires cease their burning.

And so long as we dwell where all is change—
Where Death holds daily revel,
Let us cease to long for a loftier range—
Let us tread, content, our level.

And, after awhile, when our change shall come,
We will think of the clouds now flying
As fogs on the path that lead us home,
And that true life came—in dying!

BABY'S PILLOW.

I sit by the cradle watching
The shadows, as they creep
Over the drooping eyelids,
Till baby falls asleep.

Blessed sleep of my baby!
Sweet unconsciousness!
Never another pillow
Like this will baby press.

Never a sharp thorn pierceth
Rosy cheek or brow;
Never a drop of bitter
Toucheth the sweet lips now.

Away in the dim, dim future,
A manly form I trace;
I can see but a faint resemblance
To this little baby face.

There are lines of care on the forehead;
The lips are thinner grown;
The blush from the cheek is faded;
Is this my babe—my own?

O the path is long up the mountain,
Many the efforts given
Ere the feet can press the summit
Amid the clouds of heaven.

Sleep, my little baby,
In sweet unconsciousness,
For never another pillow
Like this thy head will press.

AS SHE WAS ABLE.

IT is a girlish figure half sitting and half reclining in the deep bay window; a girlish figure, with a wealth of sunny tresses and a sweet, thoughtful face. Her hands are clasped upon the open pages of an old volume before her, and the words she has been reading there are still echoing through her soul.

"Think not that he who hath but one talent may be an idler here, for there is no hand so weak that our wide and destitute earth does not need its aid. Only the earnest laborer may hope to hear the Master's 'well done' when this great working-day is ended."

It was only the old lesson, the old, old lesson that had so often perplexed her—so often made her life seem like a meager, worthless thing.

"Three years," she murmured, "three years that are very little, and yet how long and heavy they seem—the years since I came from school! And how little I have done to fulfill the promises of those golden days—how very little!"

Then the tears gathered in her eyes—gathered and stood there while she thought how her life had darkened, and how it seemed to be darkening still. School-day hopes and dreams, whither had they gone, swept away by the great hand that had fallen upon her, the strong hand of disease that was holding her back from the dazzling world? Could she never, never reach them more, and must she bow her youth and her ambition to this stern behest, the mandate that was always saying to her "only thus far?"

Her thoughts ran out through the circle of her acquaintances, and it seemed to her if she had but this one's health and sphere of action, or that one's talents and accomplishments, she would arise and gird herself anew; but, alas! what was there left for her, who was scarcely better than an invalid, in a commonplace country home, on a country by-road, where her presence was seldom needed and her influence scarcely felt?

No wonder that the tears came to her eyes, and that she felt very desolate as she thought these thoughts—no wonder.

Long she sat there in the gathering shadows, till at last she sprang forward with a start like one awakening from a dream, exclaiming, "To perform faithfully the duty nearest thee, here is the true excellence of life after all. O, Father, help me!"

She rose from her seat and stood hesitatingly in the window. The faithful watch-dog was sitting outside with head erect, opening and shutting his great, round eyes. "He is on

duty," she thought, "ready for any good work just as I would be."

"O, Annie, I've found you at last," cried an eager voice—"found you dreaming here just when I wanted you. Fred is coming up to take me over to Mrs. Lorren's to-night," and if it had not been so dark you might have seen a deeper tinge on her rosy cheeks. "Ma will not be home till late, but I thought you would go in and sit with papa, won't you? And now I wish you would help me dress. Do n't you think my blue tissue will be prettiest for this evening, or would you wear the corn-color, or my new silk?"

It was an easy matter to complete the young girl's toilet; almost any thing was becoming to her on that happy night. And when she was dressed her generous sister looked at her with even more satisfaction than if she had herself worn the graceful, airy robes.

But the hours with her father passed slowly and heavily. Somehow she never could breathe freely in the atmosphere of his room. The old man was so childish and so unreasonable; his moods were so changing and so violent, that, well as she loved him, Annie could seldom please him. Florrie was his pet, for he found delight in her sunny, child-like ways; and, though Annie rejoiced in her sister's devotion, she sometimes almost envied her the joy of those who serve.

Annie Wynn was eager to make the most and the best of those evening hours; so she moved the ottoman to her father's feet, and sitting down there she looked up to him timidly with the words, "Can I do any thing for you now, father?"

"No, no, child," was the somewhat sharp reply; and then he turned away his head and closed his eyes as if even the sight of her young face pained him.

"Florrie and Fred have just gone out," thinking to draw his thoughts from himself.

"I wish Florrie was n't so fond of running about with that Fred," retorted he in an irritated tone.

Annie saw with dismay that she had unwittingly touched a jarring chord and hastened, if possible, to strike a more pleasant note.

"It is a lovely night. Mamma is having a fine evening for her homeward ride."

His wrinkled face brightened then, for he was very fond of the wife of his old age; much more so than was she of her decrepit husband, for his hair had grown white and he had become very childish in the few years of their wedded life. But whatever disappointment she might have felt was greatly appeased by the fact that the daughter she had brought him, her beautiful

Florrie, was caressed and petted till she had become scarcely less than queen in the old man's home.

The second Mrs. Wynn was an amiable little woman, but she had few thoughts beyond herself, and perhaps her precious Florrie, and, though she was really kind at heart, her mind was narrow and her character very weak.

Annie loved her mother—loved her with that devotion which is so beautiful in a step-daughter, but there had never been any deep channel of sympathy opened between them, and poor Annie was left to shed many a bitter tear over the lack of a wise and tender counselor, such a one as the present Mrs. Wynn could never be to her.

When Annie laid her weary, throbbing head upon her pillow that night the tears rolled out over her burning cheeks as she thought how little of real satisfaction the day had yielded, as she looked at the record that seemed to her so meager; and a prayer was on her lips as she fell asleep, such a cry for strength as never fails to reach the ear of the Almighty Father.

She awoke in the full light of a rich, golden day in the early harvest-time, such a day as mortals love, just such a one as was sweet to the soul of Annie Wynn; but she turned from it with a shudder now, for along with it there came a sense of unutterable weariness, as if a great burden were rolled upon her—a heavy burden that was crushing out her poor, weary life.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee," whispered the voice within, and, kneeling humbly in that bright morning hour, she received new strength; girding herself anew she went out to meet the day with a brave, trustful heart.

Her mother and sister had not yet arisen, and Annie found their one domestic staggering under the weight of her morning duties, as if the load was too heavy for even her broad shoulders.

Annie's pleasant "good morning, Marguerite," was met with a frown and the ungracious words, "A bad enough mornin' it is indeed, with every thing wrong side up, and bound to stay so."

Then with an impatient jerk she threw her arm back against the sharp corner of a shelf behind her, hitting her elbow a sudden rap that made her quiver with pain.

Annie's soft hands soothed the pain, her gentle words calmed the girl's ruffled spirits; and then, tucking up her sleeves, she commenced dusting and arranging the disordered rooms, humming a low, sweet air, and smiling as cheer-

ily as if there were no unanswered longings in her heart.

A few words of love and sympathy would have been very sweet to her that morning; to know that her efforts to lighten their home and enliven the day were noticed and appreciated would have been very precious. But it is in such ways God tries our strength and courage sometimes, dimming our earth-lights that we may learn to walk by faith alone, looking upward beyond the darkening shadows.

Mrs. Wynn was wearied by her long visit and yawned languidly; Florrie's spirits had been slightly disturbed, and the old man looked pale and disconsolate.

Annie was at first almost frozen in the chilling atmosphere and had need to rally all her forces to cast off its stiffening influences. But the breath of her genial spirits was felt at length, the light of her cheery words warmed and brightened the air till Mrs. Wynn regained her wonted ease, Florrie's good humor was restored, and even her father's haggard face beamed with the faint shadow of a smile.

It was trifles that filled up that Autumn day, only trifles which seemed so meager that Annie sat down at nightfall and sighed bitterly, murmuring the old, sad plaint, "Another useless day, O, so useless!" Yet those little kindly deeds and loving words were of great price in the eyes of Him who seeth the hearts of men and weigheth their purposes—precious offerings that were all woven into her crown of glory, noble Annie.

O, it is of just such services that the world has need; it is just such little rays that lighten the gloom of our earth-night.

Much in the same way the days went on one after another—days that often seemed dark and cheerless, and yet were glorified by an earnest, unselfish spirit, an eager looking for the pleasure and benefit of others. And in the midst of her yearnings and self-accusings Annie was all the time wielding a mighty influence in her little world. Not they alone who loved her most were blessed by her pure life, but even all who came within her reach felt the breath of her sweet spirit.

Marguerite's temper was losing much of its irritability and sullenness; she was becoming more tidy in her habits, and held sway in the realm of her kitchen with a firmer and more cheerful hand. Jenks, the rough man who managed the affairs of the farm and came daily to the house with its garnered fruits, softened in her presence and grew more thoughtful. His wife at home caught a little of the gentler spirit and became a wiser woman, looking more

carefully to the cheer of her household and the well-being of her children.

In these simple ways, and in many others, too, was the loving girl doing what she could, scattering precious seed along the waysides of her humble life—seed that should spring up and ripen into an abundant harvest.

The days grew shorter and colder; the leaves fluttered down and scattered themselves over the russet earth; the skies became somber, and the winds howled piteously, till by and by the snows drifted in about the dying year, and it was Winter at the farm-house.

Annie's life seemed narrower than ever now, and the fetters of pain were tightening about her; but the fire of devotion still burned brightly in her soul, throwing out into the world its strong, clear light.

An occasional drive when the day was bright, an hour's chat with a neighbor now and then, were the most she saw of the world beyond her own home; but in one way or another the short days were well and nobly filled, save sometimes when too weak for activity, and then she would lie patiently on her lowly couch, looking wistfully out over the snow-bound hills and in upon her own heart, learning the old, sweet lesson, "Thy will." And it may be, after all, that these were the most excellent days of her life.

It was on the afternoon of a day like this, a day that had seemed unusually long and cheerless, that the door of her room opened softly and a bright face peered in upon her. Annie looked up with a smile as Florrie came in, saying, "Ma thought you were sleeping, you'd been so long alone, but I knew if you were not you must be lonesome," drawing up a chair and preparing to rout the "solemn ogre," laughing merrily the while.

"I've been out this afternoon seeking for adventures," she rattled on. "In the first place, remembering your suggestion this morning, I called at Jenks': so you may place that to your own credit, as I should n't have thought of it otherwise. Sarah was making over one of her old dresses for little Jeannie, as you told her how to fix one in the Summer, she said. It looked as if it might make the poor child quite comfortable; but I could hardly help smiling at thought of the odd appearance her little figure would make in that great dingy plaid; but I suppose the world is full of incongruities much worse than that, after all. From thence I went over to Aunt Rhoda's. It is a long time since we heard from her, you know. The old lady sat knitting by her fire, quite alone, but she looked so comfortable and happy I almost felt like an intruder. She

seemed glad to see me, and said she had missed you very much since the snows came. 'The dear girl,' she went on; 'it does this old soul good to think of her every day.' See how you are her good angel, Annie, even if you can not go to her." And Florrie bent to kiss the tears from her sister's cheeks. "On my way home Dr. Lawrence overtook me, with his prancing steeds and gay cutter. He invited me to ride, of course, and sprang out to assist me to a seat. He was in one of his most agreeable moods, and he inquired after you with great solicitude. Beware, or I shall grow fearfully jealous!" holding up one little finger in playful warning. "And now I'll leave you to the bliss of your reflections."

"No, no, Florrie, don't go yet; or perhaps you will bring your work and sit in the window, where I can watch your busy fingers."

"Now, Annie, you know I can't bear to make myself useful," affirmed the young lady with mock gravity. "However, to please you, I'll try to cultivate my taste for industry, if I have any." Then she added, in a lower tone: "And I sometimes think that all the goodness there is about me is due to you, my precious sister."

A few days after this Mrs. Wynn opened, at the dinner table, a letter from her only sister. These two sisters were all that was left of a large family; and a few years ago the husband of this one had suddenly died, leaving five small children to her care. For a time she struggled on bravely and successfully; but of late the tide had seemed to be setting against her, and the oldest boy, who had already reached his fifteenth year, and on whom she had rested many a fond hope, had fallen in with wicked associates, who were leading him astray; and his poor mother's heart was almost broken by this fresh calamity.

"Poor Aunt Lucy," sighed Annie, when Mrs. Wynn had folded up the letter. "How I wish we could do something to lighten this terrible burden!"

"Write him a letter, Annie," suggested Florrie with enthusiasm. "If any body can do him any good you can."

"A boy of fourteen can not surely have become so hardened in his iniquity as to be beyond the hope of reform," said Annie.

"If he could only be removed from those evil influences he might be saved."

"Perhaps we might invite him to spend a few months with us," she continued, inquiringly.

"A good suggestion," replied Mrs. Wynn. "Yet I hardly think he could be persuaded to

come to our quiet home; it would be too dull for him here."

"He might like the change, though. Winter will soon be over, and it is really delightful here in the Spring."

After fully talking the matter over it was decided that Mrs. Wynn should write to her sister, holding up the attractions of the country in their best light, and asking the boy to make them a long visit.

The following week brought a reply, expressing much gratitude for their sympathy, and, contrary to their expectations, accepting their invitation.

The preliminaries were soon arranged, and Walter Kendrick came to be an inmate of the farm-house. He was a tall, slender youth, almost a man in physical growth, but still a boy in appearance, with a certain rough, impudent manner, that told a sad story of a vicious and hardened heart.

Mrs. Wynn sighed, shook her head, and looked on him pityingly. Florrie employed her bright arts to make the days pass pleasantly to him. But it was chiefly Annie who took upon herself the office of monitor, seeking to show him how exceedingly dark are the paths of sin, endeavoring to awaken purer and nobler aspirations. She interested herself in all his healthful pastimes, sympathizing with his boyish trials and innocent joys, softening his hard heart with so gentle a touch, and winning his affectionate respect so fully that her influence over him grew very strong, and he would listen to her kind reproofs and remonstrances when no one else might venture to approach him.

Thus the weeks slipped lightly away. Spring came, and awoke the world to its old glad life again. Summer followed, with its long, bright days; and then Autumn swept over the hill-sides, lighting them up with her radiant touch. Walter Kendrick found so much delight in the country that he scarcely thought of returning to his city home; and when Winter came he drew on his mittens and plunged into the snow-banks with a keen relish.

Then temptations began to thicken about him. His circle of acquaintance had grown broader, and the long Winter evenings afforded many an opportunity for the gratifying of his depraved appetites and inclinations. In vain did they seek to break the charm of his evil associates, renewing their efforts to render home bright and attractive; in vain were Annie's warnings and pleadings—he turned away from them all.

She prayed for him earnestly in those days, asking God to give her a greater influence over

the wayward boy—seeking for strength thus to honor Him—beseeching that he might in some way be arrested in his mad career of wickedness and sin.

It was a clear, sparkling evening in mid-winter. Annie sat alone on the hearth-rug, gazing tearfully into the glowing fire—sat alone, with her sad, anxious thoughts. Alas, for her cousin's well-meant promises! Alas, for their brightening hopes! O! had the ear of Omnipotence grown too heavy to listen to her tremulous cry? "Father in heaven, O pity and save!"

The door opened quickly, and Walter Kendrick strode across the room. Her face grew pale with emotion as she turned toward him, exclaiming—

"Why, Walter! home so early! Are you sick?"

"Sick!" repeated the youth, with bitter emphasis. "Yes, sick unto death of this feverish life. It's no use—my soul is starving on these rotten husks with which I've been trying to satisfy it—it's no use, no use;" and he buried his face in his hands.

She bent over him tenderly, as an elder sister might, soothing his agitation until he became more composed, and spoke to her calmly.

"I am such a wicked boy. O, so fearfully wicked," he went on pitilessly, in his self-accusings. "And yet you have never seemed to give me up—not even when all others thought me lost. Your hope and patience have been a constant reproof to me, Annie. And it is these more than any thing else that have made me see what a wretch I am—lost, lost!"

"No, dear Walter"—her lip quivered as she spoke to him—"not lost, so long as there is One who is all long-suffering and all patience—not lost."

Long time they talked and wept there; then, kneeling together, a new light burst in upon the soul of Walter Kendrick—a light that guided his footsteps in ways of purity and peace.

Annie Wynn's sphere is broader now, in the eyes of the world. But her rich, full life, is a sacrifice no purer or more excellent than the sweet incense of those days when she was walking humbly in her narrower pathway, serving God and blessing humanity with the strength He gave her, even as she was able.

LOVE is the *diamond* among the jewels of the believer's breast-plate. The other graces shine like the precious stones of nature, with their own peculiar luster, and various hues, but the diamond is white, unlike all the others.

MANCHESTER AND ITS ANTIQUITIES.

THERE is scarcely any city or town apparently so unconnected with the past as Manchester. One naturally looks upon it as the growth of the last few years, as the child of the cotton-plant; springing up with mushroom-like rapidity—more especially so since the discovery of the steam-engine, and consequent invention of machinery. It is pre-eminently the Cottonopolis; owing its very life to the huge mills, the lofty chimneys of which pollute the once fair valley of the Irk and Irwell, and which, in prosperous times, employ the many thousand operatives whose houses spread over what, but a short time ago, was greensward and shady woodland. And yet Manchester is rich with memories of olden time. It is one of the most ancient of English towns; it abounds with traces of by-gone centuries; and although acre after acre of new suburb springs up yearly with marvelous rapidity, the heart of the city remains so far unaltered as to permit the antiquary to reap a rich harvest from its streets and buildings.

Manchester existed as far back as the first century after Christ. In A. D. 50 the Britons erected a fort on the spot, with the name of *Mancunium*, or "Place of Tents." This was taken by Agricola, the Roman general, in A. D. 79, and the name changed to *Mancynium*, or "Place of Men." Fortified camps were made; a regular town laid out; temples, schools, and courts erected; a water-mill built on the Medlock; and six roads cut to the neighboring stations—all this before A. D. 100. For the next three hundred years Mancunium remained a Roman station. In 429 it was plundered by the Picts and Scots; in 446 it was constituted a parish; in 547 included in the Saxon kingdom of *Deiri*; in 548 called by the appellation of *Man-kestel*, or *Man-castle*; and in 620 subdued by Edwin, and made the residence of a lord, or "thegn," with a "Barons' Hall," at the junction of the Irk and Irwell, the site of the present Chetham Hospital. From this time it increased steadily; churches were built; a royal mint established by Canute; and in Doomsday Book mention is made of it as a Manor of Lancashire. In 1215 Robert de Gresley, Baron of Manchester, was one of the peers who demanded Magna Charta from King John. In 1301 the town was made a free borough. In 1316 it became the baronial residence of the De la Warre family, one of whom distinguished himself greatly at the battle of Cressy, and another at Poitiers, eight years afterward.

The Collegiate Church was founded in 1422, and the old Barons' Hall converted, the year following, into a residence for the clergy; and in 1538 the place had reached to such size and importance as to be noticed thus by the antiquary, John Leland: "Manchester, on the south side of Irwel River, standeth in Salfordshire, and is the fairest, best buildid, quikkst, and most populus tounne of all Lancastreshire."

But to come down one hundred and fifty years later than this. By a map published in 1793 it appears that all the populous suburbs which now stretch away toward each point of the compass—Broughton, Chetham Hill, Harpuchey, Ancoats, Hulme—were then mere country lanes, with but one or two halls and gentlemen's houses to be found upon them. Nay, in the memory of many living witnesses, St. Ann's Square, lying in the center of the city, had trees on both sides, and Market-street—the busiest thoroughfare—was so narrow that two carts could but just pass. In fact, Manchester may be said to have doubled itself during the last thirty years, and to be even now, notwithstanding the heavy affliction which the unhappy war in America brought upon it, increasing at a rate equal to that of any other town in the kingdom.

In crossing the Medlock, now nothing more than a dirty sewer, we have on our left the famous Bridgewater Canal, the first great undertaking of the sort in England, and the wonder of its time. Adjoining this is Castle Field, now in the very heart of warehouses and dirty streets. Here the Romans erected a fort, about A. D. 80. It must then have been a very pretty spot, rising picturesquely above the banks of the winding Medlock, and well wooded. Indeed, so late as 1783 the quay at Castle Field was the resort of a great number of "genteel strangers," to take the benefit of the passage barges on the Bridgewater Canal, to Warrington, Liverpool, etc. Many interesting relics have been found in Castle Field from time to time. An urn was discovered in 1765, gold and silver coins in 1775, a lachrymatory filled with transparent fluid in 1782, and a number of brazen dishes in 1808. Besides the fort, the Romans had a fortified camp a little further on. This is now a paved open square, called Camp Field, with a church in the center, and is used for an annual fair, called Knot Mill Fair, of great Lancashire notoriety.

In a street leading out of Camp Field, and close to Deansgate, stands St. John's Church, built by a son of Dr. John Byrom, a poet of some pretensions, and of great Jacobite

reputation. He it was who penned the following-ambiguous stanza, in 1746:

"God bless the King! I mean our faith's defender.
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bless us all—that's quite another thing!"

Coming back into Deansgate, but almost immediately leaving it again, we enter Peter-street. To our right, for miles, stretches a labyrinth of streets. Forty years ago there was nothing here but fields; and in one of these took place the famous Peterloo Riot, in 1819.



MANCHESTER, THE COTTON METROPOLIS OF ENGLAND.

The Radicals had for some time been violently disaffected. They finally assembled, to the number of 60,000, in this field, and were dis-

persed with violence by the Yeomanry—several being killed, and a great number wounded. Their chairman, Henry Hunt, and some of the other leaders, were taken, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The field where

this contest took place was situated close to St. Peter's Church, and hence the word "Peterloo"—the "loo" being added in ludicrous remembrance of the battle of Waterloo, which was fought only four years previously.

We now turn up Motley-street, full of warehouses, but at the beginning of this century the most fashionable part of Manchester. At the top is a wide, open space, fronting the Infirmary. Here, formerly, was a pond, called the Daub Hole—now to be traced by two fountains, somewhat similar to those in Trafalgar Square. At this pond was the "Ducking Stool," used to punish scolds and prostitutes.

We are now at the top of Market-street—the Cheapside (so to speak) of Manchester. It is the great commercial artery of the city. A little way down the street, to the right, stood, not long ago, Palace Inn—now Palace Buildings—where Charles Edward, the Pretender, slept when he entered Manchester in 1745. He took away with him a regiment of three hundred Manchester men, who shared his ill fate. Eight of their officers were beheaded on Kennington Common, and the heads of three of them were brought to Manchester and stuck upon the Exchange. The adherents of the Stuarts were very numerous here. "It was the custom"—we quote from a recent history—"of the most select to dine at a small public house near Didsbury, a few miles out of Manchester. After the cloth was removed, a large bowl of water was placed upon the table, when every gentleman rose, and holding his glass over the water, drank 'The King.' 'This is not a toast I should have expected to be drank here,' said a new guest. 'Tush!' said his friend, 'are we not drinking *The King over the water!*'"

At the bottom of Market-street stands the Exchange, and behind this again, St. Ann's Square. Anciently this was the site of Acres' Field—a large open green, which extended over what is now Cross-street, and on which an annual fair was held, granted to Manchester originally by Henry III, in 1229. The present Unitarian Chapel in Cross-street stands on the site of the first place of worship possessed by the Dissenters in Manchester. After the passing of the Act of Uniformity, in 1662, Manchester became the stronghold of the Non-conformists, possessing "a larger dissenting population than most other towns in the kingdom." In connection with this, it is curious to remark that Manchester was one of the first places where Methodism took its rise. In 1747 John Wesley was roughly handled by the mob for preaching at Salford Cross, and threatened to be played upon with the parish engine.

Returning again to Market-street, we come to the old market-place itself. Near this are some of the oldest houses in Manchester. From the market-place it is scarcely a two minutes' walk to the Irwell, which runs in front of, and at some depth below, the cathedral. Over the river here was the original bridge between Salford and Manchester—"The Old Bridge"—having on it a little chapel, and long removed to make way for a more convenient structure. The present bridge is named after her Majesty, Queen Victoria. The view from this point is very picturesque. The old cathedral stands high to the right; beyond, amidst a confused pile of buildings, is the Chetham Hospital, on the site of the old Hall of the Manchester Barons; below is the Irwell, into which, at a little distance further on, flows the Irk, formerly a beautiful stream, noted for the quality of its eels, but now a dirty, muddy ditch. The lofty arches of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, the oldest in England, complete the view in front. The station is situated a little beyond the Chetham Hospital, on a rising ground, called Hunt's Bank. It was hereabout that the Romans had a Summer camp, A. D. 82. The road that runs past the cathedral and Hunt's Bank leads, for some three miles, through the populous districts of Lower and Higher Broughton—where forty years ago there was scarcely a house—and so on to Kensal Moor, the highest spot about Manchester. It is an extensive common, noted in old times for its races, duels, and executions. The races now take place in the valley below, and a very beautiful valley it is!

But to return to Victoria Bridge. On the other side of the Irwell lies the original part of Salford, now a dense mass of low and dirty streets. It was here, in 1642, that the royal troops, under the command of Lord Strange—afterward Lord Derby—took up their position to besiege the town. They must have occupied the houses immediately opposite the cathedral, for we read, "Captain Standish, of Duxbury, a Royalist, was killed by a bullet from the tower of the Collegiate Church, while looking out of the door of Robert Widdow's house in Salford, September 29, 1642, upon which his soldiers ran away." It was at Manchester, July 5, 1642, that the first blood was spilt between Charles I and the Parliament, announced by the House of Commons in a pamphlet, headed, "The beginning of Civil Warres in England; or, *Terrible News from the North.*" The Civil War dates from this occurrence. Throughout the war Manchester firmly adhered to the Parliament—Salford to the King. The Manchester train-bands played a conspicuous part; and the

town itself was fortified, and successfully withstood the attack made by Lord Strange, and a siege of several days. The Royalist army numbered 4,000 foot and 300 horse, with seven pieces of cannon. Their loss during the siege was 200; that of the besieged, four killed and four wounded. The houses, however, were much damaged, and £10,000 worth of plunder taken away.

Having now taken this hasty glance round the busy streets, we will next leave noise and bustle behind, and enter upon the last portion of our journey—the cathedral—by far the most interesting of Manchester antiquities.

The appearance of the cathedral from the outside is somewhat peculiar. The style is Gothic, richly ornamented, and very beautiful; but a constant system of restoration has been going on for some time, so that the clear-story, both of nave and chancel, with the parapet and pinnacles, as well as part of the side-aisles, have been entirely renewed, and stand out in all the whiteness of freshly sculptured stone, in striking contrast to the rest of the building, which has been subjected to centuries of Manchester smoke.

One step, and we have left Manchester, and its bustle and noise, far behind. We are in the nave—the real parish church of the city—filled with open seats, and used for service on Sundays; the choir being reserved for morning and evening prayer on other occasions. The view from the west end, looking east, is very fine; though, compared with most other cathedrals, the building is wanting in size and elevation. Two rows of arches and columns run down each side of the nave, beyond which are galleries. Along the aisles thus formed, and on each side of the choir, are a series of chantries, or chapels, erected at different times by private families, and bearing corresponding titles. Those along the nave are filled with pews, and present no distinctive features. The choir-aisles, and the chapels beyond these again, give the eastern portion of the cathedral a very intricate and striking appearance.

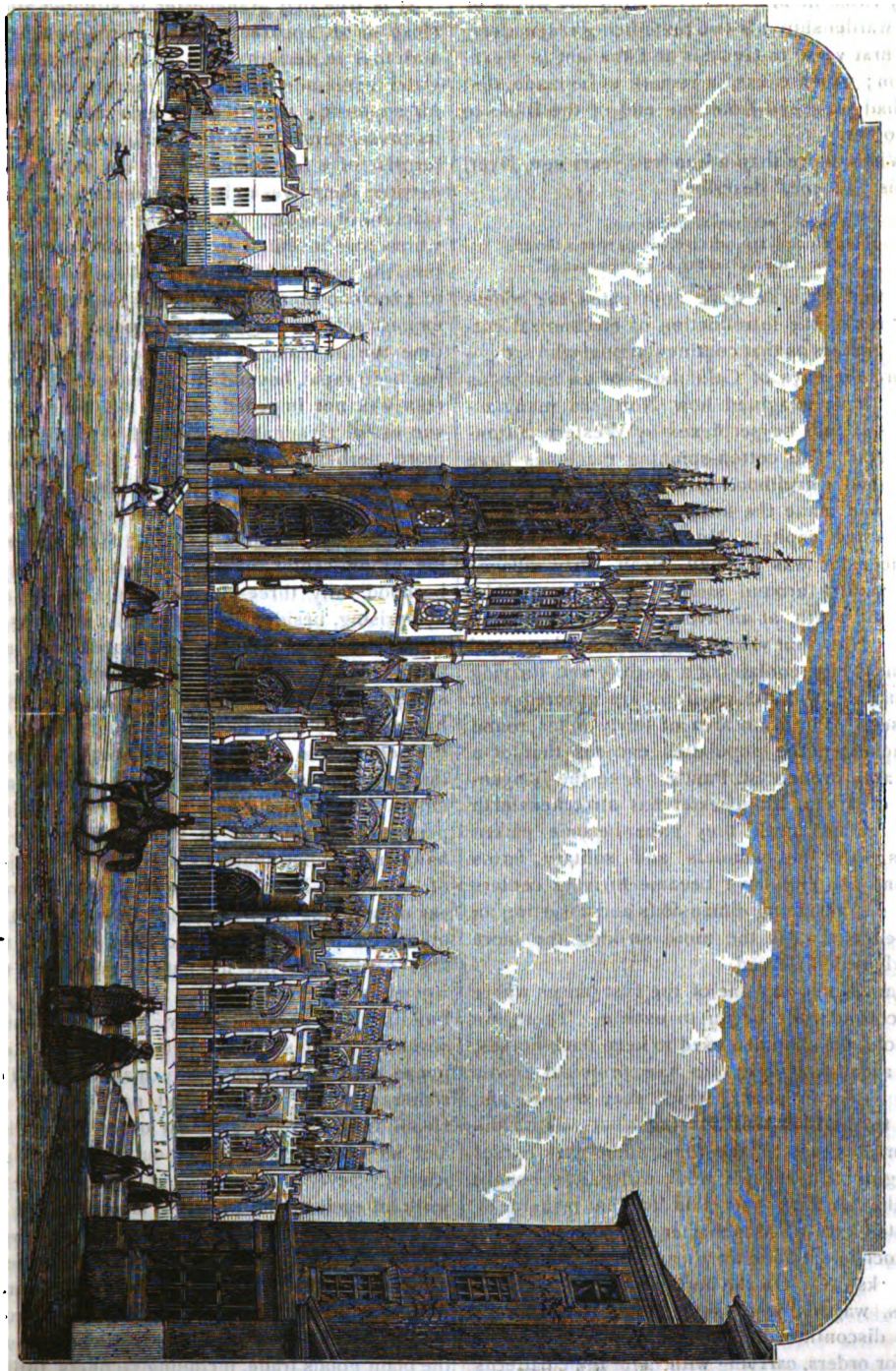
It is not our intention to go through any detailed description—such a description befits a guide-book, rather than a brief sketch—but we must not omit to mention the Derby Chapel, a complete little church in itself, running the whole length of the north chancel aisle, into which it opens by five pointed arches. It has its own pulpit, reading-desk, font, and Lord's table; and a separate organ, standing in a little chapel which juts out again on the north side. In this little outer chapel rest the remains of Dr. Stanley, warden of the College of Man-

chester, and afterward Bishop of Ely, who died A. D. 1525. It is said that "he had not the gift of continence which the See of Rome enjoins, and, therefore, died excommunicated." For this reason a separate chapel, beyond the walls of the church, was built to receive his bones.

The choir itself is in some respects very beautiful. The stalls are of oak, surmounted by elaborate canopies, most exquisitely carved, almost unsurpassed for elegance of design and finished workmanship. Beyond these again, on the south side, is a cumbersome, awkward-looking bishop's throne; on the north, the organ, which is any thing but ornamental, the only thing worthy of note about it being a couple of very apoplectic Siamese twins, equally stout and stolid looking, who work the bellows, and occupy a conspicuous post in the north chancel aisle. Beyond the organ there is open iron-work on both sides the choir, affording a view of the adjacent aisles and Derby Chapel. Behind the Lord's table is a plain and rather heavy-looking stone screen, and in front the tomb of John Huntington, the first warden of the college of clergy, and was anciently attached to the church—from whence its former name of the Collegiate Church of Manchester. A rebus on his name is carved on the eastern side of the central arch of the choir: on the left is a huntsman with hounds; on the right, a vessel like a tun; which two devices put together form the word Huntington. Speaking of the carvings, we must not omit to mention the grotesque figures which are wrought in the choir stalls, beneath the seats. In one place is a fox running away with a goose, while a woman comes out of a cottage in pursuit. At one side of this is a pig gravely reading a book, while on the other is another porker, acting the schoolmaster, and by the help of a huge birch, teaching two young pigs to read. Another seat is decorated in a still more unseemly fashion, with a group of apes, one of them, apparently administering extreme unction to a dying man, while the rest plunder his goods. On a third seat, a man, spitted like a pig, is roasting before a large fire, on which three pots are placed; in one of these is partly seen a dog, upon whose head a hare is placing the pot-lid. All the other seats are similarly carved with grotesque caricatures.

Before we leave the cathedral, let us stop for one instant to notice the Chetham Chapel, at extreme east of the building, the burial-place of the famous Chetham family, who founded the adjoining hospital. If comment of ours could have any effect, we would earnestly protest against the unseemly and extremely filthy

MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



condition in which this beautiful little chapel is allowed to remain; at present it would seem to be simply used as a receptacle for old lumber.

This cathedral has been several times visited

by royalty. James I attended service here, as also the unlucky Prince Charles Edward, in 1745. In the time of the former monarch Dr. Murray held the office of Warden of the Collegiate Church, and is said to have preached

only twice in Manchester, during the whole of his wardenship, his two texts being respectively the first verse in Genesis and the last in Revelation; which caused a remark to be made, that he had preached from one end of the Bible to the other.

When, more than a hundred years ago, Dyer, in his "Fleece," described

"A circular machine of new design
In comic shape, which drew and spun a thread
Without the tedious toil of needless hands"—

he could as little have anticipated the consequences of the introduction of mechanical cotton-spinners as that continental poet who sang—before the days of Columbus—of an antipodes could have imagined how Northern manufacturers should be perplexed by Western cotton-growers. The cotton-spinning machines have furnished a livelihood to a sixth of our population, and made the fortunes of men of energy or limited capital. Not a century ago, and Manchester was a small, mean, dirty village; the country around sterile and contemptible, and not worth, at an average, five shillings an acre. Now that village has become a large and splendid city, containing a wealthy and thriving population, and the environs are covered with houses. Within an area of thirty miles round Manchester, the population exceeds that of a like area around St. Paul's. Like the banyan-tree of India, Manchester has stretched forth its branches until they have become parent roots; the old hamlets and solitary farms around the city have become thriving centers of trade, assuming dimensions and asserting an influence that is the more striking the more clearly it is observed.

Manchester was one of the first places where the cotton trade began to extend. There, we are told, the chapmen used to keep pack-horses, and accompany them to the principal towns with goods in packs, which they opened and sold to shop-keepers, lodging what was unsold in small stores at the inns. The pack-horses brought back sheep's wool, which was bought on the journey, and sold to the makers of worsted yarn at Manchester, or to the clothiers of Rochdale, Saddleworth, and the West Riding of Yorkshire. On the improvement of turnpike roads, wagons were set up, the pack-horses were discontinued, and the chapmen only rode out for orders, carrying with them their patterns in their bags. During the forty years from 1730 to 1770, the trade was greatly pushed by the practice of sending these riders all over the kingdom to those towns which before had been supplied from the wholesale dealers. Their market is now the world.

It is true that Manchester is situated almost close to an apparently inexhaustible coal-field, and that it derives great advantages from its water communications; but there is no reason for supposing that it could ever have attained its present *status* but for the ingenuity and enterprise of a few then obscure individuals, who devoted their lives to improvements in the manufacture of cotton. Before the spinning-frame, which was invented in 1767, came into operation, the imports of cotton wool did not amount to 4,000,000 pounds a year, and the value of the exports seldom exceeded £200,000. Since that time the increase of the cotton manufactures has been rapid, beyond all precedent. Its progress was not impeded by the long war, to the successful termination of which it contributed more, perhaps, than any thing else; and what is no less extraordinary, it has increased eight-fold since the peace. "Of this gigantic manufacture," says an able writer, "Manchester is the grand center, absorbing within its neighborhood fully three-fourths of the trade, and comprising, besides spinning-mills, most extensive power-loom factories and large dyeing and printing establishments. The manufacture of silk goods also, which was introduced in 1816, has generally been in a flourishing state since the removal, in 1826, of the oppressive import duty on raw silk. Mixed goods of silk and cotton occupy many hands, and many hundred persons are engaged in various branches of handicraft subordinate to the principal object of industry. In some cotton factories the process of spinning only is carried forward; but in others the whole process is carried on, from the first carding to the ultimate dressing of the woven and bleached fabric. Many of them are buildings of extraordinary size—comprising seven or eight stories, erected at a heavy expense, and filled with costly machinery. The rooms are kept in the most perfect state of cleanliness, and the strictest order, regularity, and silence prevail throughout the establishments. Several thousands of spindles are at work in each of the principal factories, and, in many of them, upward of six hundred power-looms are in action, each producing from fifteen to twenty pieces of fabric, of twenty-four yards each, per week. Besides the population connected with the factories which almost absorb the plain goods trade, including jaconets, twilled cloths, and fustians, upward of nine thousand hand-loom weavers are employed in Manchester and its neighborhood in weaving cotton, silk, and mixed goods." From this statement we get a good view of the important manufacturing interests centered in this place.

RAHEL LEVIN.

YEARS ago a young girl read a page or two from an English author, descriptive of "a social phenomenon, Rahel;" a kind of spiritual queen in Germany, who lived in familiar relation with the distinguished persons of her country and time, the center of the most intellectual circles that clustered within the Prussian capital. "She exerted by the vigor and freshness of her mind a singular influence alike over Prince Louis Ferdinand, the architect Genelli, the statesman Gentz, the Schlegels, Humboldts, Schleiermacher, and Jean Paul Richter—the first, or among the first, to recognize the significance of Goethe; and teach the Schlegels to do it—being deep in poetry, art, and philosophy; yet this woman wrote nothing, but thought, spoke, and did many things which attracted attention; admiration spreading wider and wider," talked until her otherwise plain face became beautiful; and who, without any attraction except that which emanated from her wonderful intellect, grew to be the most celebrated woman of European capitals. She had neither beauty, wealth, nor rank, and in her youth experienced struggles and suffering, disappointment and sickness.

Fascinated by so rare a being this young girl determined sometime to know her history, to see whether she were a real human being or a myth; and copying, upon a sandal-wood fan she held in her hand, a sentence said to have been written by Rahel—"Dear Rose: Thou hast blue eyes and a far other life than I with my stars and black ones"—she kept it there as a memento and a pledge. Many years passed; gray hairs streaked the dark locks of the young girl, and one day a fan, worn to the last degree of dilapidation, was found in a cabinet of relics; bits of sandal wood, covered with passages from charming authors in German and English, and odorous, too, with precious memories embalmed there in names of cherished friends from the long ago; some of the names now were in the books of life, some were mentioned in foreign lands, and others pertained to grave men and good women doing nobly their work in the world. Traced in still legible characters she read what was written to Rose, and said within herself, "I will yet fulfill that promise of my youth, and know more of that mysterious personage whom Jean Paul addressed as 'geflügelte,' *the winged one*."

Marquis Custine in the *Revue de Paris*, November, 1837, testifies: "She was a woman as extraordinary as Mme. de Stael, for her faculties of mind, for her abundance of ideas, her light

of soul, and her goodness of heart; she had, moreover, what the author of *Corinne* did not pretend to, a disdain for oratory; she did not write. The silence of minds like hers is a force, too. With more vanity, a person so superior would have sought to make a public for herself; but Rahel desired only friends. She spoke to communicate the life that was in her; never did she speak to be admired;" and, further, "You could not speak with her fifteen minutes without drawing from that fountain of light a shower of sparkles. The comic was at her command, equally with the sublime. The proof that she was natural was, that she understood laughter as she did grief; she took it as a readier means of showing truth; all had its resonance in her. Her friends asked of themselves whence came these flashes of genius which she threw from her in conversation. Was it the effect of long studies, or of sudden inspiration? It was the intuition granted as recompense by Heaven to souls that are true."

Practical research develops the fact that she was born in Berlin, June, 1771, died there March 7, 1832; that "she was of Jewish family of the name of Levin or Robert, and a sister of the poet Ludwig Robert. She early displayed extraordinary talent, and throughout a long life charmed all by her lively and intelligent sympathy, and by the habit of speaking her thoughts with little regard for conventionalisms. In 1814, having, according to one history, embraced Christianity, she became the loved wife of the poet Varnhagen von Ense—Karl August. She was then forty-three years old, being by twelve years the senior of her husband; yet was he ever devotedly attached to her, declaring always that she was the freshest and brightest feature of his existence." At her death he wrote five volumes concerning her and her friends.

Alger, an American writer, who has lingered among the languages of the Orient, as well as gleaned from the fairest tongues of the Continent, thus gracefully sketches her in his "Friendships of Women:"

"Rahel Levin was such a fascinating queen of society, such a signal and fortunate mistress of the purest friendships with celebrated men, that her character and career are on this account full of interest and instruction. The secrets of influence, the charms that attract attention, awaken confidence, exert authority, dispense pleasure, and minister to human wants, are scarcely anywhere more clearly shown than in her person and story. The pronounced character, the uncommon talents, the rare combination of extreme candor and tact, the broad intellectual culture, and impulsive demonstra-

tiveness of the youthful Jewess, very soon gave her a prominent position in society, and made her fascination felt and talked about. Her first advent and sway prophesied her future renown as the most celebrated woman in Germany who has kept an open drawing-room for the practice of conversation and the joy of intellectual society. It was said of her at that early period, 'She was full of an obliging good temper, that made her anticipate wishes, divine annoyances in order to relieve them, and forget herself in seeking to make others happy.'

"Her thirtieth year she spent in France, where she had the finest opportunities for studying the famous salon life of Paris. Without being captivated, or at all overborne by it, she no doubt drew many lessons, and profited much from it on carrying her German soul back to her German home. Returning to Berlin, she bewitched all the choice spirits of that city. Married to Varnhagen von Ense, her house was, for a quarter of a century, as her mother's had been by her presence, the rendezvous of whatever was noblest, purest, strongest, most distinguished in Germany; she moved among them as a queen, looked up to by all. In all writings pertaining to her, the conspicuous element is friendship—the reception, reciprocation, culture, and expression of friendship. The king among friends was her lover and husband, Varnhagen von Ense; her union with him was not more a marriage of persons than it was of minds, souls, lives, and social interests and ends. He thus describes her as she first dawned upon him amid the highest society of Berlin: 'There appeared a light, graceful figure, of small stature but strong make, with delicate, full limbs, feet and hands remarkably small; the countenance, encircled with dark locks, spoke intellectual superiority; the quick and yet firm, deep glances left the observer in doubt whether they gave or received more; an expression of suffering lent a soft grace to the features. She moved in a dark dress, light almost as a shadow, but also with freedom and sureness; her greeting was as easy as it was kindly. But what struck me most was the sonorous and mellow voice which seemed to swell from the inmost depths of the soul, and a conversation the most extraordinary I ever met with. She threw out in the most facile and unpretending fashion, thoughts full of originality and humor, where wit was united with simplicity, and acuteness with amiability; and into the whole a deep truth was cast, as it were out of iron, giving to every sentence a completeness of impression which rendered it hard for the strongest in any way to break or rend it. In her presence I had

the conviction, that a genuine human being stood before me in its most pure and perfect type; through her whole frame, and in all her motions, nature and intellect in fresh, breezy reciprocity; organic shape, elastic fiber, living connection with every thing around; the greatest originality and simplicity in perception and utterance; the combined imposingness of innocence and wisdom; in word and deed alertness, dexterity, precision; all imbosomed in an atmosphere of goodness and benevolence; all guided by an energetic sense of duty, and heightened by a noble self-forgetfulness in the presence of the joys and griefs of others.'

Such is a glimpse of Rahel who, for thirty years, exemplified in her drawing-room, amid the joy and admiration of the most glorious circle of her countrymen, that rich, strong, free, and noble ideal of womanhood, which Herder, Schiller, Richter, and Goethe illustrated in so many of their works. So many contrasted qualities met and were reconciled in her that different friends and critics report her in quite different likenesses, and all were true. Gentz, the celebrated politician, called her a great man, and declared himself in comparison a woman.

Yet no one who knew her could deny that she strikingly possessed the best traits of her sex—purity, tenderness, modesty, patience, and self-sacrifice. In 1813, during the horrors of disease in Berlin, and the horrors of war in Prague, she gave herself up with joy to nursing the sick and wounded.

Her intellectual power and her tact formed, no doubt, one strong element of the attraction which drew and kept so many artists, philosophers, statesmen, preachers, and brilliant social leaders by her side. But her heroic and unconquerable truthfulness was a still more royal and authoritative trait. Some of her sentences on this point seem burned into the page as by the flame of a blow-pipe. To those who expressed their admiration and respect of her she said, "Natural candor, absolute purity of soul, and sincerity of heart, are the only things worthy of homage." She wrote to a friend: "Never try to suppress a generous impulse or crowd out a genuine feeling; despair or discouragement is the only fruit of dry reasoning unenlightened by the heart."

In the following sentence she betrays, by the law of opposites, the deepest charm of such a nature as her own; namely, a thoroughly sincere and fluent spontaneousness of character. "I have just found out the thing that I most utterly hate; it is pedantry. To see such a big nothing in full march is to me the most revolting and unendurable of sights."

Another fine and winning quality in Rahel was her profound interest in exalted and original characters, and her ardent veneration for them. This drew them gratefully to her in return. All aspirants for true interior greatness naturally love and revere those who exemplify their ideal to them. She once called Goethe and Fichte the first and second eyes of Germany. One is rarely met capable of such enthusiasm for great souls, and it is most charming. Her maxim, like that of all the strongest and highest guiding souls of our race, was, "Act only from your inmost conscience, and only good will come to you."

A fatal disease struck her at sixty-two. Her husband scarcely left her bedside until the last; he continued to read her favorite books to her. The young Heine, hearing that fresh rose leaves applied to her inflamed eyes were grateful, sent her his first book of poems enveloped in a basket of roses. Rahel wrote her own epitaph: It is this: "*Good men, when any thing good happens to mankind, then think affectionately in your peace, also of mine.*"

Thus does one of our own writers discourse of her. Another, whose name is imperishable, and who is so thoroughly learned in the language of the father-land, that he brings us almost into the presence of its greatest mind, gives direct information of her through these memorials written by her devoted husband. From this work I present some features. We must remember that hers was a mind for a large part, at least, if not during the whole of her life, groping in the darkness of Judaism. If Christ had but been the center and source of her illumination, what light would have shone upon the Rationalistic philosophers about her! What a brilliant defender would she have been for the crucified and risen Lord, she who loved the truth so well!

First of all, we have looked at the portrait of Rahel, given in these volumes. It is a face full of thought, of affection, and energy; with no pretension to beauty, yet lovable and attractive in a singular degree. The strong, high brow, and still eyes are full of contemplation; the long upper lip protrudes itself to fashion a curved mouth expressive of laughter and affection, of strong endurance, of noble, silent scorn; the whole countenance looking as with cheerful clearness through a world of great pain and disappointment, one of these countenances which a lady meant when she said, "But are not all beautiful faces ugly, then, to begin with?" We have Varnhagen's account of their intercourse; of his first young feeling toward her, his long waiting and final meeting of her in snowy

weather under the lindens, in company with a lady whom he knew; his tremulous speaking to her there, the rapid progress of their intimacy, and so onward to love and marriage; a Petrarchan romance, and yet a reality withal.

It is said that her letters and apophorisms which he published do not reveal the talent and clearness traditionally ascribed to her conversation, and that these printed volumes produce the effect not of speech, but of multifarious wind-music; but after all, we can understand how *talk* of that kind in an expressive mouth, with bright, deep eyes, and the vivacity of social movement, of question and response, may have been delightful. We give some of them:

"Have you not remarked that Homer is great whenever he speaks of the water, as Goethe is when he speaks of the stars?"

"What a commonplace man! If he did not live in the same time with us, no mortal would mention him!"

"In the meanest hut is a romance, if you but knew the hearts there."

"True misery is ashamed of itself; hides itself and does not complain. You may know it by that."

"So long as we do not take even the injustice that is done us, and which forces the burning tears from us; so long as we do not take even this for just and right, we are in the thickest darkness without dawn."

"When I write to a friend's heart, it comes to pass that the sultry laden horizon of my soul breaks out in lightning. Heavenly ones *love* lightning."

"I can not lie; fancy not that I take credit for it. I can not, just as one can not play upon the flute."

"As if there ever was, or could be, a great intellect without a mean heart!"

"To me it was appointed not to write, or act, but *to live*."

"An entire surrender into the hands of Him who wields all possibilities, and an honest dealing with the depths of our own hearts—this seems to me more than all philosophy, and a thing well pleasing to God."

One little scene from her death-bed and we are done:

"She said to me one morning, after a dreadful night, with the penetrating tone of that lovely voice of hers, 'O, I am still happy, I am God's creature still; he knows of me; I shall come to see how it was good and needful for me to suffer; of a surety I had something to learn by it. And am I not already happy in this trust, and in all the love I feel and meet with?'"

"In this manner she spake one day, among

other things, with joyful heartiness, of a dream, which always from childhood she had remembered and taken comfort from. 'In my seventh year,' she said, 'I dreamed that I saw God quite near me; he stood expanded above me, and his mantle was the whole sky; on a corner of this mantle I had leave to rest, and lay there in peaceable felicity until I awoke. Ever since, through my whole life, this dream has returned on me, and in the worst times was present also in my waking moments, and a heavenly comfort to me. I had leave to throw myself at God's feet, on a corner of his mantle, and he screened me from all sorrow there; he permitted it.'

"The following words, which I felt called to write down exactly as she spoke them on the 2d of March, are also remarkable: 'What a history!' cried she, with deep emotion. 'A fugitive from Egypt and Palestine am I here; and find help, love, and kind care among you. To thee, dear August, was I sent by this guiding hand of God, and thou to me; from afar from the old times of Jacob and the Patriarchs! With a sacred joy I think of this, my origin, of all this wide web of pre-arrangement. How the oldest remembrances of mankind are united with the newest reality of things, and the most distant times and places are brought together! What, for so long a period of my life, I considered as the worst ignominy, the sorest sorrow and misfortune, that I was born a Jewess, this I would not part with now at any price. Will it not be even so with these pains of sickness? Shall I not, one day, mount joyfully aloft on them, too; feel that I could not lack for them at any price? O, August, this is just, this is true; we will try to go on thus!'

"Thereupon she said, 'Dear August, my heart is refreshed to its inmost; I have thought of Jesus, and wept over his sorrows; I have felt, for the first time felt, that he is my brother!'

So died Rahel Varnhagen von Ense, born Levin, a singular biographic phenomenon of this century; a woman of genius, of depth, and true worth; a woman equal to the highest thoughts of her century. That such a woman should have lived unknown and, as it were, silent to the world at large, is peculiar in this time.

She has ideas unequaled in De Stael; a sincerity, a pure tenderness and genuineness which that celebrated person had not, or had lost.

Enough for us, Rahel did not write. She sat imprisoned, or it might be fosteringly embowered in those circumstances of hers; "she was not appointed to write or to act, only to

live." Call her not unhappy on that account, call her not useless; Rahel's life was not an idle one for herself or for others. She left no stamp of herself on paper; but in other ways, doubt it not, the virtue of her working in this world will survive all paper; for the working of the good and the brave, seen or unseen, endures literally forever, and can not die.

REMARKABLE PLANTS.

I. THE LATTICE PLANT.

ABOUT seventy years ago a French botanist collected in Madagascar specimens of this singular plant, but for more than fifty years no living specimens were brought to Europe. The Rev. William Ellis, whose connection with Madagascar has produced marvelous changes in the past, and will influence all its future history, brought from that island the first living specimens some fifteen years ago, and now it is to be found in most botanic gardens and in many private collections. It grows without much trouble, and in a short time will be an ornament in the windows of every cottager or artisan who is fond of plants.

There is little of interest in the inconspicuous flowers, but it would be difficult to imagine any thing more delicate and beautiful than the exquisite net-work of the leaves.

The plant grows under water near the margins of running streams. Its thick root, or, rather, horizontal stem, creeps along the surface of the mud, throwing out long, fine roots below, and at intervals, on its upper surface, clusters of leaves. The leaves are supported on stalks which are long enough to bring them just under the surface of the water, where they are spread out more or less horizontally. The leaves are of an oblong form, nine or ten inches long, and two or three inches broad. They have a strong mid rib, but the remainder of the leaf is like a living fibrous skeleton, formed by the interlacing of two sets of veins. The one set are longitudinal, and nearly parallel to the mid rib and the margin of the leaf; the others spring from the mid rib and pass outward toward the margin, crossing the longitudinal series at right angles, and forming quadrangular meshes.

Leaves, as a rule, are composed of numerous veins, with cellular matter spread out between them, and uniting them so as to form a flat, continuous surface. The leaf of the lattice plant seems as if it were composed entirely of the veins; but when a leaf is examined by the microscope it is seen that the delicate veins are surrounded by a layer of cells. These cells are

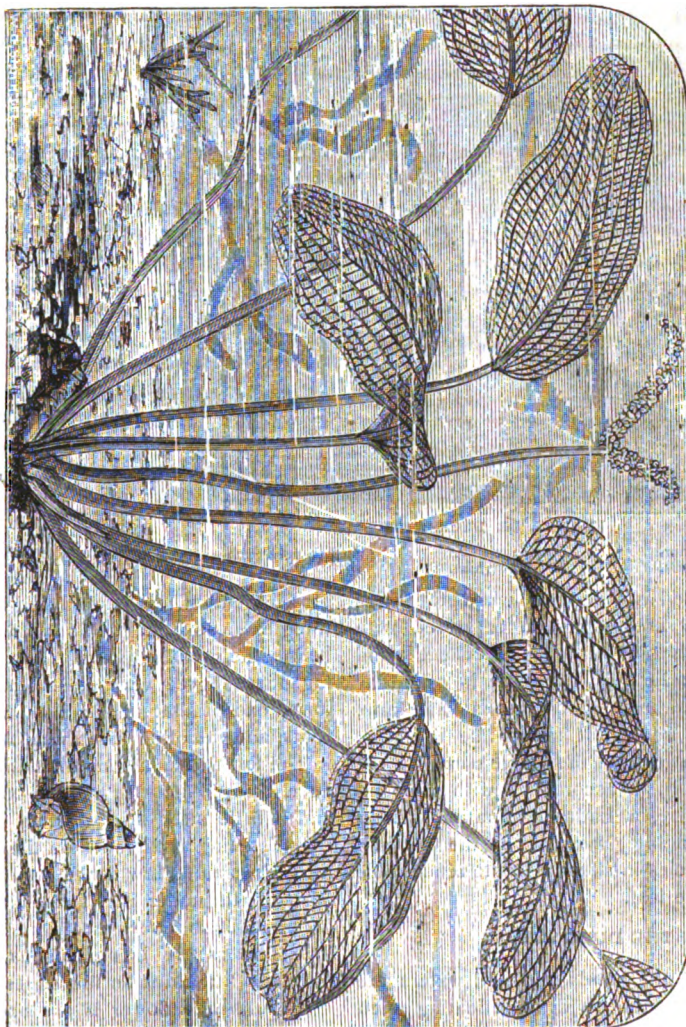
more numerous in some leaves which have the meshes oval—this form being produced by the filling up the angles of the ordinary form of mesh. Leaves are also occasionally found in which the meshes are entirely filled up, so as to form a perfect blade.

At first the leaf is of a pale yellowish color; in the several stages of its growth it passes through every gradation of color, from that

named to a dark olive, becoming, before it finally decays, brown or nearly black.

Mr. Ellis thus describes the aspect of the living plant: "It is scarcely possible to imagine any object of the kind more attractive than a full-grown plant, with its dark-green leaves forming the limit of a circle two or three feet in diameter, and presenting in the transparent water, within that circle, leaves in every stage

THE LATTICE PLANT (*Oenandra frustulata*).



of development, both as regards color and size. Nor is it less curious to notice that these slender and fragile structures, apparently not more substantial than the gossamer, and flexible as a feather, still possess a tenacity and wiriness which allows the delicate leaf to be raised by the hand to the surface without injury."

The beauty of the growing plants is greatly enhanced by the innumerable cells of oxygen

entangled among its meshes, and glittering in the sun, which it has disengaged from the carbonic acid gas on which it lives.

The flowering stalk rises from the middle of the cluster of leaves. As it pushes itself up to the surface of the water it is covered by a singular little cap, which falls off entire, and liberates the two short and fleshy branches on which the small colorless flowers are borne.



LEMNAS, OR DUCK-WEEDS.

Lemna minor.
Lemna gibba.

Lemna trisula.
Wolffia arrhiza.

Lemna polyrrhiza.

At the period of the year when the thick fleshy root or creeping stem is stored with starch, the natives of Madagascar collect it and use it as an article of food. It is called by them "ouvirandrano," which means water-yam, because when cooked it tastes like the yam. Botanists have adopted the native name for the genus, giving it, in accordance with their invariable practice, a Latin termination—*Ouvirandra*, and adding *fenestralis* as the designation of the species in allusion to the remarkable structure of the leaf.

II. THE DUCK-WEEDS.

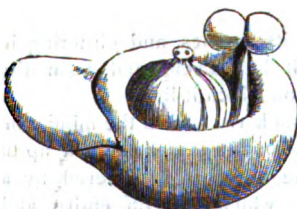
Every-where the ponds and still waters are covered during Summer with small floating green

leaves, which are known by the name of duck-weed. Objects so common seldom receive any attention, except from the special student of botany. Yet a world of wonders may be seen by any one who will, with a little care, examine a handful of these weeds, transferred from their native pond into a transparent glass jar, and study the endless variety of minute animals which they support.

Four kinds of duck-weed are represented in our plate. The most common form is also the smallest; it is a little roundish disk of bright glistening green, generally with two smaller disks, one growing from each side toward the one end of the plant. The apparently varnished upper surface of the leaf is always exposed to the air. It at once throws off any water that may fall upon it. A single long and slender root is sent down into the water. The delicate

growing end of this is protected by a cap, something like a small cap of liberty, which is pushed before the growing point. Two of the remaining three agree very closely with this small form, except that one has a large number of roots, and the other has a very thick leaf. The fourth has a somewhat different appearance, being oval, with a sharp point at one end, and a little stalk at the other. It also wants the glistening appearance on the upper surface, as it does not grow floating on the water, but just a little under it. These little plants are occasionally, but very rarely, met with in flower. The flowers are inconspicuous, and are produced in little slits on the edges of the leaves.

Popularly, a flower is the opened petals of the plant; and the more numerous the petals, though produced at the expense of the other parts of the flower, the more perfect it is to the florist and the public. On the other hand, the botanist places no importance on the petals; they are to him only the envelopes of the true



WOLFFIA ARRHIZA, IN FLOWER.

Seen from above.

(GREATLY MAGNIFIED.)



Section.

flower, which is composed of stamens and pistils. Indeed, a very large proportion of the flowers with which he is acquainted are entirely destitute of petals, and composed only of the essential parts just named. Among these are the flowers of the duck-weeds.

Three years ago a singular duck-weed was found in a pond near London, which is specially remarkable for its very minute size. It is a small speck of bright green, somewhat oval in shape, with a flat upper surface, and a swollen fleshy under surface. These plants vary in size—it would require fifty of the smallest placed end to end by their longest diameter to make an inch. Yet in this minute speck a flower is borne, which in due time produces a perfect seed, inclosed in its proper seed vessel. The flower grows in a pit dug out of the upper surface. It is composed of a single stamen and pistil. The whole plant is entirely made up of small cells, and in this respect it differs from all other flowering plants, which invariably have some vascular tissue entering into their composition.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

SECOND PAPER.

IT seems a rapid transition from describing the early childhood of the female sex in India to speak of her betrothal, yet the intervening space is not very extensive. The Hindoo Shasters say that a girl is marriageable when she is seven years of age, but that she may wait till she is ten years old. The term "marriage" is used in their writings to include betrothal as well as what we mean by the term. Reserved for a husband is, in their view, almost as sacred as being resigned to his care.

As soon as a little girl has reached her fifth birthday her parents begin anxiously to seek a marriage settlement for her. Their great concern henceforth relates to her nuptials. They would consider it a decided reproach if she saw her twelfth natal day without being at least betrothed. The whole matter is held in their own hands. The poor girl has no choice or voice in her own destiny—all is arranged without consulting her views or affections in any way whatever. So that, if true love is developed in the matrimonial relations of Hindoo life, it is not in consequence of the system, but in spite of it. Marriages of love in our sense there can be none in India. All must be arranged ere the parties can see each other; and the higher the caste and class in society, the more intensely true are the following statements.

A Hindoo visiting America would be astonished at nothing so much as at the number of "old maids" he would see, and at their calm happiness and the great respect accorded to them in their own families and in society. He would be confounded at not finding the first evidence of that "deep disgrace" which such a condition would involve in his country. It is difficult to convey to western readers a full idea of the curious and whimsical confusion of ideas in such a man's mind as he thus contemplated a state of things that he would regard as nothing less than a calamity to all concerned.

The Lawgiver Menu has laid the obligations heavily upon the father, so that he can not escape the public sentiment. Menu ordains as follows: "Reprehensible is the father who gives not his daughter in marriage at the proper time;" and again, "To an excellent and handsome youth of the same class, let every man give his daughter in marriage, according to law, even though she have not attained her age of eight years."

He carries up the responsibility to an awful height by declaring the neglectful father, whose daughter has not been wed at twelve years old, as incurring a guilt equal to that of the murder of a Brahman for every additional month she continues single. He reduces, according to her age, the amount of the nuptial present which the father receives, and even deprives herself of the right to carry her ornaments from her home in the same proportion, and thus appeals to the mean motive of personal interest to hurry on her settlement.

As to the respective ages Menu allows, "A man aged thirty years may marry a girl of twelve, if he find one dear to his heart, or a man of twenty-four a damsel of eight; but if he finish his studentship earlier, and the duties of his next order would otherwise be impeded, let him marry immediately."

In justice to the facts it should be remembered that the natives of India reach maturity earlier than the natives of our colder clime. But making all due and reasonable allowance, enough is intimated in these quotations to show the character of the laws which thus assume to decide for woman, without her consent, the most momentous conditions of her life and her future. The highest authorities of the country have decided that "mother and father are the first gods known;" "the father is lord over his own daughter;" that is, can dispose of her to whomsoever he chooses. "Fate and her sire alone exact obedience from a daughter."

The responsibility being thus upon them, every father feels keenly, and all the more as

his child approaches her marriageable age, this accountability to avoid the condemnation of leaving his daughter *asancrita*; that is, destitute of the marriage sacrament. If he fails in this the law releases his children from all obligation of respect or obedience to him. So that a family with a daughter who has reached the age of puberty, and still unmarried, is looked upon as laboring under the displeasure of their gods. No man considers himself respectable till he is married, and if his father be dead his elder brothers become responsible to see him suitably wed, or else he is justified in reproaching them with "his degraded condition." Nothing appears more strange to them than the indifference to their sad situation which is exhibited by old bachelors among the white people. How they can live thus, or dare to die, not having fulfilled what they regard as life's first duty, they can not imagine!

Surely the punishment exceeds the offense when this singular code of law condemns to perdition in the following free-and-easy style: "He who makes a marriage contract with the connubial fire, while his elder brother continues unmarried, is called *perivitttri*, and the elder brother a *perivitta*. The *perivitttri*, the *perivitta*, the damsel thus wedded, the giver of her in wedlock, and fifthly, the performer of the nuptial sacrifice, all sink to a region of torment." (Sec. 171, Chap. III.)

He also ordains, in the same chapter, that "the wife of an elder brother is considered as mother-in-law to the younger; and the wife of the younger as daughter-in-law to the elder." This implies, what is generally a fact, that it is seldom that a young couple in India have the luxury of a separate home. The bride is generally taken to her father-in-law's residence, and receives her apartment within the inclosure surrounding the general home. The outer rooms are occupied by the males of the family, the inner or secluded ones by the women—hence called the *Zenana*. The young wife has thus to realize her comfort in view of her legal subordination to the authority and temper, first of her mother-in-law proper, then her husband's eldest brother's wife, and then her own husband's wife, if he has already one before she is wed. Such a state of society can not, even at the best, be very much of a paradise for the young wife. These inner apartments are never entered by one of the opposite sex, save by the father, her husband's brothers, or by children.

Haram—or as Mr. Lane spells it, *Hharsam*—signifies sacred, prohibited. The temple at Mecca is called *Al-haram*; that is, the sacred inviolable temple. The *Seraglio* of the Turks

is a compound word, formed from *sura*, "house, apartment," and *ahul*, "family, domestic;" hence *Surahulio*, or Seraglio, the "family or female apartment." *Haram sera*, and *muhul sera*, are nearly synonymous words, and are often used to express the inner apartments in India. The common term is *Zenana*—from *Zun*, "a woman," *Zunun*, "women"—an instance of the prevalence of the Persian language over the vernacular. (The Calcutta Review, No. IV.)

"Courtship" in our Christian sense the maiden in India can never know. She is not allowed to see or converse with him to whose control she will ere long be handed over. She can not write to him, for she can neither read nor write—all she is able to do is to follow the instructions, to "worship the gods for a good husband." She is taught to commence as soon as she is four years old. Her prayers are addressed chiefly to *Kama-dera*, the Hindoo Cupid. The books represent him as having for a steed an elephant composed of entwined female forms, and that elephant is darkness; his car is the South wind; his bow the sweet sugar cane, with a row of green honey bees for its string, and charmed flowers for its fine arrows; his minister is Spring; the ocean is his drum; his trumpeters are birds, and his conquering troops are women. He is especially worshiped where he celebrates his triumphs in connection with marriage festivals.

She prays, and father and mother manage the business of selection. Each caste has its professional match-makers, and their aid is indispensable. When the negotiations have reached a certain definiteness, the Pundits are consulted to avoid mistakes of consanguinity, and then the astrologers, who pronounce upon the carefully preserved horoscopes of the boy and girl, whether they can be united with safety. These preliminaries all found satisfactory, the aid of the Brahman is sought to ascertain if the family god favors the union. The stars, the gods, and men being a unit, negotiations are opened between the parents and relations as to the amount of gift and dowry; and when conclusions are reached here to their mutual satisfaction, the astrologer is again called in to ascertain and name a lucky day, when the agreement may be registered and a bond for the dowry executed. This is done with due solemnity, and then the astrologer has again to ascertain and name a lucky day for the ceremony, which is accepted by the parents under their bond to see the consummation of the engagement. This is the usual method, slightly varied in different localities. It is easily expressed in these few words, but

what anxiety, what care and inquiry before these determinations can be reached!

No part of the Institute of Menu is more definite and circumstantial than that which gives the law of selection in marriage. With the eye and taste of a whimsical connoisseur in female charms, the old legislator has prescribed the standard of excellencies in age, caste, condition, and qualities, by which the Hindoo maiden is to be tested. Nor has he or his commentators forgotten the requisite compromises that will arise in such cases.

With great care and anxiety the questions of consanguinity, name, physical condition, motion, family, etc., have all to be decided upon. But let this singular law speak for itself.

As to relationship, "she who is not descended from his paternal or maternal ancestors within the sixth degree, and who is not known by the family name to be of the same primitive stock with his father or mother, is eligible by a twice-born man for nuptials and holy union."

The phrase "twice born" refers to the investiture of high-caste men with the sacred string into the full immunities of their order called a "second birth."

As to families outside the pale of selection Menu ordains: "In connecting himself with a wife let him studiously avoid the ten following families, be they ever so great, or ever so rich in kine, goats, sheep, gold, and grain: the family that has omitted prescribed acts of religion; that which has produced no male children; that in which the Veda has not been read; that which has thick hair on the body, and those which have been subject to hemorrhoids, to phthisis, to dyspepsia, to epilepsy, to leprosy, and to elephantiasis."

The right family and the proper relationship having been carefully sought and found, the child's personal suitability is then examined; and first her age: "A Brahman should, according to law, marry a maiden about a third of his own age." The exact proportion is not frequently realized; but whether the bridegroom be old or young, the Hindoo bride should not be over twelve years of age.

Her name is the next consideration, and the legislator has seriously provided for this also. Lovers in this land offer new names, and ladies accept them and lose their own. In India it is not so. There the wife is ever known only by her maiden name; hence the name is of vital importance, and the law gravely prescribes as follows: "Let him not marry a girl with the name of a constellation, of a tree, or of a river, of a barbarous nation, or of a mountain, or of a winged creature, a snake, or a slave; nor one

with any name raising an image of terror. The names of women should be agreeable, soft, clear, captivating the fancy, auspicious, ending in long vowels, resembling words of benediction." (Chap. III, sec. 4.)

A list of sixty-nine names of Hindoo ladies is before us as we write, and all of them answer to this requirement. They run thus, "Hira, Kaminee, Dasee, Munee, Pudma, Sidhoo, Bhuvanee, Rutuna," etc.

The more important matters of form, figure, and condition, receive corresponding attention from these sacerdotal legislators, and they instruct the young gentlemen in search of a wife as follows: "Let him not marry a girl with reddish hair, nor with any deformed limb; nor one troubled with habitual sickness; nor one either with no hair or with too much; nor one immoderately talkative; nor one with inflamed eyes. Let him choose for his wife a girl whose form has no defect; who has an agreeable name; who walks gracefully like a phenicopter, or like a young elephant; whose hair and teeth are moderate respectively in quality and size, and whose body has exquisite softness." (Chap. III, sec. 4-10.)

The *Aurva*, dilecting this instruction, tells the suitor that he is to select "one who is not very black nor yellow complexioned, and who is not from birth a cripple or deformed. He must not marry a girl who is vicious or unhealthy, of low origin or laboring under disease; one who has been ill brought up, or who talks improperly, or who inherits some malady from father or mother; one who has a beard, or has a masculine appearance; one who speaks thick or thin, or who croaks like a raven; one who keeps her eyes shut, or has the eyes very prominent; or who has hairy legs or thick ankles; or who has dimples in her cheeks when she laughs. . . . Nor a girl with a harsh skin, or with white nails, or with red eyes, or with very fat hands or feet; or who is a dwarf, or very tall; or whose eyebrows meet, or whose teeth are very far apart and resemble tusks."

Were such puerilities as these, or such underlying contempt for rejected women ever before embodied in legislation, or made the free and unmerciful subject of elaborate commentary like this! And then what a standard of taste these priestly lawgivers must have set up for themselves, when they ruthlessly reject the fair lady for the dimple which the smile develops upon her cheek! Truly their taste was worthy of their theology.

This fastidious selection having at last been decided, and the preliminaries we have already noted completed, the two children are then

duly and properly betrothed by the officiating Brahman. So legal, however, is that ceremony considered that, should the boy die ere they come to live together as man and wife, the little girl is thereby constituted a widow, and under the law of her religion is debarred from ever marrying any one else. Indeed, till British

humanity interfered many of them became Suttees, and were actually burned with the dead body of the youth whom they never knew nor loved as a husband—being a virgin, a widow, and a suttee on the last wretched day of their singular life!

As soon as the ceremony of betrothal has



THE NAUCH GIRL OF INDIA.

taken place the little girl enters on a new phase of her existence. Henceforth she is no more free to roam the fields and enjoy the lovely face of nature. Reserved for her husband, she can no longer be seen with propriety by any man save her father and brothers. She is henceforth

“a purdah masheen”—one who sits behind the curtain, within the inclosure which surrounds her mother’s home, and her *education* commences.

My lady readers must not mistake the meaning of this term. Alas, its significance is very

different there from what it is here. In fact, no part of an American definition of education would apply to the culture under which a daughter of India is fitted for future life. It does not for her include reading, or writing, or history, or science, or aught else which we include in its meaning. Education, in its proper sense, is denied to the females of India, denied on principle, and for reasons which are unblushingly avowed, and all of which are reflections upon her womanly nature—one of them being the position that education in the hands of a woman would most likely become an instrument of evil power. She is deliberately doomed by modern Hindooism to a life of ignorance because she is a woman.

There is, however, one class of females in India who are distinctly released from this doom of an illiterate mind; who can read, and write, and quote the poets, and jest with the conundrums and "wise saws" of their land. The writer has known of attempts made by this class of girls to enter our schools to add the English tongue to their acquisitions, to be used by them for the worst of purposes. These are the "Nauch Girls"—a portrait of one of whom, from a photograph, is here given as she appears in public.

Their title means dancing girls. No man in India would allow his wife or daughter to dance, and as to dancing with another man, he would forsake her forever, as a woman lost to virtue and modesty, if she were to attempt it. In their observation of white women there is nothing that so much perplexes them as the fact that fathers and husbands will permit their wives and daughters to indulge in promiscuous dancing. No argument will convince them that the act is such as a virtuous female should practice, or that its tendency is not licentious. The prevalence of the practice in "Christian" nations makes our holy religion—which they suppose must allow it—to be abhorred by many of them, and often it is cast in the teeth of our missionaries when preaching to them. But what would these heathen say could they enter our operas and theaters, and see the shocking exposure of their persons which our public women there present before mixed assemblies? Yet they would be ten times more astonished that ladies of virtue and reputation should be found there, accompanied by their daughters, to witness the sight, and that, too, in the presence of the other sex! But, then, they are only heathens and do not appreciate the high accomplishments of Christian civilization! Still, Heaven grant that the future Church of India may ever retain at least this item of the preju-

dices of their forefathers! Dancing forms, then, no part of a daughter's education in India, and it probably never will—that is, unless they become corrupted by "Christian" example.

All of that sort of thing that they ever desire, on occasions of festivals and ceremonies, they hire from the temples and bazaars. Four or five of these women, tricked out in all their finery, and jewelry, and tinkling ornaments, on arms, necks, and feet, will, for four or five dollars, dance, and jest, and sing India's licentious songs for hours. But even they do not dance except with their own sex. They are prostitutes, and yet they are undoubtedly the only intelligent and cultivated class of Hindoo women. So that the profane and debased have a monopoly of education, while the virtuous and retiring ladies of the land are condemned to a life of ignorance. Such is woman in India as to her mind.

Until within a few years this fearful barrier to woman's education stood sternly across the path of the missionary. A change, in the great mercy of Heaven, is dawning at last even upon India. But, as recently as ten years ago, when you spoke to a Hindoo father about educating his daughter, the ideas that are here clearly enough intimated at once presented themselves to his mind, and your proposal seemed to him to be almost profane, as he thought, "Would you make my daughter a Nauch girl?" The Temple of Knowledge, with its sacred flame, no longer guarded by the Vestal Virgins, seemed resigned absolutely to the control and occupation of those polluted beings, whose profession and blandishments are exerted to

"Make vice pleasing and damnation shine,"

but whose guests are in the depths of hell.

Other motives have also lent their influence to keep the daughters of India in ignorance, jealousy of the power of knowledge in her hands, cupidity—which grudged the time it would take to educate her as so much deducted from the gains of drudgery—contempt for her mental capacity, on which they professed to believe that knowledge would be thrown away. These and other considerations equally unworthy and base, have been openly and unblushingly advanced by priest, and sire, and husband for the mental night to which they resigned the female sex.

What, then, is the education, so called, which the betrothed wife in her Hindoo home receives during her five or six years of training for her future life? Her mother is her sole instructor. But she can teach no more than she herself knows—that, however, she fully communicates. We may epitomize the young lady's education,

the entire curriculum of it, under four heads, cooking, domestic service, religion, and their peculiar female literature.

The first qualification is to cook, not only well, but appropriately. Each caste has its own ordinances, and these are very minute and particular as to the kinds of food that may be eaten, their mode of preparation and serving, and the care required to preserve the cooking utensils from all contact with things or persons whose touch would pollute them. In fact, caste is preserved in the matter of food more carefully than in any thing else. A violation of her duty here would involve consequences at which she is taught to shudder. The health and life of her husband may be forfeited by an unintentional neglect of hers. Even where wealth and high position may excuse her from the drudgery of preparation, the Hindoo wife is not released from the careful superintendence of this vital duty. We in this western world have little idea of the importance attached to it there, where, indeed, it may be truly said that their "kingdom of God is meat and drink," and where the Christian freedom of the text, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving," is a doctrine unknown and a liberty unenjoyed. By the little lady long, weary months are thus employed in the acquirement of these distinctions and customs.

Domestic service is added. I put the idea in a general and modest form in thus phrasing it, and may merely say that a Christian bride is sweetly innocent of that detailed knowledge which this heathen mother puts into the mind of her daughter long before she is twelve years of age. Her husband's gratification, how she is to wait upon and serve him, with the care of her home and anticipated children, are all inculcated upon the little maiden to the destruction of her maidenly modesty and the inordinate development of her animal nature, with a consequent license of language and thought which must destroy the purity of her heart, and leave her for life depraved in her imagination, and which accounts to-day for the extent to which this training has borne its fruits of death and ruin in every bazaar of India.

Religion is the next item. But not what we mean by the term. The priesthood of Hindooism are mere ritualists; they guide the worshiper in the modes of service prescribed for their different deities, but they do not preach nor give instruction to the frequenters of the temples. Woman, ignorant though she be, is the depository of the system of Hindostanee heathenism. She was taught it orally by her

mother in girlhood. In her memory are treasured up the "slokes" of her religion—the verses of the Shasters which illustrate the popular idolatry. She has learned the histories of her gods and the dialogues of her mythological legends, and with these she is now industriously storing the mind of the child whom she is training to be a Hindoo wife.

To these she adds the literature for females found in the books of her country. Space permits us to notice but one of those manuals of maiden education which this mother is now teaching from her own remembrance—for she can not read a word of it—to her little daughter. I can assure my lady readers that this book is one of the best of its class, and singularly free from those profanities and indelicate allusions and details of immorality with which so much of their literature abounds. And, if this is the best, they can surmise what the worst must be. Even of this we dare not quote a continuous page, for the editor of the Repository would prudently feel compelled to strike it out, notwithstanding our sad motive in copying it. So we extract a few sentences.

There are three leading deities in Hindooism. The first Brahman is not worshiped; he lost the right to be by his own unspeakable vileness. The other two, Vishnoo and Sheva, divide between them the more especial regard of the women of India; and as the two gods are in a state of hostility, their devotees join their respective factions and keep up the wordy contest. Vishnoo and Sheva have consorts who, of course, take sides each with her own lord and against the other. Lakshmi is Vishnoo's consort, and Parvati that of Sheva. The two deities seem to have left the high dispute, so far as words are concerned, to be carried on by their ladies, between whom it is supposed to be progressing continually. The little book containing this celestial quarrel is a special favorite with the women of India; they learn it and treasure its sentences in their memory.

As Robinson remarks, we might in vain challenge either of them to point out many excellencies in her consort; but each must have a keen eye for the blemishes and faults of the other's husband. According to Lakshmi Sheva was, in his incarnation, meanly born, as low in his tastes as he was in his caste; loved to herd with the vulgar, and followed the most menial and disgraceful occupations; a poor coward, he was often punished ridiculously by the base and feeble; he was guilty of thefts and impurities, and his appearance, dress, and habits were in keeping with the foulness of his mind.

Parvati bitterly retorts that, Vishnoo was of

equally contemptible origin, a beggar, and a thief, an undutiful son, a dastard of punitive experiences, most mortifying and absurd, depraved in disposition, and vilely low and immoral in all his manifestations and deeds. While they thus bespatter each other's husband, they also wound one another with opprobrious names.

And this precious production is learned and rehearsed, with a gusto, by the women of India, especially when, as at marriage festivals and similar occasions, they take parts and repeat the sublime colloquy for the edification and amusement of the company. In glorious "Billingsgate" the two leading goddesses of India show ladies how to quarrel in the following sublime fashion:

Parvati. "Your Vishnool stood in his obstinacy while the cow woman tied him, all perspiring, to the rice mortar, and beat him, my lass."

Lakshmi. "Your Sheva drank poison, although he had as much rice and curry as he wanted, my lass."

P. "Come, come, my lass, your Vishnool came one day as a cowherd, and ate the rice of the bullock-pongal."

L. "Is not your Sheva he that crept into the wood, and destroyed the chastity of eight thousand women, my lass?"

P. "Your Vishnool destroyed the goodness and chastity of sixteen thousand women, as all the country knows, my lass."

L. "Come, you todagai, all the town and country knows whether your Sheva is good or bad."

P. "Be off with you, you satrangi; I will burn your cheek; is not your Vishnool a great thief?"

L. "Your Sheva was a cooly, with his pad and his pot-stands, and was well beaten with a cane, my lass."

P. "Do not tell this secret; your Vishnool was beaten by a cow woman with her churning-stick, my lass."

L. "Your Sheva gave his left side to Parvati, and so he is half man and half woman, my lass."

P. "Your Vishnool ran away with all the clothes of the round-breasted shepherdesses, my lass."

L. "Your Sheva, with his three eyes, is a mere solitary, without father or mother, or brother or sister, my lass."

P. "Your Vishnool is a two-eyed rogue, who deceitfully cut down his mother, my lass."

L. "Your Sheva is in a fix, not being able to get a virgin to marry his eldest son, my lass."

P. "You chatter like a stork; your Vishnool cut open the breast of Iraniyan and drank his blood."

L. "Your Sheva was cut down by the milkman with mattock, after he had drunk the cow's milk."

P. "Your Vishnool quickly drank off the milk from the breast of the she devil that wanders about in the forest, my lass."

L. "Your Sheva came into the world in the form of a pig, in order to give the milk of his breast to drink to a young one, my lass."

P. "Your Vishnool, for a certain reason, came as a boar, turning up with his snout the whole earth, my lass." (*Daughters of Ind.*, p. 300.)

This abominable circle of endless strife, in every bitter invective uttered, refers to alleged facts in the mythological history of the parties named, and of course has a depth of meaning and pungency which it is impossible to convey to readers who are unacquainted with the legends of India. But enough is here shown and seen to cause the gentle heart of any Christian woman to compassionate the millions of her sex who are thus systematically debauched, in their imaginations, their tempers, and their affections by their very mothers, as they educate them thus to continue their own degradation and that of their offspring forever. How much such females need the Christian teacher, and what light the Holy Bible would bring to such homes, and what a contrast of loveliness, and purity, and goodness the story of our incarnate God would be to such instruction can be seen at a glance!

We have mentioned the present dawn of a better day. It is but the dawn. Dr. Mullen's statistics tell us that, already there are now 39,647 women and girls receiving an education in the Zenana schools in India. The number is by this time larger and still increasing. Yet it is but the commencement, for the above number, dividing the ninety millions of women in India, gives but one in 2,270 who are receiving Christian instruction, a number equal only to what this country would have to-day were but one American lady in 1,000 blessed with education. What need is there, then, to urge on the glorious toil of rescuing India's daughters from the intellectual abominations which desolate her soul and mind in this fearful manner!

Following her betrothal and education come her wedding and married life. These will be the subjects of our next paper.

CORRUPTION in the heart, when it breaks forth, is like a breach in the sea, which begins in a narrow passage, till it eats through and casts down all before it. The debates of the soul are soon ended, and that may be done in a moment which may undo a man forever.

FOR COMPANY.

AS Henry Seymour neared his dwelling one bleak November day, he was surprised at the unusual amount of "smoke and bustle" that seemed to be reigning in that usually peaceable and orderly domicile.

All the "parlor things" had been ejected to the front veranda, and all the "dining-room things" had been exiled to the back porch; the kitchen, which generally presented a neat and wholesome appearance, was now topsy-turvy, and all the woman-kind of his household were stepping energetically around with frowzy heads, dirty faces, and dresses pinned up around their waists after the most approved caricatures of the mode of the present day.

Mr. Seymour paused before entering the one presentable room, the sitting-room. He was a very quiet man, and never once questioned audibly why the dinner was n't ready, and where he was expected to eat when it was.

At last the red and flurried face of his wife was thrust in at the door, and she said, "Dinner's ready; we'll have to eat in the kitchen to-day; our new townsman, Judge Heye, and his wife are to be here to-morrow evening, and we had to clear up against they come."

Mr. Seymour went to the bath-room and performed his ablutions, then repaired to the kitchen. For a man tired and hungry the surroundings were not calculated to be very refreshing; a boiler of steaming water, on the stove, threw up a small, overhanging cloud of mist, and the various half-open doors admitted chilly currents of air from without; tubs and buckets, and dusters and brooms, were arranged around *ad libitum*, and little pools of water on the floor at irregular distances, told plaintively of the liberal use to which that precious element had been subjected.

Mrs. Seymour and her daughters hastily swallowed their food, and sprang to their work of sweeping, dusting, window washing, and arranging the knicknacks in the parlor, that all Summer had sat soberly in their places, displaying themselves with staid and silent decorum to the few visitors who had been esteemed worthy of seats in the "best room."

Mr. Seymour finished his dinner and quietly left the house. His hat was somewhat drawn down over his eyes, it must be confessed, and there was something on his face that very much resembled the shadow of a long-ago disappointment, over which time had not yet, after many years, taught him to be reconciled.

That afternoon, after the scrubbing and scouring were completed, Mrs. Seymour caught up

her knitting—never idle was she—and ran over to have a chat with Aunt Phœbe Collins, who, with her husband, lived in one of the neatest cottages in all the town.

Aunt Phœbe had not yet cleared off her dinner-table, and, as Mrs. Seymour entered the door of the apartment that served for both sitting and dining-room, she noted the appearance of the table, the snowy cloth, the cream-white china, the modest but handsome array of silver-ware, and sparkling glass fruit-dishes. Involuntarily she glanced through into the next room, which, though a parlor, was made subservient to use when comfort or convenience required, and the door of which usually stood open.

"Come in," cried Aunt Phœbe in her own cheerful tones. "Why, what's the matter? Come in; there's no one here but me."

"Your company's gone, then?" said Mrs. Seymour inquiringly.

"Yes," rejoined Aunt Phœbe with a merry twinkle in her eye, "been gone nearly an hour; but I got to reading, and well-nigh forgot I had any dishes to wash."

"People from out of town?" queried Mrs. S., giving the table another glance, and discovering the fragments of roast turkey and tempting-looking pies that remained upon it.

"O, no; it was John Collins whom I had the honor of entertaining to-day," and Aunt Phœbe leaned back in her chair and laughed till her ruddy cheeks grew rosier than ever, and the tears stood in her pleasant brown eyes, at the mixture of surprise and incredulity on her visitor's face.

"What! nobody but your husband?" and she stole another glance into the parlor which bore evidences of recent innovation.

"Nobody but my husband? Why, I think he's somebody, and a considerable one, too. I do n't know what you see that leads you to suppose I had other company."

"Why, your nice-looking dinner-table, and the parlor door open, and the curtains up, I thought, of course, some visitor had been here."

"I do n't know why any thing should look nicer for visitors than for one's own folks," replied Aunt Phœbe, taking up a sock she had been darning for John Collins, "and I did n't furnish the parlor for the use of company alone, but for our own use."

"Well, but one's husband do n't care for these things; 't would be labor thrown away, I'm sure, if I should always keep my parlor open and aired for Mr. Seymour's use; why, he hardly goes into it even when we have company, let alone when we do n't have."

"Did you ever invite him in unless there was company?" said Aunt Phœbe with a pleasant smile.

"Why, no," replied Mrs. Seymour, reddening slightly, "I do n't have time to fuss over him in that way; he's big enough to take care of himself, and master enough of his own house to go into the parlor without waiting to be asked, if he wanted to."

Aunt Phœbe laughed in her sleeve at the idea of Mr. Seymour being master in his own house, when she thought how like a scared mouse with its ears pinned back, he crept in and out of it day after day, and how dutifully he occupied his corner of it at night, but she replied, earnestly, "Well, I have very little time to fuss for any body except my husband, and I think he appreciates it better than any one else I might fret myself to labor for—far better than those who come merely to see my nice things, and get something good to eat, and then, for all I know, go away and talk slightly of me and all the pains I took for them; I've seen just such things done; indeed, it is an almost everyday occurrence, and those who fret themselves the most to go out of their ordinary way of living to please company are laughed at, and disparaged the most by those they seek to please."

Aunt Phœbe paused and stole a glance at her auditor to see if, by the signs, she might go on. Mrs. Seymour's eyes were fixed thoughtfully upon her knitting, and there was now upon her countenance, in still deeper lines than usual, the expression that almost always rested there—the expression of fretting, care, and disappointment, and anxiety. Like Martha of old, she was "careful and troubled about many things," and perhaps the greatest of them all was, how she and her family stood among her acquaintances and visitors.

Aunt Phœbe went on in a softer voice, "Perhaps it's because John and me are alone, and no little children to call our thoughts from each other, or out into the world which they would have to face by and by, and in which we would naturally wish to secure them a good position; but somehow I always keep in mind the days when John used to picture our home, and it was always me a-watching for him at the window when the sun was setting, and the table set, and the fire bright; and, if we could be so blessed," she softly uttered with a little sigh, "my happiness would be so great if I could wait for him, not alone, but with a sweet little baby on my knee."

There was silence for a few moments, during which Mrs. Seymour's evident emotions pre-

vented her from speaking. Possibly Aunt Phœbe's last words brought down the long vista of the past, a remembrance of the hopes which her young lover had also whispered in her ears; and the thought of how different was the reality might have caused her heart a sharp and sudden pang of regret.

"There's Mrs. Spicer now," continued Aunt Phœbe in a cheery tone, "she laughs at me for 'coddling over one's husband so much,' as she says, but I do n't care for her laughing; I think her very own husband, Lem. Spicer, would be delighted, poor man, to have some one to coddle over him, for he's one of the warmest-hearted men alive, only she used to make fun of his affectionate ways, and now he's getting so he draws all his loving impulses together like a snail in his shell, lest some one should become aware of them."

"He's a very good man, I believe," Mrs. Seymour might as well have said the sun was shining, and the remark would have been quite as relevant. Mrs. Seymour had commenced to reflect, as Aunt Phœbe intended, and, like a great many when their thoughts are struggling the most for utterance, she was unable to make them known or furnish fitting sign that she appreciated what her companion was saying. So she rolled up her knitting, and announced, in a cracked voice, that she "must go back home."

"I'd like to have you stay," said Aunt Phœbe, dropping her mending and rising, "but I must wash my dishes, and beg you not to suppose it is my usual habit to leave my house-work undone until this late hour in the day. The girls say Judge Heye is coming to your house to-morrow."

"Yes, and I suppose you expect them next week. If you want any help to get ready for them, one of the girls can come over just as well as not."

"O, no; you are very kind, and I thank you just as much as if I needed assistance, but I shall make no preparations beyond what I make for ourselves, except putting on a little larger quantity of food, which I always try to prepare in a wholesome manner and tempting form, and a few more dishes from which to eat it, and that will be but very little beyond my ordinary duties."

Mrs. Seymour went home and finished her preparations for the morrow. At the same time she was diligently thinking, and if perhaps the same thoughts had obtruded themselves before she gave more heed to them that day than usual. Thinking of the worry, and flurry, and muss that had been created she asked herself, What

comfort really there was to be derived from it from beginning to end? The arrival of her visitors was looked forward to with nervous anxiety, and she could not but own to herself that when it was all over with and they had taken their departure an intangible cloud would fade as they passed out of sight, and it would be such a relief to drop into the accustomed groove of every-day life, with her nerves quieted and her hands employed about her ordinary duties.

Mrs. Seymour's parlor was an unfrequented room, both to herself and her family; they always felt awkward and out of place when in it for fear they should soil the carpet, displace the curtains, or injure some of the knickknacks that, from time to time, had been collected for visitors to gaze upon. At the very time when they all wanted to appear to the best advantage they presented the most ungraceful appearance.

Then she bethought herself that if they could all become accustomed to the parlor they would soon assume and feel the same ease and freedom that they did when in the rooms they ordinarily occupied. She remembered how ashamed she was the last time they had company, to observe that her youngest daughter stared all around the room as if she was in a strange place and every thing was new to her.

After this desultory sort of rumination Mrs. Seymour suddenly got up from her chair, opened the parlor door, threw open the blinds, looped back the long curtains of damask and lace, then kindled a roaring fire from fuel that had been provided "against company came." Then when the long reflection of the flames walked broad and cheerily over the carpet of blush roses, she left the room to make new and unusual preparations for an old and frequent visitor.

"Why, mother," said her daughter Ada, as she met her on her way to her own room, "they're not coming to-night, are they?"

"No; we'll occupy the parlor ourselves this evening, just to see how it seems. Carry in your father's chair and his slippers, and be ready to take his boots when he comes."

Ada of course was very much surprised, and wondered what had come over her mother, but she was a respectful child and said nothing.

Mrs. Seymour made her way to the dining-room. Her very step was firm, and indicated that she had made some resolve and determined at once to commence the fulfillment of it.

"Melly, put a clean cloth on the table, and have some chocolate ready when your father comes," she said to another daughter who just then came in from the opposite door to arrange the tea-table.

"I think there will not be enough for us to-night and the company to-morrow night," said Melly.

"Never mind, father likes it and will have some to-night if the company should go without," said Mrs. Seymour, and went her way to her own room. Then she carefully arranged her hair in the manner her husband used to tell her was becoming, and put on the new delaine which he had presented to her on her last birthday. A snowy collar and cuffs added to this made her a handsome, fair-faced woman, in almost startling contrast to the one who had sat opposite her husband at the improvised meal in the kitchen at noon.

When Mrs. Seymour came from her own room she took a dish and repaired to the cellar, from whence she emerged with a supply of tempting-looking spiced pickles. She placed them near her husband's plate; they were something he was very fond of, but she had excused herself from supplying the table with them ordinarily because of the time required to prepare them. Hitherto she could "only afford to make them to keep for company."

Then she went and seated herself in the parlor, and, it must be confessed, slightly nervous and embarrassed in her new *role*, and at the thought that may be after all he would think her silly for her pains, waited for the arrival of her husband.

Mrs. Seymour sat waiting till long after the time her husband should have reached home. The clouds, which had maintained a gloomy, leaden color all day, now began to shed cold rain and sleet, which blew against the window-panes with an extremely dismal sound.

Sitting there alone and with unemployed hands, the mind of the weary-looking woman wandered strangely out of its usual course, forsook the thoroughfares of the world at large, and crept through the twilight lanes of her own past since she had been a wife; and she acknowledged to herself that most men when deprived of cheer at home sought other places for recreation and relaxation from the pressure of care and the weariness of labor.

Most men are attracted by light and elegance, and avail themselves of these if possible—when they find them not at home it is very natural they should go where they are.

But Mr. Seymour, whatever may have been his secret disappointments and heart-ache, gave no room for charge of neglect of his wife or home. Whether he esteemed it cheerful or otherwise he dutifully repaired to it and remained there when the labors of the day were over. And when his wife thought of this her

compunctions were deeper than ever, and she began to wonder with a strange and vague fear if it were too late to strive now to undo what had been done—done not by vindictive feeling or intentional wrong, but simply by carelessness in the treatment of the tender plant of love, which so soon withers and droops when attended with thoughtless or neglectful hands.

The wind still swept in fitful gusts around the corners and footsteps began to die away upon the streets. Mrs. Seymour became alarmed, for she felt sure that something very unusual must have happened to detain her husband so far beyond his usual hour for return. She went to the front door and strove to peer down the street through the darkness, but in vain. She went back to the fire, rearranged the slippers and the dressing-gown, and brought in two or three of the latest papers, with her husband's spectacles, and laid them on the small center-table, that had been removed from its almost impregnable corner, made so by long standing, and now stood cozily before the fire.

Aside from the absence of the one for whom all this preparation had been made, and in contrast to the howling storm without, Mrs. Seymour thought this formidable "best room" had never looked so pleasant before; and then came another thought that almost made her heart stand still, what if she should never again behold her husband alive—never welcome him in new and pleasant tones to enjoy the best she could provide for him, having at last seen a little more perfectly and given him the place that was his right!

"How far the imagination can lead one," she ejaculated at last, and rousing herself from her dreary reverie, started to go and see where her daughters had stationed themselves while awaiting their father's return.

A shuffling on the steps and an energetic ringing of the bell called her hurriedly to the door. Four men were bearing in her husband, and when they had laid him down on the sofa in the parlor whither she had directed them, while she followed with trembling limbs, they told her he had fallen upon the slippery pavement and they feared had sustained some internal injury. He had hardly yet recovered his senses, though he had lain some time before being discovered. A physician was quickly summoned, who pronounced his injuries severe though not dangerous; after examining his patient thoroughly he administered proper restoratives, gave some general directions as to his further treatment, and then took his departure.

After he had gone Mr. Seymour, who, since

the moment he became conscious, seemed to be uneasy for some reason, said:

"Why did you let them bring me in here, Jane? I don't want to be where the company is. If you'll help me I guess I can get to the lounge in the other room."

"This is not the night for the company," replied his wife. "See, here I have had your slippers, and papers, and spectacles waiting for you ever so long. I made the fire for us, Henry, and you'll rest far easier here on the sofa than in the other room on the lounge."

Mr. Seymour looked curiously at his wife and watched her with a mixture of surprise and pleasure as she passed from the room to bring him some chocolate. She soon returned, followed by Ada and Millie, each laden with a portion of the supper long prepared, and which was carried to him on the "best dishes;" and never guest was better pleased with the attentions shown him, and never did hostess more enjoy herself in dispensing her hospitality.

The girls, too, had undergone a like metamorphose with their mother, and no one would have believed such brushy-looking heads as they presented at noon could have been coaxed to display such silky locks as now adorned them by the simple aid of a little time and skill. The girls protested at first against this order from their mother, poor things, because, as they said, "they were too tired to care how they looked, and all for the sake of nobody likely who cared for them one bit."

Mr. Seymour, under the influence of so much cheer around him, grew brighter than he had been for many a day. There was light and beauty around them all, and, save for the occasional twinges of pain that seized the prostrate man, not a happier-looking family group was to be found.

After they had all watched and waited upon him until through with his supper, the mother and daughters sought the dining-room for their own.

"This looks cheerful as it is," remarked Ada, who was a maiden of exquisite tastes, had they not been too much repressed by the mistaken economy of her mother, which had ordered every thing heretofore to be reserved "for company;" "but," she continued, "it would have been delightful if father could have eaten here with us."

"Yes," answered her mother, "and if you'll both be careful in handling the china and take good care of the silver we will begin now to use them."

"Well, I am glad of that," said the practical Melly, "for so many times some one comes

unexpectedly and finds us and the table looking so shabby that I feel dreadfully ashamed—it looks as if we had no natural taste for beauty and order, but only thought we must make a display on account of what other people think. I like nice things for their own sake, and to have them around me for the benefit of my own eyes—not solely for the eyes of other people.”

The mother was busy with her own thoughts, and said nothing further upon the subject. But she confessed to herself that for her husband's sake, for she knew he was as proud and sensitive as any other, she was glad his comrades found such a bright-looking place in which to deposit him, instead of the usual sitting-room, which was in a gloomy part of the house and looked out upon a back street. And they had taken no pains to beautify it; but this she decided should be done by various pretty things their own hands could manufacture, even if they had to go to Aunt Phoebe for instruction in some of the arts by which, with little or no expense, she had made that snug home so attractive to John Collins.

Soon after supper the weary girls sought repose in their own room, and Mrs. Seymour returned to her husband, who had fallen into a light slumber and did not awaken as she seated herself by his side.

The neglected, care-worn expression had again settled upon his face, and as she sat watching him and noted the premature streaks of silver in his hair, tears of more than regret silently coursed themselves down the cheeks of the deeply thoughtful wife, and she silently bowed her head on the arm of the sofa while her frame trembled with the emotion of feelings too intense for utterance.

A light hand was laid upon her head. How vividly it recalled the first years of their wedded life, when, before care and anxiety for success and position in life had seemingly dampened the ardor of her love for her husband, that hand upon her head had exercised an influence that was almost marvelous in its power to soothe both mental and physical pain! He rested his hand upon her head without speaking, seeming almost to understand it all, yet willing to wait till his wife was ready to tell him what was in her heart and on her mind. At last she said, as she recovered herself and took his hand in both of hers, “O, Henry, I have thought too much of how other people regarded us, and not enough of what our life really is and what it should be. It has brought small comfort, this working and worrying for those who do not need my services, and who will never thank me for them; henceforth my labor

shall be for those I love—for your comfort and that of our children.”

Then, the first time for years even, Mr. Seymour put his arm around his wife's neck, and drawing her lips down to his, kissed her again and again, but said nothing, for his heart was too full of a recovered and joyous hope to allow him to utter a word.

The light seemed struggling through a cloud that had shadowed many years. To hearts less sensitive it might seem that a very little thing had hung that cloud in the marital sky, and just as little a thing had caused its removal; yet little things they are, accumulating day by day, that break up harmony, that destroy happiness, and rear the wall over which at length Hope ceases to uplift her wearied wings.

The next morning, for the first time in all her housekeeping life, when company was expected, Mrs. Seymour did not hurry through her breakfast, or impress her daughters with a sense of the necessity for haste “because company was coming to supper.”

The visitors had not yet arrived when it became time to arrange the tea-table. For the first time there was no anxious scanning of the sky to determine whether a storm was brewing or not that might detain the expected guests. The table was made ready, but when its arrangements were completed it was not more cheerful-looking than that prepared for the two preceding meals of that day.

Mr. Seymour made his appearance, and still the visitors had not come. As a day or a night of suspense or sorrow will leave their traces upon the countenance, so will the removal of a weight upon the heart and mind paint a sign of relief in healthful color and rounded outline. Mr. Seymour that night looked younger, and entered his house with more the feeling of a man whose stolen “rights” had been restored, and whose needs recognized, than he had done for years. The family waited another half hour; the daughters looked curiously at their mother, wondering what had come over her that the tardiness of the expected judge and his lady did not seem to discompose her as when, on former occasions, she had been placed in similar circumstances. The usual fretting for fear the tea would spoil, or the cake become dry, or that they had got out the “best dishes” for nothing was not heard. Mrs. Seymour talked over the occurrences of the day with her husband, and then, when she considered they had waited a proper length of time, suggested that they wait no longer.

When they had nearly finished the delicious repast there was a ring of the door-bell, and a

note was handed in "from Mrs. Judge Heye, with extreme regrets that, on account of serious illness, they would be unable to fulfill their engagement that evening."

Mrs. Seymour's daughters involuntarily looked up, expecting to see a dissatisfied, if not frowning expression upon their mother's countenance, but it was unruffled, and she merely remarked, as she folded the note, that "it would make very little difference."

Aunt Phoebe Collins had noted the metamorphoses of this household with intense and secret delight, and took, perhaps with just and honest right, much of the credit of it to her own bright self.

If ever Mrs. Seymour seemed inclined to fall back into her old ways, or evinced any of her former, painful anxiety about "appearances," Aunt Phoebe, in some ingenious way, and not seeming to have a purpose in view, would gently bring her right again by some allusion to her own anxiety as to how she should best please

John Collins; for she maintained stoutly that he would be more sincerely grateful for what she did for him than would any outsiders she knew of, and to render him comfortable in body and happy in mind was her aim and delight.

One day, not many months later, but just as the young buds of Spring began to unveil their fresh, green beauties before the sun, and when Aunt Phoebe knew that Mrs. Seymour was alone, she stole in at the open door with a bundle in her hands and blushed like a girl as she opened it, for it contained a quantity of the finest linen, and cambric, and flannel, with the daintiest laces and strips of embroidery, and a few half-completed, tiny garments.

Mrs. Seymour understood it all.

And Aunt Phoebe, after a pause, said, in a low voice, tremulous with an indescribable tenderness and delight, "Now will my dreams be fulfilled. I shall sit before this Winter's fire waiting for John Collins, with the table set, and the hearth bright, and a baby on my knee."

SWEET AUBURN.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain;
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love;
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove;
These were thy charms, sweet village, sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.



Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER VIII.

PASTRY.

I HAVE little doubt that many a patient reader of these sketches has been thoroughly out of patience with me, since reading the remarks in my last about shortened food. I shall be under the necessity of acknowledging that I have given some occasion for complaint. It is a much easier matter to find fault and to tear down than it is to build up; and the fact that the former is quite in fashion at present does not make that style of procedure any the more acceptable to thinking people. So when I walked into the pantry and swept off the crullers, and the shortened biscuits, and the flaky pie-crusts, and the delicately flavored cakes, the results of the experiments of many generations of famous cooks, and the special delight and admiration of their husbands, I ought at least to have intimated my intention of putting something else in their places. I probably should have done so had I not at the commencement intended to compass the same in another article. As it is, I must beg leave to assure you that I do not belong to the fashionable Tearing Down Dynasty. To be sure, if a practice is wrong, it is worth something to show it up; but I consider it worth far more to put a good practice in its place.

I shall now be obliged to beg a double indulgence, requesting, first, a re-perusal of that portion of the last article which gives the reasons for the unwholesomeness of shortened food, and then a patient reading through a list of recipes for dishes which, after all, will not taste like those which are discarded.

By the way, just here I wish to say a word about the unreasonableness of some people who ask for "substitutes." Convince them that any article is unwholesome, and they will ask for something to take its place which shall taste exactly like it. If certain articles have not the same qualities of certain other articles, how can they be expected to look or to taste exactly like them? Rather an extreme illustration may be recalled by some in a recipe which went the rounds of the papers some years ago, called "*Snow vs. Eggs.*" The pretense was that snow could be made to take the place of eggs in cake to make it light. Now, it is true that very dry snow can be used with corn-meal, and to some extent with wheat meal—say about three or four parts snow to one of meal—and if mixed intimately in a cool place, and put at once into a very hot oven, a loaf two inches thick when put in may come out light, delicate,

tender, and unique; but there is no taste of eggs about it. No doubt it is more digestible than if made with eggs; but attempt to put in salt, sugar, or almost any other condiment, and the "cake" will be a miserable failure. It is evident from this that snow has its own peculiarities and advantages; but to pretend that it can be used as a substitute for eggs raises unreasonable anticipations only to disappoint them; that is, supposing any body to be so credulous as to believe it. It is well enough to give it for just what it is worth. Let it stand on its own merits, as every thing else should in cookery, whether it be salsify—vegetable oysters—chicory, or mock turtle soup. So when we tell you that we shall attempt to offer no "substitute" for shortening, we only mean to deal fairly by you, head off all disappointment, and then set honestly to work to see what good fancy dishes can be had without shortening.

First, however, we must deprecate the prevailing sentiment that good food must be made so very tender that it will "melt in the mouth," go to pieces with little or no effort at mastication on our part. There are dishes, soups, mushes, boiled grains, and many others, for those who for any special reason must have soft food; but the majority of us do far better when we use food which demands thorough mastication. The teeth were made for use; and, when we use them freely and properly, it does them good, prevents our eating too fast, and prepares the food more effectually for gastric action. So there is no physiological necessity for any thing like shortening to make our food tender.

Several of the kinds of bread we have mentioned are already tender enough—more so than the common fermented fine flour bread. So we need no shortened biscuit. But the

PIE CRUST

is the great desideratum. How can that be made tender without shortening? Some insist that it can be made tender and good by mixing simple wheat meal and water light, to a consistency requisite for rolling it out. Others mix it with mashed potatoes and water, or with thoroughly cooked and strained beans. Better than either of these, to my fancy, is a mixture of fine flour, wheat meal and corn-meal, one-third of each, wet with water, kneaded but slightly, and rolled thin. Half oatmeal and half wheat meal is still more tender, and pure oatmeal the best of all. This, however, requires a finer grade of meal than what we commonly get in the market. However, if the latter is run through a sieve the finer portions will do passably. Add

barely water enough to wet it through, and work it, kneading—with a spoon if you like—until it clings together, requiring from five to seven minutes; then roll out nearly as thick as you will want it when done. This is really tender enough to be good, which is more than I can say of the others. I have given them just to show what things people do continue for the sake of keeping in the fashion. I call them sharp and hard, and they only serve to remind us of the flaky crusts to which we have been accustomed, and to throw all wholesome cookery into disrepute.

"And so you acknowledge yourself conquered, do you?"

No, I do not. In the first place I do not acknowledge myself bound to the common forms and shapes of cooking any more than I do to their hurtful combinations. I am under no obligations to make pies at all hazards, or any thing that necessarily looks like them. In fact I prefer not to aim to do so; for then the partakers will expect the accustomed flavor; and, since they can not have that without the shortening, this course, like most other mere schemes of imitation, only begets disappointment and disgust.

"O, well, our folks will have pies; so there is no use in talking."

Well, there is no harm in talking on this subject, at all events. I can appreciate this preference, for it so happens that pies were special favorites of my own, and, in the domestic round of home, it commonly fell to my lot to make them. You can imagine, then, my dismay when I found how totally inadmissible they were into a stomach that I was determined to keep in its best condition. Nor did I tamper with the difficulty, and allow myself to put in "only a little" shortening. I set myself, in the first place, to study out the secret charm of pies. I soon satisfied myself that it lay principally in the happy blending of fruits and farinae. If there were those who considered the fat indispensable, I left them to keep company with the poor dyspeptic I once knew, who habitually sauced his apple-pies with the top of the roast-meat gravy. Alas, he has paid the full penalty, years ago.

So I commenced *experimenting*. One of the first results delighted me so much that I called it *ambrosia*—food for the gods—but that was before "Sterling's Ambrosia" had painted the rocks and made Nature hideous—though, but for the objection already mentioned, it might have been called *batter pie*: I first made a batter, precisely like that for batter bread, stirring good wheat meal into cold water, till it be-

came a little too thick to settle flat: with this I covered the bottom of a nappy or a shallow tin basin, and placed upon it a layer of unbroken small fruits, with sugar enough to sweeten them. If they were juicy, a proportionate amount of wheat meal was sprinkled over them to absorb the juice—never so much as quite to hide the fruit. Batter was then placed on the sides of the dish and another layer of fruit was added, with sugar and flour, as before, and then a thin coating of batter covered the whole. The main points were to have as large a proportion of fruit as possible, but not to have it come to the sides or the surface. It was then baked from forty to sixty minutes, according to its size and the heat of the oven. Some care is requisite to prevent the juice—the best part—from running out and wasting, though, if the dish be high enough, it can all be saved. If made rightly, this is perfectly light and tender, either eaten at once or on the second day, when the aroma of the fruit has thoroughly penetrated the crust. If the fruits are juicy, as they should be, no dressing is needed. This dish can not be properly made with stewed fruits; they make the crust heavy, and their juice will flow out. Cut fruits may be used, but apples and peaches are not so highly flavored, when cooked, as cherries, whortleberries, blackberries, plums, and grapes.

With apples a *reversible pie* may be made by filling a nappy with the cut fruit, covering it with the above batter, and baking till the fruit is done and the crust slightly brown—say thirty minutes. Then remove the crust, reverse it on a plate, empty upon it the cooked fruit, mash, sweeten, and spread smoothly, and serve either warm or cold. A crust for this dish may also be made with wheat meal scalded, or put up with tepid water; in either case rolled out about one-third of an inch thick, and baked as above. For a *darudy pie* make the crust like either of the last two, and, when baked, break it in, and let it stand until tender. It becomes its name. Quite a variety of

TARTS AND TART PIES

may be prepared with the oatmeal crust, or the "one-third" crust. These can be made quite passable to those who "must have pies," if they are willing to meet them half-way, and not insist on their looking exactly like those made with the shortened crust. They should be well filled with juicy marmalades, so as to leave but a small margin of crust. Bake the tarts in patty-pans. If the one-third crust be used for that purpose, very pretty ornaments, festoons, etc., may be cut out for the tart pies, with a fluted cake-cutter.

The filling should in all cases be put in before baking. *Cocoa-nut tarts* are made with one-half cup grated cocoa-nut, one cup grated apple, one-third cup water, and sugar to the taste, and sometimes, for variety, a very small pinch of nutmeg. Mixed fruits of many kinds make delicious tarts—apples, with lemon, or quinces, or cranberries, or rhubarb, or grapes, or plums, or grapes or cranberries alone, and many other simple mixtures, that will readily occur at sight of the fruits. They should all be stewed, strained, and sweetened, before they are used. Jellies do not accord well with these crusts.

The *best*, if not the most stylish, crusts that we have tried are made by strewing oatmeal evenly on the tins and pie-dishes, say one-eighth of an inch thick, and then spreading the prepared filling carefully over it. This is the same style practiced with corn-meal for *pumpkin pies*; and the latter really makes a very good crust, that no one not initiated would "guess out." But if the pumpkin filling has been thickened with starch, or flour, or eggs, it may not wet into the meal sufficiently to make a good crust.

Some of the best mixtures of fruit and cereal to our fancy, we have already given in the baked puddings of the last November number of the Repository. They can be very easily accepted in the place of pies by those who are fond of the latter.

BOILED PUDDINGS AND DUMPLINGS

yet remain to be canvassed. One of the best of these, which we have styled the *American Plum Pudding*, is made with equal parts of wheat meal and coarse corn-meal—say one pint of each. Scald the corn-meal, then add the wheat meal, with two-thirds of a pint of Malaga raisins—more or less, to suit the taste—with water sufficient to make a batter just firm enough to hold a stout spoon upright. Mix thoroughly, and put it into a pudding-boiler, or any suitable covered dish, and boil or steam three and a half or four hours. If the corn-meal is coarse, and the mixture of the right consistency, the pudding will be perfectly light, and far more delicate than when soda and sourness are used. The long cooking makes the raisins rarely delicious. Other fruits may be used in their place, as prunes, prunellas, dried cherries, dried pears, etc.; but the fresh and the more tender fruits will not endure the long cooking. Serve warm with a fruit sauce of some kind—see below—orange sauce harmonizes with it nicely. As this is a very nutritious pudding it should be served—after a full dinner—only

in small quantities. This is not because it is hurtful, however. One could make an entire meal of it as comfortably as of corn-cake, or rye and Indian bread.

For *apple dumplings*, with the batter crust—made as for batter biscuit—cups or tins are requisite, a little larger than a medium-sized apple. Those used for the popular corn-cakes are very suitable. Place in each a spoonful of batter, into which crowd a pared and cored apple, then cover the apple thinly with more batter, and steam thirty or forty minutes, or until the apple is tender. These are perfectly light and wholesome. Serve with lemon or other fruit sauce. They may also be made with a scalded wheat meal crust—see No. V—rolled out thin and either baked or stewed.

The *turnover dumpling* is, however, the great favorite. Roll out a scalded wheat meal crust about one-fourth of an inch thick. Have ready one pint of dressed apples—with each quarter cut into about four pieces—to which add half a pint of stewed raisins with their juice. Add enough wheat meal to absorb the latter, mix intimately, place the whole in the crust, lap the latter over it carefully, pin up loosely in a napkin, and boil or steam one hour. Turn out as soon as taken from the water—or the cloth will stick—and serve immediately with lemon or other fruit sauce. Fresh grapes in their season may be used instead of raisins, and the dumpling may be made in a nappy or a tin, but it is not likely to be quite so light as when boiled in a napkin.

PUDDING SAUCES

offer a field of much needed improvement. Very few of the common recipes furnish them without whipped or melted butter and high seasonings; and alcoholic drinks of various kinds are a common ingredient. Now if the rotted juices of fruits—for all wines and brandies are really nothing better—are considered so good, why should not the fresh juices be considered better, as they certainly are. The latter afford a fine variety and ample opportunity for the exercise of a discriminating taste in adapting them to the dishes they are to trim. One of the most available is *lemon sauce*. To one pint of boiling water add the juice of one large or two small lemons to suit the taste, thicken with about two large spoonfuls of the best wheat meal, and sweeten to the fancy. Boil five minutes. When the juices of other fruits are used in place of the lemon juice, they should be used in larger quantities. Grapes, whortleberries, currants, cherries, blackberries, etc., are excellent. For *orange sauce* the juice should be

added after the thickening is boiled. Its flavor is so delicate that it would evaporate in cooking. Similar care should be used with the juices of raspberries, strawberries, and other delicate fruits. When apples, grapes, and some other fruits are used, a part of the pulp, strained, may be added with advantage.

The simple sweetened juices of fruits also make delightful pudding sauces without thickening. Any person of delicate taste, after using such sauces as the above for a while, enjoy their flavors, and proving the lack of hurtful effects after eating them, will not willingly go back to the melted-butter sauces.

The department of

CAKES

must, necessarily, without shortening, sink into proportions quite insignificant, compared with what it occupies in most modern cook-books. The same remarks will apply to them which we have already applied to pies. Quite a variety might be obtained by sweetening, and condimenting, and adding fruit to the batter bread, but for the simple fact that the addition of any thing beyond the simple meal and water detracts from its tenderness and its porosity. A small amount of sugar with a dash of cinnamon may sometimes be used for variety, and be made passable with shallow tins in a quick oven. Raisins, Zante currants, and other dried fruit may be added at pleasure with less injury. I have also made them by using half-stewed and strained apple and half water with sugar in mixing them—as for batter bread—but they are never so light as I like to have them. I do not recommend them very decidedly, but as to their wholesomeness, with careful mastication they are not objectionable. Any articles made with wheat meal, if not light, are never so utterly unmanageable in the stomach as when made of fine flour. They are necessarily looser in their texture. Fine flour mixtures, when heavy, are so compact as to be almost impermeable to the gastric juice.

Very good *cocoa-nut cookies* may be made with one cup good wheat meal, one half cup grated cocoa-nut, and one half cup sugar. Rub these thoroughly together, then wet with a scant half cup of water—just enough to make a dough as soft as can be readily worked. Roll out to one-third of an inch, cut into shapes, and bake in a pretty quick oven about fifteen minutes. Some care is required not to bake them too hard. *Sugar cookies* may be made without the cocoa-nut, but otherwise in the same way. *Currant cookies* vary the recipe only by putting in Zante currants in place of the cocoa-nut. In

each case work them as little as possible, for that hardens them. These are specially nice for a lunch in traveling.

Oatmeal is quite available for similar preparations. When made up simply alone it is preferable to wheat meal, and has less of its peculiar flavor than when made in moister preparations; and there is a nutty toothsomeness about it much more satisfactory than the puffy richness of shortened cake, harmonizing nicely with raisins and figs for a lunch. It may be made up as already directed for pie-crust. Then roll out to one-eighth of an inch thick, cut in shapes, and bake until they snap with the pressure of the fingers. When so thin they should not be allowed to brown. If you have put a currant in the center of each, it will make their homely faces a little more comely. These are appropriately called *cracknels*. If you sift out the coarser parts—which may be made up into mush—the finer may be worked more thoroughly. I ate of such a cake not long since, made up by the bonnie hands of a veritable Scotch woman among the coal mines of Western Maryland. It was baked in one sheet about one-fourth of an inch thick, delicately browned on both sides, and also delicately spiced—to her fancy—with caraway seeds. She called it *oatmeal cake*. It was very crisp and tender.

She said her husband was very fond of it, but oatmeal was so dear, they had to pay “ten cents the pun” for it. As we fell into a free talk about eatables, she said that she could not eat any pies, nor cakes, nor any thing with grease cooked into it. “A philosopher!” I said to myself, and so I replied, “That is sensible, and nobody who wants to keep a good stomach ought to eat such things.” “Well, the others have good stomachs and they can eat such things.” “But we all know they are not wholesome, and why should we eat them?” “O, you see we must have something relishable for the men to take into the mines for their dinners—cake, or pie, or something of that kind.”

She could afford cakes and pies, but not the pure oatmeal, of which her husband was so fond, because that was “ten cents the pun!” My ideas of her philosophy, as well as of her economy, fell to the common level, and the ever-recurring question came back, Why do not people use more common-sense about their eating?

“But what are we to do without cake for tea?” inquire many anxious ones, who are waiting to hear the cake question settled.

Well, I know a good many sensible and stylish people who never eat cake at all.

"But they have it on their tea-tables."

Yes, and I suppose they would carry it on their noses if it was *the fashion* to do so. If the cake-dish is so indispensable to the setting out of a table, you might have some wooden imitations, which would serve the double purpose of ornament and economy; but really I think there are other ornaments much prettier, flowers for example, natural or artificial, or a tray of fresh green moss, with a little cottage stuck in here and there, and a bit of looking-glass in the center to suggest a fairy lake.

"O, but these things are not suitable to eat!"

Every whit as suitable—if we except the looking-glass, perhaps—as the most of the cake that appears on the table, and they have the additional advantage that no one is tempted to eat them.

Now, to begin with, supper should be a very light meal. It should be made up more of talk and laughter, and fragrance and beauty, than of substantial food. It should be characterized more by simplicity and good taste than by a variety of dishes to please the appetite. There should never be more than three or four articles besides the fruit sauces, and these may be used freely. The batter biscuit fresh, steamed or toasted by being dipped into boiling milk, or better still, by soaking in layers alternate with juicy stewed black-caps, whortleberries, grapes, or some such delicate fruit—any of these are good enough for the best occasion. Graham crackers—good ones are very rare—if thus soaked several hours, until tender, make a still more delicate dish. A mold of cold cracked wheat, or delicious oaten groats, sets off the table nicely, and is fine eating when trimmed with milk, cream sweets, or with fruit juices. Any of the baked puddings in No. II of this series, and the sealed rice, etc., of No. III, may be used in the same way, eaten with the bread and butter. Another dish, a strawberry pyramid—I thought I had given it, but I do not find it—is made by alternating layers of cooked rice and strawberries with sugar *en pyramide*, and if the fruit demands it a slight baking in the oven. Other small fruits may be used in the same way, and pearl barley may also be substituted for the rice. This makes a stylish and pleasant dish.

A *sago jelly* cake is made by scalding one cup of sago with about three cups of water—add two cups of chopped apple, one cup of stewed raisins, the juice of one lemon, and three-fourths of a cup of sugar. Mix thoroughly, bake one hour, cool, and cut in slices. This may be varied by using stewed dried apple, and again by substituting rhubarb for the lemon.

A good *fruit loaf* may be made with one and a half cups of bread crumbs—or soaked batter bread—one cup of wheat meal, one cup of sugar, two cups of chopped apple, and two-thirds of a cup of currants. Mix intimately, and bake till the apples are tender. This may be eaten with or without butter or other dressing. I would, however, treat none of these dishes as "cake." I would take them with the bread and butter. It is very bad policy to have distinct courses in so light a meal as the supper should be. At most, some of the little cookies above mentioned, or the tarts or the cracknels, are abundantly sufficient to round up the meal. You will by such a course be saved many a troublesome dream stored up in the rich pound-cake.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT.

(CONCLUDED.)

IN raising the standard of female education there has been the same apathy and opposition to contend with. Although, generations ago, Plato asks, "Should not this sex, which we condemn to obscure duties, be destined to functions the most noble and elevated?" yet both men and women have exhibited a striking indifference in fitting the sex for such functions. And our legislative bodies, so munificent to male colleges, have heretofore set a brazen front of denial in the face of every application from female institutions. From their very singular and persistent course one would suppose our law-makers believed that the common weal would be best promoted by the ignorance of women; that they shared the impression so humorously set forth by Sidney Smith.

"There seems to be a general notion that the moment you put the education of women upon a better footing, at that moment there will be an end to all domestic economy; and that, if you once suffer woman to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aerial and unsatisfactory diet. Can any thing be more perfectly absurd than to suppose that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother feels for her children, depends upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematics, and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation?"

I had supposed it to be sufficiently proved that darning stockings and consulting lexicons were not necessarily inconsistent. But I find that his Holiness, the Pope, does not agree with me. It seems that in the spread of modern ideas dissatisfaction had come to be felt with the superficial teaching in French convents.

The Government, learning that parents were sending their daughters to listen to the lectures of learned men, effected a connection between these lecturers and the Paris University, and a regular course of study was set on foot. At the opening of the course the young ladies came in throngs, and among them two nieces of the empress. A similar system was adopted in thirty or forty of the larger towns of France, bringing several thousands of girls under regular training.

This secular teaching excited the alarm of scores of Catholic bishops, and roused the holy ire of Pius IX. In his great trepidation on the subject, he addressed a brief to the Bishop of Orleans, complimenting that prelate on his rebuke of the French Government for its efforts "to elevate the education of girls." He complains of the attempt "to deprive woman of her native modesty, to exhibit her in public, to turn her aside from domestic life and its duties, and to puff her up with false and vain knowledge, so that she will now, full of pride and arrogance, disdain the cares and duties that are proper for women, will be a germ of division in the household, will pervert her children, and become a stumbling-block to all. And what is profoundly deplorable," he adds, "is, that those who are intrusted with public duties, disregarding this peril, favor these schemes of impiety by strange and unheard-of projects, and thus, with the most extreme imprudence, assist in the ruin of society which has already begun."

One can not help a sympathy with the poor old Pope in his genuine distress. Yet, his Holiness and all the other conservatives to the contrary notwithstanding, this cause is destined to advance. In looking through the vista of the past do we not find results that seem to justify this movement? The property bill which passed the New York Legislature in 1860, and that of Illinois the following year, has redeemed thousands of women from pauperism, and saved multitudes from what is worse. And during the last ten years the property laws respecting women have been greatly modified in no less than nineteen States. We can not, therefore, withhold our acknowledgment that womankind owes a large debt of gratitude to these unpopular reformers, as well as to some who, not working with the conventions as such, have been equally earnest and untiring in their efforts.

Another advance is indicated in the discussion which is taking place as to woman's speaking in religious meetings. Even some extremely conservative reverends make remarkable concessions on this subject. Though they would have it clearly understood that they regard

female speaking as abnormal, yet they do admit that when the male Church members persistently neglect their proper function, or are absent from the meeting, or when the membership is composed mostly of women, in these exceptional cases they may be permitted to speak without detriment to the Church—and very possibly to its benefit!

Now, though there are women who would prefer to exercise the grace of silence till doomsday rather than accept a "permission" so given, yet even these admissions are suggestive of a marvelous softening of ancient opinions. Others there are who fully vindicate the right and propriety of such speaking. They argue that the fact of God's having called certain women to a prominent public position, proves that there is no inherent impropriety in the thing, as he would certainly never have violated his own constitution; that the predictions of the Old Testament looked forward to a new order of events, when the "daughters" as well as the sons "shall prophesy;" that in the times of the primitive Church women entered on this sphere; that as Christianity never comes into direct conflict with the prevalent customs of any age, particular directions were given so as to avoid clashing with Oriental ideas; that in some of our Churches, composed mostly of female members, were woman's mouth to be shut, there would be no speaking at all; and that a literal interpretation of the apostolic injunctions would equally shut her out from Bible-class and even Sunday-school teaching.

Says a highly esteemed New England professor: "I can not but think there is in many Churches, and in the minds of not a few ministers, an excessive fear of the participation of women in meetings of the Church for prayer and conference. In such meetings there is a sphere in which the warm hearts and eloquent lips of our intellectual, educated, cultivated women may be employed, to a far greater extent than they have yet been, to impart new light, and life, and joy, and grace, and strength to the Church, without impairing in the least the modesty, delicacy, and refinement which belong to the sex."

Another result of the discussion is the increase of the female industrial class. In Great Britain, where the excess of women over men is five hundred thousand, there are already one million of women earning their own bread independently of husbands, fathers, or brothers. There is a similar increase of this class in our own country. And though the remuneration is often utterly inadequate, and multitudes are bitterly wronged by their employers, yet this

evil is not so great as that from which they are preserved by their industry.

Among the further indications of progress a few educational facts may be cited in addition to those which have been already mentioned concerning France. A young Russian woman of twenty-four has recently received a medical degree from the University at Zurich. In England a female college is being established, of which the resident authorities are to be women, and the professors from either sex, according to their qualifications. Mrs. Bodichon, who has labored for many years in this cause, headed the subscription with a thousand pounds. Through a supplemental charter, adopted by the London University, women are admitted to its examinations for diplomas, and the halls of Cambridge University have been recently thrown open to women.

When will our girls knock at the gates of Yale and of Harvard, and find them opened to their entrance? Here, in a land where there is said to be no caste, and where avenues and offices are declared free to all, there is, in certain respects, less advance than in some monarchical countries.

Yet we are not without many favorable indications. One of the most important of these, in its general bearings, is, perhaps, the recent formation of an American Association for the Promotion of Social Science, with two women on its Board of Directors, and which is open to every woman in the land. And besides Antioch and Oberlin with its thousand male and female students, several other colleges and universities have been established in the West which graduate both men and women.

As to the distinctively female colleges, to say nothing of Vassar at Poughkeepsie, which has made so auspicious a commencement, there is Mt. Holyoke Seminary at South Hadley, the mother of a goodly group of institutions glittering like stars in our educational canopy. There it stands in the shadow of the beautiful mountain, a monument more enduring than marble to the indomitable energy of the woman who projected the undertaking, and was the main spring in all its early movements. Who that remembers Mary Lyon's enthusiasm on the subject, and her untiring labors in the face of a strong and persistent opposition, and of the many cavaliers and scorners who wagged their heads predicting a speedy failure, but feels a glow of triumph at her success?

By this Alma Mater for woman, between four and five thousand pupils have been nurtured, of whom three thousand have filled the ranks of teachers, while large numbers have con-

secrated themselves to the missionary service in our own and in foreign lands. There it towers in moral grandeur, managed solely by women, yea, and refined, noble women, too, with the vitality breathed into it by its founder still inhering in all its fullness and bloom. There it has stood through its various changes of dynasty; and, though for nearly a score of years, its tutelary genius has slept in its peaceful shades, there it still stands, a beautiful model of our glorious republic. Yet, notwithstanding what it has done for education, and though performing with unsurpassed ability and faithfulness the work of a Normal School, to its various applications for aid, the State until recently never granted it a single dollar. Sad ingrate of a mother to so worthy a child!

Of one of its late Anniversaries, a professor in a neighboring college writes: "It is simple justice to say that I heard examinations in mathematics, in history, and in moral science, in which the *whole class* appeared better than I ever saw a whole class appear in the same branches in Amherst College. I also listened to the public reading of compositions by the young ladies, which, to say the least, would have done no discredit to the young gentlemen of the college, either in the composition or in the delivery. And I came away saying, it is a burning shame that these young ladies should plead, and plead in vain, year after year, for a mere pittance of the means and facilities which are so amply provided for their brothers on the other side of the mountain. Where is the chivalry and respect for woman which is so much vaunted as the characteristic and the glory of our age and race? Are there not some relics of ancient barbarism, heathen prejudice, and Oriental contempt for women still lingering and marring the boasted civilization of this great Republic of the West in this nineteenth century of the Christian era?"

Though for what Mt. Holyoke has already done for woman, yes, and for man, too, the obligation can not be computed, yet, in her great embarrassment, from need of repairs and of larger outlays, and not having a single penny in endowments, she has been forced, as we have seen, to struggle on single-handed, without the weight of a feather's influence from the State in which she was born and reared, and to which she has been a perpetual benediction. And there was no Mrs. Bodichon to supply the defect.

But during a recent Legislative session, her friends succeeded, against a strong opposition, in procuring for her an appropriation of forty thousand dollars. This is a good *beginning*,

and we trust an omen of better times. There are tiny rills flowing in: why should they not multiply and widen? And where are the large-hearted women, endowed with wealth and wisdom, who, by their munificence, will place this seminary on a broad and sure foundation, and thus bless the coming ages?

I go into these particulars to show that, notwithstanding the progress already made, there is still a great work to be done in raising public sentiment to the demands of the times. Above all, let women espouse their own cause. Under the influence of prejudice, and afraid to go counter to men, they are sometimes even stronger and more bitter in their opposition. They will not thoroughly examine the subject, and they dare not form an independent opinion. Says Rosa Bonheur: "I have no patience with women who ask permission to think. Let women establish their claims by great and good works, and not by Conventions." Thus has *she* done, and who disputes her right?

Let women of wealth and standing determine no longer to accept a free ticket through life, but conscientiously to pay their way in some of the high uses for which Providence designed them. Let them have faith in themselves and in the doctrine of labor. Resolving to be dainty, and delicate, and helpless no longer, let them come forward, modestly, as women, but fearlessly, in the strength of a noble cause. Let them come forward—I do not say in the Convention, or in the pulpit, or on the platform—but to the real tug of life. Let them take their laboring, struggling sister by the hand, and give her aid and cheer, instead of rebuke and taunts. Let them encourage all industrial enterprises. Let them multiply protective unions for working women. Let them build female colleges and halls of science on a broad and solid basis, that shall educate and elevate the daughters of the land. Then shall the feeble dawn now glimmering on woman break speedily into the brightness and beauty of a glorious day.

THE FOUNDERS' AGE OF OUR LITERATURE.

FIRST PAPER.

NO period in the thirteen centuries through which English has been growing great, more deserves, or better repays study, than that of Chaucer, Wyclif, Mandeville, and Langland. Embracing the last half of the fourteenth century, and the first half of the fifteenth, distinguished as much by its eminence over what

followed as by its superiority to all that had preceded it, rejoicing in names and works destined to immortality, laying down the outlines upon which our language and literature have grown through five centuries, no term so well describes it as the one at the head of this article. It is the age of the founders at once of our language and our thought.

Beginning in the middle of the seventh of the fourteen Plantaganet reigns—a reign distinguished as one of the three in England which have extended over half a century, and ending something past the middle of the eleventh reign of this family—it embraces a political epoch marked by the growth and consolidation of the English Constitution and the development of those vast material forces which have made England so great in war, colonization, and home enterprise. This century saw Saxon, Norman, Dane, and Kelt, changed into Englishmen, and witnessed, both in politics and religion, the growth of that unquenchable love of liberty which gave a small island the leadership of modern thought.

The fruits of these political movements were gathered in every field of human interest, but especially in literature, which can not live in degraded or stagnant times, to which the arm of controversy and battle is always healthful—eminently such when great truths trouble and cleanse the atmosphere.

Then, too, the thought of the sea-girt kingdom escaped from isolation, and took up the old lines of human advancement, when the fall of the Empire had arrested them, and renewed the enterprises of literary art which failed when Rome fully entered upon her decline. The literary progress of humanity is essentially one. Great works do not come from distant islands out of the pale of humanity; they lie in the lines of the world's advance in civilization; the breath of the whole race must be breathed into them. We seem to see independent and unrelated literary epochs only because we know too little of the human interflow and communion during the unhistoric periods. But the essential unity of mythologies and legends is conclusive proof of connections between the widest points of literary light, between Scandinavia and India. The witness of language, testifying to the common origin of Sanskrit and Scandinavian tongues, confirms the belief in a common origin of thoughts and fancies.

For eight hundred years English was barren, mainly because of its isolation. Pieces of the old mythology in a Scandinavian dress furnished the principal poem of the Anglo-Saxon period—Beowulf—and Christian thought, com-

ing in with Roman priests, gave the rest. The semi-Saxon period showed a higher life, because nourished by a larger earth; for the crusaders, the Arabs, the French romancists, and Greek metaphysics, arrived in England to stimulate, while they replenished the English brain. The fourteenth century was, in this respect, a continual unsealing of old fountains of literature, an incessant springing up of new wells from rocks smitten by inspired rods. The Italian, striking first the trail of Greek literature, rushed at once to the great works of genius which adorn it—the Provençal shop of a mighty growth of metrical romances and voluptuous lyrics—and, through French, English came into living contact with these, and through these with the glowing embers of Greek literary art.

Nor is this said to glorify Greece—that literature had only garnered all the fruits of human striving with thoughts and words. Roman letters had been only a pale reflection of the Attic day. It was necessary to renew the communion of the West with the favorites of all the muses.

The Arthur romances, in their roughest versions, show that the race is united again, or rather that these far western tribes are admitted to the fellowship of humanity. The mythology and the fable agree in showing that these Arthur legends have been inspired with such breath as yielded Homers and Eddas. The patchwork of fancies and incidents gathered from the East by the crusader and the scholar, through troubadour and saint, are precious proofs that ancient Greece and mediæval England are at last embraced in the same world of man.

But when we take up our Chaucer, the proofs are no longer to be painfully made out by wandering through childish repetitions of knightly pilgrimages and contests with dragons, giants, and strange men in armor; they appear in the ripe harvest of poetry, rich in invention, civilized in sentiment, admirable in disposition, musical alike to the ear and the thought. In the elder romances we suspect there are exotic flowers from rare breathings of strange perfumes; in Chaucer we see exotic and native blossoms interlaced, and exhaling their complex aroma over a wilderness of beauty.

In another sense Wyclif displays the fruits of communion with the elder ages of thought, and he shares with Longland the influence of sympathy, with the religious beatings of the human heart of their time; while Longland is only less than Chaucer in love of his literary art, and is greater in his close hand-lock with the English people. It is scarcely needful to say that Mandeville, the great traveler, the cos-

mopolitan gentleman of his time, yields a harvest gathered in every land where men have been great, done great deeds and written great works.

In at least four directions English genius was invited to enterprise, art, knowledge, religious freedom, and the elevation of the people; and each way went one of the four leaders of our literature. Literary art absorbed Chaucer, universal knowledge found a devotee in Mandeville, in Wyclif the human conscience found a voice, and Longland led the English middle classes from the dunghill to Parliament.

It is true that between Wyclif and Longland the lines are not so broad as between the others; but the fields assigned them lie nearer together, and the first is a religious and the latter a social reformer.

It is too common to give Chaucer all the honors of this brilliant morning in our literature; for in truth neither of these four was much, if at all, indebted to any other, and English literature is indebted to each independently for opening original and distinct lines of English writing. Whoever takes a comprehensive view of our several styles of literary art, will find nothing in Chaucer's poetry which has contributed to our serious dialect and philosophical writings; very little which ever stimulated Englishmen to the pursuit of knowledge and that form of enterprise which produced modern discovery; nothing which has quickened the sluggish commons with social and political ambition—the first is the glory of Wyclif, the second of Mandeville, the third of the author of *Piers Ploughman*.

A little comparison of dates, recollecting the relatively slow and uncertain communication between different parts of England in that age, will render it clear that Chaucer is not the father of *all* our literature, though he stands in that relation to our poetry.

Mandeville wrote in 1356, having been out of England nearly all of the previous quarter of the century. Wyclif, born in 1324, was thirty-two years of age in 1356, and had already formed both his opinions and his style. *Piers Ploughman* was composed about 1362, when Chaucer, born in 1328, and the youngest of the group, was beginning his long career as a poet.

They were all stout Englishmen and lived long lives; Chaucer 72, Wyclif 60, Longland 65, Mandeville about 70. Longland, Wyclif, and Chaucer were born within three years—1325–1328—and died within sixteen years—1384–1400—and were all living in England for more than half a century. Mandeville was born and died about a quarter of a century in

advance of Chaucer, and the four were contemporaries for about forty years, between 1328 and 1371. It is only in recent times, or in single cities, that a writer shapes the literary work of his contemporaries, and these four men, though in a small island, were farther apart than are Matthew Arnold and George W. Curtis. They have all touched the older world and come into sympathy with the new civilization, but each touched and felt them at a different point; nor did their characters affect each other very deeply, or their art coalesce in any complete way, until they were blended in the wonderful genius and works of Shakspeare. For two centuries each founder had his followers and his separate harvest of English intellect; they met and flowed together in one great mind, but resolved themselves again into the original styles, each greatly modified by the characters of the others, and have come down to us, some with vast increments, from recent intellectual action, and one at least—Chaucer's—flowing in a narrowing and shallowing stream. Doubtless each knew something of each of the others; we have evidence of little more than such general acquaintance. Neither friendship nor enmities, such as mark the lives of later and earlier writers, exist among them. They might have been citizens of the four quarters of the globe and influenced each other as much as they, so far as they knew, actually did.

In deep, unconscious ways, however, they influenced each other. Probably all belonged to the advanced party, the party of the reformation, and each in his way was preparing English soil for a harvest of free thought. The labors of one affected insensibly the work of all the rest; but the highest place in honor for regenerating the English nation is not Chaucer's but Wyclif's. It is doubtful whether even the latter was ripe for martyrdom; certainly Chaucer had no opinions for which he was ready to die. He was to the core of his manhood an artist, seeing things to describe them, thinking thoughts to tell them, struggling to attain to perfect expression. Wyclif, on the other hand, seems less an artist because he thinks to reach the truth, and writes to convince or enlighten. But in his own field he is as eminent for the genius of expression as the great poet in his. The Gospel of St. John is the most wonderful piece of English produced in that age; nothing in the Canterbury tales approaches it in merit.

If we compare these writers with a view to determining the relative ripeness of their English, we shall find the oldest of them the most modern. If you change the spelling of Mandeville, you will read him with perfect ease, and if

you did not know, might wonder whether he or Shakspeare were most ancient. Witness the following, which is simply modernized in spelling:

"Egypt is a long country, but it is straight, that is to say, narrow, for they may not enlarge it toward the desert for default of water. And the country is set along upon the river of Nile; by as much as that river may serve, by floods or otherwise, that when it floweth, it may spread abroad through the country: so [therefore] is the country large of length. For there it raineth not but little in that country, and for that cause they have no water, but if it be of the flood of that river."

This is a very fair specimen, showing that this English of 1356 differs from ours in the use of some particles, and the verb enlarge is used with the *en* termination.

Wyclif is—twenty years later, about—in his best English equally modern, but he is sometimes unequal in this respect to himself. Compare these three verses from the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel:

"9. I pray for them, not for the world, but for them that thou hast given to me, for they be thine.

"10. And all mine things be thine, and thine things be mine; and I am glorified in them.

"11. And now I am not in the world, and these be in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep them in thy name which thou hast given to me, that they be one as and we."

Any reader can see by what slight alterations this translation has been perfected, and that only in the last clause where *and* is used for *also*, is there any material difficulty in sense, while the use of *mine* and *thine* for *my* and *thy* are the only verbal peculiarities.

Chaucer is very much farther off from us. This is due to the essentially archaic instincts of the poet, and the results of it are fatal to any attempt to diffuse the Chaucer poetry among modern readers. The changes in the language have ruined his measures and obscured his meanings to the common understanding.

In Longland, the same poetical instincts working in other materials have produced a like result in an exaggerated form. Longland wrote in the English of a rural England, as Chaucer did in that of a courtly one. The city poet is archaic in his French-English; the countryman in his Anglo-Saxon. The result is that Piers Ploughman is poetry to be translated into modern English before it can be understood. Neither poet can be appreciated by the average man of this age; but we must not forget that, each in his sphere, they influenced the

average men of their own age as no poets have influenced the more modern world.

These general outlines for comparison of the founders with each other are very meager, but they will serve the purpose of the general reader. Let us now consider each by himself.

John Mandeville, born about the year 1300, went abroad about 1322, and spent thirty-four years in foreign travel and residence. He wrote his travels in French, and translated them successively into Latin and English. We have English manuscripts of not more recent writing than the year 1400, so that we may fairly presume that we have it about as he composed it.

Very contradictory opinions are entertained of his merits as an observer; but all agree in admiring the ease and perspicuity of his narration. Thomas Arnold says he had as great opportunities as Herodotus, and made such poor use of them as to discredit modern intelligence by contrast with classical. In reply to which much might be said, but let this suffice, that it is very much a matter of taste whether one prefers the older or the younger marvels.

Mandeville belonged to his own age, an age which believed, or pretended to believe, whatever was marvelous, which so thirsted for wonderful things that it sought them with quenchless enthusiasm, and found, in the half-inspired quest, the greater wonders of modern discovery. To such enterprise Mandeville furnished a great impulse; and he brought the juvenile imagination of young England down from the clouds, where it sought the Sangreal and Papist miracles, to the solid earth full of secrets and wonders. What if Mandeville's world had Amazons, adamantine islands, men with equine hoofs, people with eight toes, and a foot which on occasion served for an umbrella? No man altogether escapes his time. It was a great thing to escape from fantastic lies about heaven to fantastic lies about the globe we inhabit. For these last challenged investigation, and rewarded it with a wealth of knowledge; while the former were incapable of exact verification, and tended to perpetuate the era of childish credulity.

But Mandeville is not all marvels. He furnished his generation with much information which is too familiar to us to permit us to appreciate its worth to his contemporaries. Remember that George Washington never rode in a railway car, and that wise philosopher, Franklin, knew nothing of Atlantic cables. Remember, too, that Madonnas are still winking, and the blood of San Gennaro still boils, in a world which glories in its wisdom. The worst use you can make of your wisdom is to disparage

the older ages who were also wise according to their lights.

But the chief value of these travels lay in the inspiration which they breathed into the English mind, the insatiable curiosity about discoverable truth which they stimulated. The work was very popular, and a distinguished critic says that more manuscripts of it are extant than of any other author of that or the next century. Nor did Englishmen alone share in the benefits of his work; written in three languages, it reached some of the inquisitive minds of every advancing nation, and, I repeat, was a decided impulse toward modern discovery.

As the first prose work in mixed English which has been preserved, Mandeville's book has for us an extraordinary interest. It shows such a great stride from the Semi-Saxon of works known to have been written in 1340, that we are compelled to believe there were two English languages in England at the same time. The sermons of Richard Rolle, of Hampole, were certainly written for one public; the travels of Mandeville as certainly for another; and both were the same generation of Englishmen. The explanation is, that Mandeville's is London, and Rolle's provincial English. In the metropolis the mixture of the speech was soonest completed, and the popularity and diffusion of such works as those of Mandeville and the prose of Chaucer compelled the adoption of the metropolitan dialect in the provinces.

There are more Norman-Latin words in Mandeville than in any of his contemporaries, and fewer of the same stock that have since become obsolete. Chaucer, in his poetry, ranks next to him in the number of French words, surpasses him in French idioms, and furnishes a larger number of terms which have failed to gain a permanent place in the language.

The style of Mandeville, besides its remarkable perspicuity, approaches the prose of his contemporaries in that serious simplicity which early became, and long remained, a distinctive charm of English prose. French, for example, has never had a dialect suitable to religious thought; English of the olden time seems always to be preaching from Wyclif's Gospels. By this quality our tongue has taken hold of the best and strongest elements of our humanity, has turned the strong, deep nature of the English people toward the world of action and conviction, has helped us to opinions held dearer than life, to enterprise saturated with a feeling of the dignity and immortal value in human life.

That Mandeville, Wyclif, and Chaucer—in his prose—share in this serious quality is fatal to the theory that it was invented by any one

of them. It grew partly out of the richer development of the religious dialect in Anglo-Saxon, and was encouraged by the serious purposes to which the mixed language was first devoted. Very different English would have come down to us if comedy had preceded homily, liturgy, and Gospel. Put a theater in the place of the church in the fourteenth century, and you may grow a tongue as flippant and social as that of France.

I have sometimes thought that the failure—speaking comparatively—of the English stage is due to this consecration of our speech to religious uses at its very birth, rendering it so incapable of play, so bent upon work, that if it be not seriously religious it must be seriously coarse and brutal. Only a language neutral in morals can have the lightness and sprightliness of comedy and comic verse. English is very positively moral.

But this serious quality has been an element of great power in the higher poetry, in philosophical and scientific writing; and, inasmuch as work and not play is the source of pleasure, it is a subject for gratulation that decent comedy is nearly, if not quite, impossible in our language.

The way in which our founders impressed themselves upon the English-speaking race is well described by Mr. Marsh:

“About the middle of the fourteenth century schools were established, in which English was both taught as itself an object of study, and employed as a vehicle of instruction in other languages and disciplines. Whatever existed in the English tongue, whether by translation or by original composition, now became a part of the general patrimony of the English people, and these, as every-where else, the learning, the poetry, the philosophy, which had been slowly gathered on the summits of social life, now flowed down to a lower level, and refreshed, as with the waters of a fountain of youth, the humbler ranks of the English people.”

The growth of the nation, the development of a great English people, was at once the occasion and the golden opportunity of literary labor worthy of the monumental honors furnished in a people growing still greater through the travail of the inkhorn.

The modern character of Mandeville's English is, despite the force of these suggestions, still something of a marvel. Another fact sheds some light upon the strange phenomenon. The mixed time was perfected not in books, but in the social life of a metropolis. In the court, in the social life of the better classes, in the contract of society and business which very early become a feature of London life, the new speech

took form, and the relative place and value of the two elements were determined. That English was thoroughly Saxon in its structure, while the Norman and Latin names for ideas and things, either gone out of English memory or new to English experience, were readily incorporated into the vocabulary, not so much to displace Saxon as to supply defects resulting partly from losses and partly from the narrowness of Anglo-Saxon art and invention.

To quote again Mr. Marsh:

“The law which now first became organized into a science, introduced very many terms borrowed from the nomenclature of Latin and French jurisprudence; the glass-worker, the enameler, the architect, the brass-founder, the Flemish clothier, and the other handicraftsmen, whom Norman taste and luxury invited, or domestic oppression expelled, from the Continent, brought with them the vocabularies of their respective arts; and Mediterranean commerce—which was stimulated by the demand of English wool, then the finest in Europe—imported from the harbors of a sea where French was the predominant language, both new articles of merchandise and the French designations of them.

“The sciences, too, medicine, physics, geography, alchemy, astrology, all of which became known to England chiefly through French channels, added numerous specific terms to the existing vocabulary, and very many of the words, first employed in English writings as a part of the technical phraseology of these various arts and knowledges, soon passed into the domain of common life, in modified or untechnical senses, and thus became incorporated into the general tongue of society and of books.”

The most probable explanation, then, is, that Mandeville, the man of the world, used the language of English society; while study of foreign poetry, theology, and metaphysics diluted the writings of Chaucer and Wyclif with Latin and French words not yet accepted by society, and destined in some cases to fail of the suffrages of posterity; and rural isolation, or popular aims, retained in Longland Saxon words long dead in London, and excluded from his verse the new tribe of words naturalized in the social circles of the metropolis.

WHAT a beautiful sight it is to behold the aged Christian at the close of his career, retiring like the resplendent sun beneath the western wave; giving promise, in the increased richness of his graces, and brightness of his example, that his rising shall be amidst the glories of eternity!

ASPECTS OF MODERN MATERIALISM.

FIRST PAPER.

WE stood a few years ago on the island of Java. For eighty days we had been tossing on the ocean without sight of land, nothing but the depths of the sky above us, nothing but the waste of waters around us. The tropical sun had been for a few days pouring its floods of heat upon us, and then the evening breezes began to bear to us the odors of the land of spices. About noon of the next day we dropped our anchors in the straits of Sunda, and went ashore at the little station of Anger.

Here opened before us the most magnificent display of vegetable grandeur we had ever seen. The whole scene, as it suddenly presented itself to us, was like a glorious dream, the most fascinating and imaginative we had ever conceived. Nature seemed to produce here in a perfect revelry of luxuriance. Here were palm-trees of every kind—cocoa-nut, palmyra, date. Here were tamarind-trees; bamboos, radiating their long and feathery branches to the sky, and serving a thousand purposes to the natives; the betel-nut, tall and graceful, furnishing its narcotic luxury; the banyan dropped tendrils which sought to reach and root themselves in the earth, soon to become as cables of wood uniting the branches to the soil. Every thing was in tropical richness and Oriental luxuriance. In the midst of this wealth of Nature stood the only creature that seemed vile and useless. Dark as the red earth on which he walked, and nearly naked, his mouth and teeth stained with betel-nut, as if he had just finished a feast of blood, lounging listlessly under the magnificent trees that sheltered and fed him, this creature seemed like a caricature on the purity, the orderliness and bountifulness of the scene around him. By his side was his companion in squalor and misery, but little more clothed than himself, her rich black hair hanging in tangled masses about her shoulders, in one arm her child, and in the other a monkey, leaving you to guess which she esteemed the most, or really which was the nobler creature.

This man and woman spent their days loitering under the shade of the banyan, merely reaching out their hands to pluck the cocoanuts or bananas, the oranges or the dates, which they wished for food, or to dig beneath the surface of the soil for the yam, or wade out into the shallow sea after fish. A mere reed-covered bamboo hut was their house. They were thoughtless and aimless. They needed no labor, Nature produced for them; they were moved by no anxiety—an everlasting Summer

provided for them. There was nothing for them to do but to eat, drink, sleep, and die. And so they and their fathers had been doing for generations unknown in human history. Among them were no arts, no knowledge; and even a religious nature only asserted itself in superstitious fears. We turned away from this strange scene enchanted with the gorgeous beauty of Nature, but saddened by the thought of the degradation of man, when his life becomes stagnant and aimless. This, we said, is man in stagnation.

Three weeks later and we touched the shores of a great Oriental empire. It swept along a coast of more than three thousand miles, and reached back toward the interior of Asia for nearly two thousand more. Its territory was covered by a teeming population of 400,000,000. Here was man again, and in a new phase. He had passed beyond the nakedness of the Javanese, and sometimes clothed himself in rude and flimsy garments, but always, when able, in rich fabrics and tawdry finery. A scene of strange civilization now appeared before us—a singular blending of wealth and poverty, of magnificence and squalor, of wisdom and folly, of greatness and bitterness, of knowledge and ignorance, of strength and weakness. Nature here, too, was generous and merciful, providing a climate mild and healthful, a vegetation rich and varied, and mineral resources of exhaustless value. Man here at one time had evidently been pressed out of his natural stagnation. He had invented arts, he had made some useful discoveries in science, he had created a not contemptible literature, he had framed a singularly complex government, he had made cities, built rude houses, acquired a sort of fantastic architecture, and built temples, pagodas, and palaces, characterized by magnificence and grotesqueness, by a painful disproportion between the conception and the execution. They forced us to admire the thought, but to laugh at its realization. These people had learned the rudiments of trade, had even ventured into commerce, but it was with huge vessels, clumsy and unwieldy—again showing a great purpose, but little power of execution.

For years we studied this strange civilization. We saw that it changed nothing. We traced its history for centuries into the past, and found no change. This generation lived, thought, worked, dressed, built houses, made ships, tilled the soil, exactly as the generations of their fathers had done for twenty centuries before them. They had discovered no new arts, they had improved in none, they had made no advances in science or literature. We had before

us the spectacle of a great nation that had started on a career of progress, had made some advance in civilization, had discovered many really good and useful things, had laid foundations on which might have been built a structure of civilization that might have been the glory of the world, but suddenly, as if by a terrible frost sweeping down from the poles, they had been frozen to death. And there they stood like men frozen in an ice-cave, retaining around them every evidence and element of the progress they had made, but themselves motionless. It was a nation petrified. It was tied irrevocably to the dead past. It was sacrilege to change, to improve, or to add to what had been done by the fathers. And there for centuries has stood the great empire of China, a perfect petrification to-day of what their ancestors had achieved two thousand years ago, a photograph in the nineteenth century of the civilization of the first.

A few years afterward we struck out again from this land of Orientalism, these scenes of semi-civilization and semi-barbarism, and for ninety days held communion with the skies and the seas, apparently shut out from all the nations, with only one evidence of human power and achievement for our study—the ship on which we sailed. At the end of three months we reached the coast of another country. Light and airy vessels, like sea-birds on the wave, were floating around us; the highlands of New Jersey were lifting themselves out of the sea before us; the bay of New York opened its rocky arms to receive us, and we were in the midst of a New World. It seemed but a little while since we left the stagnation and death of heathendom, and now, as if by a magician's wand, a new and wonderful scene opened before us. Steamships, like palaces on the ocean; steamboats, like houses on the sea; graceful ships, and lithe schooners, bearing the products of the world, were studding the bay. On each side of the stream the green hills were occupied by beautiful homes, surrounded by rich lawns and cultivated fields. In the distance were the tall spires and the palaces of trade and business of the city, and the noise of its earnest life came to us over the waters.

What a contrast with every thing we had seen during the years of our absence! There all was death, stagnation, petrification. Here all was life, work, progress. Here were broad streets, magnificent buildings, beautiful homes, palatial stores. Here science had made wonderful discoveries—had brought every department of nature tributary to man's necessities. Here the arts had brought forth a thousand

things for beauty, and comfort, and use. Here the earth, and the sea, and the air, electricity, heat, the very sun himself had been brought into subjection, and were working for man. Here were liberty, intelligence, education, refinement; here were art, science, skill; here the reign of ignorance, superstition, and tyranny had passed away. Here was the new world, the new civilization, the modern times, the new era, the nineteenth century, the age of progress, the times in which we live.

Let us now study more closely some of the characteristics of this era, which has really dawned upon the world almost as suddenly as the vision of it broke upon us, after emerging from a state of things not widely different from what we ourselves not very long ago left behind us. There is nothing more astonishing in our modern life than the rapidity with which it has developed itself. Some of its most characteristic elements have come into being within the memory of the living generation. The secret spring of the life of our times is the progress that has been made in the arts and sciences, the one giving us the wonderful skill in manufacturing new and useful things, the other opening up to us new sources of power and new fields of knowledge. And yet how short a time has art been thus working, and science been engaged in making these discoveries! How long has it been since the only forces of nature subject to the employment of man were the winds and the waters, and our only motive-powers, except laboring animals, were wind-wheels and water-wheels? There are those among our readers whose memory reaches back beyond the steam-engine, the railroad, the electric telegraph, beyond all the wonderful machines that now do the world's labor, and before whose vision stands out a picture of life almost the antipode of the present.

The picture is a homely one, and yet has power to touch the hearts of those who can recall it. In its center is the humble log-cabin, or, at least, and quite aristocratic, the two-story frame or brick. Husband and wife, the father and mother, are laborers together to keep and bless the home. He produces and she converts to use. The cows in the pasture she milks with her own hands, and gathers the cream and the butter. The sheep that wander on the hills he rears and shears; the wool she cleans, and spins, and knits into stockings; the hand-loom, not far distant, weaves it into fabrics from which our mothers made the garments of the family. Our fathers raised the flax, broke it, hatched it, and our mothers carded and spun, wove and bleached it into snowy linen. Our carpets, few

and far between, were made of worn-out garments, torn and sewed by our mothers and sisters, and woven by hand by our neighbor. The lumbering stage-coach was our only mode of travel, until we made the wonderful advance to the canal packet-boat, making three miles an hour. To send a message to a friend a hundred miles away and receive a reply consumed a week. In the Winter, when the rivers overflowed their banks, or the snow lay deep, large towns within a few miles of each other were completely cut off from all intercourse. It took eight days by special messenger to carry the news of the declaration of Independence from Philadelphia to Boston. Well-to-do farmers, mechanics, and village merchants were without the commonest comforts now rarely absent from the laborer's cottage. The luxuries that now give comfort to almost every home were then unknown. We remember the first piano introduced into our native town; we saw the first canal-boat that sailed in our native State; we saw the first train of cars that swept through our village; we heard the clicking of the electric magnet that registered the first message that the lightning flashed through our State. How wonderful, then, has been this transition from the old to the new within a single life-time!

But to measure the full magnitude and rapidity of these changes we should go back a little beyond our own memory. Let us take a century. A hundred years ago the steam-engine was unknown. Heat had not been converted into a mechanical power. Electricity and magnetism were not yet studied in their relations to each other, and their wonderful capabilities; the voltaic pile with its power to rend asunder the most obstinate compounds, the galvanic battery with its skill to plate the metals without the aid of fire, the electric light, the electric telegraph, the terrible electric coil, the rival of gunpowder, were all then unknown. The wonders and beauties of the whole photographic art, immortalizing the likenesses of our friends, and painting with unerring skill the scenes and buildings, the places and ruins of distant countries, had not yet entered the imagination of man. Chemistry, as an exact science, had no existence. Earth, air, and water had not been decomposed; the nature of the metals, and even the existence of many of them was unknown; the acids, alkalies, and salts now employed in so many arts, then were undiscovered; the secret mysteries of combustion were ignored; the existence of gases distinct from atmospheric air was not determined. Agriculture was a blind and empirical practice, exhausting the soil and ignorant of any methods of

re-enriching it. Geology was nothing more than a speculative romance; as a science it had not yet been born. It was then unknown that in the fossil remains of a rock is contained the story of its origin; that the very foundation of the "everlasting hills" contained the history of their formation, and the story of their growth and relative ages. Thousands of plants had been collected and named, but no Linnæus had yet risen to give them even an artificial classification, much less a Jessieu to arrange them into natural families; nor had a Cuvier, or Owen, or Agassiz appeared to apply the same laws to the animal kingdom. Men could not then mount from age to age, reconstructing in their forms, their aspects, and even their habitations, the animals and plants which have preceded the advent of man upon the earth, conducting us back to the moment when life first maintained itself upon the globe.

We can hardly pronounce it over-boastful when an eminent scientist proudly asks, "Has not man to-day acquired the right to say, Matter and the forces which it obeys contain no secrets which he does not know, or shall not be able at some future period to discover? Earth is gradually yielding up her mysteries to him. He is present at its earliest ages; he reconstructs the beings which it has nourished; he knows the relative dates of the transformations on its surface; he assigns to each star its place in the orbit in which it moves; he weighs the sun; he analyzes the substance of which it is composed, as if it could be placed in his crucible, and he can say of what elements the stars consist, even those the light from which requires ages to travel to the focus where he performs their dissection on the earth.

"He plays with the forces of nature; he transforms the light into heat, then heat into light, electricity into magnetism, magnetism into electricity, and all these forms of activity into mechanical powers. He converts one compound into another. He imitates all the processes of nature dead, and the majority of those of nature living. He renders at will the soil fruitful or sterile. He gives to it or takes from it the power to nourish the plant. Life is an open book, where from the embryo egg to the death of the animal he reads the *rules* of the blood which circulates; that of the heart which beats and of the lungs which respire; that of the muscles which obey, of the nerves which convey the order, of the brain which commands, of the stomach which digests, and of the chyle which regenerates. In a word, he applies to his use all of the forces and all of the gifts of nature."

THE PARTING.

THEN she went in and shut the door,
 And shut out with it all her happy past
 And hopeful future, so that never more
 She could be glad and know that it would last.
 The splendid purple of Night's large pavilion
 Trailed down in scented folds and swept the sea
 And land, and paled the clear vermilion
 Of Evening's bridal robe, as bashful she
 Received his soft betrothal kiss and bowed
 Her happy forehead to the starry crown
 He placed upon it, while serene and proud
 He wrapped her in his bosom for his own.
 The chirp of cricket, and the whir of moth,
 And free, wild call of frogs from marshy meadows,
 And the slat, slat, of beetles through the shadows,
 Like shuttles through a dusky web of cloth,
 And the low, murmurous drip of fragrant dew
 From trailing honeysuckle vines and creepers,
 And drowsy twittering of feathered sleepers
 Under the mossy eaves, and downward through
 The fretted arches of the great pine woods
 The hymning anthem of the solemn breeze,
 And the weird whispering of the shadowy trees,
 And the strange, voiceless language of their solitude;
 And the far, dreamy tinkle of bells, and low
 Of grazing herds, and mournful bleat of flocks,
 And shouts of reapers 'mong the yellow shocks
 Of wheat, and boyish whistle down the lane and
 through
 The dewy orchard path, and songs of lasses,
 Who carried home their foaming, fragrant pails,
 And laugh of children, and the whir of quails
 Among the brush-wood and the swaying grasses,
 And all the dreamful charm of the hour that drops
 Breathless between the gleaming and the gloaming,
 Swept in upon her like a mockery, coming
 To taunt her with her wreck of happy hopes.
 For she had stood there in the dewy glimmer
 Of scented vines, and with her small, brown hands
 Had put away his strong one, and the bands
 That she had worn so gladly through the shimmer
 Of all her happy girlhood; she had pressed
 One last kiss on his forehead, since that he
 Could never kiss her any more, nor be
 The great, grand angel of her simple breast,
 And so had sent him from her shrived and blessed.
 And so she had gone in and shut the door. You see
 The tale runs this wise: They were boy and girl
 Together; brown, and bold, and hardy, he;
 She bright and winsome, with a wealth of curl
 And ringlet, and blue eyes, and mouth like dewy
 clover,
 And pretty, dimpled hands that fluttered always
 Like two brown quails you scared once from their cover,
 Just as you reached the woods that fringed the
 valleys.
 Boy and girl together—you know what the words
 mean—
 Going to school, chums in the spelling-class,

A chivalrous boy-knight and grateful queen;
 Long rambles afternoon-times down in the meadow
 grass,
 Where little, bare pink toes crushed the sweet-
 scented berries,
 And pretty, bare, brown ankles shamed the slender
 rushes;
 The homeward walk, the good-by under the cherries,
 Where the stars only see the pouting lips and blushes,
 The playing at "keeping house" under the breezy
 grove,
 Carpets, and chairs, and couches all of moss;
 The boyish, frank avowal of the frank, boyish love,
 The grave betrothal and its pledges—tress of
 golden floss,
 And simple ribbon of blue, and buds just bursting
 To fragrant meaning—then the plans built as high
 As heaven, the boy-spirit for man's empire thirsting,
 The girl's dream ending always in "you and I."
 This the words meant to them, until the years
 Led his path upward to cool, breezy heights
 Of learning and achievement, and to hurtling spheres
 Where heaven seemed all athrob with grand,
 white lights
 That dazzled him, and shut out the still flush
 Of dreamy lovelight that, wrapped in the past,
 Shut out the tender beauty of her smile and blush,
 And made him fret against the chains that held
 him fast.
 For she—you know the sort of girl she was,
 Pretty, and sweet, and pure, and womanly, too,
 Who would be merry mate among her girls and boys,
 Be patient nurse in illness, sing for you,
 With little tender cadences and thrills,
 Songs in the golden hush of Summer eves,
 When the shades chase each other down the hills,
 And the skies blossom thick with starry sheaves,
 Yet who could never climb with sandaled feet
 Above the bounds of her green, sheltered vale,
 Nor walk, through dewy shine, or noonday heat,
 The paths you tread where stars and worlds grow
 pale.
 It was the old, old story, with no name
 Save that which God reads on the writhing heart,
 Where the links gall it with their cruel smart,
 And sear their impress there as with a flame.
 And so they parted; he in sad remorse
 That she should suffer, having loved him so;
 She patient, seeking only his best good, and low,
 And softly breathing blessings on his course,
 Parted, and in between them swept a scented fold
 Of the night's splendid purple, and it swept
 Around her so, that, if she drooped and wept,
 Only the pitying angels ever could have told.
 This only they who loved her saw and read
 On her white brow and in her calm, dove eyes,
 That looked with steady lids across the skies,
 As if washed pure by bitter tear-drops shed,
 That if God's plowshare breaks our violet banks,
 And hides the bloom under the long, brown furrows,
 He plants his grain instead, and crowns our sorrows
 With heavy harvest sheaves, and blessed thanks.

AUNT MARTHA'S REBUKE.

IT was a Summer evening in the sunny South, and as traces of the red and golden sunset still lit the western sky my hostess proposed that we should walk.

The hum of busy labor for the day was over, the field-hands had sought their cabins, and the still hour of plantation life had arrived ere the mellow twilight was ushered in. We sauntered forth into the broad avenue, and Mrs. Colby led me to a grassy knoll, from which we could see broad fields of cane, that in the distance seemed to undulate with the motion of the soft June breeze. On our left she pointed to the quarters of the negroes, yet while making slight allusion to one and another of the houses, she appeared desirous only to call my attention to a particular cabin. This was situated apart from the others, and indicated by its external appearance that its inmate received a more than ordinary share of notice.

"That is the home of Aunt Martha," said Mrs. Colby with proud satisfaction; "no relative," she continued, "but one who, although black, possesses as great a share of my affection as any of my white kindred. She knew me in my infancy, and though very aged and infirm now, still retains her mental faculties. White and black alike call her Aunt Martha; but of her more anon. You must know her ere leaving here."

My curiosity was somewhat awakened concerning the aged negress, who was evidently an object of much care and attention with the lady.

At this time Mrs. Colby was fifty years of age, was a widow, childless, and lived alone. Excepting an overseer, she was the sole manager of her plantation, and was generally known as a kind-hearted lady, well-esteemed by her neighbors and beloved by those who served her.

In years gone by people had represented her as a cold, selfish woman of the world, intent only on gain and schemes for the advancement of those nearest to her. A proud wife and an ambitious mother could scarcely be other than a severe mistress, and among her slaves Mrs. Colby had as few friends as in the world outside.

But a change came; one which worked an entire revolution in the woman's mind and disposition. Some attribute this to the loss of her only child, a promising young man of twenty—who had survived his father but one year—and it was believed that sorrow and trouble had done much toward softening her nature.

We had strolled some distance without break-

ing to a group of magnolias that stood about a quarter of a mile from the house. Growing among these was a number of rare plants, the flowers of which were in bloom, and filled the air with fragrance. As we drew nearer I observed a mound almost covered with flowers between two of the trees. It was evident that the spot was a holy one, and that these offerings had been strewn by the hand of love.

"Pardon me for having brought you here," said Mrs. Colby at length. "But I come this way so often that force of habit led me here this morning. This is my son's grave," she added while pointing to the mound.

I had no reply to make that might not seem intrusive, so I watched the mother as she removed the faded flowers, and after culling fresh ones, scattered them over the mound.

"This spot," continued the lady as we moved away, "contains the earthly remains of one I was once wicked enough to make an idol of. But my heart was hardened then, and I forgot that I was too unworthy to retain the priceless treasure the Lord had left with me but for a time. I was selfish and believed it my own, and forgot in my pride that God had given it, and could take it away.

"I was spared the sorrow of seeing my husband die, for he was lost at sea, and grieved as I was then I could not but realize that I still had a dear one left to live for. My life was bound up in this one—so good, so gifted and loving as he was! All that could gladden a mother's heart was centered in him, and when he died the light seemed to be shut out from my life. For years I had lived outside the Christian circle, but now it appeared as if I must drift even further away from it, so dark did every thing seem to me in my anguish. Yet the dawn came, and a hand was stretched out to save: it reached me, and I was taught humility. Shall I tell you who led me all bowed with shame and remorse to the mercy-seat? It was old Aunt Martha; the one I had ridiculed many times as the revivalist on the plantation, and leader of the prayer-meetings; an untaught negress, ignorant in many things, but filled with a desire to love and serve her Maker, and rich in heavenly trust. O, what an example she set me, and what a glorious day was that in which she pointed out to me the error of my ways!

"For weeks after my son died I confined myself to my own apartments, refusing to see any one except my waiting-maid when she brought my meals. In my selfish grief I neglected my affairs and the comfort of those around me. The servants were more afraid to come near me

than before, and I longed to be far away from every living creature and to forget the world.

"One day when I was absorbed with my wicked repinings, and was weeping bitterly, I heard a low knock at the door, and thinking it was my waiting-maid I said, 'Come in.' To my great surprise I saw an old bowed figure enter, which proved to be Aunt Martha. Somewhat abashed by her boldness in seeking me, I motioned for her to be seated. 'Do n't fret, but pray, Miss Ellen,' said the old woman; 'pray to de Lord. De blessed Master will comfort you.' 'How can I, Aunt Martha, my all is gone.' 'No, honey, not all; you got Jesus left you yet.' 'But my boy has been taken.' 'An' hasent you forgibben de Heavenly Father for dat yet? He been de one who took yer chille.' It seemed an irreverent speech, still my conscience knew the justness of the rebuke. I felt guilty and ashamed, and could not answer. What was I that I should feel angry at a heavenly dispensation?

"In a moment had I been humbled by the rebuke of an untaught slave, which too forcibly reminded me of all I had to ask forgiveness for. I remained silent, and Martha continued, 'Tink, Miss Ellen, dat young massa did n't belong to you. He was de Lord's, and de Lord loan him to you; when he want young massa he take him. Same way you take sumting of yers from me, I got no right to fret. Young massa too good to be lef below here, and our Father want him above. You mussent be angry now dat he gone, but tank de Lord dat you had him for twenty years, so you could know him. Now if you love young massa so much, an' want to see him again, serve de Lord, an' you will, Miss Ellen. Be de Lord's chille, not de chille of de world, an' you will jine young massa. Pray wid me, Miss Ellen, an' ask de Lord to give you a new heart.' The old woman came toward me, and I suffered her to take my hand and kneeled beside her.

"Her prayer lacked the elegance that education gives, yet the heart-felt expressions she gave utterance to reached my heart, and I felt from that time like a new being. I retired that night prepared to begin a new work on the morrow.

"For days after Aunt Martha was my constant companion, when I would read the Bible to her, and she would relate her Christian experience to me. Since then my life has indeed been a busy one among my people, and when I am needed outside and can be spared at home I go. I superintend my affairs myself, settle all grievances among my people, seeing that they are not ill-treated or overworked by the over-

seer. In this way I seldom have an opportunity to be idle, and am thankful that I can be of use to those around me, as well as help others with the means God has placed at my disposal.

"Now may I ask; need you wonder that I reverence and love Aunt Martha?"

There was but one answer to give, and added to it was the request that I might soon be introduced to the old woman.

This desire was gratified, for before returning to the house we called at Martha's cabin and spent a pleasant hour. We found her bedridden from rheumatism, but she appeared well pleased to see us and was grateful for our visit. It was not the only call she received, for I found much to interest me in her conversation.

One year later and Aunt Martha's mission on earth was ended; she was called to reap the reward of her labors, and another mound was shaded by the magnolias. The old woman's grave is at the foot of her young master's. Mrs. Colby died three years after, in the commencement of the rebellion, and was placed beside her son.

The plantation has since been divided into small farms and sold for the benefit of the nearest heirs, but there is one portion that has not passed into strange hands. It is the corner where the magnolias stand, and the three mounds are undisturbed. The guardian of this spot is an old, faithful slave of the Colby family, and he purchased it with his own means to hold it sacred.

A SUMMER MORNING.

FAIR is the scene—it is a Summer morn.
Bright drops of dew begem the blades of corn,
Billows of gold sweep o'er the spreading plain
Where harvest rides upon a sea of grain,
The orchard bending with its burden rare
Holds to the sun its fruitage ripening fair,
The tufts of phlox aflame upon the lawn
Reflect the smiling glances of the dawn,
The early breeze bears joy upon its wings,
For at its touch the robin starts and sings,
And every scene that opens to my gaze—
Each sound I hear—awakes my soul to praise.
Sweet Summer morn! fair sister of the days
That dwelt in Eden's peaceful bowers of praise,
Upon thy forehead shows no trace of guile,
And Eden's self before me seems to smile,
And all my years shall holier, happier be
For this dear hour, and for its memory.
Back through the dawns that may be dark or fair—
Back through the days that may be full of care—
Back from the tent upon the moorland cold,
Where Age shall sit and count his dreamy fold—
Back from the borders of the boundless sea
My thoughts shall turn, O Summer morn, to thee.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

OUTWARD APPEARANCE.

"O MATTIE, do come and see what a queer-looking object is coming up the road!"

"Where, Georgie, where?" echoed a chorus of voices as the owners rushed pell-mell to the open window and protruded their several heads therefrom, while eager eyes scanned the road in search of the curious object to which George had called his sister's attention.

"Why, there, up the road; wait a moment; she's gone down in the hollow; you'll see her directly coming over the brow of that hill there right opposite father's meadow."

"Is it a person, George?" inquired Mattie, turning her bright-blue eyes in the direction indicated.

"Why, yes, it is a woman, to be sure, but the funniest one it was ever my fortune to see. Halloo! there she comes, the very queen of witches!"

All eyes were fastened upon the figure which now appeared in sight, and proved to be a woman apparently well advanced in years, if one might judge by the bent form and the slow, cautious step with which she advanced. The dark-gray cloak in which she was enveloped seemed to be of some ancient style, and designed for extremely cold climates, since it consisted of numerous capes, each surmounting the other, the whole combination imparting to the wearer a very buncy appearance, which, to say the least, was exceedingly grotesque. Her bonnet was of huge dimensions, such as were worn years ago by our grandmothers. In one hand she carried a cotton umbrella, though the day was exceedingly fine; while in the other she held what appeared to be a box or large square parcel securely covered with a newspaper. On her arm hung an old-fashioned reticule filled to its utmost capacity. As she arrived opposite the house she paused, and carefully depositing her large package on the ground, glanced uneasily up and down the road as if uncertain which way to proceed. From some receptacle beneath the huge proportions of her cloak she drew forth a palm-leaf fan, and proceeded to avail herself of its cooling properties, thereby proving herself provided with comforts peculiar to either cold or warm weather. The little group at the windows watched her with considerable interest.

"Poor creature," said Mattie, "I dare say she is tired; I'm sure she has walked a great way to-day."

"Then why do n't she sit down on that great box and rest awhile?" responded George.

"Perhaps she can't—may be it's a band-box."

"Sure enough, sis, that's a wise suggestion: I've no doubt that's just the truth of the matter; no woman ever travels without a band-box, even if she does go on foot. Halloo! how is this—why, in the name of all that's wonderful, if the funny old creature is n't coming here!" And sure enough she had again taken up her baggage, and to their utter amazement was slowly walking down the lane leading to the house.

"She has probably lost her way and is coming to inquire about the roads," suggested George.

"That can't be," said Walter Jones, one of George's playmates, who had been an amused spectator of the old lady's proceedings. "While you were discussing the band-box question farmer Colby passed by, and the old woman stopped him and seemed to be inquiring for some one. He listened a moment, and then pointed over here, and she started at once in this direction. I congratulate you, George, on your new acquaintance, possibly some maiden aunt from the backwoods, of whose existence you have never been informed." Having delivered this speech he laughed so tauntingly that George colored deeply as he replied with spirit:

"We have n't got no such relations, Walter Jones; our connections are all people of respectability."

"Bless me, George Grey—come, now, that's rich; can't an odd-looking little old woman be respectable?"

"Have a care what you say, sir; I do n't know any thing about her, nor any other backwoods people."

"Nobody said you did, that I'm aware of."

"Pshaw, George, what's the use of quarreling about a poor old woman, just because she looks funny?" said Mattie. "I'm going down to see what she wants." And with a light step she bounded down the stairs.

"Come on, George," said Walter, "we won't quarrel about her; let us go down, too, and see what she looks like on closer inspection."

They arrived in the hall just in time to see Mrs. Grey seize both the old lady's hands in hers as with an expression of pleasure she drew her into the cozy family sitting-room and closed the door.

"There!" exclaimed Walter triumphantly, "did n't I tell you it was your aunt come to see you! Come, now, why do n't you go in and welcome her to Greyside Villa?"

"Nonsense! Walter Jones, I tell you she is no relation of mine."

"Ah! how do you know that? I'm sure she was very cordially welcomed by your mother."

"My mother is always kind to every one. If the old lady called on any charitable mission for others, or was in want of assistance herself, my mother would treat her well."

"Bah! does she take every beggar or peddler by both hands and express delight at seeing them? Does she lead them into her pleasant sitting-room in that agreeable style? If she does, I wonder Greyside Villa is not daily besieged by objects of charity from all parts of the country."

The discussion was here cut short by the appearance of Mrs. Grey in the hall accompanied by her strange visitor. They proceeded upstairs together, and had scarcely reached the landing above, when Walter gave vent to a shout of laughter, exclaiming, "What an acquisition to Greyside Villa! Three cheers for the queen of witches!"

George was evidently annoyed, but made no reply to the rude speech. Mattie was ready to cry with vexation as Walter, with a boy's love of teasing, turned to her saying, "She has come to stay a week, Mattie, at all events, perhaps longer. I'm going home to send mother over to call on her. I'm sure she'd be delighted to make her acquaintance and learn how affairs are progressing in the backwoods." So saying he strode away whistling a favorite air.

After a little while Mrs. Grey came down alone and called George and Mattie into the sitting-room. "My children," said she, "I was grieved to hear you speak so disrespectfully of any aged person as you did of the old lady who is now my guest."

"Why, mother," said George, "we did n't know she was coming here; and if I did call her the queen of witches, I did n't mean any disrespect to her really. I'm sure, mother, you must admit she is very odd looking; but do tell us, who is she?"

"It was Walter Jones that laughed so loud, mother," put in Mattie, with the evident desire of clearing her brother.

"Yes, mother, he said she was my aunt from

the backwoods, and made all manner of sport of what he chose to call my new relation."

"And, mother," exclaimed Mattie, "he said he was going home to send his mother over to call on her, and you know they are such awful proud people," and little Mattie looked exceedingly grave as she delivered this important piece of news.

"I would be glad to see my children pay due respect to age, no matter what the surrounding circumstances may be. Appearances are often deceitful, and the roughest exterior frequently conceals the warmest heart and the most lovable character. Sit down by me here in the twilight, and I will tell you something of the history of the old lady in question while she is resting upstairs. That she is one of the best of her sex the story will prove. It is needless to enter into the details of her life's sad experience. A few particulars will suffice. Left an orphan at an early age, she was taken to the home of an uncle who soon grew weary of the charge, and proved unfaithful to his trust. She was treated very unkindly, and made to feel her dependence in every possible way. She never had the pleasure of looking back upon the joys of childhood, since to her there was nothing but trouble and care. Her married life was for a time a happy period, but even this path was not devoid of thorns. Misfortunes and losses of various kinds followed her still. Her husband was killed by a steam-boat accident while on his way home from a distant city, and she was not even able to recover his remains. She was left alone with the care of three small children, two of whom fell victims to an epidemic which was prevalent at the time, and followed their father to the better land. The eldest, a son, was spared, and no mother was ever blessed with a nobler boy than Willie Cramer. Truthful, honest, and upright, always avoiding even the appearance of evil, he grew up to be the pride and comfort of his mother. How happy she was in the possession of so great a treasure! But the time came when even this was to be taken from her. You remember, my son, the terrible times through which we passed a few years ago, when our country was in danger, and the true, loyal hearts of her brave sons interposed themselves between her and ruin. Regiment after regiment went forward, and still the call came for more men. Brave, true-hearted Willie Cramer went about his daily duties with downcast looks; he seldom spoke of the war, yet was always eager for the latest news. One evening, as Mrs. Cramer passed his room, the door of which was slightly ajar, she heard him praying, and stood rooted to the spot as his words fell upon

her ears. He was asking God to direct him in the matter which pressed so heavily upon his heart; he prayed that if it was right for him to go forth in defense of his country, that God would put it into the heart of his mother to consent to his going. Mrs. Cramer pondered over the subject a long time, and wept and prayed, and finally called her son to her side, and frankly asked him if he really wished to leave her for his country's sake.

"Mother," said he, "if I could go with your free consent, if I could feel that you willingly gave me to our country's cause with your blessing upon my head, I would gladly go, but without this I can not leave you."

"It was a terrible struggle for Mrs. Cramer. Only mothers who gave their heart's idol to the cause can know what days and nights of suffering she passed through. At last self was subdued. One evening as Willie stood on the little rustic porch, listening to the sounds of martial music from the distance, his mother came and stood beside him. Placing her trembling hand upon his head, she said, 'Willie, my son, go, and God be with you always; your mother's blessing and prayers shall follow you wherever you are.' And so Willie Cramer, young, but so noble and brave, joined a company then forming in the neighborhood, and was soon far away fighting the battles of his country. The first year passed. Willie's bravery was a common topic, and promotion was talked of, but his work was soon finished. One sad day the news came that the bright, noble boy was with the slain. When Mrs. Cramer rallied from the blow she felt that henceforth life was nothing to her, only as she could use it in the service of others. She accordingly went to the hospital as nurse, and a more faithful, tender one was never known. It was she who so faithfully watched beside your father there, when he lay so long with that terrible fever brought on by exposure. It was she who wrote me every day or two to relieve my anxiety when my own illness prevented me from going to him myself. Never, my children, can your father forget how kind she was to him, and how much we owe to her for his restoration to health. After the close of the war she returned to her native place, and has spent her time in doing good. When that epidemic broke out in the city of M., she hastened hither to care for the sick, pray with the dying, and comfort the bereaved. Having occasion to come to our neighborhood on a mission of mercy, she felt a desire to see the dear children of whom your father talked so much during his long illness. The moment her name was announced I hastened to welcome her, glad,

indeed, to do honor to one who has done so much for us. And now, bowed down more by toil, care, and trouble than by the weight of years, what though she is odd looking, though she does adhere to the same style of dress, notwithstanding the changes of fashion, does it make her any the less the true-hearted, self-sacrificing woman she has proved herself to be? Can you wonder that I was pained by your ill-timed mirth? O! I do trust, my dear children, that in future you will never fail to show respect to age, no matter what the surrounding circumstances, and never trust to mere outward appearance as the only credentials of character and standing."

You may be sure George and Mattie were both heartily ashamed of the part they had acted. George colored deeply when the newspaper was removed from the singular-looking package, and it proved to be a cage containing a pair of beautiful birds, a present for himself, which kind Mrs. Cramer had brought, though it must have been a source of discomfort and trouble to herself to carry. The well-filled reticule which had caused such merriment contained a doll for baby Lillian, the household pet, several books, and a work-box all complete for Mattie. Anxious to make amends, they both endeavored to interest the kind old lady in every possible way, notwithstanding the scornful looks of Walter Jones. When she left them George drove her down in the family carriage, and kept up quite a correspondence with her during the remainder of her life. They never forgot the lesson thus learned, or allowed themselves to be governed by outward appearance.

NED'S "DID N'T THINK."

OPENING the door of a friend's house one day, I made my way through the entry to the small back court, where Ned, the only son, was crying bitterly.

"Ah, Ned, what is the matter?"

"Mother won't let me go fishing. Harry and Tom are going to the harbor, and I want to go." Here Ned kicked his toes very angrily against the post, to the great danger of his new boots.

"Whose little dog is this?" I asked, as a brown spaniel came bounding up the garden walk.

"It is mine," cried Ned, in an altered tone. "Did n't you know I had one?"

"No, indeed. What a fine little fellow! Where did you get him, Ned?"

"Father bought him for me. He is so knowing, and I teach him many things. See him

find my knife ;" and Ned, wiping away his tears, threw his knife into the clover. "There, Wag," said he, "now go and find my knife." Wag plunged into the grass, and after a great deal of smelling and wagging, he came triumphantly forth and brought back the knife to his young master.

"Give it to him," said Ned, pointing to me ; and Wag laid the knife at my feet.

"This is a knife worth having," said I ; "four blades."

"T is a real good one," said Ned ; "father gave it to me on my birthday, and he gave me a splendid box of tools, too."

Ned looked up brightly, and quite forgot his crying.

"Let me think," said I. "Was it this knife that you hurt your foot so with ?"

"O, no," cried Ned, "that was done with an ax ; but I've got well now."

"I was afraid you would be laid up all the Spring."

"Well, it was mother's nursing, the doctor says. Mother and father took very great care of me. It was lonely staying in the house so ; but mother used to leave her work and read to me, and father often stayed with me."

"I should think you had very kind parents, Ned." The boy looked down on the floor, and a slight pout puckered his lip. "I suppose there are none who have your interest and happiness so much at heart."

"But I want to go fishing," muttered Ned.

"And can't you trust them, Ned, and willingly agree to their wishes ? You may not, indeed, know the reason why they object to your going ; but, from your experience of their kindness and wisdom, are you not sure that they would not cross your wishes without good reason for doing so ? And surrounded as you are by so many proofs of their love, will you sit there and murmur and cry, and fill your heart with angry and stubborn thoughts against them, because of this one little denial of your wants ? Is not this a poor and ungrateful return for all their kindness ? It is little enough that a child can do for a parent, but that little he ought to do most cheerfully. I suppose the best return a child can make to parents is a cheerful obedience. How small that seems ! And will you grudge giving that, Ned ?"

Ned looked sober. Tears started in his eyes.

"O, sir," said he, humbly, "I did n't think of all this—I did n't think of it."

"Did n't think" is at the bottom of a great deal of our ingratitude and murmuring against both our earthly parents and our Father who is in heaven.

MAKING TRACKS.

A LIGHT snow had fallen, and the boys desired to make the most of it. It was too dry for snow-balling, and not deep enough for coasting. It did very well to make tracks in.

There was a large meadow near the place where they were assembled. It was proposed that they should go to a tree which stood near the center of the meadow, and that each one should start from the tree, and should see who could make the straightest track ; that is, go from the tree in the nearest approach to a straight line. The proposition was assented to, and they were soon at the tree. They ranged themselves around it, with their backs toward the trunk. They were equally distant from each other. If each had gone forward in a straight line, the paths would have been like the spokes of a wheel—the tree representing the hub. They were to go till they reached the boundaries of the meadow, when they were to retrace their steps to the tree.

They did so. I wish I could give a map of their tracks. Such a map would not present much resemblance to the spokes of a wheel.

"Whose is the straightest ?" said James Allison to Thomas Sanders, who was at the tree first.

"Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all."

"How could we all contrive to go so crookedly, when the ground is so smooth, and nothing to turn us out of the way ?" said Jacob Small.

"How happened you to go so straight, Henry ?" said Thomas.

"I fixed my eye on that tall pine-tree on the hill yonder, and never looked away from it till I reached the fence."

"I went as straight as I could, without looking at any thing but the ground," said James.

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," said several others. It appeared that no one but Henry had aimed at a particular object.

They attempted to go straight without any definite aim. They failed. Men can not succeed in any thing good without a definite aim. In order to mental improvement there must be a definite aim. In order to moral improvement there must be a definite aim. In order to do good there must be a definite aim. General purposes, general resolutions will not avail. You must do as Henry did ; fix upon something distinct and definite as an object, and go steadily forward to it. If you wish to be Christ-like, look at him, and copy his ways. Thus only can you succeed.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship, founded on the principles of worldly morality, recognized by virtuous heathens, such as that which subsisted between Atticus and Cicero, which the last of these illustrious men has rendered immortal, is fitted to survive through all the vicissitudes of life; but it belongs only to a union founded on religion, to continue through an endless duration. The former of these stood the shock of conflicting opinions, and of a revolution that shook the world; the latter is destined to survive when the heavens are no more, and to spring fresh from the ashes of the universe. The former possessed all the stability which is possible to sublunary things; the latter partakes of the eternity of God. Friendship founded on worldly principles is natural, and though composed of the best elements of nature, is not exempt from its mutability and frailty; the latter is spiritual, and, therefore, unchanging and imperishable. The friendship which is founded on kindred tastes and congenial habits, apart from piety, is permitted by the benignity of Providence to embellish a world, which, with all its magnificence and beauty, will shortly pass away: that which has religion for its basis will ere long be transplanted in order to adorn the paradise of God.—
Robert Hall.

THE UNRULY MEMBER.—The tongue is called in the Bible “an unruly member.” Our own experience accords perfectly with the statement, and observations on the tongues of others have satisfied us of the fact. We think the following rules, if carefully followed, will be found of great use in taming that which has not yet been perfectly tamed.

1. *Never use your tongue in speaking any thing but truth.* The God of Truth, who made the tongue, did not intend it for any other use. It will not work well in falsehood, it will run in such inconsistencies as to detect itself. To use the organ for publishing falsehood, is as incongruous as the use of the eye for hearing, or the ear for smelling.

2. *Do not use your tongue too much.* It is a kind of waste-gate to let off the thoughts as they collect and expand the mind; but if the waste-gate is always open, the water will soon run shallow. Many people use their tongues too much. Shut the gate, and let streams of thought flow in till the mind is full, and then you may let off with some effect.

3. *Never let the stream of passion move the tongue.*

Some people when they are about to put this member in motion hoist the wrong gate—they let out Passion instead of Reason. The tongue then makes a great noise—disturbs the quiet of the neighbors, exhausts the person's strength, but does no good. The whirlwind has ceased, but what is the benefit?

4. *Look into the pond* and see if there is water enough to move the wheel to any purpose before you open the gate; or, plainly, think before you speak.

5. *Never put the tongue in motion while your respondent has his in motion.* The two streams will meet, and the reaction will be so great the words of neither will reach the other, but come back in a blinding sprinkle upon himself.

6. *See that your tongue is hung true before using it.* Some tongues we have observed are so hung that they sometimes equivocate considerably. Let the owners of such turn the screw of conscience until the tongue moves true.

7. *Expect that others will use their tongues for what you do yours.* Some claim the privilege of reporting all the news, and charge others not to do so. Your neighbor will not allow you to monopolize the business. If you have any thing to be kept secret, keep it to yourself.

STREET FLIRTING.—The impression that pretty girls like to be smiled, winked, and bowed at by gentlemen evidently prevails to an alarming extent among certain youths who imagine they possess irresistibly charming forms and physiques. A casual observer might not notice this fact, but those whose business requires them to be much on the streets can not fail to do so, especially when the habitudes of Broadway are more carefully observed. A lady who possesses a becoming toilet is liable, one who possesses a pretty face likely, and one who possesses both are almost certain to be stared and smiled at, and probably followed by some shallow-brained fop who imagines every lady he meets is struck with his fine personal appearance and good clothes. Some of these self-satisfied youths are constantly in motion, and, apparently, their chief aim is to pass and re-pass attractive young ladies as frequently as possible in a given time and space. Others locate their “stunning” frames in striking attitudes, on prominent street corners, and allowing pretty damsels to pass in dress review, bestowing their serpentine greetings on all who are so fortunate as to notice them.

A woman who feels flattered by or will return the recognition of a stranger is either possessed of a degree of vanity very likely to prove her ruin, or is already beyond the possibility of such a change in her morals. There are, of course, circumstances under which acquaintances may be formed, without introductions, but the meaning sought to be conveyed is, doubtless, sufficiently plain without detailing the exceptions, which all sensible women understand and appreciate.

Some girls claim that the only attraction possessed by street flirting is that "there's so much fun about it," and nothing more serious liable to result. This theory will not hold good in one-half the cases, as fully that proportion of flirting girls become unstable or demoralized women. It may be fun at first for girls, but men rarely waste as much time and devote so much labor to the simple quest of fun as understood by the guileless misses. Girls who encourage it seldom, if ever, quit as refined and attractive members of society as when they commenced, and many poor down-fallen women can trace their ruin to what they considered at first an innocent flirtation.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.—What we need at this moment is more home amusements, home training and culture; and until fathers and mothers can be convinced of the necessity for these requisites, and urged into the adoption of them, the carnival of dissipation and crime will not abate, the young will go astray as they are now doing, and people will hold up their hands in horror at the degeneracy of the age. The youth of the United States go to perdition more frequently from neglect at home, than from any other cause. The mechanic thinks he has not time to look after the habits of his children. He feeds them, clothes them, and sends them to school, and to the Sunday-school. Perhaps he occasionally drops a word of reproof or advice, in which he is joined by his wife, and they call that home training.

But what should be done? We venture to assert that if half the parents in the United States would give their attention, for the next ten years, to home amusements for their children—amusements which should involve healthful, rational enjoyment, the coming generation would be stronger men and women than those of any preceding generation. As a people we know comparatively little of the philosophy of amusements. Parents discuss politics and fashion, scandal and crime, during their leisure moments at home, while the children sit by, longing for something to amuse them—something to make time pass more pleasantly and rapidly. The latter are sent away to devise their own sports, while fathers and mothers devote themselves to social engagements or personal ease. After a time the boys find their amusements away from home, perhaps in places of questionable repute; and the girls suddenly assume the airs of young ladies, and devote themselves to late hours, receptions, senseless small talk, and to beaus noted more for their fascinating manners than their good morals. So matters go on quietly, until

society is startled by the announcement of unexpected crime or awful disgrace. Such dramas are being enacted every week of the year. Would not parents be repaid by devoting more time to the amusements of home and less to business, self-enjoyment, and social pleasure?

DISCONTENT: A FABLE.—A fable is told in Egypt of an old man who had a nice little garden of leeks. But he was discontented at having to toil for his daily bread. His good genius came to his aid, and made him owner of a villa with two slaves to wait on him. He was delighted with the gift, and promised to wish for nothing more. But it was not long before he coveted the neighboring garden, with its statues and fountains. The garden was given to him. He then took a fancy to the meadow beyond. The meadow was given to him; then he wanted the park on the further side of it. The park was bestowed on him, and then, like Ahab, he wanted to rob a poor man of his little vineyard. Open the door to discontent, and you do n't know how many bad wishes will follow. Rather "be content with such things as you have," and you will be happy, even if poor.

ORIENTAL ALLEGORIES.—Among the many chaste and poetical allegories which occur scattered up and down the Eastern literature, is the following: "As this dark mold sends upward, and out of its very heart, the rare Persian rose, so does hope grow out of evil; and the darker the evil the brighter the hope, as from a richer and fouler soil comes the more vigorous and larger flower." There is another of this class, which conveys, in a most elegant form, a symbolical embodiment of the refining influences of the pure and the beautiful. "A traveler, in passing through a country in Persia, chanced to take into his hand a piece of clay which lay by the wayside, and, to his surprise, he found it to exhale the most delightful fragrance. 'Thou art but a poor piece of clay,' said he, 'an unsightly, unattractive, poor piece of clay; yet how fragrant art thou! How refreshing! I admire thee, I love thee; thou shalt be my companion, I will carry thee in my bosom. But whence hast thou this fragrance?' The clay replied, 'I have been dwelling with the rose!'" In another Persian legend, we are told that Sadi the poet, when a slave, presented to his tyrant master a rose, accompanied with this pathetic appeal: "Do good to thy servant while thou hast the power, for the season of power is often as transient as the duration of this beautiful flower." This melted the heart of his lord, and the slave obtained his liberty.—*Hibberd's Branches and Bay Leaves.*

GOD'S WILL SUPREME.—Standing by the coffin of one whom he most tenderly loved, and for whom he would most cheerfully have died a thousand deaths, Fenelon cried, "There he lies, and all my worldly happiness lies dead with him. But if the turning of a straw could call him back to life, I would not, for ten thousand worlds, be the turner of that straw in opposition to the will of God."

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SKETCHES OF CREATION. By *Alexander Winchell, LL. D., Professor of Geology, etc., in the University of Michigan.* 12mo. Pp. 459. \$2. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

This is a popular view of some of the grand conclusions of the sciences in reference to the history of matter and of life. It presents also a fine summary of the intimations of science respecting the primordial condition and the ultimate destiny of the earth and the solar system. Professor Winchell is a master of his subject, and writes also with a devout and Christian spirit. His style is very rich and fluent, and though he deals with grave questions, and sometimes with profound subjects, yet he expresses himself in language so clear and simple that all can follow him. He boldly and fairly meets the questions evoked by modern science, and accepts the real facts and just conclusions of recent discovery. It is a valuable and timely book, serving, for those who have been over most of the subjects of which it treats, the purpose of an able and concise review, and for those who have not had opportunity to pursue the details of recent scientific investigations, it will be a grand panoramic survey of the most recent results and conclusions. The work is issued in excellent style, and is amply and finely illustrated.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By *John William Draper, LL. D.* In Three Volumes. Vol. III. 8vo. Pp. 701. \$3.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Neither the author nor the subject of this volume needs introduction to our readers. Dr. Draper aims to write philosophical history, but to do so clearly understands that the basis of his philosophy must be an accurate detail of the events from which he would philosophize. Accordingly he has spared no amount of careful investigation to secure a faithful record of the facts of the history of our civil war, and in this respect his history is one of the most accurate and reliable that has yet been issued. Beyond this province of the mere annalist, it has been his purpose to discover what may be termed the master-facts, and around them to group the important principles and lessons which the world should learn from the great revolution through which we have passed. The work is a most valuable contribution to the history of the war, and is completed with the present volume.

SERMONS. By *R. Winter Hamilton, D. D., LL. D., Author of the "Doctrine of Rewards and Punishments," etc.* 12mo. Pp. 480. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Dr. Hamilton was for many years pastor of an Independent Chapel in Leeds. He began to preach in very early life, soon after entering college, and

such was the vividness of his imagination, the fullness of his style, and his power as a youthful original thinker, that he drew large audiences. When about twenty years of age he took charge of the chapel over whose congregation he presided during his life, a period of about thirty-four years. Such, however, were his popularity and success that the chapel became too small to accommodate his congregation, and a much larger and more commodious place of worship was erected, capable of giving some five hundred free sittings to the poor, besides the regular sittings. His life and success illustrate the power of a singleness of purpose. He lived to be a minister, and to that end devoted all his energies and studies, and as the result, he shone as a star of the first magnitude among English ministers.

The topics discussed in this volume are finely illustrative of his ministry. They are all full of interest and importance. Man's responsibility, his constant need of divine aid, the grandeur of the Christian life, the absolute need of the atonement, are clearly and powerfully set forth. "A spirit of deep piety pervades all the discourses, as well as an unquestioned faith in all the verities of our holy religion. Most of them are marked by strong thoughts and varied and beautiful illustrations. Though the style is unusually florid, and not wholly above criticism, yet the reader will often be delighted and profited by the copiousness as well as the fertility of imagination."

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. By *Rev. William Hanna, D. D., LL. D.* In Six Volumes. Vol. I, II, III. 12mo. \$1.50 each. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

Dr. Hanna has spent six years in preparing "The Life of our Lord." It will be completed in six volumes, which, however, is one great objection to it. The Gospels themselves should furnish a model to all writers upon the Life of Christ. Every pious, orthodox man is not thereby fitted to write a life of Christ. These qualifications are needed, but much more. The character of Jesus is so many-sided that most minds become confused in attempts to delineate it. Only a little of this will apply to Dr. Hanna, for he certainly brings many qualifications to his task. While he is neither powerful in style, nor critical or subtle in his analysis of character, yet he chooses his object with great discretion, and keeps it before the reader in a clear and attractive light. Dr. Hanna attempts to unfold the individuality of Christ in his human character. No erudite citations or annoying foot-notes interrupt the narrative, but the author's conclusions upon the difficult points are given without any display of learning. On the whole, these volumes, though less valuable to the scholar

than some others, deserve a wide circulation, and will do much toward unfolding the beauty and power of the life of our Master while on earth. The work has all the elements of popularity in it. The author avoids all technicalities and examinations of mere dogmas. By uniting the stories of the four Evangelists into one connected, harmonious whole, he gives a very interesting and profitable portraiture of the Savior.

PRINCIPLES OF A SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY, *in Accordance with which it is sought to Reconcile the more difficult Questions of Metaphysics and Religion with Themselves, and with the Sciences and Common Sense.* By Austin Bierbower, A. M. 16mo. Pp. 240. \$1.25. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

We have not had time to study this volume as it deserves, and at present give only an outline of its aims and methods. The author undertakes to prove, in the first place, that there is a science of necessity; certain laws have always existed, certain axioms of truths. "These laws," he says, "are co-eternal with God, and he being in accordance with them, as he must be, it is possible that they furnish one phase of his existence; for, since they are not embraced in his works they must be embraced in his existence, if they are in any way of him." The science of necessity may be divided into *pure* and *concrete*. The first considers the laws themselves; the second the actual outworkings of these laws.

The author then proceeds to speak of the laws of creation, meaning what God does in harmony with the necessary laws and by their help, for he can not transcend them. "The laws of necessity, then, and the laws of creation, go to make up a body of laws, according to which all things must be." These constitute Nature. Man is a creative agent also, and being a free agent is responsible for the results of his actions.

The author then discusses, in Part Second, The Possibilities of the above Laws. First, of Species, Ideas, or Types; secondly, Of Things Possible in the Arts; thirdly, Of Things Possible in the Formation of the World; fourthly, Of the Good, the Right, etc.—Moral Necessity. Part Third endeavors to make application of these principles to theological questions; and Part Fourth is an application of them to the Infinite, the Ideal, the question of progress, etc. The book is thoughtfully written, and though somewhat venturesome in its positions, and seemingly presumptuous, is nevertheless carefully wrought out, and its reading will amply repay the earnest searcher after truth.

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE; or, the Unwritten Word. By Rev. Daniel March, D. D., Author of "Night Scenes in the Bible." 8vo. Pp. 560. Plain Cloth. \$3.75. Turkey Morocco, gilt edges and sides. \$6. Cincinnati: Zeigler, M'Curdy & Co.

Dr. March is a very excellent writer, whose style is well adapted to such descriptive and didactic subjects as he treats in this and his preceding volume.

"Our Father's House" is the visible universe in which we are living; the "Unwritten Word" is the revelation of truth and goodness which God gives us in the voiceless works of his hands every-where about us. The author writes in a florid, elevated style, rich in description and in illustration, and characterized by devoutness and scholarship. The volume speaks tenderly and well of the wonders of the heavens and of the great deep; of the precious things of the mountains and the treasures of the hills; of the mystery of the clouds and the gentle ministration of the trees. It is a good and beautiful book, and we can recommend it to those to whom the agents will offer it for sale, as it is sold only on subscription.

OUR NEW WEST. By Samuel Bowles. 8vo. Pp. 524. \$3, \$3.50, and \$4.50. Hartford Publishing Company. Cincinnati: Powers & Weeks. Sold only on Subscription.

Mr. Bowles, the editor of the Springfield Republican, is a racy and versatile writer, and has had a fine field for his talents in traveling through our great western territories, and returning to give us this large and valuable volume. It is an intensely interesting book of extensive travel, varied experience, and careful observation. It is a panorama of our new Western States and Territories, with details of the wonderful scenery, agriculture, mines, business, social life, progress and prosperity of the vast regions beyond the Mississippi and reaching to the Pacific coast. It contains spicy and graphic accounts of the Mormons, the gold mines, the Indians, and the Chinese. The volume is finely illustrated with steel portraits, map, and full-page illustrations. There is no work relating to this country that our young men, and indeed all men, may study with so much advantage as this.

T. MACCI PLAUTI CAPTIVI, TRINUMMUS, ET RUDENS. With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By C. S. Harrington, M. A., Professor of Latin in the Wesleyan University. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The Latin of Plautus bears the same relation to that of Cicero and Cæsar as the English of Chaucer does to the language of Shakspeare and Milton. Its antique forms, its homely phrases, its quaint conceptions, its comic style and its peculiar colloquialisms, make it a favorite with scholars, and no student in our classical schools should ever be graduated without some acquaintance with it. We have read no classic with more pleasure than "The Captives;" and this, with the two others included in this volume, is believed to be the best of Plautus's Comedies. The notes are full enough to be helpful without being cumbersome—brief, judicious, and exact. In one or two instances, however, we notice what we consider to be errors. For example, in the *Captivi*, ver. 441, "Hunc inventum inveni" is thus interpreted: "insure Hegio's perpetual friendship by the restoration of his son." Has not this phrase rather the meaning of the Greek *εὑρημα εὑρίσκειν*, "to find a fortune, to meet

with a windfall?" The passage, without any pregnant sense, would thus signify, "Keep me always your friend, and secure this good fortune."

The metrical index is full, the graphic illustrations good, and the mechanical appearance of the volume as a college text-book unsurpassed. Professor Harrington deserves the thanks of our educators for the work which he has so admirably and faithfully performed.

A BATTLE OF THE BOOKS. *By Gail Hamilton.* 12mo. Pp. 288. \$1.50. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a sensational volume by the irrepressible Gail Hamilton, who has got into a quarrel with her former publishers about the "per cent." on her publications. It is racy, sarcastic, indignant, witty, and makes quite lively reading; but we can not see what special interest her quarrel has for the public.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL. *By Louisa M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women."* 16mo. Pp. 378. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

We like this work better than the "Little Women" of the same author. It is natural, true, piquant, and suggestive. It will make its young readers better if

they apprehend and follow its lessons. We commend it to our girls.

"Polly," the old-fashioned girl, is an embodiment of what a young lady should be who is brought up under the care of well-to-do parents in the country. "Fanny" is a picture of a young lady, educated in a similar way in the city; and the moral of the story lies in the difference between the two lives.

"Tom," the hero—well, it is enough to say of him that all the girls will be as desperately fascinated with him as with the "jolly" Laurie of "Little Women."

THE UNKIND WORD, AND OTHER STORIES. *By the Author of "John Halifax," etc.* 12mo. Pp. 418. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a collection of tales and essays by an author who is almost equally pleasing in her brief and careless sketches and in her most elaborate novels. The book deserves and will have a warm reception.

A BRAVE LADY. *By the Author of "John Halifax."* 8vo. Pp. 176. Cloth. Illustrated. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

One of the best of "Miss Muloch's" stories.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE DEATH OF BISHOP KINGSLEY.—Just after we had closed and put to press our previous number containing the intelligence of the death of Bishop Thomson, the telegraphic wires brought from Syria the announcement of the death of Bishop Kingsley. Our readers doubtless have followed the Bishop in his great tour, by means of the intensely interesting letters which he has written from almost every important point on his journey. In May, 1869, he started upon this episcopal tour around the world, visiting first in our great Western empire the Conferences of Oregon, Nevada, and California. On this part of his journey he was accompanied by his wife and daughter. On the 4th of September he bade them farewell, they to return to their homes, he to sail for China. Alas! it proved a final farewell to the husband and father. He reached China about the first of October, visited various points of interest and mission stations, and organized and presided over the Chinese Annual Conference at the city of Foo Chow. From China he sailed to India, and attended the India Conference at Bareilly, February 9, 1870. He was still to visit our mission in Bulgaria, and to preside over the European Conference of Germany and Switzerland, to meet at Carlsruhe on the 26th of May, to act as the Episcopal delegate from the General Conference to the British Conference to meet at London, June 26th, and from England to visit the missions in Norway, Sweden, and Den-

mark. Then, his great work finished, he was expected to reach home in September.

But God's appointments often vary greatly from ours. Having reached Egypt he turned aside to visit Palestine and Syria. Already he was well-nigh exhausted with his long journeys and arduous toils. Friends bade him good-by in Alexandria, with sad misgivings that he was overtasking his strength. He passed, however, through the Holy Land, visiting most of its sacred spots, and had arrived at Beyroot, Syria, the ancient Berytus, lying on the northern boundary of Palestine, and included, indeed, in God's original promise to his ancient people, but never really possessed by them. It is one of the most beautiful cities of Asia Minor, situated on the Mediterranean Sea, wearing somewhat of a European aspect from the foreigners dwelling in it, and being the seat of the most successful American missions in Syria. Here, on the 6th of April, suddenly the Lord said to his weary, over-tasked servant, "It is enough, come up higher." He was not to return to his earthly home, but God gave him a short and speedy passage to the everlasting home. We learn, too, that it was impossible to preserve his remains and forward them to this country, so he was buried in the beautiful Mission Cemetery of Beyroot, and there the precious dust will probably remain, sleeping on the borders of the Holy Land, near to the sacred spots which His feet trod who said "the dead shall

hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." Sleep on, dear, honored hero! we mourn our loss, but rejoice in your gain. We cast our vision beyond the Atlantic and over the blue Mediterranean, and we can fancy thee to be our Elijah, thy noble spirit translated from the midst of those sacred scenes, and out of the heat of battles and the weary toil, to be crowned God's hero. We can spare thy body, too, to rest where it fell, making those lands still more dear to us, and binding our hearts more firmly to the holy cause of missions in whose interest thou hast died.

We need not sketch here his life. Our readers will find an excellent outline and fine portrait in our May number for 1865. He was born in Annsville, New York, September 8, 1812, and died April 6, 1870, having nearly reached the age of fifty-eight. His parents were excellent, industrious people, but not professed Christians. Calvin was himself the first to enter a real religious life. His father and mother soon followed, and subsequently all the family, two of his brothers also becoming able ministers of the Gospel. His father and mother still survive him, the one eighty-two and the other seventy-eight years of age.

The Bishop's early life, like that of so many other eminent men, was one of noble struggle after an education and a lofty manhood. He was licensed to exhort in 1835, and to preach in 1837. With twenty dollars in his pocket he entered Alleghany College in 1836, and graduated five years after, and the same year was elected Professor of Mathematics in his alma mater. As early as 1852, at the age of forty, though a comparative stranger to many of the brethren, he made so favorable an impression that in the election of Bishops he received forty votes for the Episcopacy. In 1856 he was elected editor of the *Western Advocate*, and held the office eight years, doing manifold service for the Church and country during those stormy years. In 1864 he was elected Bishop, and from that time till his death he was abundant in labors. Thrice he visited the Pacific Coast, and once the Conference and missions in Europe. Though not making the complete circuit of the world in his last tour, he has yet fully circumnavigated the globe in his episcopal labors.

Bishop Kingsley always impressed us as made of that material out of which God makes heroes. In fact, his life was a heroic one from its beginning to its close. A heroic boy, he labored to assist his parents in supporting a family of twelve children; a heroic youth, he worked his own way through college; a heroic Christian, he fought many a strong battle for his Master; a heroic patriot, he stood firmly for the truth and the right in times of storm; a heroic Bishop, he accepted the world as his parish, and died performing its duties. The heroic Kingsley and the saintly Thomson both removed from us within twenty days! Great indeed has been our loss, but great also has been their gain. Death took neither of them by surprise. Men so eminently fitted to live are just the men who are eminently fitted to die. In the full prime of life, with the

whole armor on, in the midst of labors, and in the heat of the battle, they received their exaltation, the approved servant, the crowned soldier. How sublimely independent of men does God show himself in accomplishing his purposes on the earth! Let every man realize how feeble and how little he is even when the world thinks him greatest and strongest.

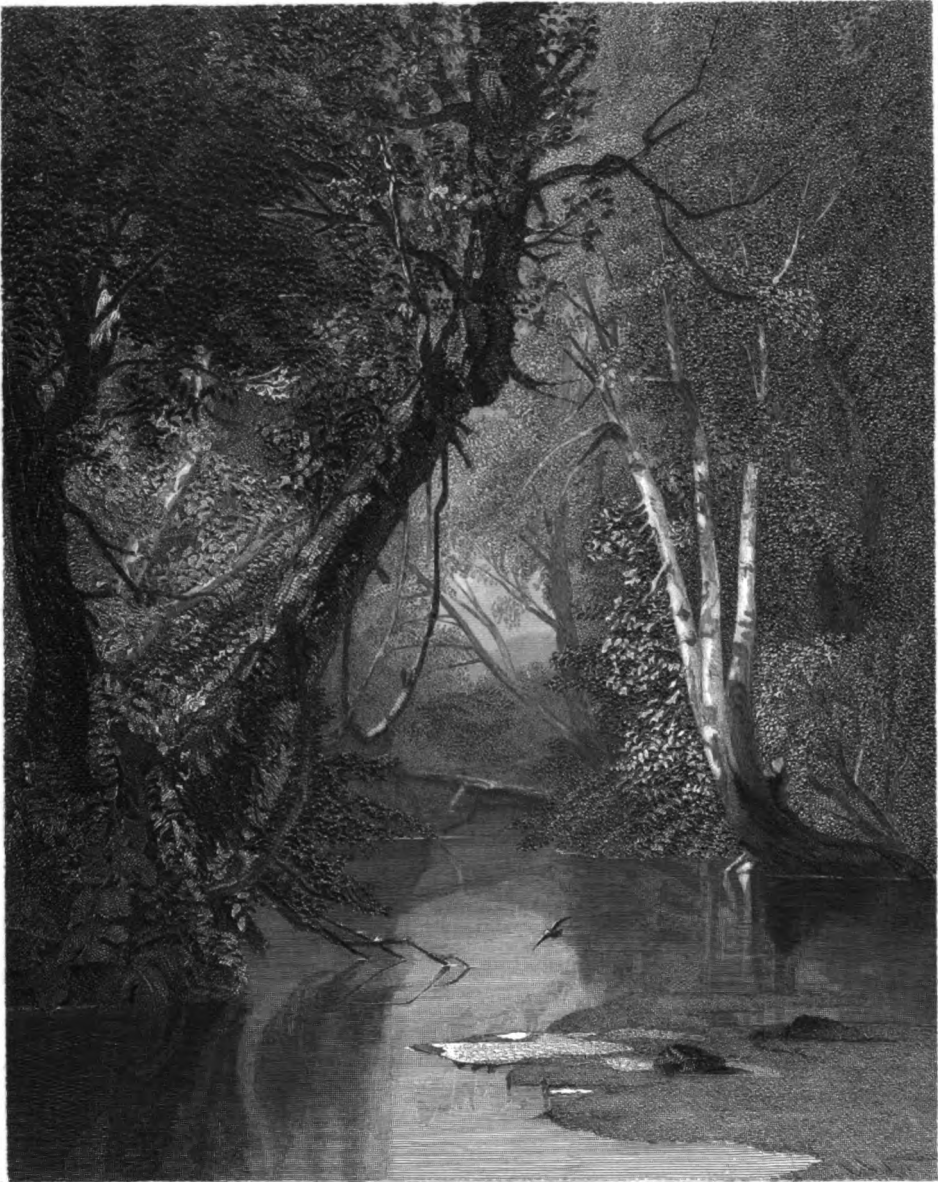
CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.—From a circular furnished by the American and Foreign Christian Union we gather the following statistics with regard to the progress and present strength of Romanism in this country. In the life-time of men now living Romanism was of no account in the United States. In the year 1800 she had one bishop, about 100 priests, and 60,000 adherents; but to-day, according to the most reliable statistics available, Rome has in this country—as the growth of only 70 years—seven archbishops, 53 bishops, 3,500 priests, 3,483 churches, 49 ecclesiastical institutions—with 913 clerical students—29 colleges, 128 monasteries, 286 nunneries, 134 high schools for girls, 66 asylums, 26 hospitals, 33 periodicals—five being monthlies, two semi-monthlies, and 26 weeklies—11 in German, one in French, and the rest in English. She has also 18 Catholic book stores, a publication society, and probably a little over 4,000,000 of adherents. Such is her strength to-day.

There are thus more Romanists in this country than in Ireland, more priests and Papists in New York than in the city of Dublin. Only 40 years ago the Romanists were to the general population of this country as one to twenty-nine; to-day they are fully as one to nine—and still they come.

LADIES' AND PASTORS' CHRISTIAN UNION.—The Second Annual Report of this organization shows the following result: Number of families visited, 40,768; number of unconverted persons appealed to, 14,373; number who do not attend church regularly, 6,369; number who do not attend church at all, 4,289; number of sick visited, 1,725; number of families helped, 5,095; number of pages of tracts distributed, 162,372; number of children brought into the Sunday-school, 1,215; number of children clothed, 244; number of meetings held, 357; Bible classes taught, 65; Bibles supplied, 28.

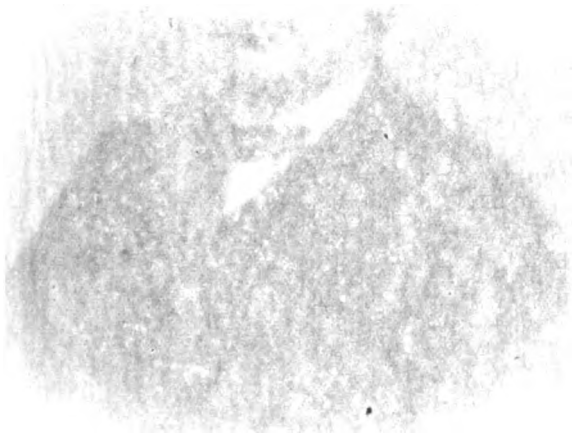
DR. M'CLINTOCK.—Rev. Dr. Nadal, of the Drew Theological Seminary, announces that he is preparing a biography of the late Dr. M'Clintock, and he earnestly requests all persons having letters from the Doctor, or in possession of other documents or facts of importance, to communicate with him. The Doctor also furnishes us an excellent paper on his deceased friend, which we will give to our readers as soon as our artist can complete a steel portrait of Dr. M'Clintock, now in hand.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—With this number we close another volume of the Repository. It is a good time for new subscribers to try our magazine for the remaining half year. Will the preachers be kind enough to name this fact, and that \$1.75 will pay for the next volume?



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WILLIAM L. G. B. 1850

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A Monthly Periodical,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

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By REV. I. W. WILEY, D. D.

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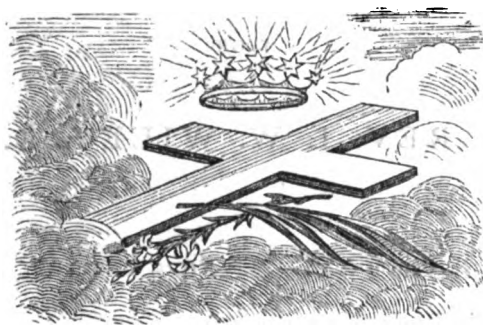
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1870.



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HEAVENLY LIGHTS AND EARTHLY SHADOWS.
EVENING ON THE ALLEGHANIES.
THE DREAM OF HOPE.

Portraits.

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1870.

JULY.

EDWARD THOMSON, D. D., LL. D.

A LEADER in our spiritual host has fallen, and the whole Church is smitten by his fall. Our bereavement is indeed a severe one; too severe, and too recent to allow us properly to consider it, or to contemplate dispassionately the life-history and character of our departed bishop—more fittingly designated to our feelings as honored and beloved friend and brother.

It is among the painful duties that grow out of the public relations of a Christian minister that he is often compelled to officiate as comforter and support for others while his own heart is bleeding under the very sorrow that he would seek to assuage. Like a fresh wound that still refuses to be cicatrized, our wounded spirits cleave to their griefs, and repel as impatient the over-officious offers of consolation. Turning to our theme, we experience another embarrassment in the abundance of matter for remarks that it presents. Were there but little that could be said, we should experience no difficulty in making our selection. Much, too, has already been said or written respecting our departed Bishop, which, however fitting, we would not repeat. We will, therefore, pursue a somewhat different line of thought.

We propose to contemplate Bishop Thomson *as a man*. We would, as far as possible, view him stripped of every thing merely adventitious. His honors, his offices, his social and public positions may all hold very close relations to his character, but we prefer to consider this with only incidental references to those. We have to consider, primarily, the *man*—his character and its resultant outworkings in his life.

First, he stands before us as the child of a sturdy English parentage; a scion of a wholesome Anglo-Saxon stock, deduced through a

long line of ancestors, all distinguished for the homely virtues of middle-class English people. From these he inherited a sound body; blood unadulterated by gross admixtures, and uncontaminated by vicious practices; a healthy brain, and sound nerves. He thus came to possess a hereditary mental habitude, neither debauched by sensuality, nor rendered effeminate by too much indulgence. And though Nature was not especially bountiful in the bestowment of physical proportions, yet what was given him was excellent in its kind.

But while by birth and ancestry he was English, by education, and so much of character as is superinduced upon the original mold, he was an American. The formative period of his life-time was passed in the recesses of an interior Western State, and among scenes very far removed from the extreme civilization of older and more densely populated localities. Among such scenes the free development of his character resulted naturally, and that insured elasticity of mind, and its healthy growth into both vigor and delicacy, while a moderately liberal extent of scholastic training secured for him a good share of both learning and culture.

In reviewing such a life and character its religious facts and phenomena are especially noteworthy. Here, strangely enough, we detect a rather tardy and somewhat difficult religious development in youth. Why this was so, we may not assert with assurance, though there can be but little doubt that it was the result of a defective course of early religious training. A sad mistake respecting the religious duties and capabilities of children possesses the minds and governs the actions of very many excellent Christian parents. The theory has been widely accepted and largely reduced to practice, that the folds of the Church must be replenished by

captives taken from the commons of the world, rather than by nurslings reared within the precincts of the fold itself. That the pious Baptist parents of young Thomson should have fallen into an error so prevalent about them is not strange, nor yet that such a course of treatment resulted as it did in this case.

It is said that when a young man just entering upon professional life as a physician, he was skeptical in matters of religion. Such a result was natural, almost necessary. Thoughtfulness, and a disposition to speculate upon the great problems of life and being, in the absence of spiritual faith, almost necessarily give rise to blinding and perplexing unbelief. It may be interesting, but painful, too, to reflect what would probably have been the course of life in its many worldly aspects thus inaugurated by this young practitioner. Evidently it would have fallen within the description of *cultivated mediocrity*. Without high aims, or an inspiring faith, with enough knowledge of the world to recognize its emptiness, and with a keen perception of the follies of men, but without the tender sympathy that stoops down to their low estate—a gentle misanthrope is the almost certain consequence. But as yet young Thomson had not passed into the stage of unbelief that rejects the evidences of the truth; and so, when reading the Bible for the purpose of disproving it, he saw in it evidences of truth that could not be overthrown, he accepted it as true; and his rational convictions, loyally obeyed, led him on to faith, and faith to conversion and a new life. His conversion raised him into a higher sphere. A new world was disclosed to his renewed and transformed spirit. His views of life and being, of himself and of all men, of nature and its great Author, were immeasurably enlarged. Higher and more commanding motives possessed him. A new and powerful inspiration seized his soul, impelling to lofty actions, and imparting the power requisite to its use. He was thus a new man in all the habits of his soul, and in the resultant actions of his life.

We have next to contemplate our subject in his relations to the Christian ministry, which so largely affected his spirit and fashioned his life. He became a minister of the Gospel, not from any worldly, ambitious, or merely secular views, but from a deep sense of a Divine vocation to that work. And such a calling was eminently fitted to exercise and fashion such a mind. Beyond any thing else it opens the appropriate highway for the exercise of the inspiration of youthful Christian enthusiasm. The call to preach, as held and believed in by the fathers

of Methodism—a Divine anointing by the Holy Spirit, designating its subject for something higher and more sacred than either the regal or prophetic office—holier than was ever given by prophets of highest name—was felt and confessed. Under such an inspiration the whole soul is awakened to a more intense activity, and presses out into a nobler development. The latent powers of the spirit are quickened by its movements and respond to its impulses; the intellect receives new life and is endowed with increased powers; the sensibilities become more active and rise to higher aims; the tastes are developed to more delicate appreciations, and to a keener sense of the morally and spiritually excellent. By this divine possession and assumption, the whole man—soul, body, and spirit—is transformed, *apotheosized*, and lifted into a new and higher form of life. The young Christian—we say the *young*—for only in opening manhood can this great work be undertaken with a good probability of success—the young Christian, consciously feeling the inspiration of this high calling, and faithfully responding to its demands, can hardly fail of greatness. To such a one learning becomes a felt want—a demand of the soul itself, not less than of his circumstances, and he therefore grasps it with avidity and appropriates it liberally. He communes with lofty thoughts, and converses with the highest forms of both moral and æsthetical beauty. In such conditions the highest and best forms of culture are but the natural outgrowth of the soul's development. New and glorious visions open before the quickened, spiritual perceptions, which react upon the heart and life, to raise the enlarged soul to their own high level. The Savior's assurance of the success of his kingdom, not only in the form of personal salvation in heaven for individual sinners, but, also, and eminently, the vindication of the right and the establishment of the good, animates the soul with a lofty zeal. Faith in God and in humanity becomes the fixed condition of mind, and the inspiring impulse of the whole emotional nature.

And yet shall it be said that men, of whose call to the ministry we dare not doubt, have failed in their work? If so, and unhappily it is but too evidently true, it must be owing to a lack, in some way, of a just appreciation of their calling, and a consequent lack of its inspiration. With these a minister can not fail to move others, because he will be moved himself. He will be in earnest in his work, and nothing else is so contagious as religious earnestness; he will necessarily be eloquent, for great truths earnestly uttered, are always elo-

quent. Every quality that enters into the composition of ministerial greatness, springs naturally out of the genuine inspiration of the spiritual consciousness of a Divine vocation to the work of the ministry of the Gospel. It was under the impulse of this inspiration that Bishop Thomson entered upon his great life-work, and, of course, he achieved greatness.

In the exercise of his ministerial functions Dr. Thomson was, during a large share of his active life, engaged in the work of a Christian instructor of youth. That office evidently has peculiar adaptations for the development and exercise of the highest Christian and ministerial gifts, and that fact sufficiently justifies the occupation of ministers of the Gospel in that work. In that office the contact of mind with mind is direct and continuous, and uniformly among the conditions that give large advantages to the governing mind. A strange power, often scarcely recognized by those upon whom it is exercised, is thus put forth, by which the subject spirit is at once awakened to unprecedented activity, and, at the same time, unconsciously assimilated to the moral image of the governing soul. The *media* by which this transforming power passes over from the ruling to the subject minds, are as various as the methods by which thoughts and feelings are manifested. The smile and the frown, expressions of favor or disgust, the perplexity of doubt and the glow of hope, all teach effectively and indelibly impress the plastic characters of the learners. This silent but potent influence belongs especially to the teacher's office, and facility in exercising it is commonly the measure of success in the work of instruction. It is not the words spoken, nor the precepts delivered, nor chiefly any formal or describable acts, but a secret influence, often unrecognized by either party—a power that the learned call *magnetic*, because they have no better epithet by which to designate it. Said a shrewd, a wise observer, recognizing, perhaps unwittingly, this principle: "I would rather my son should simply pass and repass where the shadow of [a certain noted instructor] might fall upon him, though that were all, than that he should enjoy the most assiduous instructions of any other."

Evidently our lamented Bishop possessed this magnetic faculty in a very high degree, especially toward the young, and by it he was enabled to accomplish his great work as a Christian instructor. No other portion of his eminently successful life was so successful as that during which he was at the head of a college. Here he fashioned the hearts and minds of young men as the potter molds the clay;

and here, too, beyond his most effective pulpit labors elsewhere, he held his listening congregations spell-bound, while he held their thoughts by the purest and loftiest eloquence to the most excellent meditations and purposes. Without detracting from other points of his life-work, it may, no doubt, be said that his career as a college President was the most peculiarly eminent.

Though the walks of literature afford a less direct and immediately effective influence over the minds acted upon than the more direct personal address, yet there a wider range is afforded, and the results are often more enduring. The calling of the man of letters requires and gives exercise to a high order of mental qualities. There must be rich stores of learning, a delicate and discriminating taste, a thorough culture, artistic facility in the use of language, and a wide range of special information respecting the topics discussed. Need we pause to remark how, especially in Dr. Thomson's case, these requirements were responded to? He unquestionably possessed, in large proportion, the higher qualifications of the poet. His mind was not only lofty and pure, but in many of its moods, *solitary*. As the greatest English poet of the present age has said, a greater one of an earlier,

"His soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

The real poet may be unpracticed in versification. There may be neither measure nor rhyme in his utterances, but if endowed with lofty powers, and exercised with high thoughts, which clothe themselves in rhythmical forms of beauty, to which all hearts instinctively respond, his claim to the title of poet is justified. At this point we are permitted to detect the poetic genius of our subject self-revealed. In essaying to sketch the exterior life of a poetical friend he has evidently given us his own best mental portraiture; for, while he supposed that he was recording his memories of a departed genius, he was translating his own self-consciousness, and in the name of Otway Curry he has given us the mental photograph of Edward Thomson. Read but this brief extract to be satisfied:

"His mind was in harmony with nature; he had a relish for all beauty. To him it was not in vain that God painted the landscape green, cast the channels of the streams in graceful curves, lighted up the arch of night, and turned the gates of day on golden hinges amid the anthems of a grateful world. No thirst for wealth, no conflict for honor, no lust of meaner pleasures destroyed his sensibility to the harmonies and proportions of the universe. 'No profit in this,' cries the utilitarian. Neither is

there in the quiet lake reposing in the bosom of the mountains and bearing no keel upon its waters; but is it nothing that it reflects every leaf that quivers over its margin, and every star that looks down into its crystal breast? It was not, however, the superficial beauty that chiefly charmed him, but the interior—that higher beauty which the vulgar eye can not see. Beneath outer forms he traced inner and more vital ones; beneath all forms he sought design, and from design he advanced to the affection which prompted it. Thus was he in constant communion with the ‘Great Spirit.’ Beauty in its heavenly forms chiefly attracted him. The world to come, where the harmonies and proportions are perfect; where there is no night, no sorrow, no falsehood; the fellowship of angels, whose love is interrupted by no misunderstanding and corrupted by no impurity; the bowers of Eden, and its gentle streams before sin had defiled them; the mind of man in its recovered state; the cradle and the cross of the Redeemer; the grace and the glory of the Infinite One, were the favorite subjects of his meditations. When objects of a different kind forced themselves upon his attention, they grieved his gentle spirit or moved his righteous indignation. And is it not great and good to behold God’s nobler works, to be even a silent witness of the grandeur hidden from common observers? So shall it not be in vain that God reveals himself within the veil; so shall there not be wanting a high-priest in the interior of the divine temple.”

Such was the man who, in 1860, at the call of the Church, assumed the conduct of its chief weekly newspaper. That he brought with him peculiar adaptations for such a work will be readily conceded, and that his editorial career was by no means a failure is certain. He indeed imparted peculiar excellencies to that department of literary service; and without invidiously disparaging the work of any of his predecessors, it may be said that he raised our Church journalism to a higher level than it had before occupied. Still it must be obvious that newspaper editorship was a work quite unsuited to his genius. Its humdrum rounds of commonplace duties—its wearisome labors over the dull platitudes, and badly constructed essays of unskillful but self-confident correspondents—its unedifying wadings, not for pleasure or learning, but from official necessity, through the columns of newspapers and magazines—its unavoidable and interminable complications in the strifes and conflicts of others, and the personal collisions which, however carefully guarded against, nevertheless occur—all these were painful and distasteful to

him in proportion to the comparative delicacy of his tastes, and the elevation of his spirit. Placing such a man in such a position is not unlike the harnessing of the high-bred courser to draw the dray or plow the field. He could do the work, but only in pain; and surely it was not the best employment for such capabilities—possibly not the best assurance of success even in that work.

We next pass to contemplate him in his last and officially his highest position in the Church—the *Episcopacy*. The Church has a right to the services of all her ministers, and in such positions as may promise to best promote its great mission; and accordingly Dr. Thomson was called to serve the Church as one of its general superintendents. Nor will it be denied that he possessed peculiar qualifications for such an office. Though certain physical and adventitious qualities, popularly associated with that position, an imposing physique, an awe-inspiring manner, and a general grandiosity of bearing—all of which may not be without their uses—were not possessed by him in the highest degree, yet was their lack compensated for by higher and better ones. The paternal authority of Peter, the disciplinary severity of James, and the mighty zeal of Paul, were all apostolical qualities of much value; but John’s elevated tenderness of spirit was not less so. As a merely executive officer in the Church, special firmness of feelings and tenderness of sympathies may not seem the most desirable qualities of a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. But few positions, however, demand so largely a susceptible heart and a brotherly sympathy, and a delicate and conscientious, and, therefore, correct judgment, with clear powers of analysis, an intuitive reading of character, and broad, combining, and tenacious powers of thought. And above all these, and permeating and energizing them, must be a devout and soul-compelling zeal for God. In this presence it is needful only to enumerate these things in order to show how largely Bishop Thomson was endowed with the highest attributes of mind and heart for his high work. With tender regret, and yet with a saddened pleasure, we call to mind his child-like gentleness of spirit, his brotherly kindness to all with whom his official duties or social opportunities brought him into contact, the elevation of his soul in its religious aspirations and communings, and the sacred authority that expressed itself unsought in all his manner and conversation.

But that life-story, so fragrant of the odors of piety and purity, is closed; another career of Christian activity is completed, and a new statue

sacred to cherished memories is set up in the sanctuary of our hearts. For nearly forty years our departed friend and brother has gone out and in before the Church, and in an ever-widening circle he has steadily shed forth the halo of a Christian life. The Church has confidently committed to him, in increasing measure, its most delicate and responsible trusts, and grandly has he responded to the confidence so reposed in him. His course has been steadily and rapidly upward, and God has willed that his ascent should not be followed by a descent. Like the morning stars, his spirit's course was steadily upward, still glowing with its own peculiar effulgence till lost in the glories of the opening day. In the fullness of his activities, with body, mind, and heart all occupied in the Lord's work, without protracted sickness, feebleness, or suffering, he laid him down to die. The Master said, "It is enough," and he passed at once from labor to recompense.

Doubtless in most cases of transition from earth to the abodes of the blessed, the frail and imperfect ones who here live by faith, faint but pursuing, and still "groan being burdened" with the infirmities of their flesh, have need of great spiritual transformation to adapt them to their new conditions. Such, too, in his degree was no doubt the case with him whose good name we here commemorate; but, with reverence and holy comfort we may say it, in this case there would seem to have been less to be done, than with most others to render him "like unto the angels in heaven."

DAISY CLIFTON.

II.

AFTER a few days every thing was in order; even the baby had become accustomed to her new nursery, and Daisy, light-hearted as ever, spent much of her time in playing with the little fellow. She had to confess to herself, however, and sometimes she told Harry, that she had at length seen a gentleman who was worth looking at a second time; but she always blushed after this.

One day, as she was passing along the upper entry, she heard a voice at the front door asking for Miss Clifton, and the servant brought up the card of Dr. Lansing. Aunt Ellen could not possibly go down just then, much as Daisy besought her, so down she had to go alone. At the end of two swift hours Dr. Lansing remembered he had a patient to visit, and Daisy returned to her aunt. The frank young gentleman owned he had but one patient that day, yet

on that particular morning he would just as soon have been without that one.

These were bright days. Mrs. Clifton was often tempted, after similar visits, to ask her niece if she had not met her fate at last, but mercifully refrained from doing so. But the course of true love never yet having run quite smooth, this case proved no exception to the proverb. News had reached Daisy's home, in some inexplicable manner, probably through some gossiping mutual friend, that she was receiving the attentions of a young physician without fortune and without practice; a letter came from her mother in consequence, urging her immediate return home, rather reflecting on the prudence of her aunt, and forbidding her to entertain a serious thought concerning the young aspirant to her favor. She was made quite unhappy by the contents of this epistle; still, her maidenly pride would not permit her to grieve very deeply; perhaps, after all, she thought, I have been mistaken and I am not beloved. Then would arise before her certain expressions of those most expressive eyes, which could not be misunderstood. (People may talk about the mouth as the most expressive feature, but it is on the eloquent *eye* that Love depends when intent on bringing two hearts together.) But it has been so short a time, she would reason—I never even heard of him until four or five weeks ago. No, I came to New York heart-whole and independent, and I will go back to Philadelphia the same; just as if any body could become attached to any body else in four weeks!

The next time Dr. Lansing came Daisy was "engaged," in pursuance of her mother's orders. The next time she could not be so cruel and so false, so she made a compromise by insisting on her aunt's coming down to the parlor and remaining all the time. The visit was short and constrained, and the dark hazel eyes lingered on Daisy's as the young man took his departure with an expression of grieved disappointment.

Daisy, poor child, went up to her room, unhappy, dissatisfied, and longing to be alone. "O," she thought, "he will consider me nothing but a heartless flirt after all; and yet—and yet he has never told me he loves me." Yes, he had told her, again and again, but not in words.

It so happened that on two or three different evenings, which had been set apart by Mrs. Ward for receiving the Clifton family sociably to tea, engagements of some kind had prevented their going. On the last day of Daisy's stay in New York, however, they were again specially invited. Mrs. Clifton, being desirous not to

wound the feelings of a lady who had made their home while with her so pleasant, by slighting her further acquaintance, urged the Doctor to set aside any engagement he might have, and accompany them: Nothing interfered this time, and seven o'clock found them all once more assembled round Mrs. Ward's well-filled table, with her comely, gratified face beaming a warm welcome, and the presence of Dr. Lansing—just the fact of his chair not being empty, as Daisy had half feared it would be—giving an additional relish to the great variety of delicate and tempting dishes which Mrs. Ward included under the New England head of a "sociable cup of tea."

Daisy, feeling that she was enjoying this particular little gathering for the last time—her associations with that house and tea-table were exceedingly pleasant—and knowing also that she was in the line of her duty—for was she not going home the next day in obedience to her mother's orders?—thought it would be no harm to treat Dr. Lansing in the same frank, friendly manner as when they had met before in the place. Her coolness had been very hard to assume, at any rate, so it was easily thrown off.

The young Doctor, for his part, had been very much puzzled by her altered manner, yet thought her eyes did not confirm it: he was not in the least conceited or vain; still something indefinable in his intercourse with Daisy had beguiled him into the belief that she was not averse to his society. Her changed manner, therefore, perplexed him, and he resolved to stay at home decidedly this evening, according to Mrs. Ward's particular request, so that he might have one more opportunity of judging for himself, and perhaps the pleasure of walking home with her in the evening, when he might ask for an explanation. His great fear was that which haunts all physicians when they are hoping for a few hours' enjoyment, the possibility of a sudden professional call; not that he was overburdened with practice either, poor young gentleman, but even that fear proved quite groundless. Hour after hour flew by on very bright wings; conversation never flagged, although sustained chiefly without much aid from Daisy, who was quite willing to do nothing besides appreciating and enjoying—it is not every body who knows how to do that. Dr. Lansing had become well aware of her quick intellectual sympathies, and when they were alone he possessed the faculty of bringing out her mental powers to an extent that astonished herself. But on this evening, when his own intellect seemed even brighter than common, he addressed but few observations directly to her;

yet it was the bright glance of her eye while he was speaking that stimulated his brain, giving a fresh and brilliant tone to all he said. He as well as Mrs. Ward and her son were New Englanders; they knew Boston by heart. Dr. Clifton was full of refined wit, and had plenty of professional reminiscences: he was at all times a charming, genial companion. Besides conversation, music lent its fascinations. When the piano was opened, Daisy was surprised to hear Mrs. Ward call upon Dr. Lansing to bring his flute from his office and accompany Miss Clifton. The flute was an instrument more valued in those days—thirty-five years ago—than at present. The joint harmony formed another and dangerously sweet bond of union between the two young people, for the songs of that period were sentimental and frequently full of tender meaning. Some of the lines in the plaintive song of "Isle of Beauty" were lingered over with a depth of tenderness greater than the written music called for; a little tremulousness on the flute notes was not remarkable, and might readily be accounted for; but once or twice the Doctor fancied he caught a slight tremor in Daisy's voice.

Yes, it was a most delightful visit; and poor Daisy, it was to be her last; after this evening would she ever see Dr. Lansing again? or hold conversation with him?

At length it became manifestly late. While the ladies were getting on their bonnets, and good-byes were being exchanged, Dr. Lansing suddenly disappeared. Daisy did not see him go, yet she knew that every body except him was in the room, and in her little heart she had been fancying that he might offer to escort her home, in which case she certainly hoped her uncle would not insist on preventing his taking the trouble.

Shaking hands and kissing came to an end, however, without any signs of the young Doctor: they got nearer and nearer to the front door, passed his very office, and finally down the steps into the street. All this time Daisy noticed that young Mr. Ward came near her, but as she had no sort of regard for him, it only added keenness to her wish that Dr. Lansing would again make his appearance; he did not, so she was compelled at last to say to Mrs. Ward, "Be kind enough to tell Dr. Lansing that I left my good-by for him," and was turning away most reluctantly, under the care of Robert Ward, when the Doctor suddenly came to the front door, looking thoroughly perplexed and annoyed, though he could not help smiling.

"Miss Clifton," he said, "I am in a most singular plight. Mrs. Ward, have you seen my

hat? I left it in my office, and one or two caps also."

No, Mrs. Ward could not tell him any thing about his hat at all, but an expression crossed the face of Robert Ward, while he turned away his head, which said very plainly, "You will find neither hat nor cap, Doctor, until I get back from seeing Miss Clifton home." No one saw this expression but Daisy; and the Doctor coming down to the pavement further said,

"I had promised myself the pleasure of walking home with you this evening, but am unwilling to detain you while I make further search, Miss Clifton."

Daisy would have much preferred waiting to going home under the protection of Robert Ward; but as it was rather awkward standing there under the circumstances, she immediately made a move to join her uncle and aunt, who were a little beyond her, first, however, giving Dr. Lansing her own farewell, which was some satisfaction.

Her walk up Broadway with Robert Ward was extremely tedious and uncomfortable; obliged to hear complimentary speeches when she did not care a farthing what he thought of her, and thoroughly satisfied, as she was, that he had been the cause of her disappointment by hiding Dr. Lansing's hat himself, she could not feel the least flattered by the arrangement. If he had coveted her company for the walk, he had purchased it at so mean a price that really she could hardly be civil to him.

Wearied, vexed, and disappointed, Daisy finished her last evening in New York by yielding to a hearty crying spell on the shoulder of her sympathizing Aunt Ellen, while they were both in her chamber gathering up the few remaining things left unpacked about the room. Mrs. Clifton possessed penetration enough to know just how Daisy felt, and generosity enough to make no parade of her penetration. Her sympathy, though not a word was spoken on the subject, found expression in many little acts and looks of tenderness for which Daisy felt intensely grateful, both then and afterward; in fact, the friendship that is inseparably connected with the person and circumstances of a first love, becomes woven into the feelings like threads of spun gold. A sort of fascinating charm often beautifies the plainest countenance, if it belongs to one who mentions the beloved name with kindness, or perchance brings tidings that we are longing to hear.

Much as Daisy had always loved her Uncle and Aunt Clifton, they were now dearer than ever to her heart. Might she not feel assured of their approbation and support if the worldly

wisdom of her family should oppose obstacles to her further acquaintance with Dr. Lansing? Were they not too high-minded to condemn a young gentleman of refined and noble character, merely because Fortune had not showered her capricious gifts upon him?

In the midst of such thoughts—severely scolding herself, too, because she could not keep them in subjection—Daisy at length finished her arrangements; she laid out every thing she would want to wear in the morning, took from her purse her parting presents for the servants, and lastly, stood upon the table the soft, white rabbit, intended for Harry, and a queer little India rubber dog for him to employ his energies upon while his coming teeth were troubling him; then dismissed forcibly every intrusive thought, and compelled herself to go to sleep.

Her uncle's cheerful voice waked her, after what seemed but a few minutes' nap. Day was just dawning, and she saw through the east window, which had been left uncurtained lest she should sleep too late, the presage of a lovely morning in the beautiful gray and rose-colored clouds, spreading wider and higher up the sky, and then rolling away in soft, fleecy folds.

"Come, Daisy," called Dr. Clifton, "your aunt and breakfast are waiting for you, and so is the steam-boat; are your trunks fastened?"

"I am all ready, uncle dear," answered Daisy, "but sit down without me, please. I must go to Harry a minute—he is awake." But the rabbit and the little dog, by which Daisy expected to purchase her release from her darling, proved ineffectual; the baby clung to her neck and would not be comforted.

"O, Miss," said the nurse, "how he does love you! I do n't know what I shall do when you are gone, you have helped me so much with him."

"Precious, darling little fellow," exclaimed Daisy, holding him close in her arms, "I must go—good-by, Harry—here, love his little rabbit—kiss cousin once more," and the rosy, balmy mouth sought her own lips, and then Daisy tore herself away, while the nurse took Harry from her embrace crying terribly.

A hurried breakfast—kisses, tears, and embraces, then a whirling drive down Broadway, and Daisy found herself at the boat, just as the last bell was ringing. The carriage door flew open for her uncle to jump out, when another hand caught her own, and another voice—one whose tones were unexpected and welcome—said hurriedly,

"I will take Miss Clifton on board, Doctor, if you wish to attend to the trunks."

The Doctor did wish to do so, of course, although he had brought his man-servant on the coach-box for the express purpose. Only a few moments remained for the passengers, however. Dr. Lansing just managed to secure Daisy's entrance into the saloon—then with a few low-spoken words and a look into her eyes, he was gone over the quickly withdrawn plank.

"That young man just saved his distance," said a cautious old bachelor, who had been ready for the boat to start, so far as he and his effects were concerned, any time within the last half hour.

"Yes," said his companion, "how can any body be so foolish and venturesome? But I dare say he brought some young woman down, and they always make people hurry and scurry if they want to go anywhere—never ready in time—and then such a power of baggage as there always is to see after. Thank fortune, there's no woman kind on this boat belonging to me. I always think of the old lady who had a big trunk, a little trunk, a band-box, and a bundle, and I'm absolutely afraid to take the charge of any of 'em." (A happy escape for the ladies, my friend.)

Such was Daisy's confusion of mind that, not until the boat was actually in motion did she remember her Uncle Clifton. She had bidden him the farewell too affectionate for the public gaze before leaving home, but still she had expected to say a few words more at the wharf. How ungrateful he must have thought me! was her mortifying reflection. I did not even look round to see if he was near me, and now the boat is going. Where, too, are the friends who were to take charge of me? And, in considerable trepidation, Daisy stepped quickly to the railing, hoping to see her uncle, as the boat slowly moved out from the dock. There he was, almost near enough to shake hands, and with a very cheerful, satisfied expression on his countenance. Close by his side stood Dr. Lansing, looking—not so cheerful.

Daisy was assured by her uncle's countenance that he had not felt slighted—he was not selfish—but she also knew that he must perceive how she was blushing; indeed, she hardly understood his hurried information that Mr. and Mrs. Stevens were on board, and that her trunks were safe. Chained to the spot, and feeling painfully lonely as the dashing wheels were widening every instant the distance between herself and her friends on the wharf, poor Daisy could scarcely prevent tears from falling. After a time the gentlemen had recourse to their handkerchiefs to continue their intercourse with her, and Daisy, to avoid remark, leaned on the

railing, with her handkerchief carelessly waving over the side. There was some comfort even in this. She was aroused presently by the friendly voice of Mr. Stevens, a kind, fatherly old gentleman, as he touched her shoulder.

"Here you are at last, my dear," he said. "My wife and I were afraid you had not got down in time until we saw Dr. Clifton on the wharf; but there was some mistake made about our baggage, and we have been engaged in the forward part of the boat, trying to get the matter straight, until a few minutes ago, when we went through the saloon and lower cabin to look for you. This is a nice hiding-place you have found. Come, shall we go to Mrs. Stevens? She has reserved a seat for you, for really there is a great number of passengers, and seats are scarce."

"Certainly, sir. I would like to be seated. I am so glad you found me," said Daisy, with a sensation of unspeakable relief; and giving her handkerchief a last decided shake before turning away, she took her old friend's offered arm and turned toward the saloon, leaving behind her the imposing city of New York bathed in the twofold luster of a glorious early morning, and the rainbow hues of love's first young dream.

A certain small volume of choice poetry, which had not been in Daisy's possession when she left her uncle's house in the morning, was now closely held in her hand awaiting a favorable moment for being examined. Before that longed-for moment came, however, she was destined to pass through a severe ordeal.

Mrs. Stevens had made Daisy welcome to the seat she had saved for her, had asked after her parents and her visit, etc., and then, in a motherly kind of way, she said, "My dear, will you allow me to look at the beautiful little book you have in your hand?"

What could Daisy do? To make a mystery of the book would be dangerous. Mrs. Stevens might think she was in possession of something on the order of Don Juan, or some very irreligious volume, or she could not tell what. And yet how could she give out of her own hand, and let a comparative stranger be the first to open its precious leaves? With a quick-coming color, and an involuntary hesitancy, she replied, "I scarcely know what the poems are like, ma'am. I have not yet read them attentively; but perhaps you will find them interesting," and she handed her the book.

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Stevens. "Would you like to look over this magazine? There are some very good things in it."

Behind its convenient pages Daisy concealed her troubled face, and also made the unwelcome

discovery that Mrs. Stevens had found one of the white leaves quite as interesting as those that were printed. At length she said, "Excuse me, my dear, I'm an old friend of your family, and you will allow me a little liberty. Can you tell me which of the Lansings this young man is? I see it is F. D., and I think he must be old Felix Lansing's son. I knew him very well."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Daisy, "I can not inform you about that. I believe he comes from Massachusetts."

"Ah, yes, exactly! My dear," turning to her husband who was deep in the morning paper, "you remember Felix Lansing, do n't you, the Representative to Congress in our native town in Massachusetts—before we were married, you know?"

"Lansing, did you say? O, yes—yes, I remember him very well indeed; a first-rate man. What of him? Is he dead?"

"Not that I know of," said his wife. "I was just thinking this might be his son."

"Who? where?" exclaimed Mr. Stevens, pushing up his gold spectacles, and looking eagerly round. "Point him out to me, my dear. I should like to speak to him."

Daisy felt her face tingling all over, and hastily pulled down her thick veil. But Mrs. Stevens calmly replied, as she placed the writing within range of her husband's vision, "I did not see the person, my dear; it is this writing I alluded to. I thought very likely this might be Felix Lansing's son."

"Well," said the old gentleman adjusting his spectacles again, and looking attentively at the name, "yes, it might be; he had two sons I know, and the youngest graduated at old Harvard with high honors at the same time with our poor dear Vincent. I remember hearing afterward that he determined to study medicine; but if he did he must have had a struggling time of it, for his father left but little to his family. These members of Congress generally spend as they go, and live pretty high, too."

"Could you tell me, my love," resumed Mrs. Stevens to Daisy, "whether this young man is now a practicing physician?"

"He is, ma'am," replied Daisy in a choked kind of voice, for, to add to her discomfiture, she saw a young lady and gentleman not far from them, who were evidently drinking in every word of this embarrassing conversation.

"And perhaps you know where his residence is?"

"Will she never stop?" thought Daisy. But she answered, from behind that good thick veil, "He has taken my uncle's former office, and

boards with Mrs. Ward in the same house at present."

"Indeed! You don't tell me!" exclaimed the old lady. "Why, husband, only think, he must be living quite in our neighborhood, with our old friend Mrs. Ward. You must really go and hunt him up when we come back. Excellent family, my dear Miss Clifton; could n't be better; but very poor, I am afraid. Mr. Stevens and I are away from New York so frequently, visiting our married children, you know, that we quite lose sight of our neighbors, I might say. We must really try to do better in future, and pay this young man some friendly attention, as the son of our old friend. Did I understand you to say that his name was Felix, after his father?"

"No, ma'am," said Daisy, "I think you did not."

"Frederick, I suppose then, or Francis," said the persevering old lady.

How much longer this trial might have continued it is impossible to say, had not a black man, whom Daisy regarded in the light of a deliverer, just then come along ringing a bell, and calling out, "Breakfast, ladies, breakfast," whereupon the elderly couple traveled promptly down to the cabin, leaving Daisy free to go into the deserted saloon, where she could be alone.

Not until she was safely locked into her beloved chamber at home that night did she indulge herself in the luxury of opening her volume of poems. Her name, "with the respects" of F. D. Lansing, were what any body might have written. The date, which was of the precious memorable evening, and the word "Mizpah," conveyed more meaning to Daisy than to any one besides. That little volume must be kept in her most fragrant drawer—the drawer that had lavender, rose leaves, etc., strewn about it. Her little book-shelves were not good enough.

During several following months a regular correspondence was maintained with her Aunt Clifton. In every letter some slight mention would be made of their mutual friend, Dr. Lansing; he had just spent an evening with them, or he had called recently, and desired to be remembered, etc. This little passage in the letter was always dwelt upon quite thoughtfully by Daisy, although no remark was made by her mother.

Here let it be recorded that in the heart of Dr. Lansing, Daisy's image had grown neither faint nor less attractive; on the contrary, absence only served to heighten and increase the charms by which his guileless nature had at first been won. But a high sense of manly

honor prevented him from declaring his attachment, until his success in the career he had chosen should be such as to warrant him in asking her to leave her father's luxurious home to share his fortunes. Dark indeed seemed his worldly prospects; day after day wore on without bringing any increase to his practice. His clear, vigorous mind, grasping and mastering every subject of investigation, appeared to be of no service to him; he could not make his talents bring him an income on which to establish that happy home which continually mocked his fancy. Had it not been for the valuable articles contributed by him to different periodicals he might have given up in despair. But by means of these exertions he was not only kept quite above pecuniary embarrassment, but his intellectual powers became more widely known. In the simplicity of his nature it had never occurred to him that he might become celebrated outside of the profession he had chosen; nevertheless he did.

One day late in Autumn a letter was received from Mrs. Clifton, and at the very end came these words:

"I must not omit a very gratifying piece of intelligence; at least to you, Daisy, who know how highly we value our friend Dr. Lansing, the news will be interesting. He came to us late last evening looking remarkably bright, as he has been far from looking recently. 'I have come to ask your congratulations, my friends,' were his first words, 'who have been pulling the wires to get me out of this "Slough of Despond," in which I have so long been plunged. I can not tell, but to my unfeigned surprise I received to-night this letter, giving me the appointment of professor in a New England college, to fill a vacancy recently made. Here is the letter, Dr. Clifton, for you to read. My struggles in New York among hundreds of competitors are now happily at an end.'

"My husband took the letter and very gravely perused it; so gravely, indeed, that I suddenly began to suspect who one of the wire-pullers had been at any rate. I leave you to imagine all that we said to him, as well as some things that he said to us.

"And now, my dear child, are you not glad? You would congratulate him also if you had the opportunity, would n't you? Your father and mother must become acquainted with our new professor; and as I think he will show to more advantage under our roof than anywhere else, because he is more at home with us, I make it my particular request—without his knowledge, however—that they will come to New York early next week, and bring you with them for

change of air, so that on his return from New England, whither he was obliged to go at once, he will find you here. I can not write any more now, for I hear Harry calling for me. I wish you were here to take him."

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton had looked with some anxiety on their daughter, remarking her sweet and dutiful submission, while she was daily becoming less animated and more pale. Nothing had been said to Daisy, but Mr. Clifton had written to his brother making inquiries regarding Dr. Lansing, to all of which Dr. Clifton had responded in the most satisfactory manner. The bright prospects now opening to the young man forbade any further opposition on the former grounds—his worth had never been questioned. The journey to New York, therefore, was a thing that actually came to pass; and in those days it was a journey, occupying nearly an entire day.

Daisy's bloom and spirits soon revived on finding that her parents were charmed with Dr. Lansing; and when, after the expiration of a brief period of happiness, her father came to her and told her that she was wanted in the library, and drawing her within his arms kindly told her that he had just given his full approbation and consent; although she smiled and cried both at once, and could do nothing more, still, I think, she was not very much surprised.

Before she could leave the room her uncle and aunt came in.

"Ah, Daisy," said Dr. Clifton, "who came to New York last Spring, heart-whole and independent, to 'help Aunt Clifton move into her new house, and for *nothing else*?' You are several kisses in my debt because you entirely forgot my existence on the day of your return home, after discharging that important mission."

"Don't laugh, dear uncle," said Daisy, "and I will pay the debt at once," which she accordingly did, and then made good her escape. We are too considerate to follow her.

While Agnes was gone I walked to the window where my flowers were—condoled with them about the weather, and, after the style of poor "Miss Fox," I watered them, and "snipped" a little, here and there, with my scissors.

I sung to my bird, but could only elicit the faintest kind of troubled chirp in reply; and then I returned to my sofa and my knitting, feeling that it was indeed a dismal kind of day.

Agnes's mother came in with her well-filled work-basket, and one of the children brought me her newly dressed doll to admire; still my

thoughts wandered. I felt anxious, and found myself frequently wondering whether any thing besides the weather had prevented Philip from writing to his mother as usual.

About noon I heard a flying step from the chamber above, and Agnes, all animation, capered into the room.

"Now, Aunt Lucy, you will please interpret this story for me; you never invented it in the world; for there is no romance about it, such as there always is in imaginary love-stories. Who were the people? I think I have a kind of suspicion."

"Did you ever hear of a Dr. Lansing, Agnes, or of a sweet baby named Harry?"

"No, auntie, not exactly; but I do know a gentleman who resembles him—a Dr. Bayard, my own father, who was once professor of a college, and is now its president; and I think my mother must have been quite beautiful enough to have been 'Daisy.'"

"You know a lady now, Agnes, who has long been a widow, but whose noble husband you were too young"—

"O, Aunt Lucy," cried the warm-hearted girl, "now I understand! You are Aunt Clifton yourself, and the baby Harry has grown up to be my tall cousin Philip. Father is Dr. Lansing, and mamma is Daisy. How stupid I was! But your dear husband, so kind and cordial, I shall never know. You are the only one who has suffered, and yet you are the one to write this cheerful, pleasant story about mamma's young days, and her courtship."

"Give me no credit for that, Agnes, darling. Your mother was a favorite niece with me when she was young, as she still is, you know. I wrote this little history of her first and only love one day when I felt strangely depressed and lonely, hoping to give you pleasure some day or other when you might need cheering; and as to my being generally cheerful when I am a constant sufferer, I deserve no commendation. If I have endured many trials, both of mind and body, have not blessings been richly mingled with my cup of bitterness? Where could kinder or more loving hearts be found to shelter me with their love than those of your dear father and mother, and their warm-hearted children? When Philip is able to provide a home for his mother, do you think his wife will be any more tender of me than you all are here?"

Agnes smiled, looked beautifully confused, and hid her face on my shoulder. But while I smoothed her curls caressingly the postman's knock sounded at the front door, and, starting up, she hastened down stairs to receive the longed-for letters.

THE FOUNDERS' AGE OF OUR LITERATURE.

SECOND PAPER.

THE place of Wyclif in our literature is of such unquestioned eminence that it has seldom been disputed that he is entitled to at least equal rank with Chaucer. In recent years the matter has been the subject of some indirect controversy. On one side the critics who, as Mr. Marsh, hold strong opinions, and have decided sympathies with that great cause championed for four hundred years by our strongest intellects and not yet fully triumphant—the cause of conscience against Rome—who believed literature to be worthless when divorced from truth and put on neutral ground, who can not believe that Artemas Ward can for a moment contest the place of Lowell in satire or humor, who believe that intense convictions on the right side count for something in critical estimates—these have advanced the claims of Wyclif beyond the older standards, and incline to believe him fairly entitled to the first place in honor.

On the other side a class of critics who resent religious positivism, and are offended by convictions of a moral or theological nature, have in various ways betrayed a tendency to under-rate the merits of the reformer. Mr. Thomas Arnold has the same scruple about Milton. Literature, in this view, is art only; vehemence is a merit until it is suspected of sincerity, but becomes a fault so soon as it appears to spring from moral earnestness. Wyclif was vehement, and in blood earnest about it, too.

This critical spirit appears in a good deal of our modern writing; and it is curious how it affects the estimates put upon public men. For example, Gladstone's Greek studies and literary finish, even in his speeches, have reconciled this school of critics to his earnest liberalism. They often seem to imply that his literary recreations are a proof that he is only playing politics. But John Bright has no such foil to his earnestness, and the enemies of moral vehemence have honored him with incessant abuse. Just now they are trying to find an excuse for adopting him on the plea that his experience as a cabinet minister has toned down the ferocity of his convictions, and will soon convert him into an admirable hypocrite.

The exact intellectual position of Wyclif upon the issue which was being made up in his age, and to which he contributed so much, is not free from uncertainty. In a broad sense, he was a Protestant of this century; rejecting without hesitation the theory of divine prerogatives in the Pope, of a human high-priestship

at Rome, and holding without hesitation the freedom of individual conscience, and the duty of personal faith as essential to salvation. But as yet the controversy had only taken form in vague outlines, and the men were not yet born who could exactly define the grounds of the struggle.

The Reformation in the English mind—certainly in the masses—was accomplished in Wyclif's time; but the tangling alliance of Church and State gave the controversy a political character, subjected it to party struggles and animosities, and gave minorities in numbers the power to defeat the majority.

And, speaking in a general way, the English people were, from 1360 to 1688, defeated of their will, or only half endowed with the fruits of their victories, through the field for intrigue, and the excuses for compromise, afforded by the State character of religion. To have seen his way clearly out of this entangled question, Wyclif must have lived in this century and in this country. A Church divorced from a Christian State had not demonstrated its Christian character in the modern world; and a Church married to the State was something to be regenerated, if depraved, but still something never to be abandoned.

So Wyclif lived and died a priest of the Roman Church, protected in his living by the royal grace of a member of the reigning family, and organizing the campaign for the future generations by insisting upon personal piety, cultivating a thirst for religious knowledge, and furnishing the Bible in the language of his countrymen as the one all-conquering weapon for attack and defense. And on these lines the battle was fought to the end. Throughout, the English Reformation was a political struggle, redeemed on our side by the elements imported into the conflict by Wyclif.

We have no cause to be ashamed of him. He had such learning as his time afforded. He was an Oxford graduate and professor. He led a blameless private life, endeared himself to many friends, spoke with grace and vehemence, and wrote in a style unequaled by his contemporaries for strength, copiousness, and clearness. No mean thinker, his mastery of expression has given him such fame as to obscure the penetration and breadth of his intellect.

His own account of his translations show very clearly that his fame would surprise himself. "Hindered for a time from preaching, a poor caitiff" had set himself to translating the Bible into the vulgar speech. He did not know that his enforced silence would be so much more eloquent than all his sermons that he was

preaching with his pen to untold millions of English-speaking men.

It is true that there is room for doubt how far the personal labor of Wyclif may be traced within the work; but there is no question that his was the inspiring genius, and, prevaillingly, the mold in which the style was cast. From the twentieth verse of the third chapter of Baruch to the end of the Revelation, the work is doubtless Wyclif's own; and the revision by Purvey, in 1390, six years after the death of his master, is doubtless an indirect fruit of Wyclif's genius. The Old Testament translation shows signs of several hands having labored upon it, though Hereford is commonly credited with the work. The Psalms had been previously translated, and some portions of the New Testament. There had been translations of these in Anglo-Saxon, and in the Gospels especially these versions display many of the best qualities of our present text.

Mr. Marsh says:

"It is a noteworthy circumstance in the literature of Protestant countries that, in every one of them, the creation or revival of a national literature has commenced with, or at least been announced by, a translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular, which has been remarkable both as an accurate representative of the original text, and as an expression of the best power of the language at that stage of its development. Hence, in all these countries, these versions have had a very great influence, not only upon religious opinion and moral training, but upon literary effort in other fields, and indeed upon the whole philological history of the nation."

The following from Wyclif's prologue to Luke is a fair specimen of his style with only the spelling altered:

"Therefore a poor caitiff, let for a time from preaching, for causes known of God, writeth the Gospel of Luke in English, with a short exposition of old and holy doctors, to the poor men of his nation which ken (know) little Latin, or none, and be poor of wit and of worldly chattels, and nevertheless rich of good-will to please God. . . . Thus with God's grace poor Christen men may some deal know the text of the Gospel, with the coming sentence of old holy doctors, and therein know the poor, and meek, and charitable, living of Christ and his apostles to sue (follow) them in virtues and bliss; and also know the proud, and covetous, and veniable (venal) living of anti-Christ and his favorers, to flee them and their cursed deeds and pains of hell."

The translation itself is so thoroughly modern that the eminent writer already quoted says

that if Wyclif were now to be restored to life he would probably be able to read our common Bible from beginning to end without having to ask the explanation of a single passage. I think Chaucer would need an interpreter if, recalled to life, he should desire to read the poems of Alfred Tennyson.

William Langland was also a student of Oxford, and after finishing his studies became a monk at Malvern, in Worcestershire. He also remained in the Church to the end of his life, sharing the reformed opinions, and writing to expose the ecclesiastical and other corruptions of his time. He mentions Wyclif "that warned them with truth." Mr. Thomas Wright calls his poem of *Piers Ploughman* "a national work," expressing in the language of the people their complaints and their aspirations.

This is the main contrast between him and Chaucer, who exemplifies the new literary art, language, and taste as it existed in the narrow circle of the cultivated and courtly classes, who naturalized on English soil the liberal letters of the continent. Langland used the older language, and especially the Anglo-Saxon system of metrical harmony. In this there was no rhyme, no fixed arrangement of accents, but the main feature was alliteration. In each couplet at least two important words of each line must begin with the same letter. So far as accent was used it consisted of having two rises and two falls of the voice in every line. Thus he imitates the old northern sagas. The vision of *Piers Ploughman* begins:

"In a Summer season
When soft was the sun."

This couplet fairly shows the method of the verse, the play upon the letter *s* making the alliteration, and the words beginning with this letter taking the accent. Often the second line has but one of the letters which lead the strain, but it is the first stress word of the line. For example:

"A fair field full of folk
Found I there between."

A longer selection will show at once the measure and the spirit of the poem:

"I found there friars,
All the four orders,
Preaching the people
For profit of themselves,
Glossed the Gospel
As them good liked
For covetous (ness) of Copes,
Construed it as they would.
Many of these master friars
Now clothe them at liking
For their money and their merchandise,
March (so) together (as)."

He finely satirizes the crusading pilgrimages and the wonderful stories told by the returned saints:

"Pilgrims and palmers
Plight them together,
For to seek Saint James,
And saints at Rome
They went forth in their way
With many wise tales,
And had lieve to lie
All their life after."

This is not poetry to us, but it was the only poetry which the average Englishman of the fourteenth century could understand or appreciate. If we do not like it, we must remember that it was not written for us, and that its power lay in a versification and forms of words now obsolete. We estimate none of these men by their value to us; we could dispense with their writings without serious loss, so far as their contents are concerned; but we could not dispense with the results of their influence upon several generations of Englishmen, and Langland perhaps least of all. The poem is a succession of dreams. The poet, weary of the world, falls asleep beside a stream on Malvern Hills. The inhabitants of the world appear before him, collected in a large and beautiful meadow, on one side of which stands a mountain on whose summit is the castle of Truth—the goal of dutiful pilgrimage; on the other side is the dungeon of Care, where all wrongdoers end their journey. The themes are the origin and destructions of society, the different forms of evil, and the conflict between good and evil in the world. The poem ends in the midst of the struggle, when Conscience has been forced to abandon the Castle of Unity, and has set out on a pilgrimage in search of *Piers Ploughman*.

These general statements convey only a vague idea of the charms which the poem had for the people of that age. It abounds in popular illustrations, familiar proverbs, and a fume of penetrating humor and sarcasm.

The diffusion of such a poem among an uneducated people, who had no printing-presses and could not read, was less difficult than it seems to us. A few manuscripts could be used by many persons who committed all, or portions of the poem to memory and repeated it to collections of the people, at fairs, around May-poles, and in the humble homes of the masses. It was in this way, indeed, that the Bible took so firm a hold upon England even before the invention of printing. The mere admission of the people to the knowledge of such questions was of itself an inspiration; the charm of poetry and the power of moral earnestness accomplished the rest.

The distinctive merit of CHAUCER is, that he naturalized on English soil the cosmopolitan forms and spirit of literary art. As Langland expressed the Anglo-Saxon side of our national genius, so Chaucer is the mouth-piece of that complex language, and art, and culture which was destined, in great part through him, to become national, partly by supplanting the narrow insularism of Langland's public, but mostly by blending together the home and foreign stocks of words and thoughts.

So far as art and culture go—and that is a long way—Chaucer's function is wider and higher than that of the Malvern dreamer; but without the popular inspiration of the dreamer Chaucer could never have found the large honors which have attended his work. He must else have been the poet of a generation of city people, and been swallowed up in the gulf of a temporary dialect. The uprising of the people carried them forward toward the culture of Chaucer; had they remained for a generation or two in their ignorance, the popular form of semi-Saxon speech would in all probability have taken on solidity and national importance, leaving the more mixed English to die of suffocation. The marvel which produced a national tongue with such wonderful rapidity came of the simultaneous movement along the whole line of English life.

Chaucer was a gentleman in the technical sense, which could not be said of any earlier English poet. He held public offices, married a court lady, knew the best society of his time, and derived in these ways both the peculiar culture and the advanced dialect of the best society. The contrast from this to the rude life of a monk in that coarse age is greater than we can easily perceive. It was for Chaucer an opportunity to know and command a whole world shut up against monks and priests of the provinces. It was a calling to celebrate the marriage of literature and life, to study character modified a thousandfold by close contact and the play of aspirations unknown in the rural fields. It was to see man acting from a wide range of motives, electrified by artificial passions, developed into full outline of taste, sympathy, and purpose.

All country-bred young people know in a measure the contrast here marked. They are allied to the large world by a thousand modern inventions, of which printing is the chief; but they often feel a sense of the tameness, narrowness, barrenness of country life. It is this sense of intellectual poverty, of social limitation, which makes thousands rush to the city and thousands more pine for its atmosphere,

conceived of vaguely as full of human sympathy and strivings.

It is only in a city and within the well-kept gates of its really best society that a short-lived man can learn the human nature of his generation. The rural generalization is false because it is partial, founded on narrow induction. The city one may be, usually is, just as false for the same reason. But a man with a great gift of eyes and social sympathies can learn the range of human life best where it is most various.

The second great advantage of Chaucer lay in his intimate acquaintance with the current literary work of France and Italy. To this his very birth contributed, for he was at least half French in race. Travel had given him the personal acquaintance of Italian poets, and put into his hands the treasures of romance and song which had been accumulated in Provençal and Italian.

His use of these materials has brought upon him the charge of plagiarism. But it is just as easy to convict Shakspeare of literary theft. The question is not where an author obtains his materials, but what use he has made of them. Neither Chaucer nor Shakspeare were at the pains to claim that they invented their themes. But taking stories told ill by others, they immortalized them by telling them well. One of the best sermons preached in Chicago, in twelve months, lies, text and all, in one of the essays of Herbert Spencer. But the sermon is so admirable an amplification of the thought of the essayist, that only a very limited intellect can fail to see the original merit in the performance.

So Chaucer's versions of mediæval tales upon which Boccaccio and others had worked, are entitled to consideration for what they profess to be, and to comparison with the other versions as the best test of their merit. In one sense there is nothing new, for the all-embracing outlines were early expressed; in a higher sense the field for originality is boundless, because there is no limit to possible new combinations, and diversification may go on endlessly.

Chaucer wrote much. He amazes us by his variety, and overwhelms us with his wealth. One feels that we should hold him in higher esteem if we had less to examine and estimate. To have written so much, so well conceived and executed, is itself a proof of genius. He is as various as his themes, and shows exhaustless fertility of invention and expression.

Out of his numerous poems the *Canterbury Tales* have been selected for the highest praise. The superior finish discovered in this work is probably partly a consequence of deeper study.

It has been almost necessary to select one work and confine a criticism necessarily limited in time to that alone.

The Canterbury Tales are modeled upon the Decameron of Boccaccio. In some of them the poet mentions that they have been used by Petrarch; and, indeed, they were rendered into verse by several poets in several centuries. The changes in the language have made such havoc with the rhyme and the measure that it is difficult to put the verse before the modern reader. Single couplets may best serve the present purpose. From the Patient Griselda, or Clerk's Tale, take the following specimens of his Italian lightness:

"It were full hard to find (em) nowadays,
In all a town Griseldas three or two."

"Griselda is dead and eke (also) her patience,
And both at once are buried in Italy."

And he closes some humorous advice to wives, the gist of which is, they must not endure the tyranny of their husbands:

"Be eye of cheer as light as leaf on lind (en),
And let him care, and weep, and wring, and wail."

It must not be forgotten that Chaucer shared in the calamities of the political troubles of his age. He lost his office and his property, and saved his liberty by fleeing abroad. He, however, returned to England, and spent his last years in literary toils in rural England. His misfortunes may not imply a very lively attachment to imperiled principles, but the best judgment that can be formed with our lights estimates him as a just and noble man, on the right side of the struggle then waged, and only less in this aspect of his career because of his greatness as a poet. He translated into prose *The Consolations of Philosophy*—Boethius—and two of his Canterbury Tales, and wrote also in prose some short treatises.

Modern expression makes some difficulty for Chaucer's by its extreme modesty, a difficulty also found in the Bible. It is doubtful whether we have really gained much by discarding plainness of speech; but, however that be, all old English is necessarily offensive, in some particulars, to our ears, and poems dealing with men and women must contain many forms of speech rendered vulgar by the peculiar direction which our language has taken in the social vocabulary.

Such is a brief estimate of the value and relative excellence of the four founders of English speech and literature. In language, we are most indebted to the prose of Mandeville and Wyclif; in literary art to Chaucer; in the impulses communicated by them to the English heart and mind, perhaps quite as much to Lang-

land as to Wyclif, to whom, however, a more permanent influence belongs through his share in the great classic of our tongue—the English version of the Scriptures.

CONCERNING LIES.

I HAVE a feeling of peculiar and earnest sympathy for those who deviate from the strict observance of truth; for it is my firm belief, based upon my own personal experience, that I was brought into this world a constitutional liar. I lisped in falsehoods, and when I had reached the mature age of five my proclivity to exaggerate was a matter of such general remark, that my little brother of three astonished the family by putting forward his idea of my failing in a pathetic prayer that "God would bless Susie, and make her quit making her lies." This moral infirmity seemed to grow with my growth, and strengthen with my strength for many years, and it was a vexed question with my parents whether it was sent in mercy or in judgment.

Now that I have outlived and crushed down what was once almost an inveterate habit, I can say that I believe there was a purpose in my lack of honesty, and that it was determined I should learn the value of principle through much tribulation, that I might be a guide as well as a warning to others.

As the years went on, and I grew from a child to a girl, and from a girl to a woman, I began to feel that others felt I could not be relied upon. I saw, little by little, yet always clearer and more plainly, that no one appeared to attach much importance to my sayings or doings, and I felt a lack of that confidence and respect which, while my nature demanded it, I did not deserve.

However the disease of lying may have entered into my system it was not inherited, and I had before me constantly the example of a conscientious and good mother; and although I am not, nor dare I hope ever to be as she was, I can say that her strong and steady principle had a direct influence in making me feel that I degraded myself; when I said and did things which depended upon untruth and deceit for their existence. I was often careless about my facts, and my habit of making remarks which were not true was so fixed that, even after I had determined to tell nothing but what I knew to be exactly so, I would occasionally find myself uttering idle words which came back to me and caused me much soreness of heart.

My experience in lying has been extensive

enough for me to affirm most decidedly that it is a vice which, under no circumstances, should be encouraged. And yet I find that sham is a household, or, to all appearances, a parlor guest in many families who, perhaps, entertain the stranger unawares, and that the majority of people are unwilling to seem what they are, so long as there is any possibility for them to seem to be something better. It tries me sorely to find that in this world imitation is so much more general than reality, and it is indeed a consolation for me to reflect that in heaven all things are genuine.

I have cultivated an admiration for truth, and some inclination to adhere to it, but how can I? The "Sorrows of Werter" are not to be compared to my sorrows, as I take an inventory of my wardrobe. I have too much to wear. The fashion demands that I shall wear upon my head such a superabundant quantity of frizzes, and puffs, and braids, that it would be an injustice to an idiot to suspect him of being sufficiently foolish to believe that they grew there; and if my brain does not soon soften under the pressure, my head must be hard indeed. My wearing apparel, reduced to its elements, is two-thirds ruffles, and the skirt, sleeves, and waist, are as skeletons to set off the trimming. Simplicity of dress is now simply remarkable, and I am bound to be false so long as I am fashionable. Positively I sometimes wish that we had been born clothed, like the lower animals; but perhaps such a desire is very wicked, as, in that case, a great many women would have had nothing to do, and time might have hung heavily on their hands.

To come back to the subject of lies. I think that with many of us lying is a fixed habit which it is hard to overcome; it is a moral leprosy which is fostered and encouraged by society and propriety, and which is conducive to the welfare of mankind neither as a class nor as an individual. Confidence is the basis of respect; it is impossible to confide in any man or woman who says one thing and means another, and we must to some extent look at home to remedy the evil. We need a higher standard of moral worth, an ideal for ourselves which we can approach by slow degrees, determined not to go backward. It is the petty falsehood that tarnishes the pearl and gold of life, and if we do not overcome it, small as it at first appears, the habit will grow upon us until we ourselves are overcome. In the whole circle of my acquaintances, and it is somewhat extensive, I know but few whose words I feel that I can at all times depend upon; and reflecting how few they are, I feel that integrity is better than

silver or gold, to say nothing of greenbacks. There are so many of us who are feeble and striving—who, as we try to keep step in the march of life, find that we sometimes halt and are often weary, that I, who am from this great army and of it, feel no hesitation in putting forth for the benefit of the many a leaf from the experience of one.

THEATERS.

A FEW years since, says the Religious Herald, we were in company with a highly intelligent lady, who had herself been on the stage. She informed us that she had spent some time in the house of Macready, the celebrated English tragedian. He had a very interesting family of daughters, in whose education he had taken great pains, but he would not permit them to attend the theater. He promised them that, for the gratification of their curiosity, they might visit it once, but only once. The lady did not state the motive which induced him to impose this restriction on his daughters in regard to theaters, of which he was deemed so bright an ornament. We can, however, scarcely conceive of but one motive for his course. He knew from his extensive and accurate observation that it was a place not suited to promote the virtue, and the real welfare, of susceptible and impulsive young women. His judgment and affection as a father were in conflict with his taste and interests as an actor. His habits, love of fame, and desire of gain bound him to the stage; but a regard for the welfare of his daughters prompted him to guard them against its corrupting influence. His opinion in favor of the purity of the stage, formed, as it would have been, under influences likely to pervert his judgment, could weigh but little, but his verdict against it reached in opposition to all his tastes, associations, habits, and interests, and practically expressed in the manner best adapted to evince its sincerity and earnestness, speaks a volume on the subject. It is a decision from which there lies no appeal. If he would not permit his daughters to attend the theater, under his own eye, and to witness his own unrivaled impersonations, what parent, especially what Christian parent, can trust his daughters, or his sons either, to be allured within its fascinating but corrupting influence?

WE should forget that there is any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.



WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

LIGH over earth moved still those islands fair
 With sunset flush—of men miscalléd cloud—
 Upon the breezy ocean of the air ;
 And barge-like floating with a placid speed,
 They seemed to bear to Edens in the west
 Sweet throngs of spirits folded in their wings,
 That tipped with blaze and glow the golden coasts.
 The hot sun, weary, dipped him in the sea,
 He laved therein his ruddy fire, and lay
 Across the twinkling ripples and the glass
 A path of light unto him : Thus without.
 Within, a widow weeping in the gloom,

Mourning her sun of life already set.
And heedless of the fair young dawn of hope
Beside her. The dull chimes of the old church
Palled on her with the memory of a knell
Whose low last echoes ever boomed and throbbed
Deep in the hollow tomb within her heart,
And smitten thus, she cried, she cried aloud
To heaven—

“Hold us, Father, by thy hand,
Our eyes are blind to thy fair day,
We grope and falter in the way
We can not understand.

Yesterday was calm with light;
He whom thou gavest us to be
A type of thy sweet love and thee,
Made even day of night.

Fair was all the sunny way,
And bright the Summer hours of love,
And fairer radiance from above
Fell with a constant ray.

Now a cloud upon our sight
Hath fallen: thou hast borne him hence
Above the world of time and sense,
And left but void and blight.

Guide thou, guard our trembling feet,
Unbind the lantern in thy hand
And lead us to the God-lit land
Where he and we may meet.”

Then silently,
But with the tenderness of sorrow's love,
She drew her child unto her stricken breast;
And lo! a long red ray broke in the gloom,
Resting upon the fair gold of his head
With warm caress; so seemed it as the light
From hands of God in benediction spread.

JUNE.

JUNE comes, all fresh with dewy flowers,
That pour their incense on the air,
And bursting from their cloistered cells,
Now bloom in beauty every-where;
The wild rose and the violet,
In mingled beauty, stand beside
The limpid stream, and on its wave
The water-lily floats in pride.

Like sentinels, the forest trees
Upon the sward long shadows fling,
And through the clover-fields the bees,
Like wandering Jews, are on the wing:
The breeze that murmurs in the leaves,
Is soft as that which fanned the brow
Of Egypt's queen, and kissed the wave
That swept around her gilded prow.

Sweet sounds, that fill the earth and air,
Of birds and tinkling water-fall,
Alike the songs from David's harp,
That soothed the gloomy heart of Saul!

Supernal days! the mystic spell,
That hangs a gossamer in air,
Infolds us with its meshes light,
And paints the future bright and fair.

Sing, happy hearts; fling cares away;
No gloom should mar this blissful hour;
No cloud should dim the radiant skies;
No blight consume the perfect flower;
All nature bursts with teeming life,
And blessings God hath freely sent,
Now crown with golden fruitage all
This glorious season of content.

We wave adieu to Winter drear,
That sealed so long with icy breath
The very earth, and hid the buds,
Deep in her bosom, still as death.
Dark days of toil, with cloud-draped skies,
When hope, at times, seemed almost vain,
And all our faith could scarcely see
That birds and flowers would come again.

Then April came with breezy showers,
Changing her moods from day to day,
Taking the airs of blustering March,
Till, tired and vexed, we turned away
And thought of troubled Tantalus,
Who vainly grasped for golden fruit,
Which almost reached would swing aloft,
Still leading on to wild pursuit.

Not even budding, blooming May
Can make us wish to call it back;
For deep, fruition days of June,
Will bring us what the former lack.

June of the year, and June of life!
Sweet dreams lie hidden in the heart;
No ceaseless cares their hopes dispel;
No clouds shall bid their bloom depart.
Rose tints now gild our coming years,
And fragrant breath of eglantine
Floats through the gleam of happy hours,
Like perfume on a holy shrine.

'Tis true it can not always last;
The step will falter and the eye
Grow dim with saddened memories,
That follow closely by and by;
But when the roses fade away
They scatter perfume on the tomb,
And in their loneliest decay
Distill the breath of early bloom.

So when the Indian Summer comes,
Although the roses will depart,
Pressed leaves will shed their odor still,
And make a Summer of the heart.
Each year shall bring its treasured store
Of joys, which—if we only will—
Can all be culled, and made to yield
Their garnered sweetness to us still.

And hope and faith will bear us up
Beyond the reach of mortal fear,
To realms above, where skies are bright,
And roses blooming all the year.

COMPLIMENTS.

"**F**LATTERY'S the food of fools," Swift says, and Shakspeare, that "flattery is the bellows that blows up sin." Hannah More writes,

"No adulation, 't is the death of virtue !
Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flatterer."

Indeed, who does not despise the fawning coward, that, with honeyed lies, tries to gain the ends he has not manliness enough to work for honestly, ends he has not even courage to profess? Alas, that some Charybdis is always opposite Scylla, and that the narrow way between is so hard to keep! We will be no flatterer. Honesty itself shall not be more honest-worded than we, because we hate so thoroughly the men who flatter wrong for their own wrong purposes. How easy, in cultivating this virtue, to run into an opposite extreme, and become gruffly chary of our praise even toward the good! In despising flattery some of us go too far and get contempt for compliments of any kind. Criticism we will give, and those who wish to improve may correct the faults we teach them. But no words of hearty approval, lest we make men vain and proud.

Is the love of praise a low, unworthy motive that we so fear to let it actuate our own conduct, that we so fear to appeal to it in others whom we wish to lead? It was born in us. God has made it an attribute of every living soul. He has given it dignity by appealing to it to lead us into virtue, promising a plaudit from our Judge as Heaven's pay for a life of sacrifice, and assuring us that eternal life shall be given to those who persistently seek for glory, and honor, and immortality. And is not the apostle's warning to Timothy, "let no man despise thee," spoken to us also?

Christ promises words of approval to those of his disciples who seek them by right doing. Shall we not follow the example of the great Teacher, and give our little mite of incentive toward right by a hearty praise of whatever ought to be encouraged? It may prove to be no mite when, some day in eternity, we are able to trace all the work that it has done.

If Satan is become logician, shall we not therefore study logic to match his wily words? If he has read the Bible to lead men into wrong by wresting Scripture, shall we therefore let him have the holy words to himself? Shall we not rather learn to answer the perverted texts by exact text and context? If he has drawn men into ruin by praise of wrong, shall we not try to counteract his influence by praise of right?

Men will be led by praise. Shall it be by praise of right or wrong? Evil of every kind has its daily, hourly compliments, at least its warm-hearted extenuations. Shall not right, too, have praise, heartier praise, to counteract the flattery of the devil's emissaries? Praise has ever been the reward of virtue.

Higher motive to do right you think men ought to have, and let them go wrong rather than with selfish, unworthy feelings go toward right. God does not so. He takes us as we are, selfish, unworthy through and through, and leads us out of our low life by motives which we can understand and feel—selfish motives. He accepts us when we come, no matter what the motive which turns our wandering feet toward home. Then he changes our hearts and makes them his dwelling-place, so afterward we have capacity to act from higher motives.

Why did the prodigal start for home? He loathed the husks which the swine ate, and wanted some good bread from his father's table. To be sure he had other thoughts and feelings before he reached his home, but his hunger was his first impelling motive. It might have been nobler in him to be drawn home otherwise, yet his father gave him hearty welcome.

It is noble always to love Virtue more for her own dear sake than for any recompense her service brings. But to this height of nobility men must be led gradually. At first they will care most for what Virtue will pay, the praise and honor she will give. Let the pay be given. Let us try to lead others into right by adapting our inducements to the wants of their social natures, just as God has done.

Many a brilliant gem of poetry and art, which we admire to-day, had never had existence had they not crystallized in the light of some loving critic's praise. Many a bud of promised genius has died unfolded with all its fragrance in it, because no sunshine of sympathy and encouragement had warmed its life.

Many a noble character which the world still loves to study has been rounded into its present symmetry and beauty by the discriminating compliments of those he loved. Many, alas! are the dwarfed, deformed characters who lacked this ministry of love, whose early, perhaps later, life heard almost no other expressions than those of cold, bitter heartlessness.

How have a few words of praise changed a life! Not in history alone, but in the every-day world about you, men are what they are, oftener than most think, because one day, perhaps many days, some one praised them. A boy's heart! a girl's heart! Fearfully luxuriant soil for words of any kind! Be careful of what seeds you put

there. You may see a startling growth before you die.

Though some compliments are a duty of our social life, yet many give them in such a way as to defeat all good intended. Plain, broad compliments! Almost any one would rather go without them, however honestly, heartily given, than to be put to the embarrassment of a reply.

Indiscriminating compliments are worse than useless, for the one to whom they are given receives no benefit, and the donor loses credit by them. If the one you praise knows he does not deserve your commendation, he loses confidence in your judgment, if not in your honesty, and he will not afterward care so much for your words of approval, even if they happen afterward to be deserved.

If you are too lavish of compliments they will be worth but little. Gold always falls in value, you know, when it is plenty. Save your compliments, not to serve some selfish interest, but to give when justice demands them for justice's sake, or when Mercy asks for them, that with them she may strengthen the right perceived and pursued to-day against the temptation which will come to-morrow.

A compliment in conduct is more elegant, and pleases better than in words. Implied respect is better than broad praise. Compliment your friends by being your best before them. You will thus not only strengthen the good in yourself and them, but encourage them by the insinuation thus given that you are obliged to be your best in order to be companionable with them.

Compliment them by the subjects you choose for your conversation. Gossip and coarse jests are an insult to any one, for thus you imply that only by these do you expect to be entertaining.

If you are a lady, and have unexpected guests to tea, and no servant, it is a compliment to them to spend more of your time with them in the parlor than for them in the kitchen—to treat them as if you believe they would rather have a simple tea with a social visit, than a rich, elaborate supper, with nothing else. Show your guests your finest pictures, thus praising their taste for art; sing them your best song, thus praising their ear for music.

If you are a man, expect, if you like, to take by storm the very central citadel of some woman's soul, by escorting her to a circus, or theater, or even church, and there treating her abundantly to candy and nonsense, and peanuts and nonsense, and pop-corn and nonsense, but do not imagine that thus you are giving her taste or soul much praise. Women have quite as much soul as body. Act as if you thought

so, as if you, too, had as vital a spiritual as physical nature. It is the best praise you can give them. They will like you better for it, and you will both be nobler. Do not be so afraid to be your best before them. Women have sharp eyes. You will not soar so high that they can not see you, even if they do not soar with you; and if one loves you well I believe you will not soar alone. Her love will bring her to your level. But do not make her weaker than she is by giving her always silly, injudicious compliments, and then complain of their inevitable effect.

Some are always coaxing for praise by self-disparagement and other wiles. But however strongly tempted, never try to do good by doing wrong. Never give a compliment, however much it is desired, when you can not do so truthfully.

Never praise one for that of which he is already vain. We may often please by doing so, but no dictate of conventional politeness should make us do another injury though he ask us. Cultivate by praise those habits, talents, and dispositions which *need* the sunshine of your commendation.

Men naturally adapt themselves to the expectation of their associates. How much easier it is for them to be good inspired by the consciousness that some one *thinks* them very good! If we demand much from them, if we seem to expect them to be always true and noble, it will be hard for them to disappoint us. And this implied expectation of nobility is the best compliment we can give to any one.

Though you give compliments when deserved, do not be too eager for a recompense. Do not make your words or conduct a petition for praise, though, when it comes, thank God and the donor, and enjoy it heartily.

Love is God's best gift. It is yours too. Give it freely to those who need it. It is earth's best blessing—"Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give." Ask no return. "God remembers those most lovingly who forget themselves most utterly."

"Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Washing its waters forever and ever
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver:
Silent and songful those nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the Summer's shower pouring;
What if no bird through the pearl rain is soaring;
What if no blossom looks upward adoring;
Look to the life that was lavished for thee."

Loving thus generously, be not chary of your expressions of regard. Let your dear ones know the wealth of blessing that you give them.

Do you fear that you may excite too much the approbateness of those you compliment and seek to benefit? Will praise make them

strive only for those flashy outside shows of virtue which catch the public eye? Will it prompt them to put on only a hastily made, *outside* robe of goodness, which the waters of death would wash away, leaving no wedding garment for the marriage feast? Will it make them strive to be right in superficialities only, which may be seen, leaving the lasting character underneath untouched by any care? Their love of praise will lead them to no such evil consequence if they only esteem the compliments of their friends according to their *rank*. Teach them to let God's words of love and commendation be *dearest* to them, and their approbation shall only lead them into right and heaven.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is the most remarkable building in London. Built before the Norman Conquest, and used ever since as the place of coronation and royal ceremony, and as the most honorable mausoleum that England can give her worthiest sons, the venerable structure is intimately associated with all the principal events of English history, and contains the mortal remains of the best and bravest, wisest and wittiest of Englishmen.

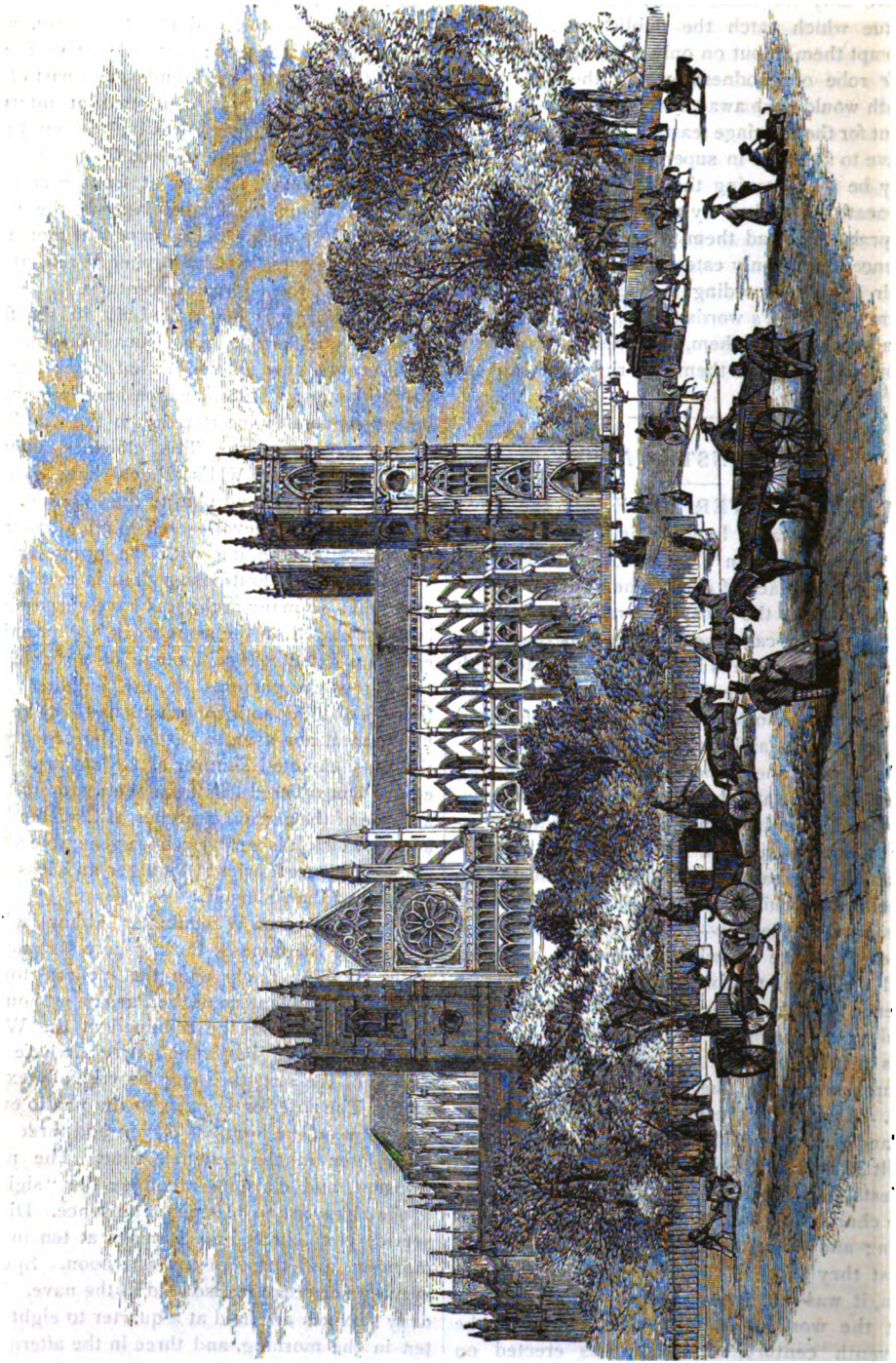
In former times, when London was beginning to extend beneath the sway of its Roman masters, and, from being nothing more than a cluster of huts, to assume the dignity and proportions of a great city, a temple, dedicated to Apollo, was built on an island in the Thames, westward of the city—a thorny, brambly patch of earth, where the wild bird formed her nest, and the cry of the bittern alone disturbed the silence; and there the heathen priests sang the praises of the prince of song, until the place was turned to holier purpose, and a Christian church erected on the ruins of the pagan temple. And thus it came to pass that Thorny Island was consecrated to religion. King Sebert built a church there and a dwelling for the priests, but the ruthless Danes burned down the church and butchered many of the Churchmen; and though succeeding Saxon kings did what they could to restore the ancient foundation, it was left to the Confessor King to carry out the work; and so, in the middle of the eleventh century, an abbey was erected on Thorny Island, and called West Minster, to distinguish it from ecclesiastical establishments in the city of London. This church has since been enlarged, altered, in a great measure rebuilt, and entirely restored. Of the old building, the Chapel of the Pyx and the dark cloisters

still remain; six small chapels, the choir, transept, north cloister, and chapter house, were built between 1245-69; in the latter years was added the shrine of the founder, and part of the nave. The nave was continued at intervals until 1483; the refectory was built about 1308; the cloisters and the Jerusalem Chamber in the fourteenth century; the west front was completed in 1509; the chapel bearing the name of Henry VII during the reign of that monarch; the great towers, by Christopher Wren, at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The Abbey was originally built in the form of a cross, and is the first church in England, at all events, ever erected in that form; but the alterations and additions which have been made have considerably interfered with the simplicity of the arrangement. The cloisters, chapter house, and Henry VII's Chapel have given a most irregular ground plan to the building. All the additions, however—even Wren's towers—are in better keeping with the grandeur and simplicity of the first design than is usually the case when so many architects have successively been employed on the same work. A practiced eye may detect the difference of style in the more modern portions of the building; but there is nothing so incongruous as to strike the uninitiated, nor even to deserve the censure of the most devoted admirer of Gothic art. The edifice has suffered less from the restorers than any one of the ancient churches of Christendom, among which it is a patriarch—a venerable abbot among tonsured priests, younger and less distinguished than himself.

The exterior of Westminster Abbey is best seen from St. James's Park, where its ancient walls combine finely with the modern tower, campanile, and lantern of the Parliament houses. A closer view may be obtained at the Westminster end of Parliament-street, where the details of the structure may be carefully examined. The interior is open to the public every day between the hours of eleven and three, and even later in the Summer time. The nave, transept, and cloisters are free; the "sights" of the abbey are to be seen for sixpence. Divine service is celebrated on Sundays at ten in the morning, and three in the afternoon. Special evening services are also held in the nave. The daily services are held at a quarter to eight and ten in the morning, and three in the afternoon.

The entrance to the abbey usually open to the public is in the south transept, leading into what Goldsmith so felicitously describes as "Poets' Corner," a name by which it is now commonly known. In Poets' Corner it is usual to wait until such time as a sufficient party is



WESTMINSTER ABBEY—NORTH VIEW.

made up to go the rounds ; but there is enough—more than enough—to occupy the leisure time in the solemn associations of the place. Here are the monuments of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler,

Cowley, Dryden, Shadwell, Addison, Rowe, Phillips, Prior, Gay, Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith, Macpherson, Mason, Cumberland, Austen, Gifford, Southey, Campbell, Macaulay—great names that mark the rise and progress

of English literature, from the period when the father of English poetry described the Canterbury pilgrims. We can not stand amid these monuments of English worthies, without recalling the exquisite reflection of Addison: "When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Such reflections as these are with us as we accompany the cicerone on the tour of the abbey, as he points out this ancient tomb, and that modern monument, the burial-place of kings, who here received their crowns, and here laid them aside forever. There is a solemnity about the place, the

"Acre sown, indeed,
With the richest, royalest seed,"

that fills the mind of all but the most flippant with awe and wonder.

Following our guide, we enter, first of all, a little chapel on the right of Poets' Corner, and called St. Benedict's; here are tombs of men distinguished in their time, but whose very names are crumbling from the grave-stones. Next to this, turning off from the ambulatory which surrounds the Chapel of the Confessor, is St. Edward's Chapel; here are twenty monuments, more or less interesting, some of them enriched by enameled metal, the earliest known specimens of the kind in England. Adjoining is the Chapel of St. Nicholas, chiefly remarkable for a large altar tomb to the parents of King James's "Steenie." Opening out of the ambulatory, and forming the western extremity of the Abbey, is the chapel dedicated to St. Mary, but better known as that of Henry VII. It is approached by a flight of twelve steps, and the entrance gates are of oak, overlaid with brass and gilt. Leland calls this chapel "the miracle of the world," and the grandeur and solemnity of the building is exceedingly striking. The rich carvings—angels, saints, prophets, priests, and kings—beneath niched canopies—pinnacles, and bosses, and emblematical devices,

in one great mystery of lofty conception and artistic skill—stalls of dark oak, emblazoned with the ensigns of the knights—banners suspended over the stalls, some old, some new, some bright with color, and some of faded hue—the tombs and effigies, in brass and stone—the roof, looking like a huge stalactite—the pavement—the windows—every thing impresses itself on the mind, and kindles the imagination, until we seem to see the altar all ablaze with tapers, the clouds of incense rising, as white-robed attendants sway to and fro their jeweled censers, and priests, in vestments stiff with gold and gems, intone their prayers, and the king, and his courtiers, and great captains kneel down upon the floor, and bow their heads and worship. But the monuments are all that remain to tell of those who came hither on the consecration day. There are the tombstone effigies of Henry VII and his Queen; and here are buried the murdered Edward and his brother of York—Edward VI and the rivals, Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots—and James I and his Queen and son, Prince Henry—and Charles II and William of Orange, Queen Mary and Queen Anne, and Prince George of Denmark, and George II and his Queen, Caroline; besides a host of great celebrities, including Prince Rupert, Monk, Duke of Albemarle, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the great Lord Clarendon. The chief artisans employed in the erection of this singularly beautiful chapel were English. The first stone was laid January 24, 1503, and it was completed in about twelve years.

Leaving the Chapel of Henry VII, we enter that of St. Paul, chiefly remarkable for its tombs—one to the memory of the standard-bearer of the fifth Henry; another to the Lord Chamberlain of Henry VII; another to Sir Thomas Bromley, who adjudged the Queen of Scots to death; and a colossal statue of Watt, the engineer, with an inscription by Lord Brougham. This statue cost £6,000.

The Chapel of Erasmus leads to that of St. John the Baptist, which is memorable as containing the tombs of Westminster's early abbots; here is also Popham's monument—a naval hero of Cromwell's time, whose body was dragged from its resting-place at the restoration of Charles II, but whose monument was suffered to remain in the abbey. The adjoining chapel is known as that of Islip, an abbot of that name, whose altar-tomb it contains; together with that of the Hatton family, and the monument to General Wolfe.

All these chapels turn off from the ambulatory, a broad passage which surrounds the

Chapel of St. Edward the Confessor. The shrine of the Confessor occupies the center of the chapel; it is richly inlaid with mosaic work, and was erected in the reign of Henry III. The citizens of London were formerly in the habit of coming four times a year to this tomb, and it was the practice for knights bound for the crusade to keep vigil beside it before setting out. Radiant with gold and gems, surrounded by every thing calculated to kindle the imagination and awaken religious sentiment, this shrine of the Confessor was accounted a very holy thing. Before it Edward I offered the Regalia of Scotland, and Alphonso offered Llewellyn's crown, and Henry VII presented the golden image of himself, wearing the crown he had coveted and won. In the chapel are preserved the ancient coronation chair, with the relic of reddish gray sand-stone, known as Jacob's pillow, and the more modern coronation chair at present used; and here are the tombs of many of those kings and queens who here have been anointed with the holy oil. Yonder lies Edward I—the inscription on his tomb being, "The hammer of the Scots is here;" the tomb adjoining is marked by one word—"Regina;" it is the last resting-place of Queen Maud; there is the splendid tomb of Henry III, glittering with gold, green, jasper, and porphyry, at which the barons swore fealty to Edward I; and there is the tomb of Queen Eleanor; of Edward III and Queen Philippa; of Richard II and Anne of Bohemia; and yonder is the chantry of Henry V. It is the most beautiful monument in the chapel, and above the tomb—whereon lies a mutilated effigy of the hero—are the remains of the armor which he offered in thanksgiving; the helmet dented by D'Alençon's battle-ax, his small shield, and saddle-tree stripped of its housings.

But there is something more besides the monuments of kings to interest us in St. Edward's Chapel. Here all our monarchs have been crowned—Norman, Plantagenets, the representatives of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, the Tudors, the Stuarts, the Guelphs. There, nearly eight hundred years ago, William the Conqueror was crowned king of England; there, but two-and-thirty years ago, Her Majesty Queen Victoria received the crown. How singular the contrast between the crowning of Norman William and of Queen Victoria! how singular the changes which have passed over England during the interval—how diversified the character, how opposite the conduct of men and women who, in St. Edward's Chapel, have been crowned kings and queens, and received the homage of the people! They have come

and gone, some good, some bad—of bad the longer scroll; they have been hated or beloved, happy or miserable—have lived and died as other mortals, for royal purple and ermine can not withstand the dart of misfortune or the shaft of death. Here they have been crowned, and hither, uncrowned, many of them have been borne back to sleep their last sleep.

"That antique pile behold,

Where royal heads receive the sacred gold;
It gives them crowns, and doth their ashes keep;
There made like God, like mortals there they sleep,
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Those sons of empire—where they rise they set."

Monuments in the nave are numerous and interesting, some on account of their artistic beauty, all of them as mementoes of great men. These may be observed at leisure, as well as those in the transept. The whole length of the interior of the Abbey is 490 feet; the choir is 155 feet long; the nave 166 feet; Henry VII's Chapel 103 feet; the transept 203 feet long and 87 feet wide; the width of the nave and aisles is 71 feet. Wren's towers are about 225 feet in height; the general height of the church is about one hundred feet, but considerably higher in the choir.

PIUS IX IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THAT the present Pope was a soldier in his youth is universally known, but that he made extended journeys in South America, thereby encountering manifold adventures, and, as the novelists say, "hair-breadth escapes," is less known. Of these journeys we have an interesting account given by Giuseppe Sallusti, in his "Apostolic Mission to Chili, including a Journey from the Old to the New World," which appeared in Rome over thirty-two years ago. In this the day of the council of the heads of the Catholic Church, when all eyes are directed toward Rome, we turn with an awakened interest to that portion of the life of Pius IX least known, and which proves him to be the greatest traveler that ever sat upon the chair of St. Peter. At the time when the Spanish colonies of South America emerged from the bloody camps of their mother country, with a dearly bought independence, Church disturbances broke out simultaneously with the political troubles, and it was then that Pius VII sent out a special embassy under the Nuncio Giovanni Muzi. Accompanying him were two young priests, Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, the present Pope, then thirty-one years of age, and Giuseppe Sallusti, to whom we are indebted for an account of the journey. No steamer that could reach the Rio de la Plata in a few weeks received the travelers. This

was before their advent, but a strong little brig, commanded by Captain Capello, took them on board at Genoa.

The sunny skies of Italy, famed for their cloudlessness, never seemed sunnier, and the Papal ambassadors departed mid the happiest auspices; but before they had proceeded far upon their journey things began to assume a less happy aspect. There were among those on board several Chilians who had but a short time previous taken part in the revolution, and these kept a suspicious eye on the ambassadors.

Unaware of their presence, the three priests, who, though Papal ambassadors, proved themselves capable of indiscretion, began forthwith to express their hostility to the South American rebellion, and, consequently, when they reached Palma they found themselves brought up for trial before the stern judges of that place, and at last thrown into prison. This stay in the abode to which the authorities had consigned them was in no wise pleasant, and only the energetic endeavors of the Spanish council released them at last. Without further trouble the "Eloysa" passed the Strait of Gibraltar, sailing beneath the majestic peak of Teneriffe; but near by the small island of Santa Cruz they met with another adventure.

Just as they came in sight of the American shore, picture their consternation at finding themselves pursued by pirates. All was fear and despair, as the pursuit at last ended, and the Captain of the pirate ship appeared on board the "Eloysa." He belonged to that class of so-called "generous" pirates, and after ransacking the papers belonging to the ship, emptied a bottle of Malaga and disappeared quite as quickly as he had come. We are not informed of any other adventures encountered before reaching land, save that as usual with all who are on the sea, they experienced a terrible storm in passing the equator, during which Mastai Ferretti prayed constantly, his fright increasing his devotion. During the storm a sailor was lost—an incident which deepened the gloom already surrounding them. Detained by adverse winds, the journey was an unusually long one, and the provisions began to give out, the drinking-water became distasteful, and added to the rest of their privations was hunger and thirst.

On the third of January, however, all their sufferings were at an end, as they dropped anchor at Buenos Ayres, where the authorities hastened to receive them worthily. From the landing-place the spiritual and worldly dignitaries proceeded to the cathedral, where the Te Deum was sung. When it was ended they refused to permit the solemn reception which the

people were prepared to give, and without further delay proceeded to the American shores. Thus it happened, the docks of the town being destroyed, that these three priests were carried on the powerful, shoulders of the Genoese sailors to the American shore. Here, also, declining a grand reception, they repaired to the hotel of the "Three Kings," where an excellent repast and comfortable beds made them soon forget the weariness and trials of their sea-voyage. On the tenth of January they reached Santiago, in Chili. Like all other travelers in this direction, they had numberless difficulties to contend with, from which no amount of dignity or saintliness could shield them. Their lodgings were often a hut composed of twigs and boughs—certainly a poor resting-place for one who was destined to dwell in the magnificent halls of the Vatican.

"Our dwelling," wrote Abbati Sallusti, "might indeed belong to an astronomer. Without leaving our couches we can follow the course of the planets." Beyond Rosario, now a thriving city, but then an unimportant town, they came upon the wild Desmochados, whose title, "The Plunderers," is of itself significant. Here it was that the Pope narrowly escaped death. The Desmochados had planned to meet and murder the company, but the ambassadors being detained beyond the time appointed, escaped them. Three days afterward the robbers waylaid a merchants' caravan, and inhumanly butchered twenty men. Without doubt, but for the delay, the priests would have met the same fate, and another man would have sat in the chair of St. Peter. From San Luis they traveled toward the West, every-where reading mass and bestowing blessings, and finally beheld the majestic Andes, beside which the beautiful scenes of Italy presented no comparison.

When the priests arrived at Mendoza they were hospitably received in the houses of beautiful, high-born ladies. Mastai Ferretti found himself entertained by one of the loveliest and most agreeable ladies in the city, Dona Emanuela Corbelan. Mendoza, however, offered but a short resting-place, and the travelers again proceeded on their way. The last and most difficult portion of the journey was to cross the Andes: this at last concluded, on the first of March they looked for the first time upon the beautiful landscape the country presented, which seemed more like a paradise than a land rent with every disturbance—political and ecclesiastical. For a year the missionaries remained in Santiago, the principal city in the South American republic; and it was the zeal and untiring devotion to the mission on which he was sent

that aided the Pope in his elevation. He not only promoted the Catholic interest in Chili, but used his own personal influence to subserve the accomplishment of his purpose.

During the earthquake that caused so much destruction and misery in Santiago, he hastened to aid and comfort the afflicted. As a very angel of love and help he was regarded by the suffering, the widows and orphans. Who of them could not recall the Papal Nuncio who went among them consoling the sick and distributing money he had obtained from the sale of his silver plate and his equipages? The missionary work in Chili was at last accomplished, the Holy Chair was satisfied, and in the Summer of 1825 the three ambassadors were recalled. This time, however, they did not cross the Andes; they sailed from Valparaiso around Cape Horn, and reached Genoa in December. Pope Pius VII, who had sent out the embassy, had died in the mean time, and Leo XII occupied the Papal chair. The Pope rewarded the Nuncio, for his zeal and success, with an appointment to the archbishopric of Spoleto, and here was the first step toward the occupancy of the Vatican.

CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

CAIRO, the Grand, the Magnificent, the Beautiful, the Blessed, as it is called, is a fine specimen of an Oriental city. All varieties of Eastern people, and phases of Eastern life, may here be seen and studied. Look out upon the Ezbekiah, or the open square, bordered by venerable shade-trees, green even in mid-Winter, in front of the Oriental Hotel, and you will see a lively and checkered scene—a picture of many lights and shades, that will long be remembered. Turbaned men and veiled women, boys with their donkeys to let, and little girls accosting you, "Ya, Howagi, backsheesh," beggars, of course; now a Frank carriage rattles off, an Arab always running before the horse, and shouting, "Riggolett!" get out of the way; and just across the road is a native group or circle, in great merriment, engaged in some little exhibition of monkey tricks, or a miscellaneous dance. A few steps bring you to the bazaars, where all sorts of knickknacks are for sale.

But look well as you go through the narrow streets, which the sunlight never visits; for the buildings, so sociably near on the ground, as they rise up story after story approach still nearer, and in some places almost, or quite, touch each other, where bright eyes are peering

through the lattices. Now in passing you are half buried in the huge folds of an old Turk's dress, and you emerge, only to come in collision with a donkey or the legs of its rider; and then you see coming a huge camel, with a mountain of a load on its hilly back, and actually no room is left for you to pass. You begin to think of being generally smashed up, when you discover at the way-side a little niche just deep enough to shelter you, and made on purpose for such an emergency. You turn into another street, and meet a procession of thirty or forty men, women, and children; those in front have some rude musical instruments which they beat or blow, and along about the center, you see three females walking together, the middle one quite young and rather gayly attired; she is a bride going to the residence of her husband, who has never yet seen her face. This is a wedding in Cairo.

I visited but two or three mosques, as they seem not to have any very special attractions. The Mosque of the Citadel, however, is one of the finest in Cairo, and is richly ornamented, having splendid chandeliers and stained windows, which the Moslems generally discard. Before entering the square leading to the mosque, we had to exchange our boots and shoes for rag-slippers. In this square is the Well of Joseph, said to have been dug by the ancient Egyptians. Here, too, for this square is within the citadel, the ill-fated Mamelukes were massacred by order of Mohammed Ali, who, under cover of friendship, enticed them within the walls. Their power was thus brought to a bloody termination. In the mosque were a few of the faithful at prayer. With their faces toward Mecca, they frequently dropped on their knees, and then bowed their faces to the floor, rising to their feet again, and going often through the same forms, uttering at intervals audible words of prayer. The minarets of this mosque are lofty and beautiful, and are seen at a great distance, as it stands on the highest ground in the city. The view also from the ramparts of the citadel is wide and interesting.

The Mosque of Amer is a thousand years old, the oldest, I believe, in Egypt. It occupies a large space of ground in Old Cairo, but has a dilapidated and deserted appearance. There is a tradition that when this building falls the Moslem power will wane. If this be true, the downfall of this strange power is not far distant; for portions of the old building have already tumbled down, and the rest seems rapidly tending to the same prostrate condition. Let it go. Two stone pillars, standing near together on the same pedestal, have been

regarded as a sort of test of salvation. If one can pass between them he may hope to enter the paradise of the faithful; but if he has devoted himself so much to the good things of this life, as not to be able to pass this test, he may not expect entrance to the Prophet's

heaven. When I looked at the pillars, or rather the space between them, as our party were passing through, one after another, I thought my own chances were small, with such a test; for a taste of Egypt's flesh-pots, to say nothing of leeks and onions, has rather in-



CAIRINE LADY AND GALLA SLAVE.

creased my sizable proportions, so that I found it impossible to squeeze myself through, as did also one other of our large party.

On the afternoon of a Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, we went almost down to Old Cairo to witness the performances of the Dancing Der-

vishes. We entered a plain room, where a few persons were seated on sheep-skins arranged on the floor in a sort of semicircle. Others came in from time to time, till there were about forty in all. Some of them began to chant or sing, sometimes one, and sometimes several, or

all together. Some of them knelt, and bowed, and prayed like those already described. But the principal performance consisted in their all standing up in a circle, with a leader in the center, whose motions and sounds they imitated. They all bowed low, and lifted their bodies erect, and continued to bow and raise

themselves, and at each lifting of the head, all uttered a deep guttural sound or suppressed howl. Their motions grew more rapid, and their utterances louder as the performance continued. The Egyptians usually shave their heads, but several of these dervishes had very long hair, and after they got well under way in



EGYPTIAN MERCHANT AND JANISARY.

the bowing process, one of the leaders pulled off the tarbushes of such, and then their hair flew over and back in wild and bushy profuseness, adding not a little to the strange and ridiculous picturesqueness of the scene. They continued this performance an hour at a time, till it seemed impossible that they could endure it any longer. They evidently became greatly

excited, and one of them actually fell into an epileptic fit with convulsions, and lay for some time insensible on the floor.

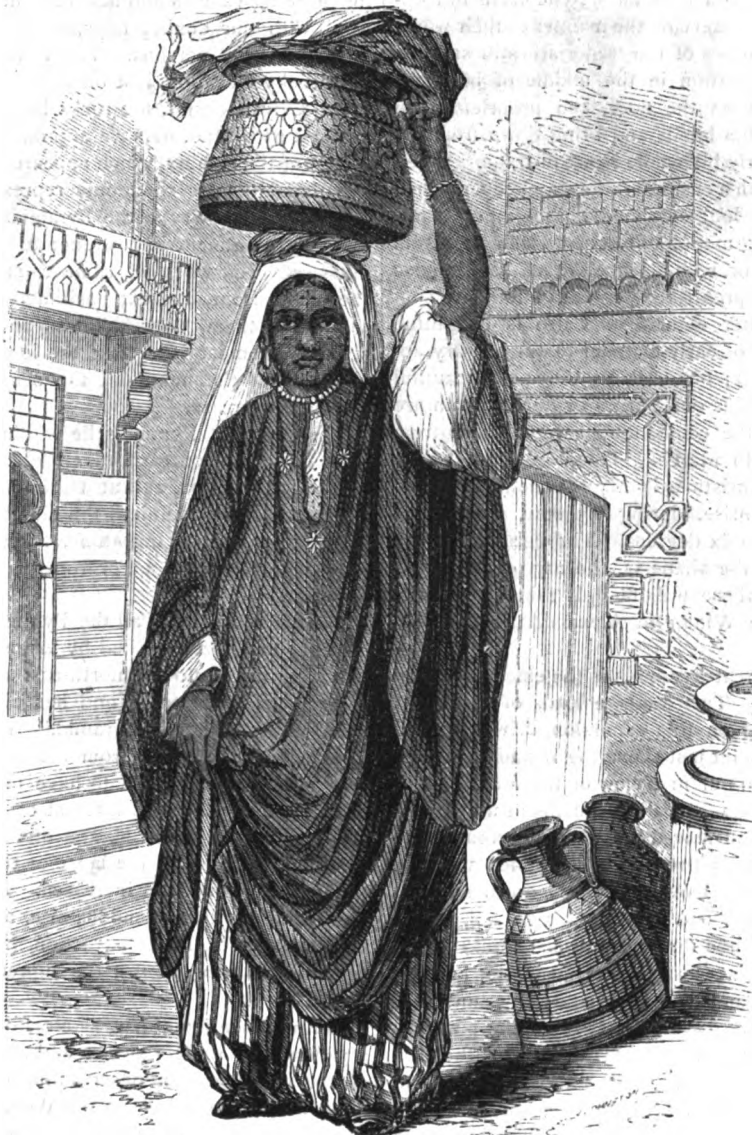
For an Egyptian city Cairo is picturesquely situated. It lies at some distance eastward of the Nile. From the foot of a hill, fortified as a citadel and crowned by a superb mosque, the city spreads out toward the river, covering a

large extent of territory, and lifting hundreds of minarets high in air. The citadel hill is just on the edge of the desert. Back of it are seen only heaps of yellow sand, stretching toward the Red Sea. The city extending in the direction of the Nile, fails to reach it by a couple of miles. To the north-west, on the river, is Boulak, the principal port of Cairo; to the south-west, also on the river, is Old Cairo. Nearly opposite the latter is the island of Roda, with the Nilometer for measuring the height of the river.

The population of the city is given by one of the best authorities as 240,000. Nothing inter-

ested me so much—nothing, indeed, so much surprised me—in looking at the statistics of the population, as the report of the number of Copts; old, aboriginal Egyptians, professing a form of Christian religion. Murray reckons these at sixty thousand. The number is almost incredible; yet it is interesting to know that the Copts constitute a considerable proportion of the population. In the acknowledged decline of Islamism, and in the revival of a spiritual Christianity among the Copts, there is great hope for the regeneration of Egypt.

Cairo has one street thirty-two feet wide; it is the wonder of the city. Most of the streets



EGYPTIAN GIRL RETURNING FROM THE BATH.

are from five to fifteen feet wide. The wider the street, in general, the more uncomfortable it is from the heat of the sun. The wide street just referred to is, in part, roofed over to make it tolerable. The houses are built with projecting upper stories, so that from most of the streets only a thin strip of blue sky can be seen. Nothing can be more entertaining to a stranger than random walks through the streets and bazaars of the city. The little shops of artisans and tradesmen have their whole fronts wide open to the passer-by. In one part of the streets only tailors' shops are seen; in another, only shoemakers'; in another, only braziers'; and so on; and as you pass along, you have full opportunity of observing the manner of their working. The shops of the trader are still smaller. From his position in the middle of his little store, squat on the floor, the proprietor can reach with his hands and bring down from the shelves nearly his whole stock in trade. When not busy with a customer, the shopkeeper calmly smokes his long-stemmed chibouk; or reads, with swaying motion of the body, a chapter from the Koran; or, with his face toward Mecca, goes through the prescribed prayers of the day.

The Winter climate of Cairo is delightful. The climate of early October in our country approximates it; but perhaps the most beautiful weeks of either our Spring or our Autumn are inferior to the constant climate of Cairo from November to March. Think of fresh water-melons at Christmas! My thermometer registered at sunrise, during my stay, from forty-eight to fifty-six degrees. Through the middle of the day the shade of the narrow streets is grateful to those walking. It rains frequently through the Winter in Alexandria, but seldom in Cairo.

To the Great Pyramids is the chief excursion from Cairo. Two carriage loads of us started one morning on this excursion, driving to Old Cairo, at a point just above the Island of Rhoda. Here we had our first view of the full Nile. It appeared to be from three-fourths of a mile to a mile wide; and flowed in a steady current at the rate of perhaps two and a half miles an hour. The wind was blowing directly down stream; yet our ferry-boat, with its lateen sail, nearly made the course directly across. Donkeys and their attendants for the party had been brought from Cairo, and were crossed on the same boat with us. Once over, we mounted the puny animals—or, rather, bestrid them, for there is very little mounting to do—and started off in quite a procession. Riding for a time along the river-bank up stream, amid village-huts and dirty children yelling for "backsheesh," we

struck out into the country—the Pyramids being opposite the point we had gained.

We could not go in a direct course, but were obliged, most of the time, to follow the banks of the irrigating canals. These were often so rough that our donkeys could no longer gallop, or even amble along, which they most frequently do, but picked their way with much scrambling and stumbling. Some of the more *weighty* men of our party sat in very uneasy saddles, and a fat Maltese courier, attending a portion of the company, once went headlong into the mud, much to the relief of his poor animal.

As we neared our destination, men from the neighboring villages and fields began to join us, until, with our donkey boys, we had an escort of about forty persons. The Pyramids stand on a rocky elevation, just on the border of the great Libyan desert, the rocks being now well covered with sand. As we approached we had a view of the Sphinx, which appeared much less prominent than is commonly represented. At no time, on our way to the Pyramids, had I felt any disappointment in reference to their apparent size. Yet, when we came to stand beside them, and from different positions deliberately to survey them, their vastness and grandeur seemed incomparable. And the longer we surveyed them the more did the sense of their greatness increase.

The principal Pyramids lie within the range of a few miles of each other, being found at Ghizeh, at Sakkara, and at Dashoor. Most of them—and they doubtless the oldest—are built of stone, mainly of limestone, taken from the immediate neighborhood or from quarries across the river.

Conspicuous among all the Pyramids are two of those at Ghizeh, visited by us, of which the one lying a little to the north-east of the other is somewhat the larger, and has obtained the name of "*the Great Pyramid.*" It has also been called "*Cheops,*" from the name of the king said by Herodotus to have built it. On this Pyramid the chief interest of antiquaries and visitors has gathered, and this interest, instead of abating with the lapse of time, has up to the present moment increased. Its mysterious antiquity, its stupendous size, and the unknown object of its construction, have indeed combined to draw upon it the supreme regards of the world.

For a foundation, it has, as already intimated, a platform of rock, 130 feet high, on the edge of the great African desert, thus overlooking the valley of the Nile from the West. Its base is an exact square, the sides facing accurately the cardinal points of the compass. Each side



EGYPTIANS OF UPPER EGYPT.

measured, when the Pyramid was entire, about 764 feet, and the base covered an extent of nearly thirteen and one-half acres. With the exception of a few passages and chambers, the Pyramid was built solid. The manner of its construction seems to have been as follows: First, a course of limestone blocks of uniform height, closely fitted to one another, was made to cover the entire base; then a second solid course was made to cover the first, except that it was not brought out to the edges of the latter, a *step* of uniform width around the latter being left uncovered; then a third solid course followed.

Each course consisted of blocks of uniform height, yet the different courses varied in height from perhaps one and a half to three and a half feet. Thus the courses followed, until over two hundred had been laid, and the retreating sides left only a single capstone to be superimposed, at the height of four hundred and eighty feet.

Next, the steps up the sides of the structure, formed by the retreating courses, were filled with marble blocks, and beginning at the top, this addition was chipped, smoothed, and polished down to the base, and the Pyramid stood forth complete in its case of marble, for beauty,

and vastness, and solidity the wonder of the world.

The different layers were solid, except as allowance was constantly made for chambers and passages. These were provided for in the plan of the structure, and were most carefully elaborated as the building went on; their lines being run with great exactness and their surfaces covered with polished marble. The passages are small—never being so much as four feet high—and except in one instance they do not run horizontally, but by a steep incline—the angle of inclination being turned in different directions. The chambers, so far as yet discovered, number eight, of which the one called the “King’s Chamber,” situated in the heart of the structure, is the largest. In this is a hollow trough, or sarcophagus, or coffer, of the finest black marble, or porphyry, so large that it could not readily have been brought in by the passages, and which, therefore, was probably placed in the chamber before it was inclosed. The entrance passage into the Pyramid is near the middle of the north side, at the height of nearly fifty feet from the base.

The solid contents of the completed Pyramid, deducting passages and chambers, are estimated at a little over eighty-nine million feet. This would be sufficient for a wall four feet thick, ten feet high, and four hundred and twenty miles long; or would construct some thirty or forty thousand medium-sized houses.

At present the base of the Pyramid measures about twelve and three-quarter acres, the solid contents are over eighty-two million feet, and the height is between four hundred and fifty and four hundred and sixty feet. The marble casing is gone, having been removed by the early Caliphs of Cairo for the construction of their mosques. The top-stone has long since disappeared, and so much of the apex of the structure has been destroyed that the top now shows a platform thirty-three feet square. The exposed edges of the layers of limestone have become more or less broken, especially at the corners of the Pyramid, and over the broken line at the north-east corner the ascent is now usually made. Two stones of the ancient casing were found, a few years since, amid the sand and debris about the base. The summit of the second Pyramid is still covered with what from below resembles marble, but the material I believe is a sort of plaster or cement, probably of insufficient value to tempt the vandal Caliphs.

The antiquity of the principal Pyramid is, perhaps, even greater than was imagined by Napoleon, when he admonished his soldiers that forty centuries looked down upon them

from the Pyramid summits. According to the most recent investigations, the great Pyramid dates about forty-three centuries back, or several centuries before Abraham.

The object of its construction has been the theme of much conjecture. Some have regarded it as a king’s store-house of valuables; others as a king’s burial-place and monument; others still, as an astronomical observatory. Recently the last supposition has been modified so as to make the Pyramid, in its several dimensions, a complete embodiment, for all time and for all people, of a system of weights and measures. The so-called sarcophagus is shown to be a *standard* for measure and weight. And at the same time the whole arrangement of the structure is shown to be such as to make it symbolical of the highest and most recondite scientific truths. Those who would see what can be said in favor of these latter views, and at the same time in favor of the conjecture that the “Shepherd Kings,” under early Divine inspiration, erected the great Pyramid, will find the whole subject admirably treated in the work entitled, “Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid.”

Very different scenery we found a day or two after, in an excursion to the Petrified Forest, six or seven miles east of Cairo. Our way, after leaving the city, and the tombs of the Caliphs, was over a broad and dreary desert, no tree or dwelling relieving the vast and arid desolation. At length we reached something of an eminence—the border of the Mokattam hills—covered with small, loose and chip-like stones, and our guides told us this was the forest. We had thought of standing, or, at least, prostrate trees, in a state of petrification; but scarcely a stone around us would measure a foot in any direction. They were, however, certainly petrifications of wood, and as such, a curiosity, a few specimens of which we gathered from our examinations.

I made a very pleasant excursion with a friend to the ruins of Heliopolis, or the City of On. It was in a north-easterly direction, on the border of the land of Goshen, and it took our nimble donkeys about two hours to bear us thither. We passed along by green fields of waving wheat and luxuriant clover, with here and there fig-trees, tamarisks, and acacias.

Just before reaching the site of the ancient city, we turned into a garden, where was a very old and large sycamore tree, on which many names and dates were cut. There is a tradition that Mary and Joseph, with the infant Jesus, stopped to rest here, in their flight into



ASCENT OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

Egypt. We picked a few leaves from the tree and went on.

We found nothing of Heliopolis but old earthen mounds and a few vestiges of the once splendid Temple of the Sun. There were garden-like patches under cultivation among these artificial hillocks. The Fountain of the Sun is a pool fringed about with shrubbery. But the most conspicuous relic is a fine obelisk, standing in its original position, probably at the entrance of the temple; and there it has stood near four thousand years, being, as is supposed, the oldest of its kind in Egypt. It often met the eye of Joseph, whose father-in-law was a priest of the temple. Moses passed it as he

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went to his studies. Herodotus speaks of it, and Plato meditated at its base. Lone monument of the mighty Past!

WHY?

IN contemplating the sufferings of this world the natural and ever-recurring question to all rational beings is, Why?

We are certainly not destined to go languishing through the world, even though it be "a world of sorrow." God has not created us for that. It is not followed by cohorts of valetudinarians that Jesus will make his triumphal

entrance into heaven; it will be at the head of valiant armies. His soldiers will bear scars, but they will have gained the battle—they will be alive and well.

Action is our duty, and victory our aim. Passive torpor is neither one nor the other; and if we should succeed in rendering ourselves impassive—that is to say, indifferent—the suffering which would take nothing from us, would also give us nothing; it would pass uselessly over our hearts, like waves that daily wash the cold rocks, leaving them eternally sterile.

To suffer, in vain, is to overturn the plan of God; it is even to make him a tyrant. If God afflicts me, and my pain leaves me as it finds me, the affliction, coming from one stronger than I, becomes a cruelty.

Then we are to suffer for a purpose; and if you would offer consolation, it is in vain to tell one that suffering is a common lot, that no one escapes, that no one could, without over-weening self-love, dream of an exceptional situation of non-suffering. The coarseness of this fact may, indeed, put out the eyes, but it can not make them cease weeping. Think you, that I alone of all the wounded world would gladly escape? Could I even wish to be unalloyedly happy, the smile ever in the heart, while the whole world passed by me, travelling in pain?

But, that others suffer equally with me; that neither they nor I escape that which is inevitable; that it is as much a part of life as to die is a part of it; that it began with the world and will finish only with it—all this you may repeat a thousand times, and no one will be consoled. Nor would I be any more consoled, if assured that I could attain unto the most perfect stoicism. In the eyes of many, this is the best of sense; to me, it is nonsense. I can not think that the soul was created to receive its law from events. To remain felled to the earth after the blow is no proof of immortality. Do you say it is a triumph because you come out of a struggle paralyzed; that you feel no more, either pain or joy; that you are without fear, as you are without hope; that you are a stranger to mankind, and indifferent to yourself; so superior to the ills of life that you would plunge your head, with equal indifference, into the urn for the white or black ball? Some pretend that this is wisdom; to me, it is the height of folly. God never invented this style of progress; I must even think that this kind of perfection is an offense to him. The affliction that leads to lethargy must prove false to his command.

Then what does God wish of me in afflicting me?

Cast down, drowned in tears, no one satisfies

him. Hardened and indifferent to misfortunes; uninterested as to lot pleases him no better. He forbids revolt. What must I do, then, and why does he pursue me?

Why? This why is the first cry of the soul, it is the first question that traverses space.

Why? The soul that accepts through cowardice, or accommodates itself through its philosophy, or endures, by its torpidity, is not one that utters the why. The question, however audaciously one may make it, is a movement of the soul toward God. The tree which receives a stroke from an ax, demands no why; the animal struck by a brutal hand goes on, perhaps howling from pain, but it does not turn toward man to ask why; the maltreated child runs for its mother's arms; it does not turn to ask a reason of its abuser; but man, offended, goes straight to man and demands a reason. The soul touched of God, if it is alive, hastens immediately to its God, and says, "Why?"

There are many different whys in the world. There is the why of pride, which is really nothing but a protest. The one who offers it does not care to have it answered. He prefers to proclaim the injustice of God—the cruelty of God. If God should reply, he would not listen. According to him, God is pleased to torment men. This why, which is a malediction, a defiance, rebounds fearfully back into the soul.

There is the why of the trifier—a noise made in his own ears in order not to hear what affliction says. Then, there is the why of inert effeminacy, which scarcely forms itself—scarcely adds the interrogation point. It says: If I knew why, I would do something, but I know not what to do.

Again, there is the why of despair. It is not a reproach; it is still less a prayer. It forestalls itself by, What could man, what would God, do for us? It is too much occupied with its own sorrow; it can hear only its own groans.

But, last of all, here is a broken heart—a full heart that can hold no more. Many thoughts move in it; all trouble it. Many voices speak to it, but none console it. It no longer sees its way; the horizons are obscure; it feels only one thing, and that is, that it suffers. But it is simple and natural; it knows that there is a God, and sincerely and with expectant humility it offers, also, its why. From this moment relations are established between this soul and God. Let it alone; it shall know why.

Why? Above all things else that we may learn to know ourselves. Suffering reveals us to ourselves as we are. In place of that son of God that man believes himself to be—his undisputed heir, because he has never dishonored

his father or played false to his race—we see a creature at the same time superb and wretched; a mingling of incredible presumption and of inconceivable weakness; an ingrate full of unreasonable exactions; a rebel who heaps up all manner of revolts, and takes for granted pardon for all; a being supremely indifferent to all innocent happiness, but an acknowledged lover of forbidden pleasures; an idolater, worshiping self; a delicate creature that can make others suffer without knitting the brow, but who can be killed by the slightest stings; a sinner that troubles himself in no wise about heaven; an impatient one whom the least waiting exasperates; a believer when days are prosperous, a skeptic when they are adverse; a waverer, swinging between good and evil, zeal and torpor, action and idleness—*lost*, unless frightened at a meeting himself, he turns toward God and decides to *wish for salvation*.

Does it not pay to buy, even by many sorrows, this first response to our sincere Why?

There are still other responses. In prosperity one believes himself strong. The navigator, who spreads sail on a tranquil sea, easily imagines that he will rule in the tempest. He is sure of himself; his ship is of good parts; the enormous masts tremble not under the sails; look at the eye of the pilot, how piercing his brow, how defiant; the whole outfit is of rare choice—away with care! Leave to others precautions; they are childish. A fig for the tempest—let us away!

Yes, but when the little cloud appears, low on the horizon, expanding, enlarging, covering the whole sky; when it fills the air with darkness; when the winds come, let loose in a moment from every quarter, plowing up the watery plain; when the floods boil up full of power, furiously, opening up invisible depths, madly throwing about the white foam; when the aerial packs howl around you, and dismal, clamoring voices come out from under the billows; when shrill, strong whistlings shriek around, tearing into shreds the strong sails; when the masts clatter and crash like the quick peals of thunder; when you lie in the trough, and the seas fall upon the deck; when the sides, torn away, let the cataracts sweep over the ship—then you shall see these defiant sailors, white with fear, shrinking at the wild approach of death; you shall see them clinging to the bits of the masts. Every blow of the sea crashes and disperses. A man disappears, then another, then another, then—O, skillful seaman! where are thy boastings? Wisdom of the pilot! where art thou? And thou, bravery of the brave? I believe in God. He gave me all things, let him take all; it is

his. My broken heart would not become unbelieving. I doubt the love of the Father? Forget, for a moment, that Jesus has suffered? That for extreme moments he has extreme and most precious graces? Become ungrateful because I am tried? Never! Talk to others of falling away, and of doubting; prescribe to them the incessant prayers that fatigue the soul and weary out God. I have no need of that. Prosperity has found me steadfast, misfortune shall not shake me.

Some project fails; I know not what amazement has seized hold of my soul. A difficulty arises, the heart is put into the stocks, infidelities rend it, ruins crush it, life is despoiled, solitudes come.

I seek my faith; erewhile it was there I possessed it; by it I called upon God; he replied, I received strength; I ascended up into the hills, I brought hither happiness; where are my hopes, my submission, the Jesus that I believed my brother? where is my energy? I find nothing. There arise in me rebellions that shame me; doubts come and finish my demolition. Ah! am I then to be destitute, poor, absolutely poor? I can not remain thus. Then what shall I do? I will cry aloud to my God, I will supplicate, I shall obtain.

Blessed poverty! thou art the beginning of riches. And this is why. We do not wish to repeat the idea that the sorrows of earth are necessary to the awakening of desires for heaven. God has no need of the debris of time in order to enrich eternity. Just as he transported an Enoch and an Elijah to the regions of bliss, without making them pass through the gates of death, so can he kindle in our souls an ardent desire for the happiness of a future state without making them pass through the agonies of earthly experience.

But the chariots of fire are not for all. The common road passes through the sepulcher. We attain unto the resurrection of the body by the dissolution of the body, and the wearinesses of this world do really make us aspire more after the eternal joys and eternal rest. There is a measureless gulf between our natural hearts and paradise, and trials help us to count it possible to leap across the abyss. The eye of the happy of this world seldom looks higher than its own level, but the eye of the sufferer looks on high, and the thoughts fix themselves there where the hope lies, and this is one reasonable answer to our mystery-enveloped question.

I know not if you experience that which I feel; but up to this time, in the responses to our questionings, I have only met self, and this does not satisfy me. This alone seems too

arid. Certainly I desire my own salvation ; 't is the aim of my life ; lost, I should lose all. My heart is moved with gratitude to the divine wisdom that would regenerate it ; nevertheless, it remains sad, and asks God if there are not some sweeter means by which to prepare it for its heavenly state than alone to work for self.

O, yes ! suffering makes us able to do good. Even now I hear weeping beside me. Near is a poor creature, cast down under the weight of its cares, exhausted before the morning has brought it its daily labor ; the arm falls, and the body bends under its load. If no one helps it will never straighten up. The people are passing that have not borne burdens ; they are strong of body and full of courage. "Up, up," they cry, "do n't abandon yourself that way. When one has fallen down all he has to do is to get up." Perhaps one vigorous arm shakes it, another stands it up with, "Now you are on your feet, walk." It tries. Behold the pitiful effort. It makes a step or two ; it totters, and again succumbs. The people toss the head, go their way, astonished at human weakness.

Let them be indignant ; they can, for they have not been through our school. But I, all bloody from the struggle, I know how to compassionate—thanks to conflict. Each one of these groans seems but an echo of my own ; they enter into my heart, and I love him who weeps. I approach and take his hand : "Look at me, will you ? You are afflicted ; I understand afflictions. Your strength is gone ; so is mine. When we have wept together we will pray together, and soon you shall see ; we will rise by ourselves ; we will pursue our journey, but in another path from those powerful ones. If there are Christians without weaknesses let them pass. Their piety, which has known no falls, makes me shiver. They pursue their even course without stumbling. What could they do for us ? To console. It is then to consider that I have suffered. What light thrown upon the subject ! Is it not just what my wounds needed ?"

Jesus knew it well that, in order to compassionate the torments of mankind, one should first experience them. By this power to console God associates me in his work.

It is a beautiful thing to console ; it is a sublime one to aspire toward heaven ; it is a good one to recognize one's own sins ; it is a brave one to labor for the regeneration of souls. Do we not learn better to do all these through suffering ? But it is a long lesson. If being transformed was an effect of one heavy blow of the rod, how quickly and readily would I consent to it ! Or, if God would work upon me without

my co-operation I would not prevent him. If he would introduce me thus into the heavenly mansions, I would be ravished with delight. But the conflict, the long-continued, oft-repeated conflict frightens me. And the great effort to give away myself, this terrifies me still more. How shall I seize myself in order to lead myself a captive before my King ? Who will lay hands upon the legion of my thoughts and bring them into subjection ?

Such a state of doubting and harassing of soul can not last forever. It is impossible that God, who has put such a space between heaven and earth, and who says to man, "Ascend hither," should not, at the same time, let fall a golden cable which we may lay hold of. To be sure there must be vigor in seizing it, and tenacity in holding on to it, that it escape us not ; but the cable is there. If I have found that cable, is it not another answer to the Why ? I feel the approach of power ; something invincible comes to me. My eyes have not discerned him, but he is here. No sound has met my ears, nevertheless I have heard him ; he uses no constraint, but I go to meet him ; he has thrown me into no consternation, but I seem to belong to him. I can grieve him and he departs ; I can call after him and he returns. If I retain him he remains with me ; if I show him my soul subject to him, he breathes therein unknown energies ; he communicates to me a strength that makes of me an athlete, a conqueror.

But, by the same means, I have become acquainted with the Holy Spirit. And what is it to know him ? When I have denied my God, when I have forgotten Jesus, when I have gone into forbidden paths, when prayer was almost extinguished upon my lips, when sin gained every battle, he has remembered me, has followed me, has found me. He has asked me why I was going on thus. Gently he has led me back by the side of the Father, and afar off he has shown me him with arms open. He has not articulated a word, but he has poured the Divine oil, drop by drop, upon the wound, and the wound is healed. The wrath of God is felt in the trial, but the Holy Spirit brings his compassionate tenderness within our reach. Jesus, now seated at the right hand of God, once walked the earth, but he walks there no more ; the Holy Spirit has brought him hither from the skies. It is indeed Jesus, for we have touched the hem of his garment. When I read the Scriptures, thanks to the Holy Spirit, I read no more merely words, it is the living voice of my Savior, and it gives me life. If it were not for the Holy Spirit would I take to the work

of wiping away others' tears? Would I fatigue myself with the weights that belong to other shoulders? Would I disquiet myself about the destiny of other souls? Would I not contentedly let those perish who wish? But now I can not; as the Holy Spirit loves me, so I love.

Through trials I have learned to believe in the power of prayer, to believe that God is interested in the least events of even the lowliest creatures that he has placed upon the earth. I have the firm conviction that God can discern and separate each trembling murmur of our voices, though half smothered by tears, from the universal harmonies or universal sobs of the universe.

You ask me how I reconcile this special providence in the answers to our prayers with the immutable order of God's plans? I do not reconcile it; God reconciles it. I have doubted and been confounded; I have ceased and found rest. I live upon a grain of dust; God reigns in the heavens. I can scarcely distinguish one atom from another; God grasps the immensity of the past, present, and future. He says to me, Ask whatsoever you will, I will give it you. I hear and obey. In the night which my ignorance makes around me, I seize hold of the promises of my God; I walk by their light. They do not reveal all things to me, but they never deceive me. If there are difficulties, if there are mysteries, if there are impossibilities, God will extricate himself without my mingling myself therein. Jesus commands me to open my heart and to extend my hands. I do as he tells me. The apostles did the same and were answered, although they knew that afflictions entered into the Divine plan. They prayed God to deliver them and he delivered them. Did not Jesus himself, when the bloody sweat fell from his brow, say, "If thou wilt let this cup pass?" If his will bowed to the Father shall not mine? Be assured that no lips uttered more sincerely, "Thy will be done," than the lips accustomed to ask all things.

Attending to such details abases God! Whom, then, do you take God to be? you make him after our measure, after the model of a man. It is written that God stoops to regard the heavens and the earth; as much to measure their altitude as to consider this little globe among the starry myriads. The fate of empires, the intricacies of politics and government are as insignificant before God as the trouble of a poor, broken heart. I am astray in expressing myself; it is the heart that is great, and its troubles that are of importance in all the great universe.

The solicitudes of a mother are weighed in the Divine balance. If the fate of nations did not involve single human destinies, if these little existences, which you hold to be of such small moment, were not liable to be overthrown or subverted, do you imagine that God would give so much attention to the nations? Your God, who occupies himself only with great affairs, this God *overcharged* with business, who abandons the care of small interests into the hands of under-agents, who gives his signature from afar like a minister of state—this God is a mutilated, powerless idol. It is the mean, paltry creation of our poor brains. Sorrow leads us to a better One—one who is infinite in goodness, infinite in love; one to whom all things are small; one to whom all things are great, to whom a soul is worth more than a world; one who listens to the prayers of his children; who says, Ask, and I will give. And it is our privilege to commune with him at all times. That command, "Pray without ceasing," which shocks so many with its severity, has become my surety. To think of God no longer satisfies; it must be a communion. When a dear friend is near, it does not suffice to think of him; to say nothing would be a punishment. Every time an idea comes into the head, or a sentiment overflows the heart, we talk. What do we say? What does one say to father or mother? Is eloquence necessary? Fear is past; insincerity is done with; the lips move according as the heart feels, and—the parents are joyous.

But to what other good have been my tribulations? I have become to be of those who continually read the Bible.

The Bible! You might as well say that you are a blue Puritan—a being the most displeasing that the natural world has ever met. To pray will do, even if philosophy does laugh at it, elegance tolerate it. But the Bible! the book of the Calvinists, the formulary of all rigidity, the sum of all narrow law! Who hears a Bible spoken of among you who pretend to know it, without seeing delineated the angular profile of the preacher? His spectacles upon his nose, his lips thin, his look solemn, his voice sharp, his mien that of a pedant, his gestures awkward. He does not talk; he emits sentences. He has only one idea, that of converting sinners by blows of the Bible. His heart is regulated like a chronometer, and is wound up once in twenty-four hours; he never laughs, seldom permits tears; his soul works, keeping time, and moves with the regularity of a clock. You imagine he puts himself across the path of life, like one of those great stones against

which the torrent angers itself in descending—splashing up on all sides because the stone will not move.

Yes, this Bible, which you make pretensions of knowing, I love with all my heart. If I did not, there is no word that would express my hardness; and if I did not tell it, my neglect would surpass my ingratitude. When I am happy I read it because my soul draws from it supreme joys, because it finds there horizons without limit. Unhappy, tormented with cares, shaken in my faith, hungry for truth, O, how does the Word of God refresh me! It is pure as rock-crystal, more radiant than the sun. It opens up the heaven of heavens, and descends to illumine the most darkened corner of our poor lives. It comes from the heart of God and enters into even such a one as mine. It has food that refreshes me, sweetness that appeases my troubles; it rekindles the little faith about to die out; it is a warrant to me of God's fidelity; it is a witness that he loves me—that he is mine and that I am his.

I know well that lofty intelligences pity us for this. Great minds have discovered for the thousandth time since the Bible existed, that the Bible is a tissue of errors. However, I continue on toward my destruction. It is now eighteen hundred years that human wisdom has been overturning the Scriptures, but they have lost not a letter, not an iota. Every generation of rash men, in its turn, has affronted it, with what mockery every one knows; but while generations fall into dust the Bible continues to save souls, to regenerate lives, to console hearts. Mock on! The Bible has the sweetness of eternal things; it has seen your fathers pass away, it will see you also pass away, for you also are mortal.

Let us be assured, 't is God that talks to us. Listen to the Psalms. We have uttered these sighs; we have experienced this horror of ourselves. These doubtings, this terror of the grave, this ignorance of the ways of God, this foolish condemning of his acts—these are all ours. Listen to the songs of victory; faith is restored, joy descends in floods; this is also ours, and it is from God. It is the eternal meeting of the heart of man with the heart of the Father.

Finally, then, we are to work! this is our safety. The ideal contemplation of our tribulations exerts upon the soul an unhealthy fascination. A serpent lurks there, and there is venom in its tooth. He who holds his soul to labor will not know the torpors of sadness. The temptations to revolt triumph only over souls languishing in idleness; the dangerous

guests are for uninhabited houses; the long, dreary days are the unfilled days.

If we have a voice, if we hold the pencil, if the brush is obedient to us, if melodies sing in our ears, we have indeed to thank God, who has given us the golden key. Outside of the daily routine the felicities of the ideal world will pour their light upon us. The cup filled with ambrosia will sometimes approach our lips, and when they are moistened in it we will rise up stronger.

Soon the eternal morning is going to dawn, and the things we know not now we "shall know hereafter."

GLACIERS.

GLACIERS are masses of ice which descend into the valleys from the higher regions of snow-mountains. Above a certain line, called the snow-line, varying in height according to the situation of the country—in the Alps it is on an average at 7,200 feet above the sea level—the sun is not sufficiently powerful to melt the snow that falls in large quantities during the Winter months. In the recesses and higher valleys of the mountains this snow accumulates, one layer being formed upon another, till the lower strata, by the increasing weight above, become pressed and consolidated together till they form ice; and the whole mass is then forced down the valley till it reaches and extends beyond the snow-line. If the reservoir above is small, the portion that arrives beyond the snow-line melts, the supply equaling the demand and no more. But in large mountainous districts, where the accumulations are on a vaster scale, the supply exceeds the demand, and the ice is gradually pressed down into the lower valleys, and often into the plains.

"The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day:"

but its rate of progress varies very much, being naturally quicker in Summer and slower in the Winter. The progress of the Mer de Glace has been as much as thirty inches a day in Summer, and sixteen inches in Winter.

M. Agassiz was the first to ascertain by exact measurements the rate of progress of a glacier. By boring holes in the ice, and fixing in them piles of wood in the same straight line across the glacier, and opposite to certain marked objects on the sides of the mountain, he was enabled, by returning to the same spot the next year, to determine how far downward the piles had moved.

Glaciers abound in all the great mountain chains, and play an important part in physical

geography, being the sources of some of the largest rivers in Europe and Asia. The Rhine, the Po, the Rhone, the Garonne, the Ganges, and the Indus, all take their rise from glacier streams. Some glaciers cover an enormous area; that of Baltoro, in the Himalayas, is as much as thirty-six miles long, and between two and three miles wide; that of Biafo is sixty-four miles long. The glaciers of the Alps are

better known, and though small when compared to those just quoted, are yet of considerable extent and importance. There are as many as sixty in the whole Alpine range, which extends from Mont Pelvoux, in Dauphiné, to the Grosser Glockner, in Carinthia. The glacier of Aletsch, the largest in Switzerland, is sixteen miles long and one and a quarter miles broad, and descends from 12,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea. The

FIG. 1.—THE RHONE GLACIER.



Mer de Glace, which descends into the valley of Chamouni, one of the best known of all glaciers, is seven and a half miles long.

The glacier of the Rhone, shown in the illustration, gives a very good specimen of the general features of a glacier, and more especially of what is called the fan-shaped glacier. It takes its rise on the west side of the Galenstock—the mountain on the right of the picture—and after issuing through a somewhat

narrow portal, extends itself, comparatively unconfined, over the slope of the mountain. It expands in a nearly circular shape; and the deep fissures or crevasses, as they are called, formed by the onward motion of the ice, appear, like the sticks of a fan, to radiate from the center. From the valley, the upper part of the glacier or *nevé* is seen piled up in a confused mass, broken and cracked by the action of the weather, and assuming strange fantastic shapes.

These blocks are known by the name of *stracs*. The lower part, as may be seen, is comparatively flat, and may be traversed easily, though the crevasses are rather wide.

The crevasses are generally filled with water, of a dark-blue color, within a few feet of the surface, and are often of great extent, and form the real dangers of mountain traveling. A crevasse on the Mer de Glace was estimated at 2,000 feet in length. It is in this part of the glacier that are found the internal cascades or *moulins*, as they are called. They arise from the superficial water occasioned by rains, and the melting of the snow on the surface. The several small rivulets formed from these causes unite in one considerable stream, which flows

Sometimes its outline rises unbroken, but more frequently it is split up, by intersecting cracks, into masses, which the continued action of the sun and air sharpen into pyramids and grotesque shapes. The stream formed by the waste and melting of the ice, and fed by the *moulins*, issues at the foot of the glacier, sometimes by a small opening, but generally from a cave, as in Fig. 2. In the Summer-time, after heavy rains, the snow and ice at these apertures are loosened, and fall in large quantities, widening the entrances of these outlets. The effect on these ice-caves, when the sun is shining, is singularly beautiful, the dirty masses of the outer crust contrasting with the pure white of the inner layers, and the glitter of the blue and green ice.

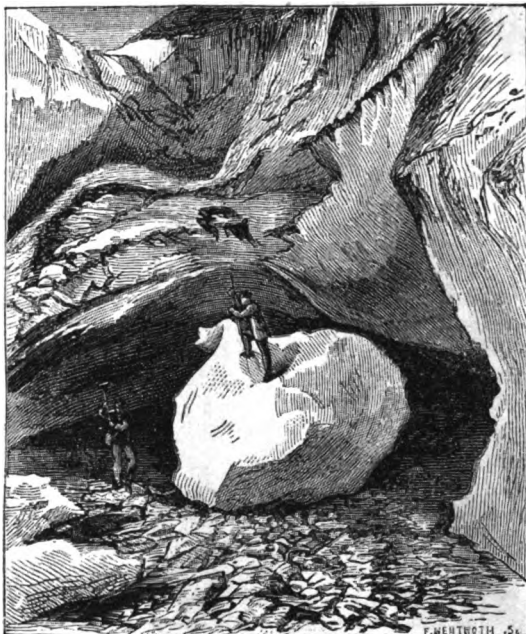


FIG. 2.—GLACIER CAVERN.

on till it comes at last to a crevasse, down which it descends in great force, keeping open and widening the channel, which presents at length an open shaft sometimes of immense depth. There is a *moulin* on the Mer de Glace more than 350 feet deep. On the right bank of the Rhone glacier, where the glacier meets the rock, is a very fine specimen of this ice waterfall. Sometimes, when the bed of a glacier is high, and breaks off abruptly, the ice is forced over the precipice thus formed in huge blocks, and constitutes an ice-fall; one of the most singular phenomena of the mountains. There is a very fine ice-fall in the lower glacier at Grindelwald, and one in the Mer de Glace.

The lower end of a glacier is usually steep.

The heaps of debris depicted in the foreground of Fig. 1 are called *moraines*. They consist of rock and pieces of stone and earth brought away by the glacier in the course of its journey down the mountain. All along the sides of a glacier these heaps may be seen, and wherever they are found it is a sure sign that a glacier has been there some time or other. For a glacier recedes as well as advances, and its path, like that of a retreating army, may be traced by the ravages it has committed and the ruins it leaves behind.

There is little doubt that the glacier of the Rhone once extended to the Lake of Geneva. Another sure sign of the track of a glacier is its action on the bed of rock on which it is formed. Stones and pieces of rock find their way through the crevasses to the bed of the glacier stream. These, by the immense weight above, are ground into a species of powerful emery powder, and wear away the surface of the hardest rock, rounding off huge blocks as smooth as a slab of marble. The stones and rocks in their turn are ground into powder, and a glacier stream can always be recognized by its white milky color, caused by these ground atoms. The peculiarities of form produced by this grinding action of the ice are to be traced in most of the Alpine valleys. In the Grimsel and Hasli valleys, on the slopes of the Jura and the Italian sides of the Alps, evidences of extinct glaciers are to be found in every direction, and they are not confined to high mountainous districts only, but are to be seen in the hills of Cumberland, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. The North American Continent furnishes abundant evidence of most extensive glacial action, even far down into the States. The numerous granite boulders scattered over all the North-West is one of its results.

SOUL-LIFE.

I HAVE been out beneath the sky of Spring,
 When the green earth in her fresh garb
 Of beauty lay reposing calmly as in Sabbath rest ;
 When early flowers bent low their perfumed heads,
 As if in prayer, each folded leaf gemmed with
 The tear drops of the night ; when the clear brow
 Of heaven blazed beneath its tiara
 Of glittering stars, and moonlight hung a veil
 Of mystic brightness o'er the mountain side,
 Or slept upon the placid bosom of the deep.

And while my spirit drank the glory in,
 A soft, low voice within aroused my soul
 With these strange words of solemn prophecy :
 Yon bending dome, its blazonry of stars,
 The silver moon pursuing now her way
 Through those bright fields of deep, unclouded blue,
 Must roll together as a blotted scroll ;
 Yon stern old mountains, which have bathed
 Their foreheads in the clouds through endless years,
 Must crumble down, and yonder rolling sea
 Be swallowed up amid the wreck of worlds ;
 Whate'er in nature thou wouldst dream must aye
 Endure, will pass away.

And I have looked upon a human form
 Of matchless symmetry, unrivaled grace,
 The dew of youth still fresh upon the cheek,
 And the proud consciousness of life
 Deep thrilling every pulse with joy ;
 Yet while I would have bowed in homage low
 Before the workmanship divine,
 There came a thought of swift decay,
 And a fair casket all in ruins laid ;
 Then, from my being's depths, went up the cry,
 O ! is there naught in all this glorious world
 On which the eye may rest, or love may dwell,
 Which will not cease to be ?

From my own yearning soul the answer came,
 Deep, strange, and solemn, This is all ;
 The human soul, the one undying flame
 Lit on the altars of this fading world,
 A waif of the Infinite.
 Up struggling thro' the rubbish and the dust of time,
 An exiled wanderer from a higher sphere,
 To win its way, through darkness, back again,
 God sent it pure, and its unwritten page
 Bears on its whiteness not a soiling trace ;
 Yet it is ready to receive impress unfading
 From each passing scene ;
 Light dawns upon it from the outer world,
 And slowly comes its gleams of wakening life,
 Its sunny brightness, and its dreary shade ;
 Dimly at first dawns the revealing light
 Of destiny, faint inklings of a life
 More noble, slow unfold, and voices
 Still and low, whose deep eternal meaning
 It is slow to learn, come gently borne
 Upon the whispering wind, which steals at eventide
 Among the waving branches of the trees,
 The uncertain music of the rolling spheres,

And in the fainter, sweeter melody
 Of distant silvery fountains ;
 In the unbroken silence of the midnight hour,
 When solemn forests stand all still
 And motionless, as if a spell
 Upon them brooded in the weird-like calm,
 When the great pulses of the world are hushed,
 And Nature holds her breath, while God walks forth
 Unseen, yet felt, then come strange yearning thoughts,
 And through the opening vistas, in the broad
 And undimmed blue, it seems to catch a glimpse,
 A shadowy vision of its native shores !
 It hears afar the music of its father-land,
 And is athirst for springs which gush not here.
 Then come unuttered yearnings to be free,
 And lofty reachings for its destined goal ;
 It hears the majesty of God's eternal voice
 Re-echoing through all ;
 Beholds the light divine which fain would guide
 It on, in that high path no vulture's eye
 Hath seen ; it springs exultant for a little time,
 Yet gains not far its upward track ; allured
 By things below, by bonds invisible detained, the
 flagging wing
 Too often droops and folds itself amid the things of
 time.

Angels, secure in their far home of bliss,
 Look downward, wondering at the mystic strife
 Of kindred spirits in a world like this,
 Winning their glory in the school of life ;
 And God beholds, with never-sleeping eye,
 Its ceaseless struggle with humanity ;
 Earth's dismal tempests beat around its path,
 And stars of beauteous hope grow strangely dim ;
 Then will its faith be lost, its efforts cease,
 Its light grow shrouded in the mists of time,
 Its noble heritage of deathless peace
 Be bartered in this poor ungenial clime ?
 Each high aspiring for infinite good,
 Each yearning instinct for the true and pure
 Be quenched for aye, amid the turbid flood,
 Whose sullen waves surround it on this shore ?
 Or will it rise through God's own helping power,
 And nobly triumph o'er life's fleeting ills ;
 Through sorrow's blight, and dark temptation's hour,
 Will it retain its native beauty still ?

All heaven rejoices at a scene like this,
 When a soul struggles up, through sin and storm,
 Bearing the signet of unfading peace,
 Crowned with the glory of its victory won.
 And when the golden bowl is broken here,
 And gently loosed the twining silver band,
 When angel wings come softly waving near
 To lift it upward to its native land,
 It passes like a rushing thought away,
 To dwell with God beyond the radiant stars,
 And, bathing in the light of endless day,
 Shall fancy strive to paint its raptures there,
 As, looking back upon this sin-cursed clime,
 It notes the awful dangers of the way,
 And praises evermore the power divine
 Which led it on to final victory ?

There the mysterious yearnings it hath known
 Through the long years of its probation here,
 The voices it hath heard in mystic tones,
 Will speak in language forcible and clear ;
 Its thirst for beauty, purity, and love,
 The knowledge that it grasped, but could not reach,
 All shall be gathered there, the life above
 Through countless ages, will new wonders teach ;
 It will expand, and never, never tire
 Of roaming through those starry realms so bright,
 Lifting its song amid the ransomed choir,
 Whose brows are crowned with diadems of light,
 Woven by angel hands, ere they came there,
 Who struggled up through thorny paths of care.

O, human spirit, barter not thy crown,
 Scorn not thy heritage beyond the stars ;
 Once lost it may no more be found,
 Though eager sought with carefulness and tears ;
 Earth's glories pass away, and kingdoms fall,
 Touched by the ever-wasting hand of time,
 But the immortal rises over all,
 In God-like majesty, a life sublime.
 As the pale moon looks on some ruins dark,
 With the same pure and ever-peaceful smile,
 Or gilds the floating wreck of lonely bark
 Tossed by the winds o'er ocean's depths, the while
 The soul secure upon its lofty height,
 With chastened glory all serenely clear,
 Looks down in triumph when death's solemn night
 Hath veiled in darkness the frail temple here.

THE TWO COUSINS.

CHAPTER I.

WITHIN the spacious mansion of Colonel Holeman were gathered a gay and brilliant assembly ; lights flashed from every window, gleaming out upon the lawn blending their radiance with that of the many-colored lights with which the trees were adorned. Together they conspired to irradiate the scenes without and within. The sound of carriages, which, in rapid succession, drove up to the entrance of the illuminated grounds, continued to announce the arrival of guests till a given hour, when the sounds of gay laughter and the murmur of voices was hushed. A sudden silence seemed to have fallen upon the assembly ; scarcely a sound issued from the well-filled drawing-room, save that occasioned by the rustling of silks and the flutter of fans. Down the broad staircase came one arrayed in spotless white, upon whose brow rested the orange wreath, from which the filmy veil swept down over the rich dress. By her side, with firm, proud step and manly bearing walked he to whom her life was henceforth to be united. Slowly they entered the drawing-room and took their places, the solemn ceremony proceeded, and soon Augusta,

eldest daughter of Colonel Holeman, was pronounced wife of Horace Clayton, a man renowned for wealth and high social position. Congratulations were showered upon them, presents, costly and rare, were bestowed, and the sounds of music and revelry were borne out upon the air. At length the hour arrived which was to witness the departure of the bridal party. The adieus were spoken, farewells exchanged, and good wishes in abundance wasted after the carriage which bore them away. Guests departed, lights were extinguished, and darkness and silence usurped the places not long since given up to brilliancy and beauty. The pride and ambition of Mrs. Holeman's heart was at last attained. For years the one great, ever-present thought of her life seemed to have been the matrimonial prospects of her eldest daughter. Augusta was naturally a charming girl, possessed of many noble qualities, which, with judicious training, would have served as a good foundation for a most excellent character. Amiable and sociably inclined, she was one who, in her younger days, had yearned for higher, purer enjoyments than those found within the limits of what her mother termed "our circle." A constant look-out for "future prospects" seemed to have ever been a sort of funeral knell for present enjoyments, save of such style as promised to aid in that particular direction. She was early taught that success in life was only to be acquired by the proper use of certain graces, and accomplishments, and style of living and personal adornment. These, by skillful management, might be of great value in securing a successful future, and Mrs. Holeman was certainly an exceedingly skillful manager. That she was a fond mother none could doubt, but her better feelings were so hedged about by what she termed "social distinctions," "our position," and "expectations of society," that they, together with a watchful look-out for the sayings of "Mrs. Grundy," went far to keep up a sort of distance between herself and the tender hearts of her children. Deep within her heart a mother's love was ever surging toward them ; but she was one of those strange mortals who seldom evince their true feelings, of whose inner nature it is impossible to judge. Her children were taught from their infancy that they were to occupy positions in society elevated somewhat above those by whom they were surrounded, and were accordingly not permitted the freedom usually accorded to children, but were guided instead in all things by certain rules and regulations prescribed by dame Fashion, whose sway was unlimited in the Holeman household.

Colonel Holeman, who had acquired considerable celebrity during the war, was now so immersed in banks and stocks that he seldom manifested much interest in the affairs of home, nor did he ever interfere with the plans or wishes of his wife. Augusta had at length grown up, a girl educated according to her mother's mistaken ideas of right. In manner she was distant and often haughty, affable to those whose favor she wished to gain, but rigidly cold to all whom, for any reason, she considered her inferiors. Mrs. Holeman's heart had been quite set upon her union with the wealthy banker, and as her mother's wish was to her as law, and the offer an unexceptionable one, and her future position in society unquestionably secured, what more could a girl so reared desire? As to love, that her mother assured her would follow esteem.

The wedding in prospect had long been the great motive-power which ruled every thing; Mrs. Holeman, in a pleasant state of perpetual excitement, issued order after order, seeming to enjoy the notoriety which so brilliant an affair gave her. Colonel Holeman acquiesced as usual in all the arrangements, and the marriage was accordingly consummated. All passed off quite satisfactorily, and the household settled back into calmness and order. Clara, the second daughter, not having completed her education, returned to the fashionable boarding-school from which she had been summoned to attend her sister's wedding, and Mrs. Holeman, left quite alone, passed much of her time in arranging and perfecting her plans for a grand reception, to take place upon the return of the happy couple from an extended tour.

She sat so engaged in her parlor one day, a week or two after the wedding, when she was summoned by a servant from the room. At the expiration of several hours she returned, looking pale and sad. With a sigh she seated herself, and seemed to be deeply absorbed in thought. In one hand she held an open letter, but the pages remained unturned, and her eyes wore an anxious, far-away look. The shadows of evening gradually fell, and the various objects in the room faded into obscurity, but she took no notice of the increasing gloom. The slow ticking of the French clock on the mantel was the only sound which broke the deep silence, save when an occasional half-audible sigh came from the lips of the figure which remained immovable as a statue in the gathering darkness. At last she arose, and going to the window she drew back the rich lace curtains and peered anxiously out upon the beautiful lawn, with its rolling surface softly carpeted with grass of brightest

green. A little while she stood as if watching for the coming of some one anxiously expected, then dropping the curtain she resumed her seat only to leave it again and again, for the same watchful position beside the window. At length she sank down in a low chair, and with face pressed closely to the window, continued to watch and wait. Soon steps were heard on the gravel walk, and a man was seen approaching. Mrs. Holeman arose, and with a quick, eager step went to meet him. Almost before he came within speaking distance, in a trembling voice, with keen anxiety vibrating through every tone, she cried, "John, did you find him? is he coming? speak!"

"No, madam, I did not see him," respectfully replied the footman, touching his hat, "but I learned at the office that he had already started home. Any orders, madam?"

"Yes; did you inquire at what time the next train would start for the east?"

"At ten, madam."

"Have the carriage in readiness to convey us to the depot in time, and now send Lisetta to me."

The man bowed and disappeared, and Mrs. Holeman re-entered the parlor and resumed her station by the window. A few moments later and Lisetta, the maid, entered. Mrs. Holeman turned, and, in few words, gave orders in regard to preparations to be hastily made for traveling. Just then her quick ear caught the sound of a well-known step without. Another moment and she stood with clasped hands and tearful eyes beside her husband, who, quite surprised at the unusual display of feeling, anxiously inquired the cause of her distress. In broken words she told him that during the afternoon a letter had reached her, written by one of Clara's teachers, saying that the dear girl was very ill; she had sent word to him by John at the office, desiring him to return at once, but was informed that he had gone some distance out of town, and would probably not return for several hours. A telegram was received an hour or so later containing the sad intelligence that Clara continued to grow worse, and begging them to come quickly. John was again sent in search of Colonel Holeman, but again failed to find him. And "now," said she, "I have given orders that every thing shall be in readiness in time for us to take the next train, which leaves at 10 o'clock." Deeply moved, Colonel Holeman bowed his head and staggered like one suddenly stricken by a terrible blow. At the appointed hour they left their home, and were soon on their way to the distant city where the beloved sufferer lay. O,

how the moments seemed to drag themselves into weary hours throughout the long night! How dull, cold, and gray seemed the light of the day which followed! And at last, when the miles, which had seemed so long and countless, were all numbered, and the desired spot reached, how their hearts sank within them when the thought, "We may be too late," pressed itself upon them!

Arriving at the college, they were met at the door by the lady principal, who, in answer to their eager looks, answered ere their question could be put into words, "She still lives." They were led at once to the room, where, in the pale, emaciated, and suffering girl, it was difficult to recognize the bright, happy creature of but two weeks previous. A wan smile passed over her countenance as she recognized her sorrow-stricken parents. After a little while she motioned to her mother to come nearer, when, drawing her head down close beside her own, with face almost as white as the pillow upon which it rested, she whispered, "Mother, but two short weeks ago we were in the midst of pleasures and rejoicings, and now plunged into suffering and sorrow. Why is it so?"

"My child," replied Mrs. Holeman, "it is often so—sorrow frequently follows joy—ours is no uncommon case."

"But why, mother? I can not understand—tell me truly why is it so?"

Mrs. Holeman had no answer for the question—she who knew so little of the discipline of life—she who had lived for to-day, with no thought of to-morrow save to plan for its enjoyments, could not now perceive how God sometimes instructs his creatures by the uses of suffering.

"My darling," said she, "it is one of the great problems of life, which we can not solve."

"Why did you never tell me, mother, there was another view of life's picture than that which I have been taught to look upon?" And the sunken eyes wore a questioning, half-reproachful look, as they met the tearful gaze of the mother who bent above her.

"Do n't think of these things now, my daughter," she murmured. "You are too weak."

"But, mother, shall I ever be stronger!"

"We hope so, dear. Do n't waste your strength trying to talk or think; rest in my arms, Clara, and try to sleep."

"I can not rest, mother, I must think. O, mother, mother, you have been good and kind, and thoughtful for my comfort, but you taught me to live for self alone; and, alas! for time only. I have received no lessons for eternity; I've had rules enough by which to live a life of

pleasure, but no rule by which to die." And the faint voice died away in a husky whisper, and a shiver passed over the fair form, as though "the cold waters of death" already swept over her.

The words were as arrows to the conscience-stricken mother. How, O how! could she answer the child? Sob after sob welled up from her heart, but she could frame no words with which to comfort her.

"Father."

"My darling!" And the strong arms were round the child, and the proud head, which had ever been borne so erect and firm through life, was at last bowed down in bitter woe; the thin, white fingers, were lovingly passed through the locks, already tinged by the touch of time, and then the faint voice murmured,

"Father, did you ever pray?"

But the father could not answer. He who had boldly faced death upon many a battle-field quailed before the eyes of his questioning child. Tenderly he tried to soothe her, and by fond caresses, and whispered words of hope and cheer, sought, as did her mother, to quiet and divert her mind. With a weary moan she turned away, exclaiming,

"They will not give me what I ask, though they never before refused to gratify my wishes."

What waves of sorrow and remorse surged over the hearts of those parents as the words fell upon their unwilling ears! Struggling for calmness, Mrs. Holeman gently said:

"Clara, darling, God is a merciful and loving Father; he surely will not take you from us; rest easy, then, and trust to his great kindness."

"Yes," echoed the father, catching at this faint gleam of hope, "God surely will restore you to us. He will not willingly afflict us. Why should we doubt his love and kindness? Do not the ministers say, 'God is love?'"

"Yes, but they also tell us God is just; and what have we ever done to merit his kindness or love? What proof have we that he bestows either upon us now, when we have trampled, all our lives, upon his many mercies?"

"My darling," exclaimed Mrs. Holeman, "why distress yourself so? You have done nothing wrong; you have indeed been a good child always, and, if God does take you from us, surely you have nothing to fear."

"O, my mother! how fearfully do we err when we trust to our own deeds! You never taught me these things, but I have thought much about them; they have come to me in the still hours of night, and have intruded even into the haunts of pleasure. And once, long ago, I read the words, 'Suffer little children to

come unto me,' and I wondered why I had not been one of those who could come to Him; and I wished—O how I wished!—I had been one of the little children whom he took up in his arms and blessed. O, I know he would have loved me then; but now I seem so far away. And yet, if he is so loving and merciful—O, father, mother, teach me even now to pray."

"Clara," and the mother's voice trembled with emotion, "you have not led a sinful life; you have done nothing for which you need to weep; try to sleep, you are weary."

"I can not sleep; and I indeed am weary; so weary of the thoughts which oppress me here;" and the little hand was laid upon the throbbing heart. "Mother," continued she, softly, "if you will but repeat the prayer which begins with 'Our Father,' I will say it after you; perhaps I can sleep then."

In a faltering voice Mrs. Holeman began—"It was a strange, sad sight, to see that proud, worldly woman, the leader of fashion, wedded to pomp and vainglory, trying now to grope through the thick darkness of her benighted soul, utterly unable to lead her child one step toward heaven—"Our Father," and the child echoed the words, her thin hands clasped on her breast. As the words, "Hallowed be thy name," were said, she repeated them slowly, thoughtfully, adding sorrowfully, "and I have scarcely known thy name." And again, at the words, "Thy will be done," she cried—"That is so hard to say—father, mother, can you say it—can you from your hearts say, 'Thy will be done,' if I must go?" And the pleading eyes turned from one to the other. 'T was a hard question, one so often asked, yet so seldom truly answered. A moment's silence ensued. "Can you say it?" again she asked.

With a burst of uncontrollable anguish both answered, "We can not; God help us; we can not."

"Not if God says so, dear father and mother? What have we ever done for Him that he should be mindful of us now? But go on, mother, I want to know the prayer—yes, all through—then, when pains afflict or fears oppress, I'll say it over and over; and I think, mother, it will help me to bear it all. Dear mother, go on." And sentence by sentence they repeated the prayer. At that portion, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," she paused again, saying, "There are some here who in our school-life have wronged me. May God forgive them as freely as I do now! though once I said I never could. Surely a merciful God will forgive my trespasses

as freely;" and a sweet hope seemed to steal into the heart of the child, born of that simple faith. Ah, how truly faith does bring its own reward! Together mother and child finished the prayer; and then she asked to see two of her school-mates, who were sent for, and came in, awed into perfect silence by the altered appearance of their former companion. Beckoning them to approach, she gave a hand to each, and, smiling sweetly upon them as they stood with sad, downcast looks, she said,

"Dear friends, you wronged me once by false accusations, and I suffered in the estimation of teachers and scholars. I spoke unkindly to you then, and said I never would forgive or forget; but it is over now; let it pass; forgive my hasty words, for, believe me, I freely forgive the wrong you did me."

Both confessed the fault, and went weeping from the room.

"Mother," said Clara, "there is one other person I want to see—a pupil who was once my room-mate—a good, noble girl, who was not afraid to do right. Night and morning she knelt beside her bed to pray, though she knew the girls around her looked with scorn and derision upon her. Please send for Carrie Lewis."

She came immediately, and O the power of a few well-directed words gushing from the pure fountain of a Christian heart full of love to God and man! How sweetly her words fell upon the ear of the sufferer, and how beautiful her faith seemed to all! She knelt and prayed for the child, who seemed already upon the verge of the river. Wearied and faint at last she sank into a troubled sleep, which lasted several hours, after which she roused herself for a little while, smiled tenderly upon her parents, who watched beside her, murmured a few broken sentences, and slept again. The following morning she was wildly delirious. There were no looks of love now for the weeping watchers; no recognition of the sister, who, summoned from her bridal trip, arrived too late to hear the sweet word sister from the pallid lips. Day after day passed wearily away, night after night put on her mantle of darkness and gloom, not more dark and dreary than were the sad memories of the stricken family, whose heart-strings quivered 'neath the touch of remorse, as they listened to the plaintive voice which so often murmured, "My God, why did I never know thee? my Savior, yet no, not mine, for I never knew or loved thee!" And again, "God is love, and yet he is just, and why should he love those who never loved him?" At times she would talk of childhood's early days, and of scenes of pleasure and mirth, and then would wander

away to her school-life and repeat her tasks, and sometimes she would talk of father's quiet sternness and wonder if he really loved her: if he did, why did he never caress or speak lovingly? why did he seem so cold and distant? and why did mother leave them so long? and what could she find so fascinating in the formal, aristocratic companies she had so often? and then the child would sigh wearily and wish there was a quiet spot somewhere in the house where she could rest. O, how the words probed the hearts that did love her so truly, though the things of the world had indeed robbed the children God had given them of the time and attention which should have been bestowed upon them for the development of the soul's nobler powers. How they prayed now from the depths of suffering hearts that God would spare the child and give them the longed-for opportunity of repairing in a measure at least the wrong they had unconsciously done them! They who had never bent the suppliant knee, now humbly bowed themselves to the very earth, fervently praying that an offended God, for the sake of the pitying, loving Redeemer, would forgive the past and restore the child. God indeed is merciful; who can estimate the blessings daily showered upon the poor mortals who ask favors at his hands? How he loves to bestow his gifts upon his children, and how loth he is to turn any away without the boon they ask! Was not Lazarus called forth from the silence of the grave itself, and given back to the sisters who mourned for him? Was not the widow's son restored to her from the cold embrace of death? Did not the voice of Christ, "I say unto thee, arise," bring back the gift of life to the maiden, whom they called dead, though he said, "She sleepeth?"

"Truly the loving-kindness of our Father is great beyond expression!" exclaimed Colonel Holeman, when, the crisis of the disease passed, the physicians said, "She will live." Who can describe the feelings of parents and sister as they took into their hearts the full import of that joyful sentence, "she will live!" In a transport of joy Mrs. Holeman knelt beside the bed, and from out the fullness of her heart poured forth deep, earnest thanksgivings to God for this rich blessing.

"Mother," said the feeble voice, "come nearer, I can not see you," and the thin hands reached out as if searching for the familiar form.

"I am here, my child," said the mother, stooping over her and kissing her lovingly.

"Is it night, mother?"

"Night, my child, why, no; don't you see the beautiful sunshine at the farther side of the

room? There is but one window darkened, dear—just enough to shade your eyes."

Slowly she turned her head from side to side, and tried to raise herself from the pillow.

"What is it, Clara; what shall I do for you?" asked Mrs. Holeman, gently raising her and placing her head upon her own breast to support her.

"I do n't understand, mother; I can not see you, I"—

"Surely she is not yet fully conscious," whispered Augusta.

Clara raised her thin hand and held it a moment as if noticing how thin it was.

"Poor child," said Augusta consolingly, "it is thin and wasted now, but when you grow strong and well again, it will be as once it was, before this sickness," and she took the little hand lovingly in hers.

"It is not that, not that—O, mother, sister, I can not see you—the room is dark—tell me, what does it mean?"

Mrs. Holeman shivered convulsively as she bent her head close to the child, saying, "Clara, can you not see your mother now?"

"No," whispered Clara feebly, "I can see nothing."

A terrible fear took possession of Mrs. Holeman's heart. She nobly crushed it back, fearing her agitation would excite the child, and seeing Augusta turn white with dread, she motioned her to keep silence, then sent her for her father. She laid Clara back upon her pillows, telling her perhaps excessive weakness obscured her sight, which patient quiet and rest would in a little time restore. Physicians came, and after careful examination called Colonel Holeman out of the room. Alone in the hall they imparted to him the sad intelligence that though his daughter had been spared from the grave, it was with the sacrifice of sight. She was blind, and the case appeared a hopeless one. Hard, hard indeed was it to bear this crushing sorrow; he staggered beneath it, and went alone to an adjoining room and there knelt, and for the first time in his life asked the great Creator of all things to create in him a new heart, which should be so submissive, so attuned to his as to be ever able to say, "Not my will, but thine be done." Beckoning his wife from her position beside her child, he drew her from the room and gently told her all. For a time she was overwhelmed with grief and wept convulsively.

"O, my beautiful daughter," she cried, "for whom I hoped so much—my beloved Clara, why should this great affliction be sent upon her, so young and so fair!"

"Dear wife," said the father, "let us be thankful God has given back our child. We have promised to repair the errors of her early education, and now, though she can not see us, can not look upon the faces of those she loves, yet the glories of heaven will still be open to her gaze. O, it seems to me now we have all been long smitten with a terrible blindness, which is just passing away! The merits of the Redeemer, whom our daughter so yearns to know more fully, can be discovered without the aid of mortal eyes. Ours will be the task of reading to her the Word of God and learning with her the truths which to us have seemed of so little importance. Hard as this trial is to bear, yet let us not murmur 'lest a worse thing come upon us.'"

Choking back the sobs which welled up from the full heart, trying to catch some ray of light shining through this great darkness, struggling for strength to say, "even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight," that sorrowing mother sat with bowed head, hour after hour, while Clara slept, dreading the time when she must wake and learn the truth; and O, how could she tell her, how could she speak the words which would cast a blight over all her hopes in life and sweep away every vestige of returning happiness? Augusta sat in the farthest corner of the room weeping bitterly, her husband beside her trying in vain to comfort her. Mr. Holeman sat at the foot of the bed watching for the unclosing of the sightless eyes. At length, as the dusky shadows of evening came on, she awoke, and, as was ever the case, her first word was "mother." Putting her arms around her neck she said, "Mother, I dreamed we were all at home and the house was full of company as it used to be, and the lawn and the trees were so green and beautiful; it was all so clear in my dream I seemed to see it all in reality—every part of the dear, old home and the grounds; tell me truly, mother, shall I ever see them again? Will sight return, or am I blind indeed?"

Mrs. Holeman hesitated; it seemed so hard a task to tell her; she drew back from it with inward shrinking, and the silent tears dropped down upon the upturned face of the child.

"You are weeping, mother; now I know that I am blind, but you need not fear to tell me; I can bear it, mother; I can, indeed; and yet how I would love to see you all once more! Dear sister," continued she, reaching out for Augusta, "I have not seen you since your bridal night; I remember well how you looked then, and shall keep the picture in my heart, since God wills I may not see you now. Help me, all of

you, to be brave and true, and thankful, too, that reason is still left, and that above all we are spared to each other, with hearts made better by this affliction."

To see the child so bravely bearing up under so great a trial was indeed a touching sight. Day by day she gathered strength, and though an occasional shadow flitted over the fair young face, yet so nobly did she struggle against despondency that all caught a portion of her brave, trustful spirit, and each endeavored to impart cheerfulness and hope to the other.

"THE CYPRESS-TREE."

THE robins, after going abroad to spend the Winter, return each Spring to their former eaves-trough, or other domicile, to erect their house and bring up their brood. Just there is a natural difference between the birds and me. The activity which Spring instills into all nature is contagious, but the variety of methods in which it is indulged is almost as noticeable among different individuals as in the different classes of animal life.

When the bugs and worms begin to crawl out of their cocoons and the trees to hide their gaunt skeletons in soft, green raiment, I, in common with the rest of humanity, always feel like doing something, and almost the only channel in which my overflowing energy can find a bed is in house-hunting, or emigrating to some neighboring town or county. I can never pass "For Rent" without an almost irresistible longing to penetrate the nooks and crannies of the empty tenement. The consequence is, that, nearly every Spring—to say nothing of intermediate seasons—it becomes my precious privilege to cleanse some rookery of the cobwebs and accumulations of some other family, abandoning it, in my turn, to the same process from somebody else.

My local attachments being thus weak, one April found me going out of my beaten track and, in company with several friends, drifting down the river to the Louisiana shore. There, after installing ourselves in a small tenement, made habitable by the usual sanitary process, we one day yielded to a respite from housekeeping by taking a ride along Bullet's Bayou. Coming upon the edge of a cypress forest, or swamp as it is sometimes called, we paused, partly to rest our horses and partly to consult with regard to the expediency of attempting to push our way through. Leaving my companions to solve the more difficult problem of what was to be done, I humored the indolent and

pleasant habit of falling into reflections of what had been.

The evergreen cypress of America, as is well known to botanists, belongs to the extensive order Coniferal of the Gymnosperme class. The trunks are of giant height and have enormous roots, which sometimes perform the friendly service of keeping one above the wet, swampy soil of the Southern districts; still, they can not be infallibly relied upon, and we were hardly courageous enough to bring into practical use that copy of our childhood, "Perseverance conquers all things." Above us the branches interlaced and the grayish-green moss formed a thick canopy, which hung in long pendulous festoons like the gray beard of Time, and was strikingly suggestive of Absalom's fate. Below us the treacherous soil was covered with graceful ferns, and as vividly arose to our mental vision the fate of the three English soldiers, who, in trying to escape the pursuit of General Jackson, were engulfed in Southern marshes. It is said there are sermons in stones, and surely trees have their history. Had we the power to read, many a page in the book of human life would be opened to us; here and there one of pleasure and happiness, but far the greater number of sorrow and anguish. How many fugitives had found shelter in this friendly swamp, when wearily yet hopefully turning their steps toward the "land over which the north star hangs;" how many soldiers had lighted their bivouac fires in its shelter, and found rest after the toilsome marches of the day; how often the track of the blood-hound had pressed the yielding sod and his dismal howls been echoed from tree to tree; how often little children had gathered flowers and picked berries on its margin, were not told us in words, but we knew that such scenes had been.

Sitting there on our horses, inhaling the spicy fragrance which filled the air, imagination wandered back to the time when the cypress occupied so prominent a part in the history of the ancients. Being the most durable of wood, coffins for the Athenian heroes were made of the earlier species, as were also cases in which to deposit the mummies of Egypt.

In various ways it performed its part at funerals, and in battle triumphs its branchlets were placed side by side with the laurel, that, while honor was given to the warriors who had passed unscathed through the dangers of battle, lament for the dead might not be forgotten. Even in the present age, among secret societies and in national calamities, cypress is used as an emblem of mourning.

The evening before the overthrow of the

French monarchy, as the Girondists were assembled to take supper once more together, Vergneaud filled his glass saying, "Let us drink to the eternity of the republic." Madam Roland scattered rose-leaves over his wine. He looked around sorrowfully before he drank it, then said, "We should drink cypress, not rose-leaves, in our wine to-night. In drinking to a republic stained with the blood of massacre, who knows but we drink to our own death? But no matter. Were this wine my own blood, I would drink it to liberty and equality."

Conscious of the darkness within this "first temple" and the falling shadows around us, I contented myself with this retrospective view of the swamp's history, and turned me from the untenanted prospect to the open country, where houses "to let" stood in the place of trees, and among which our temporary abode gleamed, its colors of white and green inviting us to home and rest.

THE CHURCH.

IN one sense Christ is the life of the Church; in another it is the Holy Spirit. The Church is a body which the Spirit fills, energizes, quickens; without whom no external, or ecclesiastical, or governmental organization is of any avail. In our day we look to externals, to pecuniary prosperity, to numbers, to bulk, to bustle, to schemes; or to talent, to intellect, to eloquence, to learning. What are all these without the Holy Ghost? The spirit of the age, no doubt, is slow to recognize this purely supernatural element. The idea of human progress and development which has taken possession of men can not co-exist with it. The settled conviction of our age, that men are finding their way upward by self-reliance and personal energy, and that the world is quite able—only give it time and scope—to regenerate itself, is utterly at variance with it. But in spite of all this, such is God's idea of a Church, its root, and life, and constitution, and work.

The all-pervading, all-animating thing which makes a Church what it is, a Christian what he is, is not a principle, or an idea, or a creed, or a dogma, or a rite, or a sentimentalism, or a sacrament, but the personal Spirit—he who is emphatically called in Scripture "the Holy Ghost." Without him all Churchmanship is vain—all creeds, all ceremonies, all services, all edifices, all altars, all liturgies, all pictures, all processions, all solemnities, all devotions, all genuflections, all chantings, are utterly vain.

WILLIAM W. CORNELL.

THERE may be nothing in a name; but the same can not be said of faces. No one could have looked at the face of William W. Cornell, and not felt involuntarily, "There is a good man." His countenance was the very expression of benignity. "I like to see that gentleman around," said an observing person, "he has such a good face." While a placid grace was the element in which all other elements resolved themselves, yet it was not difficult to distinguish the subordinate lights and shades of a face which was the index of a mind remarkable for its union of noble qualities. There was the large, full head; the ample forehead, indicative of breadth of understanding; the deep, quiet, blue eye, with its thoughtful and generous look, which seemed to say to every body, I see through you, but I love you still; and the gently compressed mouth, which silently spoke of purpose in union with reason and forbearance. That face, lovely to thousands, welcome every-where, equally on the mart of business and in the assemblies of religion, is now gone. We shall look no more upon its moral beauty. Little did I think when I stepped into his office last January, and remarked casually to him, "I've a notion to sketch you, and you must not rebel," that so soon this beloved man of God would be removed from his earthly labors and triumphs! He was then apparently in full health and fine spirits, and with the promise of many years of life and usefulness.

William W. Cornell was born on Long Island, in the State of New York, January 1, 1823. His father was a farmer; and both parents were of English descent. He was one of a large family of children, who had the advantage in early life of the simple and healthful discipline of a humble and honest country home. He came to New York at sixteen years of age, entered the shop of his elder brother George, and became member of his brother Henry's family. By this brother he was taken to the Green-Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and joined its Sunday-school. At eighteen he was converted and united with the Church. He was at that time a member of Mr. Joseph Longking's Bible class, in connection with such youths as John M. Reid, C. C. North, Geo. Collard, and others, since noted for their sterling worth. In the Sunday-school he made the acquaintance of the young lady, Miss Sarah H. Lyon, who afterward became his wife, and who ever proved to him a true companion. Thus was conceived that strong love which always bound him to the

Sunday-school. In it he received his deepest spiritual impressions, his clearest Scriptural instructions, formed his earliest friendships, and founded his family ties; it is not surprising, therefore, that his highest powers should have been consecrated to the work of Sunday-school instruction.

The subsequent career of young Cornell was soon shaped. He became a teacher in the Green-Street school, and continued such until his removal to the Jayne-Street charge in 1853. About this time he was elected superintendent of a colored Sunday-school in the neighborhood, which position he filled until called to the charge of the Jayne-Street school. In 1860 the Rev. Dr. Foster was transferred from the North-West, to the pastoral care of the Washington Square Church, a new enterprise which was embarrassed with a large debt. Mr. Cornell at once came to the help of his former pastor and the noble brethren of that charge, and contributed greatly, both by his counsels and his means, to their relief. It was on this charge, in the Spring of 1864, that I became his pastor, and my acquaintance with him first began. As a trustee of the Church, and superintendent of the Sunday-school, he was an important instrument in bringing the Church to its present degree of prosperity. It was here, too, that the *man* first fully showed himself in the unfolding of those attributes which soon brought him into such prominence, and gave him the wide scope of usefulness which employed his last years. There were other causes besides his piety, zeal, and good sense, which were now distinctively in motion, and which helped to set him in the foremost rank of the Methodist laymen of New York city. They were of a material kind; and to understand his influence, they must be adverted to.

Mr. Cornell was a very successful man of business. The rise, progress, and extent of this business in which he was engaged may be stated in few words. The two brothers, John B. and William W. Cornell, began the manufacture of iron-work for building purposes in February, 1847, in a little wooden shop on Center-street, with but a single assistant, and a capital of \$1,000. In February, 1870, their active capital was over \$1,000,000, and their pay-rolls bore the names of nine hundred workmen, while the insignificant foundry of 1847 has grown into a five-story iron building, and extended till it covers two-thirds of the whole block. The expansion of their work demanded other accommodations, and they erected the extensive foundries and shops located on Twenty-Fifth and Twenty-Sixth streets, and Eleventh Avenue and the

North River. Their shops now cover about eight acres, and give employment to a regiment of men, and turn out annually thousands of tons of iron-work. While the Cornells were not the first to apply iron in the construction of buildings, Mr. James Badger, of Boston, having preceded them, it is likely that they have outstripped all their competitors in the variety and extent of its application. Besides many smaller jobs in New York and elsewhere, including the construction of turrets and turret machinery of the iron clad Minantonomah and Tonawanda, for the United States Government, they have put up some of the largest and most important buildings of the city. Among these, the iron work for the new Court-House, the store of Claflin & Miller, Herald Building, Park Bank, the Stock-Exchange, the New York Life Insurance building, the Methodist Publishing and Mission House, and Mr. A. T. Stewart's store on Tenth-street and Broadway. This last structure, by the completion of the angle on Ninth-street and Broadway, covers an entire block, and is the largest and most superb building devoted to mercantile business in the world. In looking at it one scarcely knows which most to admire, the genius which can create such a business as Mr. Stewart's, or the skill which could devise and rear such a palace for its transaction. The firm have also in progress Mr. Stewart's new hotel for women on Fourth Avenue and Thirty-Second and Thirty-Third-streets, and Tiffany's new store on Union Square.

Enough has been cited to show the capacity of these brothers for business. Their success is one of the most remarkable achievements of our city, and in acquiring it they have conducted themselves toward each other, toward their customers and their employes, upon strictly moral and religious principles. They were brothers indeed, each trusting the other implicitly, and never stopping to ask the reasons for any course which was pursued. They did not divide their work into departments, but into jobs. For example: Mr. William Cornell attended to the whole of Mr. Stewart's work; Mr. John B. Cornell never having exchanged over a dozen words with Mr. Stewart on business until after his brother's death. In the twenty-three years of the closest relationship, during which these gentlemen had all the prosperity which could possibly gratify ambition, and all the annoyances which the conduct of so vast a business must unavoidably entail, not an unpleasant word or look passed between them. "Nor did I see my brother," says Mr. John B. Cornell, "in the least ruffled as though any thing had gone wrong." For the last eight years they made

money very rapidly; it might be said they have literally transmuted iron into gold. Old Tubal Cain has been their faithful servant, and that for the simple reason they have waited promptly upon his bidding. While to meet with them at their homes or in the sanctuary, you would readily take them to be men of leisure—with such genial grace were the amenities of home and religion dispensed—still never have any men more thoroughly and systematically devoted themselves to business in its time and place.

Mr. William W. Cornell's material prosperity was an indispensable adjunct to his prosperity as a Christian worker. His elevation in the Church, the influence to which he attained, was largely due to money. He was not high born; his talents were not showy; his person was not commanding; the only eloquence he possessed was that of earnest meaning; his piety was deep and pervasive, but not more demonstrative, and perhaps not more sincere than that of many; but he knew how to make money and how to use it. His experience in the conduct of large manufacturing interests, his knowledge of men, his patience of details fitted him to be an organizer and administrator in Church movements. He was thus taught how to seize salient points, how to inspire courage, how to reconcile differences, and combine even discordant forces for the production of the highest results. Then, in the early perception of his true relation to money—the personal expenditure of it for the good of mankind—he could not but render himself, as his wealth increased, a growing and controlling power among men. It is sometimes said, to the disparagement of rich men, "They could not have been what they were without their money." But it is only to their disparagement if their money was illy gotten and illy spent, or hoarded. Money is a prime necessity of human life. People may be saints, but can not live on grace; however ethereal, they must come down to actual wants. Religion, for its human progress, requires a metallic track. The Church is dependent upon money for the prosecution of its work; and hence it is ever ready to welcome the man who, possessed of large means, in the true spirit of the Master who emptied himself of heavenly riches, comes forward and lays his wealth at the altar of religion and humanity. This was the spirit of William Cornell. "Many a time," said he, quite recently during a collection at the Green-Street Church for the cause of city missions, "have I given in this house the last cent I had in the world." When a young mechanic belonging to that Church, at one of the missionary anniversaries, there was a good deal of enthusiasm; a collec-

tor passing down the aisle approached young Cornell and asked him what he would give: "Fifty dollars," was the prompt but modest reply. "Fifty dollars!" said the collector, "that is too much for you." "I can give fifty dollars and have fifty left!" was the firm answer. That was the end of the matter, but it was not the end of the young man. This was the index of his future career. Thenceforth his hands were ever extended, both publicly and privately, to all persons and all causes that commended themselves to his judgment.

It is now easy to see what gave him his ascendancy. He possessed the true elements of command and only needed the opportunity. God had prepared the man; but where was his place? The opportunity soon came. The New York City Sunday-School and Missionary Society had been in existence for many years, and had accomplished some good work—in giving birth to the Sunday-School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in bringing together the Sunday-school teachers of Methodism in New York to listen to occasional addresses, and so promoting unity and emulation in the work—but it lacked force and money. It had no organizing and vitalizing soul; it had no friend of large views and equally large means. Here and there, in one or two detached spots, it had sought to sustain mission schools, but the work, though good, was feeble and wholly inadequate to the wants of the city, and not at all what, even as a beginning, the hour required. Methodism had made some noble efforts for expansion within a few years, under the generous benefactions of Mr. Henry J. Baker and others, but, on the whole, was not doing its duty to any class of the population. The members of this society as well as others felt the urgent need of some more decided aggressive measures, and in looking around for a leader, all turned to Mr. Cornell as the suitable person. It was agreed that his experience as a Sunday-school laborer, his sympathy with the poor, his rapidly accumulating income, his liberality in giving, his unaffected and genuine piety and eminent executive ability, would fully qualify him for the position. He was accordingly elected President of the Society in the Spring of 1865. After a little hesitation—for the post, with such views of official responsibility as he entertained, involved a great deal of mental and physical labor—he accepted the office, and entered promptly upon its duties, dividing his time between the superintendency of the Washington Square School and the schools of the mission. New life was speedily infused into the organization, and it began to assume larger proportions,

and to show unusual activity. At the close of the first year there were six schools, with one hundred and seventeen officers and teachers, and 1,193 scholars under the care of the mission.

In 1866 the Society obtained a charter, and applied to the New York and New York East Conferences for preachers to take charge of the work, and to impart a thorough Church organization to it. Mr. Cornell, as a manager of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, a general organization comprising all evangelical Christians, had seen the embarrassment arising from the want of pastors for the poor. That Society does not propose to Church any body, but so soon as man, woman, or child is converted through its agency, he or she is directed by the missionaries or teachers to the nearest evangelical Church for membership and pastoral care. It is easy to see how impracticable such a process is, what a chilling effect it must have upon a poor person to be turned out of the little nursery where the first experience of divine and human love may have been felt, to find a Church home among strangers from whom there can hardly be expected a proper affection and a sufficiently tender consideration! Pastors, then, the parents and children of our missions shall have—men whom they can love and with whom they can feel perfectly at home in their own spiritual birth-places. Such was his reasoning; it was thoroughly Wesleyan, and the sequel has proved its wisdom. Two efficient ministers were accordingly appointed, and have been continued in charge as superintendents until this time. The report for the year closing with 1866, there were 10 schools, 187 officers and teachers, and 1,862 scholars—a gain of four schools, 70 officers and teachers, and 669 scholars. On the first of May, 1866, there was one organized Church society, with two classes and thirty-seven members. On the 31st of December, 1866, there were six regular Church societies, with ten classes numbering 247 members and probationers. The missionary pastors and their assistants visited 15,728 families; distributed 22,390 pages of tracts; preached 332 sermons; held 271 prayer-meetings, and 191 class-meetings; attended 38 funerals, and baptized 87 persons. During the year several of the missions became self-supporting, and gave handsome sums to the Society for the help of less prosperous missions in other parts of the city. The total receipts of the Treasurer from all sources during the year were \$31,853.72, an increase of \$29,472.58 over the previous year. Two mission chapels, costing \$20,622, were erected and paid for, and became the permanent property of the Society.

One of these, the beautiful chapel on West Thirty-Fifth-street, with its ground costing \$11,201.64, was the gift of the President, and only a part of what he contributed for the year.

The year 1867 was even more prosperous. Two additional regular pastors were appointed from the Conferences. The society year was extended from January to March; and in March, 1868, the report shows: 12 schools; 292 officers and teachers, and 2,985 scholars; 11 Church organizations; 28 classes, numbering 712 members and probationers; the gain for the year being 1,228 officers, teachers, and scholars, and 465 Church members. The receipts for the fourteen months amounted to \$65,766.95, being an increase over the year 1866 of \$33,913.23; and the total property possessed, clear of all indebtedness, \$71,600. The report not only abounds in full information as to work and results, but also is adorned with admirable cuts of the new chapels either completed or projected. The year ending March, 1869, was crowned with equal success. A new and handsome church was erected on Perry-street and paid for; a new school was started on West Forty-Fourth-street, which was soon after merged into St. Luke's Church. The estimated value of the property for this year was a total of \$128,300; and expenses for the year, \$56,355.06. This last sum was inclusive of sums raised by the schools and expended for their own benefit. In every department there was the same increase. The Annual Report pays the following tribute to the President, who, it should be remembered, was the motive power of all this work: "The President of the Society, by his thorough devotion to its interests, his presence in the meetings of Committees, and of the Board, his promptness of action in all the departments of the work, and by his large liberality, has inspired the whole movement with energy and confidence." During the year 1869 the Perry-Street and the St. Luke's Church were separated from the mission, with a loss to the society of 325 Church members and 728 pupils; and still the property of the society, by an abstract of the report of March, 1870, was \$145,902, the Church membership 559, and Sunday-school membership 3,233; and the total expenditures, \$30,514.43. Nine missionaries were wholly or partly employed. During the last four years the Society raised and expended in its noble work \$198,509.83. While liberal collections were taken in most if not all the Methodist Churches toward this sum, yet the bulk of it was given by the President. One hundred thousand dollars stands in his own name, besides the various gifts which he made

privately or in the names of others. And the amounts which he contributed to this cause were but a part of what he gave. For five years past he contributed to various benevolent objects not less than \$250,000. He knew no partiality, had no pet schemes, rode no hobbies, but his charity, like the sun, shone alike upon all, and cheered every measure with its beams.

The City Sunday-School and Missionary Society remains the grandest work of his life and the noblest monument of his memory. His sudden death well-nigh stunned his fellow-laborers; but recovering from the shock they are showing their sorrow for him by rising to the grandeur of his conceptions, with the determination that his plans shall be pushed to completion. They have elected a layman of financial skill and sterling worth as President, and two growing young men as vice-presidents, and the new year emerges auspiciously from the dark depression with which the death of the late President enshrouded the closing of the last.

No greater seeming calamity could have befallen New York Methodism than the fall of this wise and good man at this juncture. It is impossible wholly to conjecture the possibilities of good to our cause which were wrapped up in him, in view of his comprehensive benevolence in connection with a business the prospective growth of which can not well be calculated. Already counting his yearly income by hundreds of thousands, he would soon, in all probability, have been able to dispense hundreds of thousands in charities. He leaves no son old enough to carry forward his work; but happily for the Church he leaves a brother, the senior partner of the firm, who, with his son, sympathizes in the grand aims of the departed saint; while through all the ranks of the Church his self-sacrificing zeal must kindle an enthusiasm hitherto unknown and unfelt.

Mr. William Cornell affords one of the most beautiful examples of a man sprung from the common people. He was in the proper sense self-made. Modest almost to diffidence, he yet knew how to go forward at the call of duty, and never allowed a false self-distrust to weaken his hands, or to abate his enterprise. Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, was peculiarly his rule of life. In endeavoring to analyze his character it is hard to determine where to begin. He looks best as a whole; indeed, his eminence was in the admirable combination of faculties and graces. There was such a happy poise of attributes that you could scarcely think upon one distinctively, before you saw another immediately coming to view for recognition, and modifying it. His caution

would strike any observer, and you would hasten to write him a conservative; but before the word was formed you would be quite as ready to rate him a radical. By his strong common sense he was such a discerner of human character that you would have thought he could trust but few if any persons; and yet so abounding was his charity that he seemed to trust all men. He told me once he rarely if ever had his confidence misplaced. His good heart, full of generous affections, rendered him hopeful of his race. And this hopefulness, with his trust in the Savior, his habitual dependence upon Divine Providence, and the constant sense of thorough integrity of motive which he maintained, imparted to him great cheerfulness and uniformity of temper. "What you saw him once," said his wife, "you saw him always; he was ever the same, whether alone with his family or in company."

He had a *genius* for Sunday-schools. In soul he was a perfect child, and this all children under his care knew and felt. He would stoop to them, talk with them, put them in such a tender, loving way that he would go straight into their hearts, and their eyes would sparkle with delight. Yet he could be firm as occasion for discipline required; and farthest from relying wholly upon his gentleness and love for success, he was, as a superintendent, one of the most diligent of students. He studied himself and urged his teachers to study; dilatoriness and ignorance, under the mask of good intentions, received no countenance from him. In all respects he was one of the most industrious of men. His industry and intelligence were reciprocal in their action; he knew how to work, and he worked as one who knew the worth of work. As the President of the Sunday-School and Missionary Society he did extraordinarily well, because he understood the situation, and the body of the Society simply followed its head. His sound, literal judgment illumined every point it touched.

When fitting up parsonages for the first missionaries appointed, I remarked, "Why, you are making them very fine." "Yes," said he, "who should have better? When men have been all day visiting among the sick and wretched they ought to have the most inviting homes to come to." Was there ever a truer philosophy? His conscience not only obliged him to give, but Wisdom said, "Give cheerfully, and give while you live." If he had any maxim at all it was, "Do now what you have to do." On one occasion I heard him remark in a little address, "People say to me sometimes I am giving too much—that I am injuring myself and

my family. I tell them I keep my own accounts, and I know just how they stand, and that I am better off every year." And this same sound judgment which prompted him to be the dispenser of his own money, showed also the altar at which it was kindled, and that he not only gave his means while he lived, but labored personally for the salvation of souls. While bestowing his thoughts upon great plans, and expending vast sums for their execution, he was not content to sit at home and leave others to reap the rich harvests of happiness which are to be gathered only in the contact of struggling souls. No man was more at home in a revival, and rejoiced with more exquisite joy in the conversion of penitents. One of the last efforts he made before his fatal illness, an illness induced by an attendance upon a protracted meeting, was to urge a prominent member of the congregation at Washington Heights to be reconciled to God. One of the last cups of blessing put to his lips was to know on earth that his youngest child, his only son, had united with the Church. And if he could have indicated a choice no prayers and no songs would have been more grateful to him in death than those of little children.

A group of heroic men have lately died. All of them were yet in the fullness of their powers and usefulness, but none among them can be more missed in the several spheres of labor and friendship, to which they were called, than William W. Cornell in his. As one after another in quick succession they were summoned away, we said, "How can he be spared?" Alas, God has taken M'Clintock, Thomson, Kingsley, Foss, and Cornell, too. But in falling their ripe souls have scattered seeds which shall spring up in ever-widening harvests; hundreds and thousands shall be reproduced to multiply their lives and extend their influence.

I close with this just tribute to Mr. Cornell from a letter of Bishop Janes written March 19th: "I feel very sad indeed at the intelligence of his decease. He was so simple, so devoted, so liberal—one of the noblest laymen in the excellent ranks of Methodism—peerless among good men, and useful men, and indeed great men. Great indeed is the loss of the Church."

THE amusement of reading is among the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue; the upholder of adversity; the prop of independence; the supporter of just pride; the strengthener of elevated opinions; a shield against the tyranny of all petty passions; the repeller of the fool's scoff and the knave's reason.

ASPECTS OF MODERN MATERIALISM.

SECOND PAPER.

A LONG with the wonderful progress in the arts and sciences, which we have indicated, there has been an equally great and rapid change in the intellectual and moral outlook of society. There has been a sudden lifting up of humanity in those parts of the world where these advances have been made. It is almost as if men had been living in a dense fog or mist of ignorance and superstition, and suddenly the sun had broken through the clouds and poured over all the blaze of day. Or better still, as if we had been till recently living in Plato's imaginary cave, seeing only the shadows of things and frightened by them, till suddenly a mighty revolution had hurled the covering from our cave and let in on us the broad daylight.

Men see now in a wider, clearer vision. There has come upon the race a wonderful emancipation from the thralldom of error, of fear, of superstition, of injustice, and of tyranny. The race has suddenly reached a sphere of thought and breadth of view higher and greater than that of philosophers in the olden time. The light of science has dispelled a thousand mysteries, before which only a little time ago men trembled with fear and apprehension. How short a time it seems since even the chemist himself was startled by the bursting of his flask or crucible, and, ignorant of the cause, attributed it to the presence of an evil spirit, while nearly the whole race stood in trembling awe of the power of the alchemist and astrologer, declaring that his few chemical experiments, or his limited calculations on the stars, could only have been accomplished by a league with the devil! How far we are now removed from it, and yet how short a time it seems since not only the ignorant masses, but kings and rulers, trembled in the presence of an eclipse, and the most fearful forebodings of evil attended the approach of a comet! Almanacs and prognostications of the future were forbidden to be published as "against the express command of God." Scarcely a century has passed since men were still seeing strange visions, wandering ghosts, signs in the heavens, fiery swords flashing across the sky, rivers flowing backward toward their source, and only another century back and we reach the reign of sorcery and witchcraft, when diabolical possession was common, men and women were turned into wolves and prowled about the cemeteries, and when thousands of deluded wretches were condemned to death in the most terrible forms by kings, and judges, and bishops, as

deluded and superstitious as the victims themselves. How a few years has forever changed and removed these fears and superstitions! The tricks of the alchemist have ended in the grand discoveries of the chemist, and the guesses of the astrologer have passed away before the wonderful and minute calculations of the astronomer. We send men now to study minutely the phenomena of an eclipse, and even our children smoke their glasses and watch with delight the shadow on the sun and moon.

What a change, too, has come upon our social and moral relations! But a little while ago the many were but subjects and serfs to the few. The individual was nothing, the State and the ruling classes were every thing. And this was a radical evil running through all society. There was no recognition of the worth and dignity of a human being as such. The State only knew the individual as a subject, and as the masses were not participators in the government, their only right was an abject submission and obedience to the laws of their superiors. These superiors alone were recognized as citizens, all others were as barbarians, foreigners, slaves, and were ignored, despised, and crushed.

Even profound philosophers could not look through this veil of sophistry and injustice. Socrates looked with contempt on those who could not live without labor. Plato looked upon warriors and politicians as honorable classes, but artisans and agriculturists were but producers for these higher classes, and merchants he placed in a lower rank still, as mere distributors of the luxuries of the great. Aristotle thought no gentleman could be engaged in any labor without degradation. Cicero thought it senseless to respect collectively the laborers whom we despise individually. The poor were judged incapable of virtue or wisdom. The master was the tyrant, and the servants his wretched subjects, whom he bought and sold, whom he could punish and torture as he pleased, whom he could put to death with or without reason, and even for his own amusement. The multitudes could obtain no right of property in the soil, and until within two centuries, they could not even attain the dignity of renters, but were serfs attached to the soil, and denied even the privilege of wandering in search of employment or higher wages. Domestic happiness was a blessing scarcely thought of. Those tender affections which should bind together the different members of a family, and on the exercise of which the happiness of families so much depends, were little regarded and seldom cultivated. In fact, the very constitution of families

was wrong in most cases, and the prevailing regulations of domestic life were rather calculated to breed wretchedness and strife than to promote harmony and bliss.

How changed now is this state of society! All these inhumanities have passed away. "Man, *thou* art the *great* work of God" is the watchword of modern society. Man is greater than society. Government is his servant, not his master. The perfection of society must be sought through the perfection of the individual, not the strength of the State through crushing the individual. "All men are created free and equal, and have inalienable rights." Man is free and has no master but his God. These principles have penetrated our modern life, and like a divine leaven are transforming society, liberating the enslaved, securing justice to the poor and needy, demanding equal rights and privileges for all.

While we recognize with devout thankfulness this rapid march of civilization toward a higher and grander stage, and believe that we are destined no more to go backward or sink again into the ignorance, the superstitions, and the injustices of the past, we must not overlook the fact that this very progress has its dangers; that these very forces let loose in modern society, so mighty for the accomplishment of good, are equally mighty for evil. It is all well enough to plow the ocean in palatial steamers, and drive over mountains and valleys after the iron steed, but it is well also to remember that the very force which impels our vessel has power also to blow her to pieces, and the iron horse, if he leaps the track, will hurl us to death. And all the more certain will be the destruction because of the rapidity of the speed and the might of the force which is driving us.

Let us look at the directions in which these dangers lie.

The progress of science has brought upon us an age of intellectual restlessness. We have said it has wrought out for us great emancipations. It has removed the shackles of ignorance and superstition. It has diffused education widely through communities. It has produced an age of thought and a race of thinkers. And can there be any danger in this? Certainly not, in real intelligence, in true science, in accurate thought. Man's highest prerogative is the discovery of truth, and he can be injured by no truth, however extensive or however profound. All truth leads up to God if carried to its proper terminus. But false education is error. A half-truth is falsehood. The danger of this advancing intelligence lies in its state of transition. Progress is not perfection, but advance-

ment toward it, and it is while passing through the region of half-truths that we are in danger. It is while the ship is coasting along the shore that she is in danger of the rocks and reefs, and needs the careful and steady pilot, not when she has gained the broad and fathomless ocean.

Liberty to think and inquire as we please, is also freedom from limitations and restraints. The danger that lies along the path of modern intellectual progress is that which comes from the absence of wholesome restraint, of just limitations, of accepted and certain standards of appeal. It is that of hasty conclusion. Never did we more need than now the motto, "Make haste slowly." The real danger lies in the direction of skepticism and materialism. Perhaps no mind ever passed through a process of high development that did not see lying all along the pathway this terrible ravine into which it could plunge in any moment. Perhaps the ordeal through which intellect in its highest growth must pass is this, of sweeping by the very verge of doubt, of atheistic materialism, and yet maintaining its steady hold upon its Creator. When whole nations start forward on this march of intellect, and plunge into the boundless field of inquiry, whole nations must pass through the same ordeal, and if they cling fast to God and his eternal truth they will triumph, and achieve the highest possible state on earth—if they forget the Fountain of all Truth, and plunge into atheism and materialism, they will rush into anarchy and social death.

This is the ordeal through which modern society is passing. It must be remembered that most of our improvements are material improvements; that our progress has been to a great extent material progress, and that our advancement in knowledge has been advancement chiefly in material science. That such progress should bring with it powerful materialistic tendencies is not strange. That such wonderful achievements should beget pride and boastfulness of intellect we might expect. That such conquests over the errors, and superstitions, and beliefs of the past, should beget skeptical doubt of all past beliefs is natural. That the explanation of so many mysteries should beget the belief that all mysteries must give way to man's intellect, or be thrown out of his faith or belief, is an easy conclusion. When men have resolved so many phenomena of nature, without need of appeal to any other than natural forces and laws, it is not difficult to begin to suspect that all phenomena may be so explained, and that we may account for the universe and all its mysteries by the forces and laws which we find operating in the universe itself.

Thus the inquiring mind trembles on the verge of a universal materialism, the last analysis of which is atheism. A universe that can make itself needs no God: A world that contains within itself all necessary material and forces out of which to evolve all its phenomena, needs no Creator. Thus the student of geology, delighted by its wonderful revelations, tracing upon the rocks and in the everlasting hills a record of immeasurable evolution and development, a history of ages before which the mind grows dizzy, begins to feel that the world has been through these countless ages building up itself. The history of so many ages may be an eternal history, and a development so great, so gradual, so wonderful, may be a simple evolution of natural forces with no infinite mind, no God behind them. The chemist, as he masters law after law, reduces substance after substance to its simplest elements, traces the ever-shifting manifestations of material forces, affinities, and laws, and finds himself constantly increasing in ability to account for all the minuter phenomena of nature by the action of these substances and forces, is in danger of seeing no God behind them all, nothing but substance and forces acting and interacting by their own nature. The physiologist who is constantly explaining the phenomena of animal life by the natural laws of organization, and who sees in man himself but a wonderful laboratory of chemical changes, a system of decomposition and recombination by chemical laws, a beautiful and harmonious interlay of the forces of light, heat, and electricity with a few simple material substances, the very brain itself only a concentrated electro-magnetic battery, is tempted to see nothing else in this complicated machinery but matter and force, with nothing spiritual, nothing immortal underlying and outliving them.

Here, then, lies the danger of our rapid and wonderful intellectual progress. It is to a great extent progress in the knowledge of material things. It is materialistic in its tendency. It is prone to overlook the spiritual, the divine, the immortal that underlie and interpenetrate all these material things. What is the remedy? To retrograde? No. To discourage or impede this inquiring spirit? No. The only path of safety is onward. The danger is on the route, not at its terminus. God is at the end of it, the spiritual and the eternal lie at the bottom. Our salvation is to press forward until we find the Creator in his own creation, and to plunge deeper until we touch the eternal and the spiritual that underlies it all. To guide this awakened mind safely along this path of inquiry, to steady it as it walks these dangerous

heights, to lead it through this labyrinth of knowledge up to the highest and final expression of truth, God, eternity, and immortality, is the true work of the Christian minister and Christian philosopher. To cling close to the rock, to hold fast to God, and Christ, and immortality while walking this way of knowledge, is the only safety for the student. The Creator may seem far away as we study some of his works, we may have to go far down toward the bottom of things before we find him; but he is there, and our faith must grasp and hold him till our studies, our researches, and our reason itself shall at last find and touch him. Around the cross we will often find, as at Calvary itself, a gathering darkness, and feel the earth tremble and quake, but fear not; the cross is still there and the Christ is on it, and the darkness and the shaking are but the throes of a new birth into a higher and better life.

But we notice still another dangerous tendency, growing out of our progress and prosperity. Our improvement in the arts and our enlarged range of knowledge have brought us a vast increase of wealth. The wonderful machinery which is now doing the labor of the world has increased our power of production a thousand-fold, and the discoveries of science have revealed to us vast sources of wealth before unknown. The mechanic arts are bringing around us comforts and luxuries with such plentifulness that what used to be the costly luxuries of the few have now become the common possession of the multitudes. These wonderful machines, capable of doing the work of thousands of men, have lightened labor, and set whole classes free from toil, and given rest and leisure to multitudes. These avenues of wealth, and ease, and luxury, are open to all. The opportunities of amassing wealth lie around us, offering every-where their seductive attractions. They inspire an activity and devotion to business never known before. They create a restlessness and impatient haste to be rich, such as the world has never before witnessed. Among laborers, manufacturers, merchants, politicians, and even men devoted to literature and science, the thirst of gold is an absorbing passion.

Here again is developed a dangerous materialism. Society becomes so much occupied with its business, so intensely devoted to earthly and daily claims as to have but little time for spiritual and eternal concerns. The present eclipses the future. The material obscures the spiritual. Faith in the things eternal grows weak and even dies before the intense devotion to the present. There grows up out of this

earnest life an earthly absorption—materialism, in the sense of devotion to the present life and interests, implying indifference and forgetfulness toward things unseen and future.

One of the saddest aspects of our modern society—a result of this supreme devotion to wealth—is the loss of the repose and contentment which spring from a firm faith in the just compensations of the future life. Hence a discontented and murmuring restlessness among those to whose lot do not fall the wealth and honors of the world, an impatience under the almost necessary and unavoidable ills of our imperfect life here. The poor, but little cheered by the hopes of a future life of rest and happiness, groan discontentedly after the ease and luxury possessed by their neighbors, but denied to them. The laborer looks enviously on the greater success of the employer, and murmurs because he can not possess the treasures which lie so near him, but which still elude his grasp. The sufferer, with faith eclipsed and immortality shadowed, groans often less for the pain he endures than for the deprivation of enjoyments which he sees all around him. Women, with so many avenues of pleasure open, with so many luxuries touching them on every side, with so many opportunities of enjoyment before them, and with the great significance of immortality, and heaven, and duty, and the compensations of God's future beclouded, grow restless and discontented under the natural disabilities that sex has placed upon them, and dissatisfied with the sacred mission of self-denial, and care, and toil entailed upon them by their very womanhood. It is this aspect of modern materialism that is saddest of all; this forgetfulness of the future and absorption in the present; this waning of the influence of spiritual and heavenly compensations for earth's duties and sorrows, before the powerful attraction of present material and sensual enjoyments. We have read of an eagle that, flying over a valley of ice, saw a dead body lying. The bird descended from its lofty flight, and was so long feasting on the carcass that when it thought to mount again it could not, for its feet had become frozen to the ice on which it rested. And how many, from a low, sordid love of the world, are now becoming so frozen to it that they are losing all power to rise above it!

In the midst of these materialistic tendencies there is nothing so much needed as a living, spiritual, earnest religious life. We would have nothing to fear, much, indeed, to rejoice in, if in the midst of this wonderful intellectual progress, in this hour of earnest thought and inquiry, in this day of a vast uncovering of the

material resources of the world, we could preserve a holy Church, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people, whose conversation is in heaven, and whose life is a daily demonstration of things Divine, spiritual, and immortal. The perpetual rebuke to skepticism is a simple faith manifested in actual life. The unanswerable argument to materialism is a human life realizing spiritual things. The everlasting shame to worldliness is a heavenly-minded Christian. Give us these, and they will leaven and conserve modern thought and modern progress, and eventually turn what now seems so threatening and dangerous into forces on the side of God, and truth, and righteousness. While the world is passing through this ordeal, while multitudes are groping and feeling their way toward the light, while treasures of gold are sinking so many into perdition, let the people of God be as rocks immovably resting on the everlasting foundations—as beacon lights directing the doubtful, and the weary, and the heavy laden, to the anchorage of truth and faith—and as men who endure as seeing Him who is invisible, and who look not at the things that are seen and temporal, but at the things which are unseen, but eternal.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER IX.

VEGETABLES.

VEGETABLES, technically so called, are very properly considered a low and poor diet. The amount of nutrition they contain is small, and their fiber is often coarse and tough. They include only roots, leaves, and stalks; and in this fact we find a reason for their inferiority to fruits and grains. As I have already said, the vegetable organism is the great alembic for the preparation of food for animals. But while the power is accumulated by the action of vegetable life, it does not reside alike in all parts of the vegetable form; it is stored up more particularly in the fruit and seed, the part intended to reproduce and multiply other similar organisms. The stalks, leaves, and roots are merely used to elaborate and perfect this vital energy; and so it happens that fruits and grains are a much higher order of food than roots and leaves.

There are, however, some roots, and especially some tubers, which are themselves the depositories of vitality, so far as to be capable of reproducing a new plant. I believe nearly all our esculent roots and tubers are of this kind. But while this distinction assigns them a higher rank among aliments than most of the stalks

and leaves, it does not by any means make them equal to the fruits and grains. And because they contain some nutrition, it does not therefore follow that we must eat them. There are many other animals upon the earth that require nourishment besides man; and though man may often have been reduced to the necessity of sharing the proper food of the lower animals, it does not follow that he ought to continue that style of diet, when he has higher and more nutritious food at his command. It is no doubt largely for lack of such distinctions as these that the vegetarian system is so justly condemned. For my part I have very little fancy for the idea that turnips, potatoes, and cabbage should form the staples of the diet of a being who seems intended to be the masterpiece of creation. In confirmation of this view, I find in Brinton on "Food and its Digestion," a recent work of some character—though I am very far from indorsing all its ideas—an admission which would more properly have been quoted in the chapter on Grains and Seeds: "The seeds of the cerealia are not only the most important of all the varieties of vegetable food, but they may even be ranked above all other alimentary substances, animal as well as vegetable."

But if we undertake to act at all in accordance with such an estimate of the low character of roots and leaves, we shall find that the greatest demand for them arises from the use that is made of them with meats, especially for dinner. Perhaps the converse is still stranger, that vegetables are rarely eaten without meats. Habit, no doubt, has much to do with these rules. The fact that we often do eat meat for breakfast and for supper without vegetables shows that their association is not founded in the nature of things. In the notable experiments of Dr. Beaumont and Alexis St. Martin it was a constant fact that the vegetables were more difficult of digestion than most other substances eaten; that as a general rule they required the most careful previous mastication, the longest time in the stomach, and that they were one of the most frequent causes of disturbance. Fats, fat meats, and cheese only were more notable in these respects. Animal and farinaceous substances were the most easily and comfortably managed.

But allowance must be made for all circumstances. Invaluable as these experiments were, and much as they contributed to the advancement of dietetic science, they were seriously deficient in many respects. They did not sufficiently recognize the influence of habit and the nature of the gastric secretion; that it must be-

come to some extent adapted to the aliment which it was required to digest. St. Martin seems to have lived largely on meats. Very few experiments are recorded in which animal food in some shape did not form a part of the meal, whether for breakfast, dinner, or supper; and the experiments on vegetables were usually made when they were eaten with the meals. On one occasion a head of raw cabbage, eaten by itself, digested in two hours and a half. Boiled cabbage, eaten with meats, required four hours and a half; but it is not stated whether it was boiled with the meat, or with grease of any kind. We have studied these experiments carefully, and we see nothing in them to prove that there is any marked "fitness of things" in associating meats and vegetables as we do. The idea, upon which some physiologists insist, that all our habits of eating, drinking, condimenting, etc., have been dictated by a nicety of instinct which is better than reason, is one of the most pernicious doctrines which we find in modern, so-called, scientific books. The strongest "instinct" there is about it is that which demands the gratification of the appetite at any cost; and the above pernicious doctrine gives full sanction thereto. Until we set this doctrine aside we shall make very little real progress in dietetic science.

The facts that vegetables contain much water and little nutriment are not the chief objections against their use. The same facts might be alleged against fruits. Large quantities of water are demanded by the system, and it is much better to take it in fruits, or even in roots, than by itself. Nor is great concentration of nutriment desirable. A certain large proportion of bulkiness is indispensable to the perfect action of all the digestive organs, and it is well to eat fruits, or even roots, with the grains, in order to secure this object also. But the characteristics of the nutriment in the fruits, of their fiber, of the quantity and quality of their acids, are so far superior to those of the roots as to turn the scale in their favor by a vast preponderance; to say nothing of the far greater satisfaction which they afford to the eye and to the taste.

But the agriculturist and the political economist will say that *potatoes* are very easily raised, and afford a greater amount of nutriment per acre, with the same amount of labor, than any other plant! And has it come to this? Are men to be fed by the acre, like sheep and hogs, or even with less discrimination, rather than to give themselves the trouble of ascertaining and producing that which shall give them the highest physical and mental perfec-

tion? The deficiency in the diet of the Irish peasant arises not necessarily so much from the lack of variety in his kinds of food as in the lack of variety in the elements of this his one kind of food. We have no reason to suppose that any such results would accrue from living on wheat, using the whole of the kernel, or even on oats, a still less perfect food. I suppose that the Scotch are, many of them, almost or quite as exclusive in living on oats as the Irish on potatoes, but with very different results.

In our own country potatoes are often greatly degenerated in value by the rot, as well as raised to prices quite exorbitant considering the proportion and quality of nutriment which they afford. It is, therefore, a very advisable thing to understand that they are by no means indispensable to our tables, and not nearly so desirable as we have been accustomed to consider them. This is partly my apology for devoting so large a space to this subject. I would not intimate that the potato is a really hurtful article of diet as we commonly take it with other food. I would quite prefer a meal of that to one of bolted flour bread, though I do not choose to live on either. Indifferent as it is, however, it is the best of the roots and tubers. It contains about twenty-five per cent. nutriment, a large proportion of which is starch. But there is a great difference in the different varieties of potato, the finer kinds, as the Mercer and Peach-blow, being far more desirable, both in taste and nutrition, than many others. In order to insure perfect digestion it must be finely divided, and to facilitate this it is important that the *cooked* potato should be light and mealy. Different kinds of potatoes require different styles of treatment to effect this, but the main points are to cook them quickly, not to let them stop boiling, and not have them overdone. Nothing will secure these results but close watchfulness. I do not leave a "stone in the middle." It is very indigestible. But the water must be turned off before they fall to pieces, some say as quick as they cease to slip from the fork, and then they may be returned uncovered to a gentle heat until they are somewhat dried out.

I fail to find any reasonable ground for the hue and cry made about the poisonous qualities of the potato either raw or cooked, unless we so class its deficiencies. Therefore I cook them without soaking, with the skins or without, as taste, convenience, or the peculiarities of the variety may dictate. It is true, however, as a slight examination of the cooked article will show, that the outer parts contain the largest proportion of starch, so that much of the nutri-

tion is lost when a thick paring is taken off. When potatoes that are inclined to be watery are boiled in their jackets, it improves them to cut off two or three spots here and there. Some practice it with all varieties of the potato. It seems to give an outlet to the superabundant moisture. Watery potatoes are better when steamed—better still when baked; but in the latter case cutting the skin avails nothing, as the heat soon sears it over.

Try baked potatoes with the fingers, do not probe them. Handle with a cloth, and as soon as they seem to be done, gently squeeze them open. This will let out much moisture. A baked potato not thus treated is fit to be eaten only when first served, as soon as it is done. By the time a second one is wanted, it is probably at best indifferent. Do not eat the outer skin.

Irish potatoes should not be cooked before they are ripe; they are neither so wholesome, nutritious, nor palatable. It is better to eat old potatoes until the new ones are ripe, or get Bermudas if the tuber is indispensable. A better plan, however, is to substitute samp—the Southern hominy—or boiled wheat, or groats—hulled oats—or rice, or pearl-barley, for proper cooking of which see article IV, on Grains and Seeds.

There is no necessity for putting salt into the water in which potatoes are cooked, and they are better without it. No one thinks of missing the salt in baked potatoes. Whether the mashing of boiled potatoes facilitates digestion or not has been much discussed. If they are sure of being masticated sufficiently, I think it better to serve them entire. They are more toothsome, require less condimenting, and are not swallowed so rapidly as when mashed. But, if mashed, do not put in butter. A little salt and cream are all the additions that should be allowed. In either case if served without meats, they can be eaten with a soft boiled egg, or with a "white sauce" of milk thickened with wheat meal. This, when carefully made—it may require several trials—is much richer than when made with bolted flour. It is a very convenient and relishable dressing for many kinds of vegetables, and will often save the hurtful fused butter and greasy gravies which tax the stomach so outrageously. Even St. Martin's stomach could not manage much fatty liquid without serious inconvenience.

But if it is not allowable to put melted butter into mashed potatoes what shall we say to *potatoes fried* in it, or in other grease? They form one of our most indigestible dishes. So poor a thing as a second-hand potato might

well be dispensed with. I know of no admissible process that will make it as good as new. Some brown them on the griddle or in the oven—they are welcome to them. With some diminution of wholesomeness they may be warmed up in milk. If they must be economized, it is better to mash and strain them, and diffuse them in the soup for dinner, substituting some of the cereals for breakfast. If any one has the miserable taste to eat them cold, let him take them without any of the sharp condiments and chew them very fine.

Sweet potatoes—which are also tubers—are considered more nutritious than Irish potatoes. They also require careful mastication. In cooking them I do not find it any advantage to trim off any of the skin before boiling, nor do I crack them open after baking. They should not be probed with a steel fork—it stains them. They are endurable when eaten cold, and may be warmed very nicely by laying them in the oven, or slicing and browning on a griddle. They may also be cut up and warmed in milk with or without the Irish potatoes, the dishes being subject to the same disadvantages. They are rarely pared before boiling or steaming, but must be neatly peeled afterward before serving, and like all potatoes and most other vegetables, they are better served in a covered dish to retain the warmth. If inclined to be watery, bake them by all means. Quite as much care is needed to stop the cooking when they are done as in the case of the Irish potato.

Of the esculent roots the *parsnip* stands highest, both in nutrition and in the ease with which it is digested. Cut it across into slices about one-third of an inch thick, pare them—this is much easier and neater than scraping them—put them into barely water enough to cover them, and cook gently till quite tender. Serve warm without seasoning of any kind. Do not waste any of the juice. Stew it down as thick as possible without burning, or add milk and thicken to the taste with wheat meal, and pour over the parsnips. If you wish a still more elaborate dish, add to this some slices of wheat meal batter biscuit.

For a *parsnip stew* put into about eight parts water one part quartered onions or coarsely cut cabbage, and cook half an hour; add two parts parsnips prepared as above, and cook twenty minutes; add three parts quartered potatoes, and boil fifteen minutes; add one part well-cooked pearl barley or broken macaroni. Dish the potatoes as soon as they are done, lay over them a few slices of tender wheat meal biscuit, thicken the rest of the stew to the taste with wheat meal, and—as soon as the macaroni is

done—pour it over the potatoes and bread. Cover it close and serve. A little very lean beef or mutton may be cooked with this stew if desired. With regard to the quantity of water allowed to the above stew much depends on the rapidity with which it is cooked. Each will soon learn to suit her own taste. No rule can be given. Parsnips are sweetest and best in the Spring of the year.

The *salsify*, or *vegetable oyster*, is a delicate root, and may be treated in the same manner as parsnips, only it is commonly so small that it must be scraped and cut lengthwise if cut at all. If it could be raised every-where, as large as I have been accustomed to see it on the alluvial soil of the West, it would be deserving of general favor. It also is in its prime in the Spring.

Nearly all vegetables are best when cooked in a small proportion of water, and none of it thrown away. Any one who has not tried it will be surprised at the improvement which this mode of treatment will make in *ruta bagas* and *yellow turnips*. If watched closely at the last, the juice can be reduced to the consistency and the sweetness of sirup. This may be done after removing the vegetable from the stew-pan, and then served together without other condiments. They can also be made into a stew like parsnips, but better omit the macaroni and pearl barley, perhaps even the bread also. *Ruta bagas* improve in flavor as the Winter advances.

White turnips are hardly sweet enough to be dressed in this way, and indeed they have hardly nutrition enough to be worth much in any way excepting as a diluent to more concentrated food. They make a very palatable dish if stewed quite tender in a small amount of water, to which, after the turnips are dished, an equal amount of milk is added and thickened with wheat meal. Inch squares or quarters of wheat meal bread added to this also makes a dish very much liked. Another variation is to cook potatoes with the turnips, and in about equal quantities, and dress in the same way with or without the bread. The precaution about overdoing potatoes applies to them in all such mixtures, if we would have them at their best. Sweet potatoes pared and cut up may be used in this dish with decidedly good effect.

Carrots may be cooked plain like turnips—also trimmed with white sauce and eaten with potatoes, but the bread does not harmonize so well with them. Carrots are excellent food for horses without cooking.

The acrid oil which characterizes our *onion* is irritating to the stomach; and since it is also

exhaled unchanged it makes the breath offensive. These facts have rightly brought it into disrepute. And just here is suggested an idea worthy of further consideration—that any thing which is expelled from the system unchanged is therefore not adapted for food. It is certainly a violation of taste to eat such things to make the human body reek with the odors of that which has been put in for its digestion. I am inclined to the opinion that, if the diet were always correct, the human breath in the healthy subject would always be as sweet as a June morning. But to return to the odorous onion. A sufficient degree of cooking so expels their characteristic oil that they do not taint the breath nor distress the stomach. The milder varieties are of course to be preferred. Cook them slowly about one and a half hours, and serve them, without salt, in their own thick juice; or, add to the latter an equal quantity of thick cream, or condensed milk, or white sauce. They can also be dressed with bread, etc., like the turnips, but whether they are worth all this trouble, so far as their nutritive qualities are concerned, is doubtful. Recipes have already been given for cooking them with apples and with tomatoes, but in all cases the long cooking is indispensable.

Beets very soon deteriorate when exposed to the open air. The best kinds in their best condition rank next to parsnips, perhaps sometimes even higher in their nutritive qualities; but they are more difficult of digestion and require longer cooking. As most cooks know, they should be boiled with their skins entire as possible. They should not be probed while cooking. They "bleed" easily, and so lose their sweetness with the water, which, in this case, can not be preserved. Press them with the fingers, and when they seem to be done throw them into cold water, and let them stand five minutes, or until the skins slip off readily. Serve at once whole, sliced or quartered according to their size. If at their best they are pleasant enough to eat without condiments; but if the latter are demanded use the lemon juice, or better still the white sauce. Masticate them carefully. They are tolerable when cold, but not when pickled. For *beet-hash* chop into quarter-inch pieces, cover with milk, and set them on the fire, then chop and add an equal quantity of potatoes, cover close, and when the potatoes begin to break, mash and mix up until very little fluid milk is seen, and serve warm.

Young beets with their tops make excellent "greens." Cook till quite tender in pure water, and trim with lemon juice or white sauce. Spinach and other leaves and sprouts are used

in the same manner in the Spring of the year by those who have eaten themselves out of good health during the Winter—who feel languid, and fancy that their appetite wants stimulating with something green, which, in fact, they eat more for the sharp condiments with which it is usually accompanied. A little wholesome abstinence, and a liberal allowance of stewed or canned fruit, would do them far more good.

Asparagus is less trashy. See that it is quite clean, tie in bundles or pin in a clean cloth, and cook in pure water twenty minutes, or until quite tender. Have ready some sliced batter biscuit on a platter, spread the cooked asparagus upon it, and pour white sauce over the whole. Or the green part of the asparagus may be cut into quarter-inch pieces, boiled in a cloth, and dressed as above. The latter is much more delicate so far as the style of serving is concerned.

Cauliflower is cooked in precisely the same manner as asparagus, and about the same length of time, but it is preferably served whole in a covered dish with the white sauce, and without the bread. It is a desirable dish, more delicate, and more easily digested than its congener, the cabbage. Cook the latter very tender in very little pure water, say nearly one and a half hours, and add lemon juice or the juice of stewed cranberries—to the taste—simmering it in for fifteen minutes at the last.

Most people care very little for *cabbage* without vinegar, but even they might like a slaw made by shaving up a tender head and steeping nearly even full of water for three-fourths of an hour, adding to each pint the juice of one large lemon, two spoonfuls of sugar, and one teaspoonful of wetted wheat meal, with—sometimes for variety—a suspicion of cinnamon. Cook five minutes, and serve warm or cold.

Colcannon. I find this dish made with a variety of proportions in the ingredients to suit circumstances. The main features are, about half potatoes—the web shred cabbage, sliced turnips and onions—and pork sometimes, which we will omit—all boiled very tender in so small amount of water that it will be "done out" at just the right time. Then all is mashed and mixed up together, and sometimes with cream—and on All-Halloween, a ring—and served warm. It is quite palatable.

Kohl-rabi is the enlarged stem of a plant, and in nature and taste it is very much like that part of a cabbage stalk within the head. It may be cooked when very young and tender, like white turnips, which, however, it does not quite equal.

Egg-plant is, in reality, a fruit, though commonly dressed like a vegetable by odious frying. A better way is to stew until quite tender, add an equal quantity of water, thicken to a batter with wheat meal, cook on a slightly oiled grid-dle, and eat with white sauce. Pumpkins and squashes are fruits, under which head we have treated them. Rhubarb, valuable for its acids, on the contrary, is strictly a vegetable, though trimmed as a fruit, which is sufficient to say of it here.

String beans may be classed with greens. Few care for them unless saturated with liquid grease of some kind. When cooked in a little pure water, very tender and dressed with cream, they are barely endurable.

I hope that no one will be induced by any of these recipes to increase the patronage of vegetables. I would far sooner have the hint improved upon, that fruits and grains are much higher orders of food than roots and leaves.

THE VEIL.

IT was sunset. The day had been one of the sultriest of August. It would seem as if the fierce alembic of the last twenty-four hours had melted it like the pearl in the golden cup of Cleopatra, and it lay in the West a fused mass of transparent brightness. The reflection from the edges of a hundred clouds wandered hither and thither, over rock, and tree, and flower, giving a strange, unearthly brilliancy to the most familiar things.

A group of children had gathered about their mother in the summer-house of a garden which faced the sunset sky. The house stood under the arches of two gigantic elms, and was flanked on either side with gardens and grounds, and at the back a mansion which seemed designed purposely for hospitality and family enjoyment.

The evening light colored huge beds of petunias, which stood with their white or crimson faces looking westward, as if they were thinking creatures. It illumined flame-colored verbenas and tall columns of pink and showy phloxes, and hedges of August roses, making them radiant as the flowers of a dream.

The group in the summer-house requires more particular attention. The father and mother, Albert and Olivia Amory, were of the wealthiest class of the neighboring city, but had been induced to fix their permanent residence in the quiet but most beautiful village of Stoneleigh. Mr. Amory had nothing in him different from multitudes of hearty, joyous, healthily constituted men, who subsist upon daily news-

papers, and find the world a most comfortable place to live in. As to his wife, she was in the warm noon of life, and a picture of vitality and enjoyment. A plump, firm cheek, a dark eye, a motherly fullness of form, spoke the being made to receive and enjoy the things of earth, the warm-hearted wife, the indulgent mother, the hospitable mistress of the mansion. It is true that the smile on the lip had something of earthly pride blended with womanly sweetness—the pride of one who has as yet known only prosperity and success, to whom no mischance has yet shown the frail basis on which human hopes are built. Her foot had as yet trod only the high places of life, but she walked there with a natural grace and nobleness that made every one feel that she was made for them and they for her.

Around the parents were gathered at this moment a charming group of children, who with much merriment were proceeding to unfasten a parcel the father had just brought from the city.

"Here, Rose," said little Amy, a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired pet, who seemed to be a privileged character, "let me come; do n't be all night with your orderly ways; let me cut that string." A sharp flash of the scissors, a quick report of the bursting string, and the package lay opened to the little marauder. Rose drew back, smiled, and gave an indulgent look at her eager younger sister and the two little ones who immediately gathered round. She was one of those calm, thoughtful, womanly young girls, that seem born for pattern elder sisters, and for the stay and support of mothers' hearts. She watched with a gentle, quiet curiosity, the quick and eager fingers that soon were busy in exposing the mysteries of the parcel.

"There's a dress for Rose," said Amy, triumphantly drawing out a delicate muslin; "I can always tell what's for her."

"How?" put in the father, who stood regarding the proceeding with that air of amused superiority with which the wearers of broad-cloth look down on the mysteries of muslin and silk.

"How?" said Amy. "Why, because they look just like her. If I were to see that lilac muslin in China, I should say it was meant for Rose. Now, this is mine, I know—this bright pink; is n't it, mamma? No half shades about me!"

"No, indeed," said her mother; "that is your greatest fault, Amy."

"O, well, mamma, Rose has enough for both; you must rub us together, as they do light red and Prussian blue, to make a neutral tint. But O! what a ribbon! O! mamma,

what a love of a ribbon! Rose! Rose! look at this ribbon! And O! those buttons! O! and those studs, papa! Where did you get them? What's in that box? A bracelet for Rose, I know! O! how beautiful! perfectly exquisite! And here—O!”

Here something happened to check the volubility of the little speaker; for as she hastily, and with the license of a petted child, pulled the articles from the parcel, she was startled to find lying among the numerous colored things a black crape veil. Somber, dark, and ill-omened enough it looked there, with pink, and lilac, and blue, and glittering *bijouterie* around it!

Amy dropped it with instinctive repugnance, and there was a general exclamation, “Mamma, what's this? How came it here? What did you get this for?”

“Strange!” said the mother, “it is a mourning veil. Of course I did not order it. How it came here I don't know; it must have been a mistake of the shopman.”

“Certainly it is a mistake,” said Amy. “We have nothing to do with mourning, have we?”

“No, to be sure; what should we mourn for?” chimed in little Fred and Mary.

“What a dark, ugly thing it is!” said Amy, unfolding and throwing it over her head. How dismal it must be to see the world through such a veil as this!”

“And yet till one has seen the world through a veil like that, one has never truly lived,” said another voice, joining in the conversation.

“Ah, Mr. Payson, are you there?” said two or three voices at once.

Mr. Payson was the minister of the village, and their nearest neighbor; and not only their nearest neighbor, but their nearest friend. In the afternoon of his years, life's day with him now stood at that hour when, though the shadows fell eastward, yet the colors are warmer, and the songs of the birds sweeter, than even in its jubilant morning.

God sometimes gives to good men a guileless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties in full fruit and ripeness are mellow without sign of decay. This is that songful land of Beulah, where they who have traveled manfully the Christian way, abide awhile to show the world a perfected manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood that numbers among it one of these not yet ascended saints! Gentle are they and tolerant, apt to

play with little children, easy to be pleased with simple pleasures, and with a pitying wisdom guiding those who err.

Mr. Payson was the welcome inmate of every family in the village, the chosen friend even of the young and thoughtless. He had stories for children, jokes for the young, and wisdom for all. He “talked good,” as the phrase goes—not because he was the minister, but because, being good, he could not help it; yet his words, unconsciously to himself, were often parables, because life to him had become all spiritualized, and he saw sacred meanings under worldly things.

The children seized him lovingly by either hand and seated him in the arbor.

“Is n't it strange,” said Amy, “to see this ugly black thing among all these bright colors? Such a strange mistake in the shopman!”

“If one were inclined to be superstitious,” said Mr. Amory, “he might call this an omen.”

“What did you mean, sir,” asked Rose, quietly seating herself at Mr. Payson's feet, “by ‘seeing life through this veil?’”

“It was a parable, my daughter,” he said, laying his hand on her head.

“I never have had any deep sorrow,” said Mr. Amory, musingly; “we have been favored ones hitherto. But why did you say one must see the world through such a medium as this?”

“Sorrow is God's school,” said the old man. “Even God's own Son was not made perfect without it; though a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things that he suffered. Many of the brightest virtues are like stars; there must be night, or they can not shine. Without suffering, there could be no fortitude, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy. Take all sorrow out of life, and you take away all richness, and depth, and tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love. Many are hard and inconsiderate, not because they lack capability of feeling, but because the vase that holds the sweet waters has never been broken.”

“Is it, then, an imperfection and misfortune never to have suffered?” asked she.

The minister looked down. Rose was looking into his face. There was a bright, eager, yet subdued expression in her eyes that struck him; it had often struck him before in the village church. It was as if his words had awakened an internal angel, that looked fluttering out behind them. Rose had been from childhood one of those thoughtful, listening children with whom one seems to commune without words. We spend hours talking with them, and fancy they have said many things to

us, which, on reflection, we find have been said only with their silent answering eyes. Those who talk much often reply to you less than those who silently and thoughtfully listen. And so it came to pass, that, on account of this quietly absorbent nature, Rose had grown to her parents' hearts with a peculiar nearness. Eighteen Summers had perfected her beauty. The miracle of the growth and perfection of a human body and soul never waxes old; parents marvel at it in every household, as if a child had never grown before; and so husband and wife looked on their fair Rose daily with a restful and trusting pride.

At this moment she laid her hand on Mr. Payson's knee, and said, earnestly, "Ought we to pray for sorrow, then?"

"O, no, no, no!" interrupted her mother, with an instinctive shudder—such a shudder as a warm, earnest, prosperous heart always gives as the shadow of the grave falls across it—"do n't say yes!"

"I do not say we should pray for it," said Mr. Payson; "yet the Master says, 'Blessed are they that mourn,' not 'Blessed are they that prosper.' So heaven and earth differ in their judgments."

"Ah, me!" said Mrs. Amory, "I am afraid I have not courage to wish to be among the blessed."

"Well," said her husband, whom the gravity of the discussion somewhat disturbed, "let us not borrow trouble; time enough to think of it when it happens. Come, the day is falling, let us go in. I want to show our friend some peaches that will tempt his Christian graces to envy. Come, Rose, gather up these fal-lals and follow."

Rose, in a few moments, gathered the parcel together, and quietly flitted before them into the house.

"Now," said Mr. Amory, "you'll see that girl will have every thing quietly put away in just the right place; not a word said. She is a born housewife; it's in her, as much as it is in a pointer to show game."

"Rose is my right hand," said the mother; "I should be lost without her."

Whence comes it, that, just on the verge of any great crisis and afflictions of life, words are often spoken, that, to after view, seem to have had a prophetic meaning? So often do we hear people saying, "Ah, the very day before I heard of this or that we were saying so and so!" It would seem sometimes as if the soul felt itself being drawn within the dark sphere of a coming evil, of which as yet nothing outward tells. Then the thoughts and conversation flow in an

almost prophetic channel, which a coming future too well interprets.

The evening passed cheerfully with our friends, notwithstanding the grave conversation in the arbor. The mourning veil was laid away in a drawer along with many of its brilliant companions, and with it the thoughts it had suggested; and the merry laugh ringing from the half-open parlor door showed that the minister was no despiser of the command to rejoice with them that do rejoice.

Rose played and sung, the children danced, and the mirth was prolonged till a late hour in the evening.

The parents lingered after the departure of the family, busy in seeing to the windows, setting back chairs, and attending to all the last duties of orderly householders. A sudden shriek startled them; such a shriek as, once heard, is never forgotten. With an answering cry of horror they rushed up the stairs. The hall lamp had been extinguished, but the passage and staircase were red with a broad glare from the open door of the nursery. A moment more showed them the drapery of the bed in which their youngest child was sleeping all in flames; then they saw a light form tearing down the blazing curtains.

"O, Rose! Rose! take care, for God's sake! your dress! you'll kill yourself! O, God help us!"

There were a few moments—awful moments of struggle—when none knew or remembered what they did; a moment more and Rose lay panting in her father's arms, enveloped in a thick blanket which he had thrown around her burning night-dress. The fire was extinguished, the babe lay unawakened, and only the dark flecks of tinder scattered over the bed, and the trampled mass on the floor, told what had been. But Rose had breathed the hot breath of the flame, deadly to human life, and no water could quench that inward fire.

A word serves to explain all. The child's nurse had carelessly set a lamp too near the curtains, and the night breeze had wafted them into the flame. The apartment of Rose opened into the nursery, and as she stood in her night-dress before her mirror, arranging her hair, she saw the flashing of the flame, and, in the one idea of saving her little sister, forgot every other. That act of self-forgetfulness was her last earthly act; a few short hours of patient suffering were all that remained to her. Peacefully as she had lived she died, looking tenderly on her parents out of her large blue eyes, and only intent to soothe their pain.

"Yes, I suffer," she said, "but only a short

pain. We must all suffer something. My Father thinks a very little enough for me. I have had such a happy life, I might bear just a little pain at the last."

A little later her mind seemed to wander. "Mamma, mamma," she said, hurriedly, "I put the things all away; the lilac muslin and the barege. Mamma, that veil, the mourning veil, is in the drawer. O, mamma, that veil was for you; do n't refuse it; our Father sends it, and he knows best. Perhaps you will see heaven through that veil."

It is appalling to think how near to the happiest and most prosperous scene of life stands the saddest despair. All homes are haunted with awful possibilities, for whose realization no array of threatening agents is required—no lightning, or tempest, or battle; a peaceful household lamp, a gust of perfumed evening air, a false step in a moment of gayety, a draught taken by mistake, a match overlooked or mislaid, a moment's oversight in handling a deadly weapon—and the whole scene of life is irretrievably changed!

It was but a day after the scene in the arbor, and all was mourning in the so lately happy, hospitable house; every body looked through tears. A few days later there were subdued breathings, a low murmur, as of many listeners, a voice of prayer, and subdued sobs—and then the heavy tread of bearers, as, beneath the black pall, she was carried from the church never to return.

And the bereaved parents left their dead. The folds of the dark veil seemed a refuge for the mother's sorrow. But how did the flowers of home, the familiar elms, the distant, smiling prospect look through its gloomy folds—emblem of the shadow which had fallen between her heart and life? When she looked at the dark, moving hearse, she wondered that the sun still shone, that birds could sing, and that even her own flowers could be so bright.

Ah, sad mother! the world had been just as full of sorrow the day before; the air as full of "farewells to the dying and mournings for the dead;" but thou knewest it not. Now the outer world comes to thee through the mourning veil.

But after the funeral comes life again—hard, cold, inexorable life, knocking with business-like sound at the mourner's door, obtruding its commonplace pertinacity on the dull ear of sorrow. The world can not wait for us; the world knows no leisure for tears; it moves onward, and drags along with its motion the weary and heavy laden who would fain rest.

Mrs. Amory would have buried herself in her

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sorrows. There are those who refuse to be comforted. The condolence of friends seems only a mockery; and, truly, nothing so shows the emptiness and poverty of human nature as its efforts at condolence.

Mr. Payson, however, was a visitor who would not be denied; there was something of gentle authority in his white hairs that might not be resisted. Old, and long schooled in sorrow, his heart many times broken in past years, he knew all the ways of mourning. His was no official commonplace about "afflictive dispensations." He came first with that tender and reverent silence with which the man acquainted with grief approaches the divine mysteries of sorrow; and from time to time he cast on the troubled waters words, dropped like seeds, not for present fruitfulness, but to germinate after the floods had subsided.

He watched beside a soul in affliction as a mother waits on the crisis of a fever whose turning is to be for life or for death; for he well knew that great sorrows never leave us as they find us; that the broken spirit, ill set, grows callous and distorted ever after. He had wise patience with every stage of sorrow; he knew that at first the soul is blind, and deaf, and dumb. He was not alarmed when returning vitality showed itself only in moral spasms and convulsions; for in all great griefs come hours of conflict, when the soul is tempted, and complaining, murmuring, dark, skeptical thoughts are whirled like withered leaves through all its desolate chambers.

"What have I learned by looking through this veil?" said Olivia to him, bitterly, one day when they were coming out of a house where they had been visiting a mourning family. "I was trusting in God as an indulgent Father; life seemed beautiful to me in the light of his goodness; now I see only his inflexible severity. I never knew before how much mourning and sorrow there had been even in this little village. There is scarcely a house where something dreadful has not at some time happened. How many families here have been called to mourning since we have! I have not taken up a paper in which I have not seen a record of two or three accidental deaths; some of them even more bitter and cruel than what has befallen us. I read this morning of a poor washer-woman, whose house was burned, and all her children consumed, while she was away working for her bread. I read the other day of a blind man whose only son was drowned in his very presence, while he could do nothing to help him. I was visiting yesterday that poor dressmaker whom you know. She has by toil

and pains been educating a fine and dutiful son. He is smitten down with hopeless disease, while her idiot child, who can do nobody any good, is spared. Ah, this mourning veil has indeed opened my eyes; but it has taught me to add all the sorrows of the world to my own; and can I believe in God's love?"

"My dear lady," said the old man, "I am not ignorant of these things. I have buried seven children; I have buried my wife, and God has laid on me in my time reproach, and controversy, and contempt. Each cross seemed at the time heavier than the others. Each in its day seemed to be what I least could bear; and I would have cried, 'Any thing but this!' And yet, now when I look back, I can not see one of these sorrows that has not been made a joy to me. With every one some perversity or sin has been subdued, some chain unbound, some good purpose perfected. God has taken my loved ones, but he has given me love. He has given me the power of submission and of consolation; and I have blessed him many times in my ministry for all I have suffered, for by it I have stayed up many that were ready to perish."

"Ah!" said his listener, "you indeed have reason to be comforted, because you can see in yourself the fruit of your sorrows; but I am not improving; I am only crushed and darkened—not amended."

"Have patience with thyself, child; weeping must endure for a night; all comes not at once; 'No trial for the present seemeth joyous;' but 'afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit'—have faith in this 'afterward.' Some one says that it is not in the tempest one walks the beach to look for the treasures of wrecked ships; but when the storm is past we find pearls and precious stones washed ashore. Are there not even now some of these in your path? Is not the love between you and your husband deeper and more intimate since this affliction? Do you not love your other children more tenderly? Did you not tell me that you had thought on the sorrows of every house in this village? Once, as you read the papers, you thought nothing of those who lost friends; now you notice and feel. Take the sorrows of others to your heart; they shall widen and deepen it. Ours is a religion of sorrow. The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering; our Father is the God of all consolation; our Teacher is named the Comforter; and all other mysteries are swallowed up in the mystery of the Divine sorrow. 'In all our afflictions he is afflicted.' God refuseth not to suffer—shall we?"

There is no grave so desolate that flowers will not at last spring on it. Time passes and brings healing on its wings. The secret place of tears becomes first a temple of prayer and afterward of praise; and the heavy cloud is remembered by the flowers that sprung up after the rain. The vacant chair in the household circle has grown to be a tender influence, not a harrowing one; and the virtues of the lost one seem to sow themselves like the scattered seeds of a fallen flower, and to spring up in the hearts of the surviving ones. More tender and more blessed is often the brooding influence of the sacred dead than the words of the living.

Mrs. Amory became known in the abodes of sorrow, and a deep power seemed given her to console the suffering and distressed. A deeper power of love sprang up within her; and love, though born of sorrow, ever brings peace with it. Many were the hearts that reposed on her; many the wandering that she reclaimed, the wavering that she upheld, the desolate that she comforted. As a soul in heaven may look back on earth, and smile at its past sorrows, so even here it may rise to a sphere where it may look down on the storm that once threatened to overwhelm it.

It was on the afternoon of just such another Summer day as we have described at the opening of our story that the mother was in her room, directing the folding and laying away of the mourning garments. She took up the dark veil and looked on it kindly, as on a faithful friend. How much had she seen and learned behind the refuge of its sheltering folds! She turned her thoughts within herself. She was calm once more, and happy—happy with a wider and steadier basis than ever before. A new world seemed opened within her; and with a heart raised in thankfulness she placed the veil among her most sacred treasures.

Yes, there: by the smiling image of the lost one, by the curls of her glossy hair, by the faded flowers taken from the bier, was laid in solemn thankfulness the veil through which she had first seen life as it is.

WE often derive instruction unexpectedly from persons and things where we did not expect it, and humble people and lowly objects are endowed with attributes of power and excellence that we wot not of. We should stoop down and drink of the brook by the way-side, that our minds may be exalted through humility, for as the brook winds its way rejoicingly to the sea, so all the rills of knowledge, do but penetrate into the eternal ocean of truth.

MODERN CHILDREN.

A LATE number of the Pall Mall Gazette discusses with much vigor, under the head of "Children and Metaphysics," the erroneous and hateful practice, so common in modern times, of obtruding upon the minds of children subjects far too complicated for their understanding. In olden times the children of a community occupied in all respects a secondary position. Their dress was simpler and their food plainer than those of grown-up people, their books were few, their amusements slender, their acquirements limited, and their tastes, opinions, and inclinations held in complete subservience to those of their elders. But a reaction has taken place, and, in our zeal to improve upon our ancestors, we are in this, as in many other things, in no little danger of veering over to the opposite extreme. The existence of children is no longer ignored; they occupy a prominent position not only in the family circle, but in general society; their education engages the best powers of the country; their books constitute a large portion of its literature; their amusements are innumerable; their dress occupies the time and thoughts of thousands; and, altogether, they are at least no longer in any danger of being overlooked.

Undoubtedly children are a very important part of the community, and deserve far more thought and consideration than was accorded to them in the days of our grandfathers. No one having any such guardianship can be absolved from exercising all his powers in studying out and carrying forward the best plans for their steady development, and in meeting the many and varied needs of their young natures. But this will not be accomplished, as some seem to think, by a hot-house process, of forcing the fruit before its due season, of developing the mental powers to the exclusion of the physical, and of straining the young and tender mind with subjects only fit for mature and settled thought.

This is one of the injurious extremes into which we have fallen in modern times. Large numbers of the books written for children are occupied with metaphysics on a small scale; deal with subjects far beyond the power of the child to grasp; and depict characters as unnatural in their virtues as in their faults.

It is not the *subjective*, but the *objective* with which the child is and ought to be concerned. The outer world lies waiting to be unfolded to their eager minds, and while this is being done in simplicity, and in the natural order of their ability to receive it, their inner nature will de-

velop more truly, because more naturally, than by any strained effort or forcing process. Older heads may scan thought, and analyze motives, and turn their eyes inward to inspect the secret workings of the mind, but the child's reflective powers are as yet only in the germ, while his perceptive faculties are full and keen, and craving eagerly suitable aliment.

The same principles hold good in the religious training of children. Instead of crowding the young mind with doctrines on which the wisest men differ, or exciting the imagination with mysteries and fears, let them be well grounded in the simple and practical duties of truth, honesty, and charity; let love and worship be inseparable, and conscience ever held supreme.

One of the most common and injurious errors of modern life is forcing upon the little ones the fashions, follies, and extravagances that disgrace their elders. We say forcing upon them, for children of themselves care for none of these things. Their happiness is secured by good wholesome food, comfortable clothing suited to the weather, in which they may romp without fear of injury, plenty of sleep, and abundance of free exercise and open air. But modern fashion gives them rich, high-seasoned food, which spoils their digestion, dresses them in close-fitting, costly garments, which must be protected by the sacrifice of joyous freedom and invigorating exercise, and even deprives them of sleep by late, expensive, and hurtful "children's parties." In one of our cities a fashion prevailed, a few Winters ago, of "dolls' weddings," to which large numbers of children were invited with their dolls, and the usual bridal forms and ceremonies preserved; and so completely did the follies of fashion pervade these mimic assemblies, that the young misses felt it impossible to attend if their dolls had to wear the same dresses that had been used at two previous parties during the Winter! It is indeed full time that we adopted a more rational mode of developing these precious charges committed to our care; neither forcing them into unnatural precocity, nor making them mimic slaves of fashion and luxury, but rather leading them gently into paths where the whole nature, physical, mental, and moral, may be evenly and harmoniously developed according to nature's unerring laws.

THE fireside is a school of infinite importance; it is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life.

IMMORTALITY.

"O ION! doomed to die,
To pass from life, with eye,
And aim, and spirit high,
And love's ennobling tie—
Say! shall we meet again?

On highest rocky fane
The mating eagles train
Their wings for power to' attain
The zenith's starry plain—
Shall we thus meet again?

When thy white brow is cold,
And curtains softly fold
The flashing glance of old—
And Ion's fate is told—
How can we meet again?"

"Clemathe! I have sought
For answer to this thought,
With such deep mystery fraught—
No sage to me hath taught,
That we may meet again.

The wild winds ever free—
The restless, roaring sea—
The mountains, whereon we
Have talked in rhapsody—
Are dumb! How meet again?

For Death might strike his blow
In fiercest fray of foe,
If we could surely know,
Beyond that hour of woe,
That we might meet again.

Clemathe! on thy cheek,
And thro' thine eyes doth speak
A power, that death were weak
To break, yet bids thee seek
To know what none explain.

Thy mind, demanding light,
And hope to reach the blight
Of mortal, and the night
That veils the spirit's sight,
As deathless, must remain.

So, by thy quenchless love,
My parting soul doth prove
Its need, and might to move
Immortal life, above
A doubt.—We'll meet again!"

O, Greece! and was this all
Philosophy could call
To aid the spirit's thrall?
One spark divine, to fall
So dimly, sadly vain?

Eternal God of Heaven!
Before whom souls are shriven,
Thy Word to man hath given,
Thro' Christ, this hope, that even
Soul and flesh live again.

THE LITTLE EMPTY CHAIR.

BACK in the corner stands a chair;
'T is empty now; the little, fair,
And darling form we loved so well;
Better far than tongue can tell,
Or human passion e'er declare,
Will press no more that empty chair.

In happier hours than now we see,
It stood between papa and me:
Its little occupant with glee
Would hack the arms, then turn to see
If pa or ma should chide the fair:
Ah! 't was not then an empty chair.

No little lips are wreathed with smiles,
No prattling tongue the hours beguiles;
No roguish eye, or mimic face,
Attracts us to that once loved place:
Of all these beauties none is there,
For now 't is but an empty chair.

With what a sad and sinking heart
I saw those brilliant charms depart;
Marked the flushed cheek, the half-closed eye,
And shuddering, knew that she must die:
O! talk to me naught but despair
While gazing on that empty chair.

Great God! Thy will be done! 'T is past,
And I am reconciled at last,
And with submissiveness will kneel,
And own thy gracious power; yet still
Must pour a weeping mother's prayer
In bursting anguish o'er that chair.

THE CLOUDS.

THE clouds float golden in morning's gleam,
And fair as the isles of the blest they seem;
And rest as fair in the evening's red,
That flushes the mount and the ocean's bed.

The white-winged clouds in the sun-bright sky,
On airy currents are wafted by;
Through the realms of space they float away,
O'er summit, and river, and valley's way.

There are clouds that fly in the storm-wind's path,
That gleam in the glare of the lightning's wrath;
That swift on the track of the tempest hurled,
Are rent with thunder that shakes the world.

There are clouds, wild clouds for the Winter pale,
That like banners stream on the Northern gale;
That weave the white robe for vale and mount,
When hushed is the song of bird and faint.

There are clouds from whose bosoms fall gentle
showers,

That gladden the fountains and flush the flowers,
That blush in the rainbow's radiant braid,
When the sunlight bursts on hill and glade.

There are clouds of beauty, and clouds that fling
Their shadows dark as the raven's wing—
With their wildest grandeurs and gentlest grace—
Praise God for the clouds that float thro' space!

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

THE "HOLY OSWALD."

"COLONEL," said the captain of the Thirty-Seventh Regiment of the line, as he stepped forward to the officer whom he thus addressed, "the fusileer Oswald again begs leave of absence for twenty-four hours!"

"What for?" asked the colonel, in an angry tone.

"He wants to go to Paris again," was the answer.

"Indeed," replied the colonel, "that can not be, Captain Delorm. Tell the man he will be crazy if he carries the matter much further. Tell him, also, that the next time he makes such a request from me I will put him under arrest for three days, my word for it! As long as I am colonel of this regiment the soldier Oswald shall not go to Paris again!"

This conversation took place in the courtyard of the large barracks for infantry in the city of Rouen, France. The fusileer was one of the best soldiers in the regiment. He had but one fault, as his captain used to express it, but it was in his case a great one: he was "too good a Christian to be a soldier." He was born in the Alsace, and had been six years in the regiment. All this time, however, he had been a model soldier, and had gained the favor of his officers. But for eighteen months past the case had been quite different. Oswald had become quite despised by all his comrades. While in Paris, where his regiment had been garrisoned, he had become acquainted with the president of a Young Men's Christian Association. He had visited this Association frequently, and his heart had undergone a change. He believed in Christ, trusted in his mercy; and it was his strongest desire now not merely to serve his earthly king, but to be a faithful soldier to his Heavenly Father. His officers and comrades noticed the great change that had taken place in him, and commenced to make him an object of contempt, calling him "Holy Oswald." He remained silent, and bore the thrusts of his enemies calmly, praying much in the mean time. So long as the regiment was in Paris he always found himself comforted by visiting the Young Men's Christian Association; hence he was very sorrowful when he heard that his regiment was ordered to leave Paris, and go into quarters at Rouen. But as it is only a few

hours from the latter place to Paris, he thought there would not be much in the way of his going thither occasionally; and, in fact, his request was not refused at first. But when it was found out that he only went to Paris to visit the Young Men's Christian Association, the officers became angry, and the soldiers made more fun of him than ever, and the colonel declared, as I have already said, that Oswald should not go to Paris.

On the very afternoon of the day on which the colonel made this harsh declaration, Oswald was standing at his window in the barracks, thinking over the answer he had received. He had his New Testament in his hand, and, opening it, he read these words: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." "O," said he, "how I do wish I could believe this with my whole heart; well, I do believe it; help Thou my unbelief!"

The guard was pacing up and down in the court of the barracks, and knowing that he was near Oswald's room, he called out to him:

"Holy Oswald, a poor man has been standing at the gate of the barracks for half an hour, begging for a little bread; surely you will not let him go away with an empty hand!"

Oswald looked below his window, and behold there was a man, with outstretched hand, begging for bread. He immediately cut off a big piece of bread from his loaf, hastened down into the court, and handed it through the gate to the poor man. The beggar received it with a smile, saying, in German, "May God bless you!" as he went away. These German words made Oswald's heart beat with joy, for, as I have said, he was from the Alsace, and spoke German himself.

"Stop," said the soldier; "where are you from?"

"From the Black Forest."

"I am from Strasburg, in the Alsace," said Oswald.

"Strasburg! I have been there myself," said the poor man, his face brightening up at the thought of some human being taking an interest in him.

"But how did you come here?"

"O, that is a long and sad story!" said the

stranger. "If you had time I could tell you all of it."

"Not now," said Oswald; "wait half an hour, until I have taken my dinner, and then we can take a walk together, and I can hear it all. If I can help you I will do it willingly."

"Dear soldier," said the poor man, "I thank you heartily for your kindness, and shall be glad to wait until you are ready to walk with me."

"Good! In half an hour I will be with you," said Oswald, and went off.

Soon afterward the sound of the drum announced that dinner was ready for the soldiers. After the plain meal was over they separated, and Oswald went to the gate of the barracks to look for the old man.

"Come with me," said Oswald; "now I am at leisure, and we can take a walk together."

The poor man's history was sad enough. He and his wife and child were on the point of emigrating to America. While they were in Havre waiting to sail, his money was stolen from him. He did not know what to do, for it was folly to think of going to America without a little money. In fact, he had not even paid for his passage. Accordingly, he left his wife and child in Havre, and hastening home, he asked his wealthy friends to lend him money to carry out his enterprise. But every one refused his request. He did not know what to do, for he had not now even the money to carry him back to Havre. The consequence was, he started on his way back without any money in his pocket, and was obliged to work or beg for his bread as he went. On the morning of the day on which he stood before the gate of the barracks he was very hungry, as he had not eaten for twelve or fourteen hours; and he was delighted when Oswald handed him a piece of bread, and even more delighted to hear some one speak to him in his own tongue.

The poor man's story moved Oswald's heart, and he determined to help him if possible. But how could he help him? Oswald now remembered that he had twenty francs, or four dollars in gold, in his little trunk. After six months more he would have served out his time as a soldier, and he could then go home. In the mean time he would get some more money by working for the officers, and therefore he determined to spend this four dollars for the poor man from the Black Forest.

"Come with me, poor man," said he, "I will lead you to a cheap inn, where you will get a good supper and a comfortable bed."

The man now followed his guide with a joyful heart. While they were on the way to the inn, Oswald noticed that the shoes of the

stranger were nearly worn out. As they would pass a shoemaker's, Oswald determined to buy him another pair of shoes. Certainly he could only buy old ones, as his money would not enable him to get new ones; but they would be better than those he had. The most of his remaining two dollars he spent at a clothes shop in buying the poor German a better coat, for the one he wore was nearly falling off his back. After this they came to the inn, the Golden Star. The soldier had still a little change in his pocket, amounting in all to sixty cents.

"Accommodate this stranger as well as you can for sixty cents," said Oswald.

"You have money enough," said the hostess, "for provisions are cheap here, and I can accommodate him with a plain supper, bed, and breakfast, for your sixty cents."

Oswald waited till the poor man had finished his supper, and then bade him good-night, and returned to the barracks, promising the man he would come back the next morning as soon as he could, and accompany him outside the city-gate.

That night there were two men who slept soundly, and had no bad dreams—Oswald, the "holy soldier," and the poor wanderer from the Black Forest.

"Neighbor, will you be kind enough to come into our house?" exclaimed the hostess of the Golden Star Inn the next morning to a well-clad gentleman who had a very pleasant face, and was standing at the door of the house opposite the inn.

"What shall I do for you, neighbor?" asked the gentleman addressed.

"O," said she, "I am in the greatest difficulty. Yesterday evening a soldier came to me, and left in my charge a stranger who can not speak a word of French. I believe he is a German. Now the man is going all round the room, making motions with his hands, and not a soul in the house can understand him. I know you speak German. Will you be so good as to interpret for us?"

"With pleasure," said the gentleman, hastening to the inn.

The neighbor then went into the dining-room, where the poor German was sitting almost in despair. He addressed him in a very friendly way in these words:

"Good-morning, my fellow-countryman."

A ray of joy lighted up the poor man's face at the sound of these words in his own language, and he said:

"How thankful I am that there is one man here who understands me! You are a German, I believe?"

"I am," was the answer. "But what do you wish, friend? Where are you going?"

"I wish to go to Havre, to my wife and child."

"Indeed! And what is your business?"

"To make the Black Forest clocks," said the man.

"Indeed! O! O! O! You are then from the Black Forest?"

"Yes, sir."

"From what part of it?"

"From the Kinzig Valley."

"And from what place there?"

"The village of H."

"Are you from H.? What, then, is your name?"

"Joseph Golz."

"Is it possible? Did not your father have a brother who went into some distant country?"

"Yes, sir," said the man. "I remember him very well, although I was a small boy when he left home. It is now twenty-five years ago. He went over the Rhine, first of all, to Strasburg. He wrote once or twice from thence to us, but after that we never heard of him."

"You said you knew your uncle very well. Should you know him again, if you should ever meet him anywhere?"

"I think I should," replied the poor man. "But why do you ask such a question as that, and what makes you look at me in such a queer way? Do not make fun of me because I am poor!"

"Seppi, do you not know your Uncle Ludwig?"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the Black Forester, trembling from head to foot. Then he folded his hands, and exclaimed in a trembling voice: "How wondrous are Thy ways, O God! I now learn the truth of the words, 'when a man's needs are greatest, help is nearest.'"

The uncle, who was as deeply affected as the nephew, now embraced the poor man. They then sat down and related their experiences. Ludwig Golz, for that was the uncle's name, related to his nephew Joseph that he had left home as a poor shoemaker's apprentice, but that in the course of years, by industry, economy, and constant reliance on God, he had acquired much property. Since then he had settled down in the city of Rouen, had many men in his employment, and had the largest clock manufactory in the city.

After they had talked for some time the gentleman told the landlady all the facts, and that this poor man whom she had entertained was none other than his nephew. The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Oswald, who

opened his eyes very wide when he saw the poor man whom he had assisted talking with one of the most highly respected and prominent men of the city. When, however, he heard the whole story, his heart was filled with gladness, and he thanked God that he had been the means of bringing these long-separated relatives together. The uncle then said these words to his nephew: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." He then promised to give his nephew money enough to go to Havre, in order that he might bring his wife and child back to Rouen.

Next morning the Black Forester started off for Havre, and found his wife and child anxiously waiting his return. His wife was almost overcome with joy at the news he brought.

Two or three days after this meeting of the uncle and his nephew in the Golden Star Inn, the Colonel of the Thirty-Seventh Regiment gave orders for the regiment to appear in very best array in the court of the barracks. The soldiers did not know what was going to take place, for the order was something quite unusual. After they were drawn up in line the Colonel took a newspaper out of his pocket, and said, "Soldiers, I have something important to communicate to you." He then read the whole story of the Black Forester pretty much as I have told it to you. The article was written by the uncle himself, and he took this way of thanking the unknown soldier for the great service he had rendered. He had forgotten to ask him for his name, but supposed he belonged to the Thirty-Seventh Regiment, as he saw the figures "37" on his shoulder strap.

After the Colonel had read the whole account he said, "Now I call upon the good soldier of our regiment who did this kind act to step out of the ranks and come before me."

One soldier after another directed his eyes toward Oswald, who all this time was almost as white as snow.

"Fusileer Oswald," exclaimed the Colonel, "come forward!"

Oswald came forward and saluted the Colonel.

"You and no other are the benefactor of the Black Forester." Then said the Colonel, "My heart tells me you are the one."

"I am the one," answered Oswald modestly.

"Now, my son," said the Colonel, "you have done nobly; come and give me your hand. I thank you for your good deed in the name of the whole regiment."

With these words he extended his hand to the soldier, and pressed it heartily. Then he said, "From this day forth you can have leave

of absence to go to Paris just as often as you like."

This day was never forgotten by any soldier of the Thirty-Seventh Regiment. Nor was there a single man of the Regiment who ever afterward made fun of "Holy Oswald." All his comrades and officers honored him, and loved him as he deserved to be. He frequently took opportunities to visit the rich uncle and his nephew whom he had been the means of bringing together.

After his six months of service were expired these two accompanied him as far as Paris on his way home. Oswald reached his home in Strasburg. But he is a soldier no longer. He is now a distributor of tracts and Bibles, and wanders all over France selling the Word of God wherever he can find any one to buy it, and giving it away when people have no means. The uncle and nephew are still living in Rouen, and God is prospering them both. Sometimes the colporteur, Oswald, in his wanderings through the country, goes to that city, where he always receives a hearty reception from both of them. And these three, as often as they meet, say, "This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL CAN DO.

TO show you where there is a will there will be a way to work, I will tell you of a little Swiss girl.

Not long ago there died in India a great and good missionary, who was permitted to labor many years in and around Calcutta, and to do much in scattering the seed of the Word. After toiling more than thirty years in India he visited his native country.

He spoke with great effect in many places; and among those who heard him was a girl in her ninth year, named Mary. After the meeting was over which she attended, Mr. Lacroix, the missionary, went to her house and spent the night. As she was about to retire he laid his hand upon her head and said solemnly, "May the God of your father bless you, Mary!" She was deeply moved by his words, and grasping his hand, exclaimed, "O, sir, tell me if there is any thing *a little girl can do*?"

Mr. Lacroix smiled. "Yes, my child," he answered, "a little girl can pray."

Now you may be assured that a full and loving heart would not be satisfied with simply praying.

To pray is a great favor we have; but where we can do more than that we are bound to do

it. So thought Mary. No sooner had the missionary gone than she longed to be up and doing. With her mother's consent she began by going round to all her friends, asking them to put their names on her subscription list of a cent a week, the money to be sent to Mr. L. She met sometimes with coldness and rebukes, but she kept on, and after many weeks' effort she found a long list of subscribers.

She was not yet satisfied. She thought what else she could do; and then she began to prepare little fancy things, and when she had made many articles she went to some of her friends and asked if they would help her in that work. They did, and went at it with great zeal; and on Christmas Eve a large table was covered with the results of their industry. The articles prepared were all sold, and there were few happier girls in Switzerland or in the world than Mary was that night.

Mary wrote a few lines to Mr. Lacroix, and sent the money. Her letter took many, many months to reach him, and on the following Christmas she received an answer. Judge of Mary's delight when she read that the little girl's money had been used for another little girl, a poor heathen child, who had been abandoned by her cruel mother, and who had been rescued by the missionary, taken into his family, and who, after the receipt of the little girl's letter, had been baptized "Mary."

Now, my young readers, I wish you to reflect upon the good such efforts and prayers did—they were blessed to another girl thousands of miles away.

EMMA AND THE LITTLE BOY.

EMMA GREY, on her way to school, passed a little boy whose hand was through the railing of a gentleman's front yard, trying to pick off a beautiful Spring flower. "O, little boy," said Emma kindly, "are you not taking that without leave?" "Nobody sees me," answered the little boy, looking up. "Somebody sees you from the blue sky, little boy," said Emma. "God says we must not take what does not belong to us without leave, and you will grieve him if you do so."

The little boy looked up into her face as she spoke. "Shall I?" said he; "then I won't do it." He drew back his hand, and went away. Was it not thoughtful and kind in Emma? I think so.

One way of doing good is to prevent others from doing wrong. A gentle word of reproof or persuasion kindly spoken would save many a one from sin.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

SLURS ON WOMEN.—Of all the evils prevalent among young men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than to speak slightly of the virtue of women. Nor is there any thing in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others, who, they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters.

As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one and deep rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or lewd women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these than they would have to estimate the character of honest, respectable citizens by the developments of crime in our police courts. Let young men remember that their chief happiness of life depends upon their utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization, can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightly of women. Some do it from downright perversity and malicious inclinations, while others do it carelessly, not thinking or realizing the mischief and wrong they are doing.

This tampering with the reputation of people is an egregious wrong. The originator or retailer of slander is guilty of a most foul offense, worse than theft, worse even than murder. To filch money from one's purse is a trivial affair compared with stealing the richest possessions, the most precious gems which adorn and ennoble manhood and womanhood; namely, purity, integrity, and other exalted virtues, which distinguish the pure-minded man or woman. Robbing one of these by any mysterious "givings out" or insinuations, is a heinous crime, deserving of the severest penalty, and persons guilty of this odious practice, whether malignantly or unthinkingly, should receive the frowns of all right-minded persons.

These few remarks, which might be extended to great length without exhausting the subject, were prompted by the following appropriate and merited rebuke, which we overheard a day or two since. An upstart fellow, more distinguished for impudence than intelligence, more vain than wise, more preten-

tious than virtuous, was speaking in the most contemptuous terms of a certain young lady, and making the vilest insinuations in regard to her character, to another man of very different character, when the latter responded thus:

"Young man, I advise you never again to speak in this manner of that young lady, or any other. You know nothing about her, and you have no business to retail the slanders of others. And even were what you say true, it would be wrong to give it currency, for you can never know the motives which prompt her action, and the terrible temptations to which the fallen one was subjected. Charity should prompt you to be silent and not extend reports calculated to injure the reputation of any one, whether founded on truth or not. Many a sensitive young woman, as pure as an angel previously, has been utterly ruined by such vile insinuations. You have sisters and they have to travel occasionally from place to place alone. How would you like to have any other young man speak of one of them as you have just now spoken of this young lady? You would think it outrageous, would you not?"

"Of course," responded this defamer of another young lady, doubtless as pure as his own sisters.

"Well, then," responded the gentleman, "I did hear, no longer than yesterday, a man speaking of your sisters in precisely the same style that you used toward this innocent young woman. I rebuked him as I now have you, because I knew it was an outrageous slander."

"Yes," responded another gentleman standing by, "and I heard a certain man speaking in the most disparaging terms of you also but a day or two ago."

"You see, then," responded the first gentleman, "that neither your sisters nor yourself are free from the shafts of slander. For God's sake, then, never be guilty of speaking again as you did just now."

This was a severe yet a merited and appropriate rebuke; and the young man went away, we trust, determined never more to deal in slanderous reports in regard to any person, and especially a young lady whose sensitive nature would be so cruelly affected thereby.

THE OLD MAN.—There is no more sad and touching picture than the weary old form, as it sits and ponders upon the days that are past and gone, never more to return. We instinctively revere "the old

folks at home"—our grandfather and grandmother, and we commend to the young and giddy the very good advice given below :

"Bow low the head, boy; reverence the old man. Once like you, the vicissitudes of time have silvered his hair and changed the round, merry face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with aspirations equal to any that you ever felt; aspirations crushed by disappointment, as perhaps yours are destined to be. Once that form stalked boldly through the gay scenes of pleasures, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time has warped that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once, at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain—now wishing to accomplish equal to a book of fame, anon, imagining, like a dream, that he then awoke for the better. But he has lived the dream very near through. The time to awaken is at hand, yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. But bow the head, boy, as you would in your old age be revered."

A GEM.—The following little paragraph, which a friend hands us, contains a whole volume of truth and suggestion, and if well studied and acted upon, would prevent much unhappiness in this world, and prove a most effectual remedy for much that now exists :

It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy if men and women would only think so. Happiness is only another name for love; for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for a close companion. Where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window;" and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love; for unquestionably, the reverse of the axiom quoted is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love, true love, is more than ever inclined to tarry and do battle with the enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings, search in their own hearts for the true cause. A few kind words, or a little forbearance, will often open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

ALWAYS READY.—A lady once asked Mr. Wesley, "Supposing that you knew that you would die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?"

"How, madam?" he replied; "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach in the evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

The proper method of preparation for death is a life of faith in Christ, and a hearty and faithful discharge of every duty. Persons so living can not be taken unawares; they have living grace, and they will have dying grace whenever they shall need it.

"As thy day, so shall thy strength be." They have strength in life to live to God, and in death to die in him.

"Blessed is that servant whom when his Lord cometh he shall find so doing." Matt. xxiv, 46.—*British Workman*.

"ONLY A TRIFLE."—Precisely; but of seeming trifles—of atoms—the universe is made. God has dealt with little things, but with nothing has he trifled. We may hold an hour as a trifling possession; yet in every hour thousands of human beings are born and die. The great face of nature takes on some change with every second of time. Not a bud bursts, but there is an appointment for its odor. Not a dew-drop but has its mission. Not a leaf falls but to enrich some space of earth. By almost invisible degrees the fens and marshes are lifted by vegetation into habitable soil. The mountain is but an aggregate of motes; and the mightiest oak, stalwart upon the hills, and defiant of the lightning and the storm, was once but a tiny acorn. Only a trifle! Trifles are often the seeds of weightiest events—beginning of the grandest ends—steps forward to the most momentous conclusions. If a single vote has made a governor, so has an unintended slight of an ambassador kindled a furious war. It is the first small yielding to temptation that peoples prisons and feeds the gallows. Trifles are indications, even as straws are weathervanes. They compel inferences as to habit and character. The cruel child points forward to the cruel, bad man. It is about trifles that we should be careful. He who is true in little things will seldom be false in great ones.

DARK HOURS.—There are dark hours that make the history of the brightest years. For not a whole month in any of the thousand of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliantly all the time. And there have been cold and stormy days in every year. And yet the mists and shadows of the darkest hours were dissipated, and flitted heedlessly away. The cruellest of the ice fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm loses its power to alarm. What a parable is all this of human fear, of our inside world, where the heart works at its destined labor! Here, too, we have the overshadowing of dark hours, and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only by darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and best development and illustration; then it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory, and the storm bears it rapidly to its destiny. Despair not, then, disappointment will be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one; but only be honest and struggle on, and it will all work well.

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Place a young lady under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman,

and she, unconsciously to herself, grows to a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straightforward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes, and action always impress them. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, not by stern example alone, but in the thousand other ways that speak through bright scenes, soft utterance, and pretty pictures, so will they grow. Teach your children to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers, encourage them to put in shape the hanging baskets, allow them to have their favorite trees, lead them to wander in the prettiest wood-lots, show them where they can best view the sunset, rouse them in the morning, not with the stern "time to work," but with the enthusiastic "see the beautiful sunrise;" buy for them pretty pictures and encourage them to decorate their rooms, each in his or her childish way. The instinct is in them. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege and they will make your homes beautiful.

LIFE.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and light; to pace around in the mill of habits and turn the mill of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper and thought an implement of trade; this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence—the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tear which freshens the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in being.—*Chalmers.*

RICHES OF THE GOSPEL.—When I go to the house of God, I do not want amusement. I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear of the remedy against the harassing of my guilt, and the disorder of my affections. I want to be led from weariness and disappointment to that goodness which filleth the hungry soul. I want to have light upon the mystery of Providence; to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right; how I shall be prepared for duty and for trial; how I may pass the time of my sojourning here in fear, and close it in peace. Tell me of that Lord Jesus, "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." Tell me of his "intercession for the transgressors," as their "Advocate with the Father." Tell me of his Holy Spirit, whom they that believe on him receive, to be their preserver, sanctifier, comforter. Tell me of his chastenings, their necessity, their use. Tell me of his presence, and sympathy, and love. Tell me of the virtues, as growing out of his cross, and nurtured by his grace. Tell me of the glory reflected on his name by the obedience of faith. Tell

me of vanquished death, of the purified grave, of a blessed resurrection, of the life everlasting, and my bosom warms. This is Gospel; these are glad tidings to me as a sufferer, because glad to me as a sinner.—*Dr. John M. Mason.*

THE CHEERFUL HEART.—It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpet floor, the cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. These elegancies gild the apartments, but they reach not the heart. It is neatness, order, and a cheerful heart which make home that sweet paradise it is so often found to be. There is joy as real, as heart-felt by the cottage fireside, as in the most splendid saloons of wealth and refinement. The luxuries and elegancies of life are not to be despised. They are to be received with gratitude. But their possession does not insure happiness. The source of true joys is not so shallow. The cheerful heart, like the kaleidoscope, causes most discordant materials to arrange themselves in harmony and beauty.

"SOMETIME."—It is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds do when the Summer morning comes out of darkness, and day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future which we call "sometime." Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other. But O, reader, be of good cheer, for all the good there is a golden "sometime;" when the hills and valleys of time are all passed; when the wear and fever, the disappointment and sorrow of life are over, then there is the place and the rest appointed of God. O, homestead, over whose roof fall no shadows or even clouds; and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm-trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow or pain, nor the sound of weeping "sometime."—*Prentice.*

THE MOTHER.—It has been truly said, "The first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his heart's difficulty is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation in the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office."

TOO LATE.—O, if there were a free market for salvation proclaimed in the day when the trumpet of God shall awaken the dead, how many buyers would there be then!

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

CYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE. *Prepared by Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D., and James Strong, S. T. D. Volume III. E, F, G. Large 8vo. Pp. 1048. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

Alas! one of the chief co-laborers of this great work will labor upon it no more. The great and noble M'Clintock "rests from his labors." We rejoice in the assurance that with reference to this great literary enterprise, as well as in other spheres, "his works will still follow him." His able co-laborer, Dr. Strong, still lives, and we trust it may please God to spare his life to see at least the completion of this work. A large share of the Cyclopaedia, the department of Biblical literature, has been all along exclusively in the charge of Dr. Strong.

There will be, therefore, no change or delay in this department. The chief labor also of Dr. M'Clintock's department was completed before his death, needing only revision as the work passes through the press. The greater part of the articles, prepared by other contributors, are already complete, nearly up to the end of the alphabet. Notwithstanding, then, the sudden decease of Dr. M'Clintock, this great work of American Christian scholarship is to go on rapidly to its completion.

The present volume carries the articles through the letter G, and just at the close of the volume we see an evidence of the fullness and contemporary character of the Cyclopaedia, in the appendage of a sketch of the venerable Charles Elliott, whose death occurred after the pages in which the article would have been in place were stereotyped. We need not commend this great work to our readers. It is perfect of its kind, and ought to have a place at least in every preacher's library.

THE JEWS AND THE ISRAELITES: *Their Religion, Philosophy, Traditions, and Literature, in Connection with their Past and Present Condition, and their Future Prospects.* By Rev. C. Freshman, D. D. 8vo. Pp. 456. Toronto: A. Dredge & Co. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

We can not in a brief notice do better justice to this very interesting and valuable volume than by quoting for our readers a part of the appreciative prefatory note of Rev. G. R. Sanderson:

"Ha-Jehudim and Mikveh Israel supplies a want long felt by the student of this wonderful people. Many ponderous tomes are sometimes searched in vain for a single fact or circumstance relative to the Jew or Judaism. Here, within a reasonable compass, is brought together a mass of information such as many volumes would be sifted in vain to furnish. Unquestionably, many learned and devoted men have

written on the subject, and yet have failed to accomplish all that the present volume has achieved. For such a work the learned and accomplished author has enjoyed special qualifications. Satisfactorily and successfully has he performed it. Himself for many years a devoted Jew, a distinguished Rabbi, a profound scholar, a tireless student to this hour, Dr. Freshman possessed abilities, qualities, and faculties for the work undertaken, such as few men, in any land, could claim.

"And it is surprising how much is crowded into a volume of less than five hundred pages! *Every thing*, apparently, relating to the Jewish people, their manners, customs, religion, language, literature, practices, belief, temple, money, schools, chirurgery, lost tribes, Rabbies, traditions, is given in the volume, so that to the reader the marvel is, how so much is found within so small a compass. To the theological student, whether old or young, but especially to the latter, this volume will be a priceless treasure. No such student can afford to be without it. No minister's library will be complete if Ha-Jehudim be not there. The lover of Jewish literature will find the following pages a mine of gold to him. Not a mine where now and then a little gold may be found, and that after much labor, but gold all through the mine, and inviting acceptance. The devout Christian will, as he reads, be constantly reminded of the purity and goodness, the truth and justice of his Heavenly Father. His sympathies for the Jew and for humanity will grow stronger, and his love for his God will grow warmer as he reads Ha-Jehudim and Mikveh Israel."

THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON; *or, Across the Continent of South America.* By James Orton, M. A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, etc. 8vo. Pp. 356. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

This is a valuable and intensely interesting volume on a region of our own continent really less known and understood than Central Africa. It is the result of a scientific expedition to the equatorial Andes and the River Amazon, made under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute. After crossing the Isthmus of Panama and touching at Païta, Peru, the route was from Guayaquil to Quito, over the Eastern Cordillera; thence over the Western Cordillera, and through the forest on foot to Napo; down the Rio Napo by canoe to Pebas, on the Marañon, and thence by steamer to Para. "On the Andes of Ecuador we have but little besides the travels of Humboldt; on the Napo, nothing; while the Marañon is less known to North Americans than the Nile." The volume is, therefore, fresh and interesting, presenting a picture of the physical aspects, the resources, and the

inhabitants of this vast country, which is destined to become an important field for commercial enterprise. It is accompanied by a new map of Equatorial America, and contains numerous illustrations.

THE LIFE OF BISMARCK, PRIVATE AND POLITICAL, with Descriptive Notes of his Ancestry. By John George Louis Hesehiel. Translated and Edited by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F. S. A., F. A. S. L. With Upward of One Hundred Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 491. \$3. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Count Bismarck's career is as interesting and remarkable as a romance. His personal life is indeed a story, while his influence as a politician and statesman has been greater than that of almost any other man of his day upon the destinies of Prussia, and indeed of all Europe. Our readers will find in our February and March numbers of the current year a fine review of this work in the original German from the pen of Dr. Hurst, and specimens of its illustrations. The translation and editing are excellently done.

THE PASSION WEEK. By Rev. William Hanna, D. D., LL. D. 12mo. Pp. 344. \$1.50. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

This is the fourth volume of Dr. Hanna's Life of our Lord, embracing the incidents of the last week of our Lord's life preceding his crucifixion. We have already noticed the series. It is popular in style, learned without display, accurate without an array of proofs, and every-where breathes a devout and worshipful spirit.

TOPICS FOR TEACHERS: A Manual for Ministers, Bible-Class Leaders, and Sunday-School Teachers. By James Couper Gray. Vol. II. Art—Religion. 12mo. Pp. 303. New York: Carlton & Lanhahn. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

We noticed a few months ago the first volume of this work; that contained topics referring more directly to man in his individual character and relations; this one to human life in domestic, social, civil, and industrial relations, to art and to religion. The work is unique in its character and arrangement, and very valuable and suggestive to those for whom it is intended.

HOME INFLUENCE: A Tale for Mothers and Daughters. 12mo. Pp. 386. \$1.

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE. A Sequel to Home Influence. 12mo. Pp. 499. \$1.

THE VALE OF CEDARS; or, the Martyr. 12mo. Pp. 256. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co. R. Clarke & Co.

These are three volumes of a new edition of the writings of Grace Aguilar, issued in very beautiful style and of remarkable cheapness. Grace Aguilar was a writer of great beauty and power. Mrs. Hall says of her, "She wrote and spoke as one inspired; she condensed and spiritualized, and all her thoughts

and feelings were steeped in the essence of celestial love and truth. To those who really know Grace Aguilar, all eulogium falls short of her deserts, and she has left a blank in her particular walk of literature, which we never expect to see filled up." "Home Influence" is a charming story, and to it "The Mother's Recompense" forms a fitting close. The results of maternal care are fully developed, its rich rewards are set forth, and its lessons and moral are powerfully enforced. "The Vale of Cedars" contains a fascinating story from the period of the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella. The tale turns on the extraordinary extent to which concealed Judaism had gained footing at that period in Spain. It is marked by much power of description, and by a woman's delicacy of touch. The books are pure and good, and vastly preferable to most of the recent books of fiction.

THE CROSS. A Poem. By Robert Wharton Landis, Professor in Danville Theological Seminary. 8vo. Pp. 462. New York and Cincinnati: C. F. Vent.

An ambitious poem, apparently an attempt to complete Milton's unfinished Paradise Regained in the Miltonic style and measure. The author is a better logician and prose writer than poet. We doubt if the "Cross" will gain much honor by this tribute of praise. It may, however, find a class of readers to whom it will be good and wholesome food; we confess that it is not to our liking. The publisher has done his part of the book well.

FLOWERS AND FOSSILS, AND OTHER POEMS. By John K. Stayman, Professor of Ancient Languages and Classical Literature in Dickinson College. 12mo. Pp. 322. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

We doubt if Professor Stayman is any more a born-poet than Professor Landis. We are sure nature has endowed them both with stronger powers in other directions. We greatly prefer Professor Landis's "Immortality of the Soul," to his "Cross," and know Professor Stayman is more at home in ancient and classic lore than when dallying with the modern muses. Nevertheless "Flowers and Fossils" contains some very beautiful, liquid, smooth poems, and some of pathetic and tender sentiment.

MEMOIR OF REV. JOHN SCUDDER, M. D., Thirty-Six Years a Missionary in India. By Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 307. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

An excellent memoir of a very devoted and successful missionary. Dr. Scudder's labors were spread over an immense territory. Like the apostle Paul, he was ever in motion, a great missionary evangelist, penetrating the interior of heathendom, and preaching the Gospel to princes and to the people. The memoir mainly consists of letters and extracts from the journals of Dr. Scudder and of his admirable wife. Their toils, their sacrifices, their privileges are thus brought before the reader in the most simple and heart-touching manner. And while thankful

for the precious instruction he has received, the reader will doubtless often lift up eyes in tears of gratitude and joy for the abundant success with which God was pleased to crown the efforts of this beloved and faithful missionary of the Cross. And will not many such renew their dedication with fresh zeal to Him who loved them and died for them? It is not too much to hope that not a few of such will be constrained by these lovely, attractive examples of usefulness and blessedness, to give themselves also to this great work of Christ.

POPULAR LIBRARY OF HISTORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Four Volumes in a Box. 16mo. Pp. 254, 262, 225, 152. \$4.50. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Four excellent books of history written in an attractive style for young people, without doing violence to truthfulness. Just such books as boys and girls should read. The volumes are "Stories of Old England," "History of the Crusades," "The Hero of Brittany," and "Count Ulrich of Lindburg." We do not see how any youth of ordinary intelligence can fail to find both amusement and information in these books. Let them find their way into all our families and Sabbath-schools.

OUT IN THE WORLD; or, A Selfish Life. By Helen Josephine Wolfe. 16mo. Pp. 288. \$1.50. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

A very interesting and instructive story, full of good lessons, and written in excellent style. It portrays the life of a selfish girl, and the miseries and regrets which such a life entails, with graphic power. By the side of this selfishness runs the portraiture of a noble, self-sacrificing girl. The volume belongs to the class of pure reading, attractive and instructive, which our publishers are endeavoring to furnish to our young people, instead of the trashy, worthless, exciting, and debauching fiction which is waylaid our youth on every hand. We can heartily commend the book as interesting and wholesome.

MARION AND JESSIE; or, Children's Influence. By the Author of "Agnes Morton," "Honor Bright," etc. Small 16mo. Pp. 210. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

This is a charming little volume for still younger readers. Marion is a sweet, good girl, and manifests how much good such a girl can do by her quiet influence, and her little acts of kindness and gentleness. Let all our young readers get it and read it.

THE ADVENTURES OF CALEB WILLIAMS. By William Godwin, Esq. 16mo. Paper, 37 cts. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Godwin's imagination was not so rich as his logical acumen; and yet he has produced in this story one of the best novels in the English language. With school-girls and sentimentalists it has never been popular; but with readers whose tastes are severe and whose judgment is exact, it will still live

when the multitudinous volumes of modern fiction are forgotten.

THE CONVENT; A Narrative Founded on Fact. By R. M'Crindell, Author of "The School-Girl in France." 18mo. Pp. 317. 90 cts. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

The writer of this little volume closed her life with its completion. She wrote in pain and suffering, finished it, and went home to God. She was a faithful follower of Jesus, and most anxious were her desires to benefit the rising race, and to set before them, in all their soul-destroyer's power, the doctrines of Popery. Having passed several years of her life in Roman Catholic countries, and witnessed much of its persecuting spirit, she was well prepared to show the system practiced to deceive the simple minded. The outline of the narrative contained in this volume is founded on fact. The substance is true, but woven together by such circumstances as her imagination suggested as likely to occur to persons situated as were the novices.

SAMBO'S LEGACY, AND OTHER NARRATIVES. By Rev. P. B. Power, Author of the "I Wills of the Psalms." 18mo. Pp. 202. 75 cts. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

Contains three stories, "Sambo's Legacy," "Born With a Silver Spoon in his Mouth," and "It only Wants Turning Round."

WONDER STORIES TOLD FOR CHILDREN. By Hans Christian Andersen. 12mo. Pp. 555. \$2.50. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mechanically this is a very beautiful book. It is copiously illustrated by Pedersen and M. L. Stone. Hans Christian Andersen is sufficiently well known as a writer both for adults and children. With many he is a great favorite. We admire him as a writer for his style, his imagination, his easy and simple power of expression, and a certain naïve grace in telling a story. We do not admire as a general thing his stories for children. They deal so largely in the element of wonder, in those unreal and impossible spheres of supernatural and superhuman events, which, while they may be well enough for children to dream about once in awhile, are not wholesome to dwell in. The present volume is made up of a large number of such stories and tales.

IN PAPER.

Romanism: Its General Decline, and its Present Condition and Prospects in the United States. By Hiram Mattison, D. D. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. The late Dr. Mattison was thoroughly learned in all things pertaining to Romanism, and the present pamphlet of some ninety pages is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the actual condition of the Papal Church. By the words "General Decline" the writer means the general loss of power and authority, and even a decline in numbers as far as Europe is con-

cerned, but nevertheless having a rapid numerical growth in the United States.

A Lecture on the Origin, Spirit, and Success of Methodism. By Rev. Evan Stevenson. A lecture of considerable point and power drawn forth by a discussion on Campbellism.

Medora Leigh. By Charles Mackay. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 8vo. Pp. 63. This is partly a history and partly an autobiography, with an introduction and a commentary on the charges brought against Lord Byron by Mrs. Stowe.

The Mastery Series Manual for Learning Spanish. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Red as a Rose is She. By the Author of "Cometh Up as a Flower." 8vo. Pp. 225. 60 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Hirell. By the Author of "Abel Drake's Wife." 8vo. Pp. 157. 50 cts.

Debenham's Vow. By Amelia B. Edwards. 8vo. Pp. 178. 75 cts.

Tom Brown's School Days. New Edition. 8vo. Pp. 135. 50 cts.

Beneath the Wheels. A Romance. By the Author of "Olive Varcoe," etc. 8vo. Pp. 173. 50 cts.

The Rule of the Monk; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century. By General Garibaldi. 8vo. Pp. 105. 50 cents.

The last five volumes are from the press of Harper & Brothers, and for sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

The Woman of Business; or, the Lady and the Lawyer. By Marmion Savage. 8vo. Pp. 233. 75 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOD'S LAWS VERSUS MAN'S LAWS.—Society is of God; man is made for it; human history depends upon it; it is God's great school of education and discipline by which mortals are developed for immortality. Like all the works of God, it has its great fundamental laws and principles, which are as permanent and controlling as the laws of material nature. Unlike material nature society is free; it may transgress the great laws and principles upon which it is itself constructed; it may even enact statutes, and declare principles which are in antagonism with the laws which God has incorporated into its very life. Still it has no power to repeal or change God's laws; if it infringes them it must take the consequences, and these consequences are often fearful in their magnitude and destructiveness. If the laws and customs of social life run counter to the laws of human life and health which God has made, disease and death invade society. If society defies or disregards the great laws of social order which God has established, social disorder, or anarchy, or even dissolution must ensue.

We are in an age full of experiments in social life—an age ceaselessly crying for novelty, tired of old customs and laws, even such as have been well tried and have proved their value. Some of these novelties are good; some of these experiments are leading to progress and to the bettering of society; some of them are full of danger; some are already giving evidence that they are full of evil and only evil. Among these last are the reckless tampering with the laws and constitution of marriage; the studied efforts in many directions to destroy in society the sense of its sacredness, and the strength of its obligations; the multiplication of the causes for divorce and separation; and, coming from these

influences, a wide-spread demoralized sentiment which looks upon marriage in the old form as a burden and a wrong, and demanding that it shall henceforth be considered only a social compact, a temporary agreement to be annulled at the pleasure of the parties.

Yet, marriage is of God; not only by appointment, but by creation. What true marriage is God has not only declared, but made. Its great underlying laws and principles are his. The human need that demands it is of his creation; the love that yearns for it is born of him; the joy, the sorrow, the hopes, the toils, the anxieties that sanctify it are of his appointment; the elements of its happiness are of his ordaining; the things that shall mar and destroy it are declared by him. It is a divine constitution. Society may ignore his laws, may defy his appointments, may enact its own statutes contrary to his, but his laws rule, nevertheless, and the infringement of them soon manifests itself in terrible results.

Within the past few months the public has been startled by several terrible cases violently thrust upon its attention, in which outraged men and women, or at least such as thought themselves outraged, took the law into their own hands and became murderers. Of three cases of women who murdered their seducers, and of three cases of men who murdered their wives' paramours, just now in our mind, and all occurring within a very short period, not one was condemned by trial or punished in any way whatever. Nor would the perpetrators be condemned to any punishment, if as many more similar tragedies were enacted in as many months. The fact is, American juries will not find guilty of murder the woman who shoots her seducer, or the man who slays the betrayer of his wife. We are not approving this state of things, but stating a fact. In the recent long-con-

tinued trial of M'Farland, which every body looked upon as a mere legal farce, every body was perfectly satisfied from the beginning that M'Farland would be acquitted. The plea of insanity impressed nobody; the argument for the justifiableness of the crime amounted to nothing; yet every body expected the acquittal of the prisoner. Why? Because such is our social demoralization. On the one hand is the inadequate provision by law for the punishment of the seducer; on the other, the growing looseness in some quarters on the marriage relation that admitted of one man's making a proposal of marriage to another man's wife, and the ease with which a convenient divorce could be had to accommodate the new love, and the readiness even of Christian ministers to consecrate the new marriage, while behind all these conditions still lives in the profound sentiment of the human heart the sacredness of virtue and the inviolability of marriage.

Such rights as society does not protect for the individual, the individual will protect for himself; and among the most tender, holy, and powerful of rights to the individual are the rights of love, which unfortunately are least of all protected. Let certain parties laugh at and belittle these rights as they may, and legislators neglect them as they do, still they are the dearest and the mightiest of the human heart, and when outraged will arise and assert themselves with terrible power and with fatal results. And when the outraged woman turns in her fury and slays her villainous seducer, or the outraged husband rises in his frenzy and takes the life of the destroyer of his family, a jury will not find either guilty of murder.

We are not attempting to justify the homicide of M'Farland, and certainly have no palliation for the conduct of Richardson and Mrs. M'Farland; we are only endeavoring to understand that state of society which produces and admits of these fearful tragedies. With M'Farland as a man the public has but little sympathy; he was a bad husband, at least an imprudent one, and probably sometimes violent and abusive. And yet his wife loved him and married him, and we can see no possible theory of the case, either as it appeared before the court, or has developed itself through the newspaper contest of the husband and the wife, except that the fatal first link in the drama was the springing up of a mutual love between Mrs. M'Farland and Richardson. The estrangement which led to their separation arose after Mrs. M'Farland made this new acquaintance, and came under the influence of Mrs. Calhoun and the Sinclairs. Mrs. M'Farland became alienated from those feelings that denote the wife, promptly accepted the sympathy and at length the proposal of marriage of another man. Then came the inevitable "Indiana divorce," to separate the husband and wife, a division of the children, the attentions of the new lover, the approaching wedding, the frenzied husband, and the murder. Still the great public has but little sympathy with M'Farland himself. He was not the right kind of husband to attract this sympathy. It is his case that attracts the attention and awakens so much serious concern. It is the cause of marriage

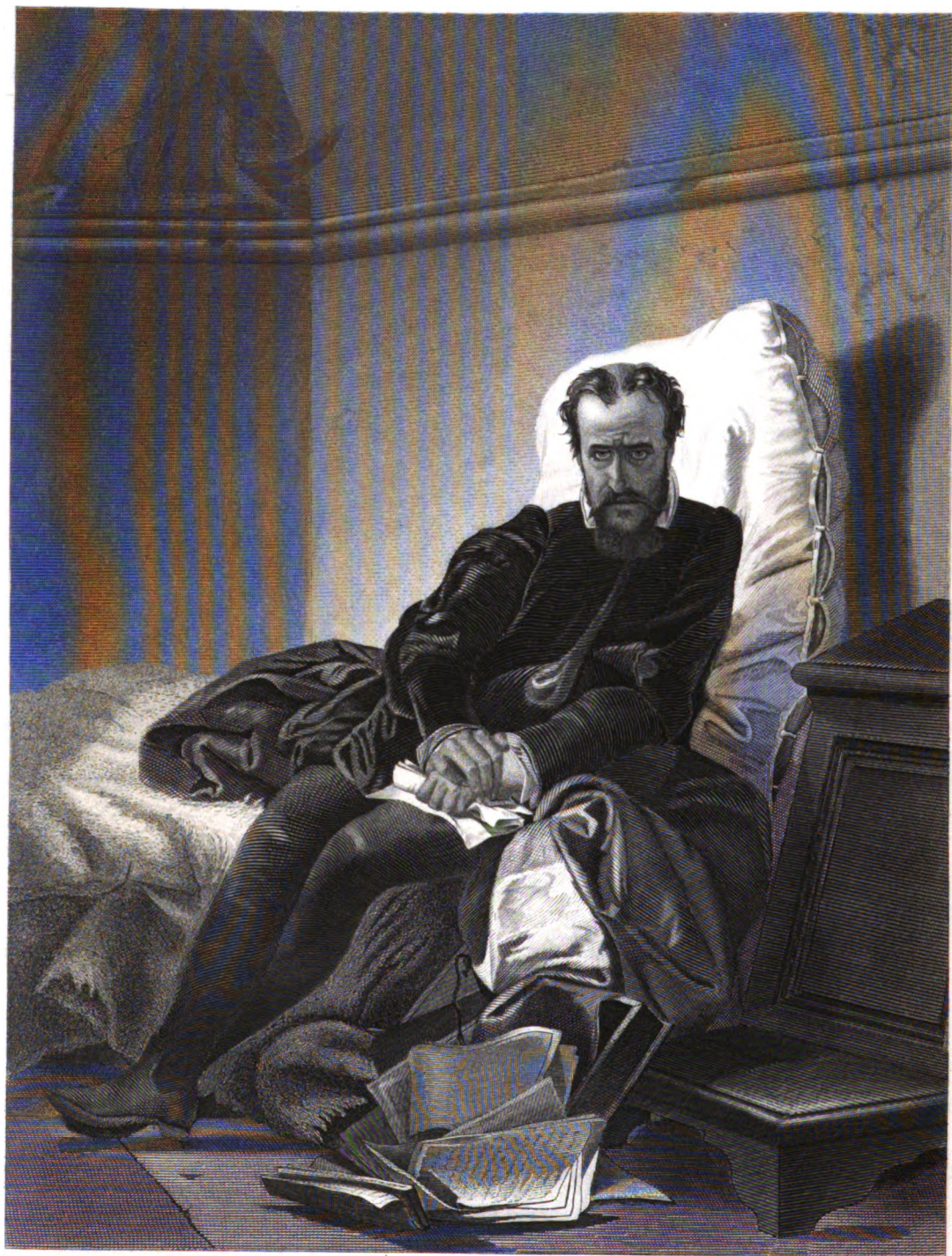
that interests the public. His marital rights were grossly interfered with. The loose laws came to the prompt help of the destroyer of his home. Society failed to protect his domestic rights; it provided no punishment for the terrible wrong committed against him, and through him against the grave principles involved. He avenged his own wrongs, and the jury said he was not guilty of murder.

It is a deplorable state of society; society itself has had much to do in the production of the terrible tragedy. Its beginning was with the disregard of the sacred obligations which belong to the marital state. We may pity Mrs. M'Farland, but it is impossible to justify her upon any grounds that would not destroy all marriage obligations and domestic peace. She unfortunately lived in a social atmosphere which betrayed her, in the midst of the new and dangerous ideas prevalent on the subjects of marriage and divorce, which are at war with the morality of the Bible, and shocking to the better sentiments of the virtuous people of the country.

The remedy for these fearful dramas lies in better laws; better sentiments among the people; a return to a recognition of God's great laws of the marriage state; a better protection of its rights by laws and penalties; a more certain and heavier punishment of the vile seducer, and the protest of all good men and women against the poisonous principles and customs which are rife in our social life. M'Farland moves forth an acquitted murderer; his wife bears the anguish of a heart too easily attracted by blandishments that awakened an illicit love; her paramour has gone to his eternal reward; a fearful history for much of which society is itself responsible.

EPISCOPAL PLAN.—The Bishops have readjusted the plan of the Fall Conferences, and it is as follows:

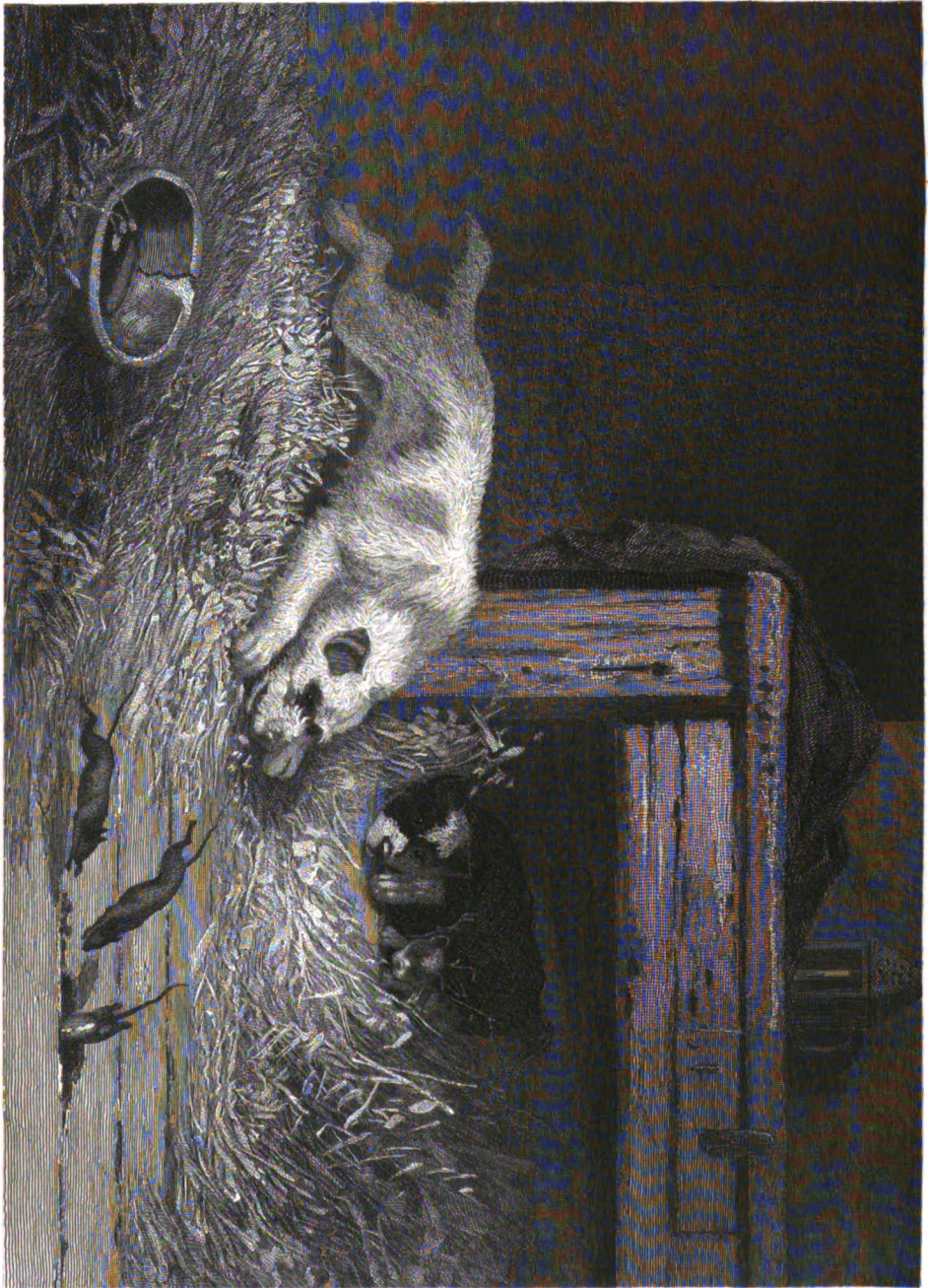
CONFERENCES.	PLACE.	TIME.	BISHOP.
Germany and Switz.	Carlsruhe.....	June 23	Simpson.
Colorado.....	Pueblo.....	June 23	Ames.
Delaware.....	Cambridge, Md.....	July 21	Scott.
Nevada.....	Virginia City.....	July 21	Ames.
East Genesee.....	Elmira, N. Y.....	Aug. 24	Simpson.
Detroit.....	Fentonville.....	Aug. 24	Clark.
Cincinnati.....	Piqua.....	Aug. 24	Janes.
Oregon.....	Vancouver, W. T.....	Aug. 25	Ames.
North Ohio.....	Ashland.....	Aug. 31	Scott.
Des Moines.....	Montana.....	Aug. 31	Janes.
Michigan.....	Cold Water.....	Aug. 31	Clark.
Indiana.....	Bloomington.....	Aug. 31	Simpson.
S. E. Indiana.....	Brookville.....	Sept. 7	Scott.
Upper Iowa.....	Cedar Falls.....	Sept. 7	Janes.
Central Ohio.....	Toledo.....	Sept. 7	Clark.
N. W. Indiana.....	Terre Haute.....	Sept. 7	Simpson.
Cent. German.....	Louisville, Ky.....	Sept. 14	Scott.
California.....	Stockton.....	Sept. 14	Ames.
Erie.....	Cleveland, O.....	Sept. 14	Clark.
S. Illinois.....	Lebanon.....	Sept. 14	Simpson.
Cent. Illinois.....	Pekin.....	Sept. 14	Janes.
Tennessee.....	Nashville.....	Sept. 21	Scott.
Illinois.....	Shelbyville.....	Sept. 21	Simpson.
N. W. German.....	Chicago.....	Sept. 22	Clark.
Iowa.....	Albia.....	Sept. 28	Ames.
Holston.....	Knoxville, Tenn.....	Sept. 28	Scott.
W. Wisconsin.....	Lacrosse.....	Sept. 28	Clark.
S. W. German.....	St. Charles, Mo.....	Sept. 28	Simpson.
Georgia.....	Atlanta.....	Oct. 5	Scott.
Minnesota.....	Owatonna.....	Oct. 5	Clark.
Genesee.....	Warsaw, N. Y.....	Oct. 6	Simpson.
Ohio.....	Logan.....	Oct. 6	Ames.
Rock River.....	Edwardsville, Cle.....	Oct. 6	Janes.
Alabama.....	burne county.....	Oct. 12	Scott.
Wisconsin.....	Janesville.....	Oct. 12	Clark.



WATTS'S INVENTION







THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1870.

AUGUST.

TASSO.

THE life of Tasso, whose misfortunes were only equaled by his genius, his love, madness, and imprisonment, constitute one of the most interesting and pathetic chapters of literary biography. Born under a southern sky, of an ancient and noble family, inheriting a highly poetic temperament from his father, Bernardo Tasso, who was a poet before him, at a time when children usually amuse themselves with nursery rhymes and fairy tales, he was gravely immersed in the severer pursuits of science and philosophy. Reading the Latin and Greek classics at ten, his scientific studies completed at fifteen, at seventeen he received university honors in the four departments of ecclesiastical and civil law, theology, and philosophy, had completed one epic poem, and already conceived another, which has rendered his name illustrious for all coming time. With the Rinaldo published and applauded, the Jerusalem planned and impatiently expected, flattered and caressed by his courtly admirers, enjoying the intimate friendship of princes, patronized by grand dukes and cardinals, and welcomed at foreign courts and universities with distinguished consideration, never did life, so bountiful of promise, develop more sad and melancholy fulfillment.

Smitten with a hopeless passion for a noble lady whom he has immortalized in song, but could not wed—betrayed into indiscretions which incurred the displeasure of his noble patron—then terrified at the consequences of his rashness and imprudence, he betrays symptoms of mental derangement—is arrested and confined in a mad-house, where, neglected and deserted by his former friends and admirers, assailed by unjust criticism—harrowed with religious doubts and conscientious scruples, which the grand

inquisitor himself could neither satisfy nor remove—unable to protect his rights, as pirated editions of his masterly work followed each other in rapid succession—persecuted, calumniated, and accused—at length stung to madness by the diatribes of critics, the hatred of rivals, and the rancor of enemies—his real troubles magnified by a disordered imagination, and imaginary ones transformed into real—he languished in a hospital, while petty poetasters and unprincipled publishers robbed him of his well-earned laurels, or grew rich upon the fruits of his wearisome toil.

Twice he escaped from the custody of his ducal gaoler, then, penniless, unattended, without even a passport, without even his manuscripts, he, whom a brigand chieftain once released without a ransom, as he kissed the hand that penned the Jerusalem, wanders about from city to city, in a state of mental excitement and distraction bordering on insanity, seeking in vain for shelter and protection from the various courts that once had delighted to do him honors. Then, as if laboring under some fatal spell, he seeks the second time to be reconciled to his former unfeeling patron only to be remanded to his gloomy prison-house,

"So doth the shipwreck'd mariner at last,
Cling to the rock whereon his vessel struck."

Finally, set at liberty after seven years of cruel imprisonment, notwithstanding the most powerful princes of Italy, and even the Pope himself had interposed to obtain his release; embittered by disappointment, broken down in health and spirits, his patrimony confiscated, his morbid melancholy now aggravated by wrongs and misfortunes into periodical paroxysms of actual madness; favored, nevertheless, with lucid intervals, in which the scintillations of his genius flashed forth from out of the

darkness and gloom that enshrouded it, like fitful gleams of lightning from the angry cloud; favored, too, with a partial return of his old prosperity when it was too late to appreciate or enjoy it, weary and faint, he at length succumbs under his accumulated ills, and dies in a monastery amid the chants and requiems of attendant monks, and, as if in cruel mockery of all his earthly hopes and ambitions, on the very day which had been appointed by the Pope for his solemn coronation in the capitol.

Such is the sad epitome of the life and death of Torquato Tasso—a life of such painful and melancholy interest that we might seek to dismiss it with this casual summary, were it not that it is so intimately interwoven with the very tissue and fiber of this immortal epic. His father, who had designed him for the law, and had sent him accordingly to the University of Padua, with a view of studying jurisprudence, attempted at first to dissuade him from poetry, which he had found by experience a perilous path. But on the appearance of the *Rinaldo* in 1561, an epic poem in twelve cantos, in which the poet celebrates the love of the hero for the beautiful Clarissa, seeing the decided bent of his genius, he ceased his opposition, and left him to his own inclination, with the conviction that he was destined to mark an era in the annals of literature.

With a view of devoting himself more exclusively to letters the poet accepted an invitation to the University of Bologna; but having been accused of the authorship of some satirical verses, which gave so much offense to the government as to lead to a seizure of his papers and a judicial examination, he returned, with a sense of wounded honor, to Padua, where he devoted himself with renewed zeal to his literary pursuits. Through the influence of Luigi, Cardinal of Este, he was invited in 1565 to the Court of Alphonso II, Duke of Ferrara, to be present at the splendid *fetes* attendant upon the nuptials of that prince with the archduchess Barbara of Austria. He was welcomed with every demonstration of friendship and respect by the duke and his two sisters, Lucretia and Leonora, whose names are invested with such melancholy interest in connection with that of the unfortunate poet.

In 1570 he accompanied the Cardinal of Este to Paris, where he was received by Charles IX and his court with the most flattering marks of distinction. On his return to Italy he renewed his literary labors under the auspices of his former patron, who, with a view of promoting the prosecution of his great epic, had conferred upon him a handsome income, and assigned

him apartments in the ducal castle. Shortly after, during a temporary absence of Alphonso at Rome, he composed the little pastoral of *Aminia*, an idyllic drama which, on the return of the duke, was represented at court with great splendor, and may be regarded as the origin of the modern opera. On his return from Rome, in 1575, whither he had gone with a view of subjecting the *Jerusalem*, which appeared during this year, to a thorough revision, Alphonso conferred upon him the vacant office of historiographer to the house of Este.

About this time there arrived at court the young and beautiful Countess Leonora Sanvitale, for whom the poet conceived an unfortunate though, from all that appears, an honorable passion, although she was already wedded to another.

"Three high-born dames it was my lot to see,
Not all alike in beauty, yet so fair,
And so akin in act, and look, and air,
That nature seemed to say, 'Sisters are we,'
I praised them all—but one of all the three
So charmed me, that I loved her, and became
Her bard, and sung my passion, and her name
Till to the stars they soared past rivalry,
Her only I adored; and if my gaze
Was turned elsewhere, it was but to admire
Of her high beauty some far-scattered rays,
And worship her in idols."

This fruitless passion, together with the appearance, about this time, of several surreptitious editions of the *Jerusalem*, so wrought upon the delicate organization of the poet that he became gloomy and melancholy, and at length betrayed symptoms of temporary insanity. Having, in a moment of passion, drawn his sword upon an attendant in the apartment of the Duchess Urbino, he was arrested and thrown into confinement, from which, however, he soon contrived to escape, when he fled as far as Sorrento, his native place, and took refuge with his sister Cornelia. Returning to Ferrara, he was reconciled to Alphonso, when he escaped the second time. After wandering about from city to city, he at length found refuge, for a time, at the court of Urbino, and subsequently at Turin, with Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy. Restless and unhappy, he determined to return again to the court of Ferrara with the hope of being received once more into favor by his former patron and protector. But he was doomed to bitter disappointment. Irritated by the coldness of his reception, he poured forth a torrent of bitter invective against Alphonso and the whole house of Este. The duke was not long in finding a pretext for confining him as a lunatic, and soon after shut him up in the hospital of Santa Anna, an act of severity which well-nigh resulted in total insanity, though it

was the occasion of some of his most touching and exquisite lyrics.

"And if thou conquerest not my fate, I fear,
Invincible Alphonso, Fate ere long
Will conquer me."

"A hell of torment is this life of mine:
My sighs are as the Furies breathing flame;
Desires around my heart like serpents twine,
A bold, fierce throng no skill or art may tame,
As the lost race to whom hope never came,
So am I now—for me all hope is o'er;
My tears are Styx, and my complaints and shame
The fires of Phlegethon but stir the more,
My voice is that of Cerberus, whose bark
Fills the abyss, and echoes frightfully
Over the stream, dull as my mind, and dark."

Or this:

"A new Ixion upon Fortune's wheel,
Whether I sink profound or rise sublime,
One never ceasing martyrdom I feel,
The same in woe, though changing all the time.
I wept above, where sunbeams sport and climb
The vines, and through their foliage sighs the breeze;
I burned and froze, languished and prayed in rhyme;
Nor could your ire, nor my own grief appease!
Now in my prison, deep and dim, have grown
My torments greater still and keener far,
As if all sharpened on the dungeon stone,
Magnanimous Alphonso! burst the bar
Changing my fate, and not my cell alone."

This severe and apparently cruel treatment, for which various reasons have been assigned, and among others the love of the poet for the Princess Leonora, has never been satisfactorily explained. Originating in anger, it was probably continued through policy. Alphonso had offended the most distinguished poet of Italy, and was unwilling that the brightest ornament of his court should withdraw to shed its luster upon another. During seven long years the unfortunate captive failed to convince his unfeeling master by the numerous works which, in the mean time, issued from his pen that, though his mind was unsteady, the vigor of his intellect was still unimpaired.

At length, on the 5th of July, 1586, at the earnest solicitation of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Alphonso's brother-in-law, he was set at liberty. He accompanied his benefactor to Mantua, where he employed his lucid intervals in composition and the revision of his poetical works. *Floridante* and *Torrismondo* may be referred to this period. The year following he visited Bergamo, an event which was the occasion of a public celebration by the entire population. Soon after he set out for Rome and Naples, between which two cities, with the exception of a short sojourn at Mantua and Florence, he passed the remainder of his short and troubled life. Meanwhile he occupied himself in the re-composition of his *Jerusalem Delivered*, changing the title to *Jerusalem Conquered*, and sup-

pressing the praises which he had formerly so lavishly bestowed upon the house of Este. He also commenced a Christian epic on the *Seven Days of Creation*.

His health was now rapidly declining, when he received from the Cardinal Cintio Aldobrandi an urgent invitation to visit Rome, with a view of being publicly crowned. He accordingly set out for that capital in November, 1594. On his arrival he was received with the most flattering consideration by the Pope, who remarked, in view of his approaching coronation, "I give you the laurel, that it may receive as much honor from you as it has conferred upon those who have had it before you."^h This intended honor was, however, deferred for a time, with a view of celebrating it with greater splendor and solemnity. The health of the poet, meanwhile, failed rapidly. As he drew near his end he was carried, at his own request, into the monastery of Saint Onafrio, where he died of a fever, on his coronation day, April 25, 1595, in the fifty-second year of his age.

Few poets of either ancient or modern times have been so happy in the selection of their subject as Tasso in the *Jerusalem Delivered*. Affording greater variety than the *Iliad*, and greater unity than the *Æneid*, it combines, in a wonderful manner, the marvels of tradition with the sobriety of history, the romance of knight errantry with the realities of Christianity, or, as the poet himself expresses it, "fictions light" with "truth divine;" a poetic rehearsal of the exploits of Christian chivalry in the liberation of the Holy City, appealing to our sympathies more forcibly than the Expedition of the Argonauts, the Siege of Troy, or the Wanderings of Ulysses; like *Paradise Lost*, it is founded upon a religious faith as enduring as the Bible, and as wide-spread as Christianity. Tasso, though pre-eminently a poet of romance and sentiment, is not simply a troubadour, singing beneath the moonlit balcony of his lady-love of the modest Erminia, or the brave Clorinda; of Rinaldo, the Christian knight, recalled to duty and honor from amid the wanton delights and inglorious ease of the enchanted gardens in the Fortunate Isles; nor yet of Paynim and Paladin, engaged in deadly encounter, with broad-sword and battle-ax, as the champions of the fair and false Armida. He is rather the high-priest of the Muses, chanting the *Te Deum Laudamus* in the ear of delighted Christendom, as the standard of the Cross supplants the Crescent upon the battlements of the Holy City, around whose sacred walls crusader and infidel had fought long and well for the possession of the Holy Sepulcher.

The Jerusalem may be regarded, then, as a lyrical paraphrase of the first Crusade, in which the poet, preserving the vigor of historic truth in the main essential facts, varies, changes, and amplifies the details, as best suited his poetic fancy. Peter the Hermit had preached, and Pope Urban proclaimed the Crusades against the Infidel, who was in possession of the Holy City. The crusaders, embracing the flower of European chivalry, had mustered upon the plains of Asia six hundred thousand footmen and two hundred thousand horsemen, who had volunteered at their own charges, resolved to conquer or die in the bold attempt to expel the Saracen. Godfrey of Buillogne was Captain-General of this magnificent host. After the successful siege of Nicæa and Antioch, and the reduction of other Asiatic cities and provinces, he continues his march, when,

"Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight."

As the joyful cry echoes along the lines, "some shouted to the sky, some knelt and prayed, some wept aloud, and some cast themselves down and kissed the earth in silence,"

"As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
Some new-found land and country to descry,
Through dang'rous seas, and under stars unknow',
Thrill to the faithless waves, and trothless sky,
If once the wished shore begin to show.
They all salute it with a joyful cry;
And each to other show the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past."

But the joyful shouts and loud acclamations of this magnificent array of mailed warriors, with their plumed casques, glittering helms, and "sun-bright shields," are soon succeeded by deep repentance and holy awe:

"Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following the ensample of their zealous guide;
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes and feathers gay
They quickly doff'd, and willing laid aside."

The Infidel chiefs make a sortie and gain a temporary advantage under the leadership of the fair and brave Clorinda:

"About her shoulder shone her golden locks,
Like sunny leaves on alabaster rocks."

And yet,

"Her looks with fire, her eyes with lightning blaze."

Satan, fearful that the Christian host may finally succeed, assembles in solemn council the peers of his infernal realm:

"About their prince each took his wonted seat,
On thrones red hot, ibuilt of burning brass;
Pluto in midst heav'n his trident great,
Of rusty iron huge that forged was;
The rocks on which the salt sea billows beat,
And Atlas tops, the clouds in height that pass,
Compared to his huge person, mole-hills be;
So his rough front, his horns so lifted be."

Throughout this description, as elsewhere, we are reminded of Milton, or, to speak more properly, Milton reminds us of Tasso. The council ended, Satan thunders his commands, and forthwith

"The earth was filled with devils, and empty hell."

Meanwhile, the fair Armida,

"Who made each knight himself and God forget,"

with a view of drawing off a portion of the besieging army, and thereby impairing its strength and efficiency, visits the camp of Godfrey, and tells the story of her fancied wrongs. By her tears, entreaties, and seductive arts, she succeeds in enlisting in her service the most powerful of the Christian knights, who vie with each other in proffering their swords to regain her lost kingdom and crown:

"Her cheeks, on which this steaming nectar fell,
'Still'd through the limbeck of her diamond eyes;
The roses white and red resembled well,
Whereon the rosy May-dew sprinkled lies,
When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,
And breatheth balm from open'd Paradise;
Thus sighed, thus mourn'd, thus wept this lovely queen,
And in each drop bathed a grace unseen."

But Armida, as false as fair, having accomplished her purpose, leads the enamored knights into her stately castle, and, having enchanted them, sends them as prisoners, bound in fetters, to her ally, the King of Egypt.

Meanwhile Solymán attacks the Christian camp by night; God sends down in aid of Godfrey the archangel Michael, who, with flaming sword and diamond shield, disperses the fiends and furies, and drives them back to their native hell. The description of Michael, as he appears in the earth, more radiant than the cloudless, noon-day sun, is suggestive of Raphael in *Paradise Lost*, who

"seems another morn
Risen on mid noon."

though Milton has doubtless improved upon the original of Tasso:

"Quando a paro col sol, ma piri lucente
L'angelo gli apparì dall'oriente."

Godfrey prepares for the final assault, when the forests, from which the Christians procure timber for their battering-rams and other warlike engines, is enchanted by Ismeno the wizard,

"So that each tree hath life, and sense each bough."

The bravest and hardiest of the Christian knights having confronted the terrors of the enchanted forest to no purpose, the besieging army, compelled to suspend warlike operations, becomes disheartened, and then demoralized and mutinous, when Godfrey is informed in a

dream that Rinaldo, who, after killing Gerinaldo, had withdrawn from the camp, must be pardoned and recalled, in order to ensure final success. Two knights are accordingly detailed for this service. They learn from a wizard that Rinaldo has been spirited away by the beautiful Armida to the Fortunate Isles. Thither they embark in a shallop, and, with a fairy damsel for a pilot, essay the dangers of the deep:

"The wondrous boat scant touch'd the troubled main."

Their fair helmsman beguiles the perilous voyage with various discourse, and thus foretells the discovery of America:

"Thy ship (Columbus) shall her canvas wing
Spread o'er that world, that yet concealed lies."

The goodly prospect of the Fortunate Isles looms up in the distance. Then follows a glowing description of the enchanted gardens of Armida, where Rinaldo is held in thrall by the wily and voluptuous queen. This magical garden,

"Fairer than that where grew the trees of gold,"
with its odorous breath, ambrosial fruits, eternal sunshine, and everlasting Spring, is a most beautiful prototype of the Garden of Eden in *Paradise Lost*:

Un' isoletta, la qual nome prende
Con le vicine sue dalla Fortuna;
Quinci ella in cima a una montagna ascende
Disabitata, e d'ombre oscura e bruna;
E per incanto a lei nevoae rende
Le spalle e i fianchi, e senza neve alcuna
Le lascia il capo verdeggianti e vago;
E vi fonda un palagio appresso un lago.

CANTO XIV, 70.

"The winds breathe spikenard, myrrh, and balm around."

"The olive fat there ever buds and flowers,
The honey-drops from hollow oaks distill,
The falling brook her silver streams down pours,
With gentle marmur from their native hill."

"Mild was the air, the skies were clear as glass,
The trees no whirlwind felt, nor tempests' smart,
But ere the fruit drop off, the blossom comes;
This springs, that falls, that ripeneth, and this blooms."

"The quiet seas below lie safe and still;
The green wood like a garland grows aloft;
Sweet caves within, cool shades and waters shrill,
Where lie the nymphs on moss and ivy soft."

"There wellet out a fair, clear, bubbling spring,
Whose waters pure the thirsty guests entice;
But in those liquors cold the secret sting
Of strange and deadly poison closed lies;
One sup thereof the drinker's heart doeth bring
To sudden joy, whence laughter vain doeth rise;
Nor that strange merriment once stops or stays
Till, with his laughter's end, he ends his days."

"The garden sweet spread forth her green to show;
The moving crystal from the fountains plays;
Fair trees, high plants, strange herbs, and flowrets new,
Sunshiny hills, dales hid from Phoebus' rays,

Groves, arbors, mossy caves at once they view;
And that which beauty most, most wonder brought
No where appear'd, the art which all this wrought."

Rinaldo, despite the tears and entreaties of the fair Armida, accompanies the two knights on their return to the Christian camp, and succeeds in dissipating the terrors of the enchanted forest. Godfrey, thereupon, procures timber for the construction of his military engines and prepares for the final assault. The soldiers receive the sacrament and then advance. After a desperate struggle, the Holy City is won. As the banner of the crimson Cross is unfurled from the battlements, the exultant shout of victory echoes from valley to hill-top:

"Earth laughs for joy, the streams forbear their haste,
Floods clap their hands, on mountains dance the pines,
And Sion's towers and sacred temples smile,
For their deliverance from that bondage vile."

In the midst of these rejoicings the multitudinous hosts of the allied Egyptian army appears upon the field, and another battle must be fought by Godfrey with his exhausted troops. Allowing themselves a single day to recruit their wasted energies,

"The godly Frenchmen on their knees down fell
To pray, and kiss'd the earth, and then up-left
To fight."

Rinaldo, who "gave more deaths than strokes," as if to atone for the inglorious past, performs prodigies of valor, his

"fury, haste, and ire
Seem'd earthquake, thunder, tempest, storm and fire."

The slaughter is terrible:

"In parts so many were the traitors cleft,
That those dead men had no dead bodies left."

"Of bodies, some upright, some groveling lay,
And for themselves eat graves out of the clay."

The field is won, the battle ended, and, with it, the Jerusalem Delivered—after the *Divina Commedia*—the pride of Italian literature, and, if not the greatest, probably the most perfect epic of modern times.

The appearance of the Jerusalem was the occasion of one of the bitterest controversies that has ever disfigured the annals of literature. It was at once compared to the Orlando; and Tasso, by not a few, was placed forthwith above Ariosto. The latter had been crowned with the laurel by the universal suffrage of the literary world, and a whole people do not surrender the objects of their idolatry without a struggle. Besides, genius is imperious, and two such divinities could not reign supreme upon the Italian Parnassus. The literary oligarchy of the *Della Crusca* fulminated its anathemas.

Their respective partisans opened fire with every missile known to literary warfare. The battle raged around the walls of Tasso's prison-house with ever increasing fury, whilst the poet, already on the verge of distraction, defended himself with dignified calmness and manly vigor, until, at length, exhausted by assaults so desperate and long-continued, he was compelled to acknowledge the violence, if not the justice of their criticisms by recasting his great epic under the title of the Jerusalem Conquered.

Tasso is the Correggio of poets. In both we note the same lightness of touch, and elaborate finish—the same symmetry of outline and harmony of coloring—the same peculiar grace in the disposition and attitudes of their figures, which, though betraying, if examined critically, a certain tone of affectation and sentimentality, are invested with a magical charm which fascinates you nevertheless. In both we find the purest type of ideal beauty—an ethereal, spiritual, almost effeminate beauty, together with the same marked prominence assigned to the principal figure—Godfrey, the hero of the poem, the “star of knighthood and flower of chivalry,” appears scarcely less divine in the grand *tableau* of Jerusalem Delivered than the infant Christ in the *La Notte* of Correggio, who, as the central light of that immortal master-piece, radiates the divinity of the God-man with an insufferable brightness, not only illuminating the darkness of the night, but dazzling the sight of the astonished spectators, whilst it transfigures and glorifies the homely scene of His humble birth.

The genius of Tasso is essentially lyrical. A poet of exquisite feeling, full of tenderness and passion, with a delicate taste, an ethereal fancy, and a masterly command of rhythm and rhyme, Nature evidently intended him for a lyrical poet. Even his great epic is characteristically lyric. “The heroic style,” says the poet himself, “should be between the simple gravity of the tragic and flowing beauty of the lyric, and superior to both in the splendor of a marvelous majesty.” Notwithstanding its general unity, the Jerusalem is fragmentary and episodic. In the absence of romantic ballads, its beautiful stanzas have furnished the Italians a series of tender and graceful odes, glowing with genuine sentiment and passion, such as once were sung by the gondoliers of the Arno and the Po, or re-echoed with such magical effect over the moonlit waters of the Venetian lagoons.*

* An Italian friend assures me that these stanzas are still recited by the improvisadores of Naples and the peasantry of the Central Apennines.

Tasso is eminently subjective. He has everywhere strongly impressed the peculiarities of his genius upon the productions of his nurse. Serious by nature, religious by conviction, and inclined to melancholy, from a sad and bitter experience, there is everywhere blended with the magical sweetness and musical enchantment of his song a pathetic undertone of pensive sadness, breathing a spirit of the most refined elegy—a mournful refrain of unrequited love or unmerited wrong—like the plaintive voice of Clorinda issuing from the living trunks of the enchanted forest. With the laurel of his poetic crown is entertained the melancholy cypress—with the sweetness and perfumes of a garden of spices there mingles the incense that rises from the censer of a broken heart.

It is perhaps a much easier, though less grateful task, to indicate an author's faults than to appreciate his beauties. Though the Jerusalem combines the most essential elements of a great epic poem, still it may be doubted whether Tasso possessed, in its broadest acceptance, the fullness, plastic power, and many-sidedness of the true epic poet. Boileau speaks with undue severity of the tinsel of Tasso, as compared with the pure gold of Virgil:

“Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile.”

That he is inferior to Virgil, to whom, among ancient poets, he may be most appropriately compared, no one will deny; and yet the distance is much less than between Ariosto and Homer.

His grace at times appears artificial—his characters somewhat ideal—commanding our respect and admiration rather than our sympathy and affection; and, what is perhaps more objectionable to modern taste, there is a tone of sentiment and gallantry, bordering on effeminacy, on the part of his heroes, which, however, could well be pardoned in an age in which the “love of God and the ladies” was the sole duty of man. The *concetti*, or conceits, so severely censured by the critics of Tasso, are, at the same time, less numerous and more venial than they would lead us to suppose. Wherever we find a superfluous member or redundant phrase it will generally be found an unwilling sacrifice to the necessities of the *ottava rima*, one of the most difficult of meters. In the Jerusalem there is, perhaps, an excess of what is usually styled the epic machinery, whilst some of the episodes, such, for example, as the Story of Olinto and Sophronia, do not spring spontaneously from the subject itself. Nevertheless, they are defects that contribute to heighten the beauty of the whole, like a mole

upon the white neck of a beautiful woman, as Goethe expresses it; and we instinctively feel that we should admire it less, if it were more faultlessly perfect than it already is.

HAIR GHOSTS.

WEARY with a long journey, confused by the uproar of a great city, with its multitude of sights and sounds, excited and exhausted by the restless atmosphere which seemed to pervade every thing, even the stones in the streets, I reached my nephew's house just at twilight. I had been tempted from my quiet country home to witness the marriage of my great niece—not that I was so very old, but early marriages had made me a grandaunt while middle-aged. I was welcomed with a warm cordiality which left me nothing to wish, and made to feel that my presence would give an added grace to the coming nuptials.

After dinner, at an hour that to my country ways would seem unseasonable for supper, I retired to my own room, and sinking into a luxurious chair, with my feet resting on the fender, in front of a glowing fire, gave myself up to a long reverie. For a coming marriage sometimes unlocks a chamber in an old maid's heart, and she looks in and sees what might have been, but what can never happen now. So deeply was I absorbed in memories of my vanished youth, that I almost started when I raised my eyes to find my niece, Emily Morgan, looking at me from the other side of the fireplace.

"I hope I have not frightened or disturbed you," said she, with easy nonchalance, drawing a low chair opposite to me and sitting down, "but I came up here to have a little quiet chat with you about the wedding, and you made such a pretty picture sitting there in the fire-light that I could not forbear looking a moment at you before I spoke. Do you know, Aunt Patty, that I think you are a very pretty, nice-looking old lady?"

I smiled, as she said this, at the assurance of the young lady thus frankly expressing her opinion of me, and thought how differently girls were brought up nowadays, and what would have been the result had I thus criticised an aunt when I was young. I had long since ceased to see any prettiness in my face when I looked in the glass, and had not been beautiful enough when a girl to retain any traces of it now, but it was pleasant to look well in young eyes, and so I said—

"I am glad to hear it, my dear—glad that

you find something that pleases you in my face."

"But, Aunt Patty, you would look so much better, so much more like other people, if you would only wear a chignon."

"A chignon!"

"Yes, a chignon; not a long curl, but a thick tress of hair to braid with your own."

"Why should I wear false hair, my dear, when I have enough of my own?" and I passed my hand over my braided locks to be sure that they were there. My hair had been one of my treasures; it was still of dull black, without a silver thread, and was braided in the same close braid in which I had always worn it.

"Not half enough for the fashion, aunt; it might have done very well ten years ago, but now it makes your head look like an apple. You need not be scrupulous about it, every body wears it, and nobody is cheated into believing that it is your own. Every body with a grain of sense knows that such a quantity of hair never grew on any human head, unless it were Samson's. Look here!" and putting up her hands to the beautiful coils of light hair that I had admired so much, she took off about half of it, and pulled out two long tresses, and laid them in her lap. "If I, a girl of nineteen, wear all this, you need not be ashamed to add a little to your braid."

"But why do you wear it?"

"For just the same reason that I wear panniers and high-heeled shoes, because every body else does, and I would rather look like them, even if they do, as grandmamma declares, look like fools. Besides, a chignon is the most economical of head-dresses—it saves ribbons, laces, and caps. You will get one, auntie; if you do, Jacqueline can make your head look so nice."

"How much will it cost?"

Emily rose and looked at me with the eyes of a connoisseur. She even pressed my braid between her hands, as if she were calculating how much hair it contained.

"Well," said she, after a pause, "your hair is black, an easier color to match than some others, but more difficult than you think, for there are many shades, from jet to rusty—five pounds, perhaps."

I opened my eyes in amazement; half of all the money which I allowed for my wardrobe for a year.

"My dear—"

"It's no use talking, aunt, you must get a good one if any; poor hair does not last long or look well; it is one of the things that shows the money. If you take good care of it, it will last a long time, and you can have it made into

a frizette, like Mrs. Rook, when you are old. We are all going to-morrow to a German Jew in Princes-street. He has received a superior lot of hair from Paris, and we are to have the first choice from it. Mamma wants some more mixed gray and brown; her hair has not kept so well as yours, and her chignon is too brown. Sophie must have a new chestnut braid, and I want a little more myself."

"Notwithstanding all that you have in your hands and on your shoulders?"

"Yes," said she, smiling, and shaking the rippling light locks over her face, looking far more lovely in their native grace than in the stiff tower of hair which she had pulled down for her illustration. "Promise to come with us—there's a good auntie. Before you have worn it a week you will think no more about it than you do about putting on a pair of gloves; they are not your skin, and yet you wear them." And she leaned over and pressed her rosy lips to mine.

What could I say? What mattered it what I thought myself, if I only pleased her?

"They have been talking about it down-stairs, and every body agreed that it would take away the old-fashioned look more than any thing else, but nobody would have dared ask you but me. You will, and you are not angry?"

How could I withstand her, and her pretty, coaxing ways?

"No, I am not angry, and I will go to-morrow, if your old aunt's hair is of such importance to you all."

"Emily," called her mother, "come down-stairs; leave Aunt Patty alone; she wishes to rest, and not to listen to such a chatter-box."

Emily crowded her hair under her net, and left me to my own musings. The carriage came to the door next morning, and Mrs. Morgan, Sophie, Emily, and myself, started on the errand so important in the eyes of all the others, and which consumed six hours before it was concluded to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned. It was with much reluctance that I followed the others as they entered the narrow door and ascended the flight of dirty stairs which led to the rooms of Messrs. Sleiden and Son, the dealers in hair.

"Aunt Patty is disgusted already," said Emily, laughing, as, pausing on the landing, she caught a glimpse of my face as I rose to her level. "You must not mind trifles, auntie, but indeed I think that we all would better have left our noses at home."

She pushed open the door, and we entered a room which had been metamorphosed into a shop by a counter and a few shelves containing

paper boxes. A most repulsive-looking man, with a hooked nose and a mouth like an ogre, came forward to Mrs. Morgan, and, bowing, asked her what she would be pleased to have. Of all the various grades and types of humanity that I had ever seen, he appeared to me to be the worst; not thin, and like the money-getting Jews of play and romance, whose avarice ate away their sensuality as the powerful acid eats away all softer substances with which it comes in contact, but gross, rubicund, and leering. Mrs. Morgan knew him, and had had dealings with him before, probably, and his appearance did not produce the same effect upon her as it did upon me, but how she could have spoken twice to him I could not understand. Had I been alone I should have turned and fled from him as a loathsome thing. But Mrs. Morgan proceeded at once to business; this choosing of hair was an important affair, and she gave her undivided attention to it.

"We wish to look at your new hair, for myself first, if you please—brown, mixed with gray," and she removed her bonnet and stood where the light fell full upon her.

"Sidonia," called he, and a young girl came from an inner room.

As I looked at her pale, sad, refined face, I wondered what hard fate had consigned her to such a master. She opened box after box, taking out long tresses, and holding them carefully by the side of Mrs. Morgan's head, tried to select the proper shade. While she did this Mr. Sleiden was about to employ himself in the same way for Sophie.

"If you will be so kind as to place the boxes with the chestnut hair on the counter," said she, drawing back from him, "I will not trouble you to do it; my sister understands perfectly the shade that will suit me."

"It shall be done as the fraulein wishes," said he, with an ugly look of his wicked eyes.

Both shades were difficult to find. The profusion of gray mixed with Mrs. Morgan's brown locks gave them a peculiar shade, beside which all other browns looked yellow or auburn, and the beautiful chestnut of Sophie seemed to grow on no other heads but her own. Mr. Sleiden watched the girls as they took up and rejected one tress after another.

"The upper row of boxes, Sidonia," said he, at last.

Her face grew a shade paler, and she took one from his hand and produced a long braid, which, laid upon Mrs. Morgan's hair, could not be told from her own. At the same time he handed Emily a long chestnut braid, glossy and shining like Sophie's.

"Now try your skill on my friend," said she, pointing to me.

The Jew looked at me critically.

"Madame's hair is iron-black," said he. "The left-hand box in the upper row," and he took from it a tress of hair of a length and thickness which drew exclamations of wonder and admiration from all.

"It is very long and heavy," said he, with a bow and a smirk, "and is just madame's color."

He was about to lay it lightly on my head, when Emily interposed.

"I will try it," said she, and, turning me round to the light, she called the others to see how exactly like it was.

Sidonia seemed to remember perfectly the tint that Emily wanted for herself, for she procured it at once, and our morning's work was finished. When we entered the carriage I drew a long breath, for the whole scene had oppressed me like an ugly nightmare.

The wedding-day dawned bright and beautiful. Under the hands of Jacqueline my head assumed an appearance which was frightful in my own eyes, but excessively becoming, my nieces assured me, as they saw the massive braid, which made my head ache with its unaccustomed weight. Their beautifully shaped heads were transformed into something as nearly resembling the hair towers of the African tribes which Monsieur Du Chaillu has portrayed as it was possible for them to become. But the girls looked lovely in their own eyes and those of their friends.

The wedding-day was at last over. The library had glittered with silver, glass, jewels, and bronze, given by the dear five hundred friends who cared little for the bride, but expected the same in return whenever they reached the altar, and were only lending their money without interest. The bride had been kissed and congratulated, the wedding-veil and shining satin had been exchanged for the brown hat and traveling dress, the guests had departed in groups, and we at last sat down to rest. The only room in the house that retained even the semblance of order was the one allotted to me, and Mrs. Morgan; Sophie, and Emily followed me there, and sat down for a last few words while the servants were arranging our apartments for the night. Every one had some little humorous incident to relate, for they were all quick-witted and observant, and amid jest and laughter the hands of the little French clock were gliding round to twelve.

At last one of those sudden silences that often follow the gayest moments fell like a hush upon us all, and not a word was spoken. I had

been leaning my head upon my hand, and saw nothing but the folds of my own dress, and my thoughts had traveled for a few seconds. The silvery chimes of the clock called them home. I looked up. Good heavens! was I dreaming, or what had befallen me? But a few moments since Emily had sat by my side. She had not moved, to my knowledge; neither had I. But as I looked for her I saw the heavy face of a young German girl, stolid and simple. She wore a short peasant dress, which showed her clumsy ankles and thick hobnailed shoes; she had in her rough, freckled hands a worn book in leather covers, and a coarse cotton handkerchief worked with blue; her long, fair hair, in massive braids hanging down her back, was tied with faded blue ribbons. Was this an optical delusion? I put out my hand and touched her. It felt flesh and blood, and I spoke. She gazed stupidly in my face, and muttered some strange gutturals, which I did not understand.

Bewildered, I turned to Sophie, but where was she? In the chair in which she was sitting was a bare-legged Irish girl, with ragged skirts and gleaming hazel eyes; her chestnut hair was hanging in rough elf-locks about her shoulders, and she began in whining, pleading tones, to beg me, for the love of heaven, for a bit or sup to keep her ould father from starving, and the saints would bless me for iver and iver, and the Howly Vargin make my bed in glory. I pressed my hands to my temples; I was surely in the first stages of delirium, and these were but the phantoms of my excited brain.

I rose from the chair and turned to the couch on which Mrs. Morgan had flung herself. She was lying quite still and motionless, and when I spoke to her she did not answer. Her appearance froze me with horror. Faster than a dissolving view the expression of her countenance and her figure changed. Now she lay still and rosy like a young girl asleep, with the flush of health upon her cheek, brown hair rippling away from her low forehead, and hands with taper fingers and pink-tinted palms. Then in an instant the hands would grow blue-veined and shrunken, the fair skin become withered, the brown hair lie in silver threads upon the wrinkled forehead, the face grow ashy pale, the eyelids half unclosed, and the jaw drop, and the dress changed as rapidly from the night-robe of a young girl, trimmed with delicate frills and lace, to the stiff folds of a shroud.

I screamed in terror, but my own voice sounded strangely in my ears. Was I changed into some strange being like the others? I took a candle and walked toward the cheval glass. I tottered as I went. What creature

was that coming out of the dusky depths to meet me? It came toward me, and when I raised the candle it did the same. Ah, it was I, then, in this strange body. With trembling hands I held the candle closer still and looked—so closely in my eagerness that the plate-glass shivered and broke. The face that looked at me belonged not to the Caucasian race. The oblique eyes, swarthy skin, high cheek-bones, spoke of Mongolian blood. The hair was drawn tightly back from the forehead, revealing all the harsh outlines in their unadorned ugliness. I wore an open tunic of dark-blue flowered silk, the loose-hanging sleeves of which fell back in long points as I raised the candle, and showed a lining of dull red. The underskirt was of sea-green silk, with dragons, butterflies, and flowers embroidered upon it in brilliant silks and gold thread: it was confined at the waist by a broad scarf, and reached just below the knee, meeting full trowsers of the same material, gathered in bindings around the ankles. Small feet, so small that I wondered how I ever balanced myself upon them, peeped out from those in shoes without shape or comeliness, but made of heavy rich red silk, embroidered with gold. I shivered at the thought that this was I and not I. I stared at my counterfeit presentment with those oblique eyes, that seemed as if they were only made to look through cracks. I tried to speak, but the words that fell from my lips were as foreign to my ears as the face was unfamiliar to my eyes.

Ah, I should go mad with my double consciousness. Now I understood the torture of those wretched beings whom wicked fairies and necromancers had imprisoned in other bodies besides their own, and turned pitifully to my companions in misfortune. But the German girl, whatever her thoughts, sat as stolidly still as if she had been cut out of wood, and the Irish beggar never ceased her importunities. My own thoughts were growing confused and chaotic. The quiet every-day scenes of my life were fading away, and low houses, with wide-open doors, straw mattings and bamboo furniture, lackered tables and curious China monsters, were taking their places; pagodas rose in the air instead of steeples, and foreign forms of vegetable life blotted out the old familiar trees and grass. I tried hard to prevent my individuality from slipping away from me. I clutched at the carved mirror with those slender brown fingers with long nails, which I knew were not mine. Every thing seemed to be sliding away from me.

The door opened and showed the face of Mr. Morgan. I uttered a loud cry, and would have

sprung toward him had not my diminutive feet prevented me.

"Mrs. Morgan," he began; then looking round in astonishment—"Eh! what! dressed for a masquerade at this time of night? Why do n't some of you speak, and have done with this nonsense?"

We were not dumb, and our tongues were soon unloosed, but he could not understand us, nor we ourselves. He stamped impatiently and muttered something very like an oath. He looked first at one and then at the other, but when he approached his wife he was struck by the same horror which had overcome me. He turned quickly toward the door. Would he leave us in the possession of this demoniac power, whatever it might be? As he turned his face away my last sane thought seemed leaving me. I tottered toward him, and reached out my hand to grasp his arm, but I had miscalculated the distance, and fell nearly at his feet. In falling I struck my head sharply against a low easy-chair: for a moment I thought heaven and earth were coming together, but the confusion was quickly followed by a feeling of relief and clearness.

Mr. Morgan stooped to lift me up, but I sprang lightly to my feet. He stared at me in still greater amazement.

"Why, Aunt Patty," said he, rubbing his eyes, "where were you just now when I came into the room, and found nothing but fools and mummery?"

Amazed as himself, I could not reply. I pressed my hands mechanically to my temples, and strove to collect my thoughts. I could stand without tottering. I glanced at my feet; my crimson shoes were gone, and black satin slippers were there instead, and just beyond them lay a black chignon. Every thing became clear at once. Quick as thought I seized the clustering chestnut locks; they came off in my hand, and Sophie stood beside me. I tore off the long light braids of the stolid German girl, and Emily's eyes danced and sparkled once more. The brown hair with its silver strands once laid aside, and Mrs. Morgan's comely, pleasant face appeared again. Nobody spoke for a few moments, but all gave a sigh of relief as if they had passed through some terrible crisis.

"Now, what does all this mean?" inquired Mr. Morgan.

"I can not tell," said his wife. "I only know that I have felt as I never wish to feel again."

"I know," cried I, hastily gathering up the various-colored tresses in my hands, "it is

these terrible chignons that are the cause of all the mischief. They shall be carried back to that Sleidens to-morrow."

Sophie looked longingly at the beautiful tress.

"I shall never find another such a match for my hair; but it had better go."

No one else objected; indeed, I think they were glad at heart at the thought of parting with them.

"If no one can or will explain any thing," said Mr. Morgan, whose anger was generally as evanescent as foam, "I think we had better leave the only sensible one, Aunt Patty, in the quiet possession of her apartment."

They followed his suggestion, and left me still holding the clustering locks in my hands just as the clock struck two. Of one thing I was sure—they never should leave my possession till I returned them to the Jew.

Whether the others had felt as keen a sense of horror as I at finding themselves in another body, or whether, having less individuality, the change had not been so terrible, I was resolved that the experience should not be repeated. But I think every one was more alarmed and disturbed than they chose to acknowledge, as their pale, haggard faces showed the next morning.

After breakfast, Mrs. Morgan followed me to my room.

"Have the kindness to tell me, Aunt Patty, as nearly as possible, what happened last night. My own recollections are too confused and horrible to allow me to trust them entirely. I felt one moment so full of life and health, and the next so weary and exhausted, so old and close to the grave, with such a death-like feeling at my heart—" She shuddered, and would not go on.

I told her as briefly and calmly as I could what I had seen and felt.

"Ah!" said she, "I have heard something like this once before, and could not believe it, from a friend who warned me not to have any thing to do with the Jew. You will not object to going with me to return the hair? I dare not keep it or destroy it. He must take it back again, if he does not refund the money."

She rang the bell for the carriage, which soon set us down at the Jew's door, I holding all the way the package of hair tightly in my hand, half afraid to carry it, but still more afraid to trust it from my sight. We found no one but Sidonia in the shop.

"We have brought back the hair we purchased yesterday. It does not suit," said Mrs. Morgan, laying the hair on the counter.

The girl undid the package, took up the hair, and passed it through her hands.

"It has been worn," said she.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Morgan; "make any allowance that you please for that."

"I can do nothing about the money. Madame must see Mr. Sleiden."

"What is that, Sid?" called out a voice from the inner room.

"The hair has come back," said she, in a low tone, and her cheek grew very pale.

"Heavens!" cried the unseen person, "how many times has that happened?"

"As many as ten," returned Sidonia, who appeared to have forgotten that we were there. "I never like to sell any thing from that upper shelf—it always comes back."

"It is the Hamburg hair," returned the other.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Morgan of Sidonia.

"I do not know, madame," said the girl, hurriedly. "If madame wishes to exchange—"

"No," said Mrs. Morgan, as hurriedly as herself, "I wish nothing here. Come, Aunt Patty, our business is ended."

She walked out of the room and down stairs so rapidly that she was seated in the carriage before I could follow her.

"Home, Peter, as quickly as you can," said she, hardly allowing him time to close the door.

She told me afterward that she felt as if some evil spirit was weaving a web around her that she must break through at once, if she would not be ensnared forever.

I need hardly add that the Jew kept both the hair and the money, for she never trusted herself in his den again.

At dinner we found an old friend of Mr. Morgan's—one of those quiet men who read and think much, and who are the repositories of more singular stories than ever find their way into print. The conversation turned upon that never-ending theme of disapprobation and satire, and the gentlemen, whose hair was cropped so closely that you saw little but skin and stubble where Nature had intended flowing locks, were especially severe upon the huge mountains of false hair with which the ladies disfigured their heads.

"If the ladies only knew," said Mr. Lucas, "where the false tresses with which they adorn themselves come from, or what strange vitality and subtle influences lie in human hair, and how long it retains these qualities, I think they would hesitate much before wearing any locks but their own. I have heard that hair taken from people without their consent—and you know how much hair has been stolen since it has become of such great value through the factitious demand of fashion—has the power of transforming the wearer into the likeness of the

owner during a certain portion of the twenty-four hours. This transformation generally takes place at midnight, when mysterious powers are supposed to have most influence over mortals; and many a lady has worn her chignon some days and laid it aside at night before discovering all its properties."

Mrs. Morgan and myself looked at each other as if we were beginning to discover the solution of last night's problem.

"It would be a very curious study," continued he, "to find out how far this is true—whether the stronger individuality would not overcome the weaker, whether the wearer of the stolen locks might not be able to subdue and command the real owner of the tresses, and prevent her from influencing her in the least. I remember when I was in Hamburg there was a Jew dealer in hair who had such an evil reputation for these diabolical locks that he was at last taken in hand and forced to leave the city. What became of him I do not know. I heard the most wonderful stories of four chignons which he had sold repeatedly, and which seemed to possess this power in a remarkable degree. One was a chestnut of a peculiar shade, very like Miss Sophie's, I should judge from the description; the hair was forcibly taken from the head of an Irish beggar in Cork, who was decoyed into a pawnbroker's shop, and her hair cut away in spite of her tears and struggles, because it just matched that of a certain great lady to whom Nature had given scanty tresses. Another, of light flaxen tresses, was taken from the head of a German girl as she knelt in prayer before a Madonna's shrine."

Emily and Sophie grew first pale, and then red, but did not raise their eyes from their plates.

"Pshaw, Lucas!" said Mr. Morgan, "I wonder how you can tell such stories. They suit well enough in superstitious legends and moldy romances, but in the clear sunshine of reason and common sense they seem like the most arrant folly."

"Pardon me," he continued. "There are many things which we don't understand yet. My informant actually averred that she had seen these things; and as I should have believed her had she told me that she had seen a white crow, I do not know why I should doubt her veracity on this occasion. Another of these mysterious chignons was brown, mixed with white, the gray being taken from the head of a dead woman who had expressly desired that her hair should not be cut after death. The fourth was a dull black band of great length and thickness—my hand involuntarily went up to my

head, and felt only my small, close braid—"supposed to have been forcibly taken, though by what means could not be guessed, from a Japanese lady of high rank. These chignons were sold over and over again with the same results. Whoever wore them at midnight was transformed into the likeness of the original owner, till at last the Jew became so notorious that he was forced to abscond with a fortune which it was said he had made out of those tresses; for when they were returned the wearers were so frightened and depressed that few of them ever waited to have their money returned. But I fear my story has produced an unpleasant effect," as, raising his eyes from the napkin-ring which he had been rolling about the table as he talked, he saw the pale faces around him. "I should not, perhaps, have told it; but as none of the ladies wear chignons, they could not possibly have experienced any such unpleasant effects as those I have been relating."

With the ready tact of a man of the world, he changed the subject at once, and we heard no more of the mysterious hair; but I for one abjured chignons forever, and concealed my small braid under its usual fall of black lace, and while I remained with them, my niece and her daughters wore only such tresses as Nature had given them.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT TEA.

THE advent of the Chinese upon our shores has given rise to the question, What can they do? Through them important changes, are prophesied in our domestic and agricultural economy. Those interested in the latter are looking forward to a revolution in the tea trade, justified, they think, by the results of attempts to cultivate the tea plant in Tennessee and other parts of our country, which results will be secured with more certainty in the future by Cooly labor.

A party of gentlemen discussing the question a few evenings since, one of them declared tea had been and was a great civilizer. In support of his theory he drew a comparison between the manners of this age and that when high-born and beautiful women quaffed mugs of ale and strong beer for their breakfasts, and hot spiced wines at their evening meal—an age when a queen, whose brutal lords had murdered their victim while clinging to her skirts for protection, was told by them to keep quiet or they would "cut her into collops."

Although not prepared to indorse the theory of our friend, we are inclined to give to the "cup which cheers but not inebriates" all the

credit it demands, for it has established that most delightful reunion of our social life, the meal which, when the day is done, unites all the members of our household at the family table to partake of tea.

In this connection, therefore, we believe a few facts concerning its introduction to civilization will be of interest to the general reader.

Early in the sixteenth century, the Portuguese explorers, who were the most adventurous sailors of their time, had, in some of their voyages to far climes, procured tea, which, with other productions of the strange countries they visited, they conveyed to Portugal as curiosities. When telling of the wonders of those regions they exhibited the black leaves, and described the delightful beverages derived from them. The privileged classes prepared and supped it under their direction; and thus tea came to be used in Portugal before it was known to the rest of Europe. It was, however, almost an unattainable luxury, the consumption of which was confined to the fortunate few who could procure an infusion from some returned traveler.

The London East India Company, which was chartered by Queen Elizabeth on the last day of the year 1599, seems at first to have paid but little attention to tea—a trade which it afterward monopolized—for Macaulay tells us that at the time Monk marched his army from Scotland to England, tea made its first appearance in London, and was handed around to be looked at and tasted as a rarity from China; yet, he adds, eight years later, so important had become the trade in the article, financiers had begun to agitate the question of taxing it. Other writers aver that tea was not a staple of the London Company until 1678.

It is probable that, amid the troubles which preceded and followed the death of Charles I, but little attention was given to the commodities offered the public by the London Company. The Roundheads were not likely to indulge in them, and the Cavaliers were sufficiently occupied with other things. After the restoration, the Royalists, who were wont without restraint to plunge into every luxury, and to whom novelty was an irresistible charm, had their attention drawn to the new importation.

Catherine of Braganza, a Portuguese princess, had married Charles II of England, who was then on the throne. She had become familiar with the herb in her own country, and is said to be the first who introduced it to the English Court.

The following lines, addressed to Queen Cath-

erine on her birthday by the poet Waller, are confirmatory of this:

"The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show
To the fair regions whence the sun doth rise,
Whose rich productions we so greatly prize.
The Muses' friend, tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapors which the head invade,
And keep that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birthday to salute the queen."

Previous to its introduction to Court, however, it had made its appearance in select circles, and was handed round as a choice delicacy at parties. That it was very rare is proven by the fact that in 1664 the London Company could procure but two pounds two ounces of the herb, which they presented to Charles II. It was probably this very tea with which Catherine regaled the royal circle.

Although this trade became valuable, the use of tea was not at all general in England until the latter part of the seventeenth century. Prices for it were so high—forty and fifty dollars a pound being asked for it—that it was excluded from the tables of the poor. As late as the year 1734 Hyson tea was quoted in the British Gazette at twenty to thirty shillings per pound. It was not until the year 1696, in the reign of William III, that the London Company established their first factory at Canton.

In the early part of the seventeenth century the Dutch East India Company, who had opened a trade with Japan, the restrictions of which were most humiliating, tried to negotiate for the herb called tea, to which their attention had been drawn by the daily use of a concoction of it by the Japanese.

With much difficulty, for the authorities had restricted the residence of the Dutch merchants to one town, and they were permitted intercourse with only the lowest class of citizens in that, they procured a portion of the leaves and sent them to Holland. Although early introduced by these merchants into Europe, and soon becoming an important article of commerce, the Germans held to their beer, and have never taken much to tea. It is very little used at the present day, except in the large cities, where, on account of its cost, it is esteemed a luxury—is made very weak when drank, and diluted with rum or vanilla.

A gentleman who sojourned for some time in Bavaria states that the Bavarians have so little knowledge of it that not one woman in twenty thousand knows how to make it. If called upon to prepare it it would probably be served as it was once to an Englishman—dished as greens.

The herb was early known in Denmark as

a medicine—a gentleman named Mendelsloh, a great traveler, who was connected with the Danish Embassy in the East, having so recommended it to his countrymen—to him it owes its name—tea.

When the Russian merchants first had their attention called to the feasibility of a trade with China, they essayed to open it by sending their caravans across the wastes of Siberia, laden with woollens and furs. The Chinese offered them in exchange for their wares a commodity new to them, and which they described as something resembling "wrinkled worms."

Suspicious of the new article, they declined to barter, but finding nothing better was offered, rather than convey their goods, from the sale of which they had hoped to realize so much, back over the dismal road they had come, they reluctantly consented to the exchange, and retraced their way laden with the "worms."

Upon reaching home and proclaiming the wonderful properties of the herb, they found their countrymen, enticed by the novelty, eager to try it. It was soon a favorite with all classes, and annually journeys were made to Kiachta and Miamatchin to exchange Russian merchandise for China teas, the use of money being prohibited in the trade.

A few years since it was estimated that the teas which were conveyed every season to Russia, by way of Siberia, to be disposed of at the fairs held at Nijnei Novogorod, amounted to over six millions of dollars.

The Russians rival the Chinese in the quantity of tea they drink. Their towns are supplied with shops where the lower classes are provided with their favorite beverage. Laborers and droschky-drivers fortify themselves against the intense cold of their climate by frequent draughts of tea, served for a trifle at the shops, in a shallow bowl, with a lump of sugar—the latter being deposited in the mouth, not in the beverage.

Tea-sellers traverse the streets of the principal cities, bearing huge copper vessels, well wrapped in cloths that they may retain the heat, and deal out glasses of the scalding liquid—with a slice of lemon floating on the top—to the passers-by.

The teas of Russia are called "caravan teas," from the fact that they are brought by caravans across the desert of Siberia. Indeed, the Russians insist they have the best tea in the world, averring that a sea voyage spoils the flavor of the article, and that it is well known the most delicate and expensive species is never exported. One who has resided in Russia states, that never anywhere did he taste such

tea as that with which he was regaled at St. Petersburg. To be sure it was yellow tea, and twenty dollars per pound had been paid for it; but he also mentions excellent black tea at a dollar a pound, and Frontchouskoy at from eight dollars to eleven dollars per pound.

To a Chinese tea is a necessary of life; he hates water, affirming to drink it is to sacrifice his health. As far back as he has any knowledge, history and tradition tell him it was the national drink of his race—an especial gift from the gods. Ask its origin, and he will inform you that a Buddhist saint, zealous to spread his doctrines, made a vow to spend day and night in religious exercises. Sleep, however, overcame the holy man, and in atonement for the sin, and to prevent its repetition, he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground. Immediately from them sprung up a plant unknown before, whose leaves, on tasting, he found to contain a principle which gave him strength, and enabled him, without exertion, to keep awake. He speedily communicated the virtues of this miraculous herb to his followers; they made a decoction of the leaves, which they imbibed to keep them sleepless while murmuring their long prayers.

As early as 700 wild tea was taxed in China. In the eleventh century houses were established for its preparation and sale. The Emperor Kiang Loung, who was a poet, thus sings of it:

"Graceful are the leaves of mei-bo, sweet scented and clear are the leaves of fo-cheon. . . . Then sip deliberately the delicious liquor. It will charm away all the five causes of disquietude which come to trouble us. You may taste and you may feel, but never can you express in words of song that sweet tranquillity that we derive from this essence."

The Chinaman uses neither milk nor sugar in his tea, nor does he allow it to draw until it becomes astringent; he drinks it while the flavor and aroma are both fresh. When one Chinaman would barter with another the tea-pot is introduced as part of the ceremony. Some of their pots are odd-looking vessels made of common clay, with a chimney in the center, through which the smoke of the lamp, placed below to keep the beverage hot, passes. The lower classes, unable to purchase fresh tea as often as they wish, use the same leaves again and again, adding ginger, until there is no taste of tea left. The rich often perfume their tea with sweet-scented flowers. They offer their prized beverage to every visitor, and pour it out in libation to their gods. When their favorite idol is carried through the streets the devout make tea parties for him, presenting the draught on their knees, which they swallow with avidity after his godship has passed. The Chinaman never drinks green tea.

The finer and more delicate the tea, the greater care is taken in its preparation. Congo tea is so called because of the work it requires to get it ready for market, the word Congo signifying labor. Bohea is the name of the hills where this particular kind grows. Pekoe means "white hairs," descriptive of the down on the young leaves of which this species is prepared. "Lie teas" are those which are adulterated. Ziegel, or "brick tea," is highly prized by the inhabitants of Siberia and Tartary, who use large quantities of it. It is prepared from tough stems and spoiled leaves, which are mixed with grease and the blood of animals, then pressed into hard cakes about the size of a brick. Of this a soup is made, with the addition of mutton fat and milk, and is considered a great delicacy. "Tea bones" are the stems of the plants.

The Japanese are said to have derived their knowledge of the tea-plant from the Chinese in the ninth century. They raise large quantities of it, manuring it with dried fish and the juice of mustard-seed. Families plant the hedges needed around their premises; thus each household raises enough for its own consumption. The planter has his fields as far as possible from the town, that the smoke may not injure the flavor of the leaves. There are tea-houses all over the islands. Upon the entrance of a visitor into a Japanese dwelling, the pipe and the tea-pot are produced, the latter holding about a couple of gills, while the cups accompanying it hold a tablespoonful or more. A tea-kettle is the most important article of housekeeping in Japan; it is always seen, filled with water, standing over a burning brazier of charcoal.

The first attempt at cultivating tea in the United States was made in Georgia, in the year 1770. Since that time it has been tried in several sections, but with indifferent success. Now, with Chinamen as the cultivators, it is urged there is no reason why it might not be made a profitable crop, and as fine tea grown in our Southern States as is produced in China. The excessive roasting, which is alleged to be necessary for a sea voyage, and which destroys the freshness, flavor, and aroma of the leaves, will then be unnecessary, and, indeed, may now be dispensed with, and the article sent on its journey to us overland, invoices having already been received by the Pacific Railway.

Few doubt the good effects of tea on the human system. The toiler, weary with head-work or hand-work, is equally refreshed by it; the adventurer, penetrating the frozen zones, has his chilled blood warmed and the tissues of his body strengthened by its action; the sick man

on his couch takes it as nourishment, recommended by his physician, when no other aliment is allowed; the laborer drinks it at his evening meal, and finds it refreshes his body and strengthens his mind.

The invalid Cowper has sung of it, and the ponderous Dr. Johnston given his testimony in its favor, to which the dregs of the cups he poured on Mrs. Thale's carpet can bear witness. Many a poet besides Waller owes his *divine afflatus* to tea. We have knowledge of one, of no mean reputation, who only writes under the stimulus of a strong infusion.

The biographer of the poet Campbell says that when Campbell was writing "Lochiel's Warning" he went to sleep, bothered with the indistinct idea embodied in the lines:

"T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

He could not express it to his satisfaction. Waking in the night he called for a strong cup of tea; the idea was clear to him, and he wrote it as it stands.

A physician, not in the habit of drinking tea, told me of a curious effect it once had on him. He was invited by the late Professor—afterward General—Mitchell, to share a vigil with him at the Observatory at Mount Adams, Cincinnati. The night was cold, and the Professor ordered tea as a refreshment in the intervals of gazing at the stars. It was produced very strong, and they drank large quantities of it. The physician became as intoxicated as though he had partaken of alcoholic drink, and I am not sure he had not to be sent home in the Professor's vehicle.

The Chinese, Japanese, and Russ take their tea at any time and place. The Frenchman having no home sips his at a café, or sitting at a table in the Boulevard. The Englishman enjoys his most at his breakfast, or as a settler to his wine after a heavy dinner. It is the American who has a stated time and place for its decoction, making the hour when it is served one of the great central points of human life.

ALL life is a journey, not a home; it is a road, not the country; and those transient enjoyments which you have in this life, lawful in their way—those incidental and evanescent pleasures which you may sip—are not home; they are little inns only upon the roadside of life, where you are refreshed for a moment, that you may take again the pilgrim's staff and journey on, seeking what is still before you—the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

HUMAN POSSIBILITIES.

THE truth that there can be no obligation without the ability to fulfill it is sometimes made an excuse for neglect of duty. Many who are feeble in purpose, indolent in nature, or lacking in true self-appreciation, persuade themselves that they have no power to discharge various duties that present themselves, and deem themselves therefore exempt from the responsibility attached to their performance. They may go on from day to day under this delusion, and fill out a vapid and useless life, never attempting any thing great and good, because they feel in themselves no present ability to perform it. Such persons have failed to recognize a great principle lying at the foundation of human achievements, that *in all efforts there is constantly accruing ability.*

The most stupendous machine ever constructed can never gain an iota of strength by use, but all the faculties of man are dependent upon exercise for their development, and are thus constantly gaining fresh powers. Physical ability is only known in the degree to which we call it forth, and much of the physical feebleness so manifest at the present day is simply the result of cowardice that holds men back from trying to perform what their hands find to do. Within certain limits muscular strength and endurance accrue in the exact proportion that they are needed, and great emergencies often reveal an amount of reserved power that astonishes its unconscious possessor.

The same is true of mental powers. If we would have them grow, we must task them. They are elastic, and will stretch to meet our exigencies. Every difficulty overcome, every new problem solved, every victory gained, gives an actual accession of power to meet new difficulties and to achieve higher results. Every earnest worker becomes conscious of this daily accruing ability, and feels courage in undertaking what may appear beyond his present powers, knowing that his capacity will be unfolded and enlarged in proportion to his efforts. Thus it is that the faithful student is able to learn with increasing accuracy and celerity every year of his school life; that the merchant and artisan are able to produce results that would once have been to them impossibilities; that the able merchant can consummate in a day results which weeks of toil would have failed to realize in earlier life.

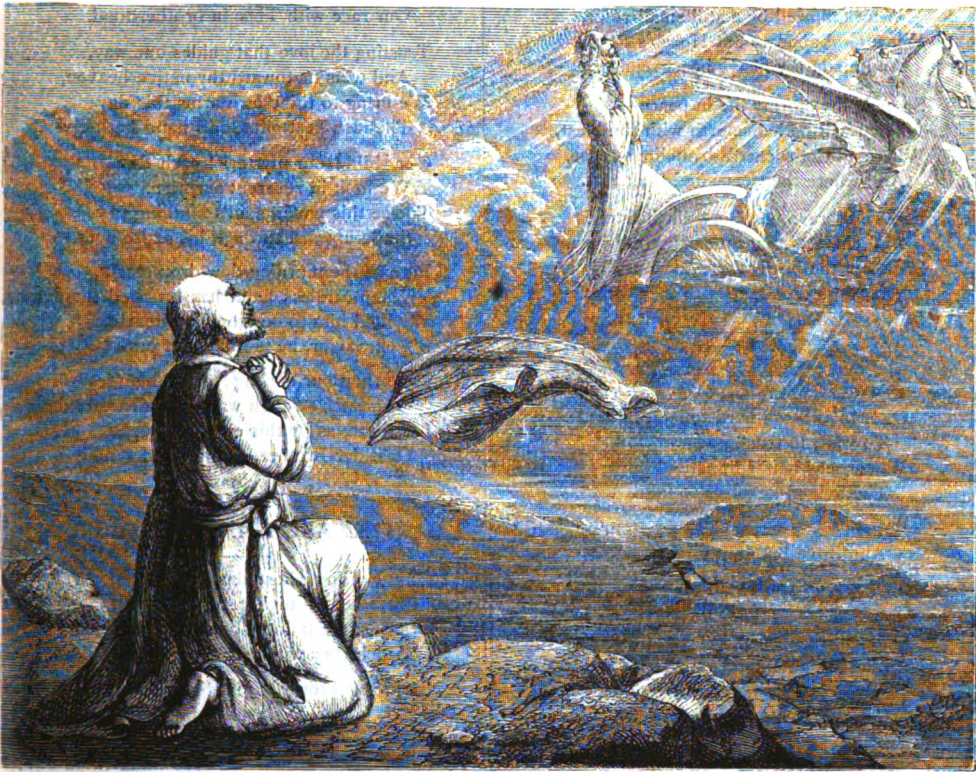
Equally is this principle a law of our moral nature. The power of choosing the right and resisting the evil, of carrying out great and worthy purposes, and fulfilling our obligations,

is given in exact proportion to the degree of which we exercise it. Character is of slow and steady growth, and the smallest child and humblest and weakest individual may attain to heights that now seem inaccessible, by the constant and patient exercise of just as much moral power as from time to time they possess. The faithful discharge of daily duty, the simple integrity of purpose and purity of life that all can attain with effort and none can reach without, contribute silently but surely to the building up of a moral character that knows no limits to its powers, no bounds to its heroism.

There are those who shrink from making a beginning in religious life because they conceive that they lack the ability to pursue it. They would like to have strength but refuse the only means in obtaining it. In this, as in all else, power is only gained by action. He who avoids the water because he has no ability to swim, must forever forfeit that ability, and it is no less certain that he who shrinks from entering upon a religious life because of his deficiencies, will fail of attaining any higher point of excellence than that at which he now haltingly remains.

If this life is worth the living, it must be one of continual progress. We have loads to bear, under which if we trust alone to present or inherent strength we may well sink. Indeed, those who always feel themselves equal to every emergency, who have exaggerated ideas of their own powers, are often really the weakest in action. But while the vainest need never boast, the humblest need never despond, if this great principle be recognized and acted upon, that each is to begin just where he stands, putting forth every energy, and exerting every power, and trusting to the renewed strength and increasing abilities that will ever follow the persevering and faithful discharge of duty.

If we consider death only as the conclusion of life, and a debt all men sooner or later pay to nature, not only a Christian but a man may entertain it without fear; but if one consider it as a change, that, after having left his body to rot in the grave, will bring his soul to the tribunal of God, to answer the miscarriages of his whole past life, and receive there an unalterable sentence that will doom him to endless and inconceivable joys, or everlasting and inexpressible torments, I think 't is not inconsistent either with piety or courage to look upon so great a change with something of commotion. Many that would not fear to be put out of the world, will apprehend to be let into eternity.



THE ASCENSION OF ELIJAH.

FAREWELL! thou glorious Tishbite seer,
Go to thy home beyond the sun,
And, standing with redeemed ones, hear
From God the pleasing words "well done."

Thine earthly line we do not know,
Nor yet the place thy childhood trod,
But what are blood and fame below
To him who is an heir of God?

He who in every age finds men,
His righteous judgments to declare,
Found thee within some Gilead glen,
And nursed thee into greatness there.

He talked to thee through every brook
That bubbled near thy mountain home,
And wild winds of the gorges spoke
His prophecies of storms to come.

When idols stood on every hill,
And thronged the groves on every plain,
When they who would not worship Baal
Were driven from their homes or slain;

When all the prophets of the Lord
Sought lonely caves in which to dwell,
That there they might escape the sword
Of those who fought for Jezebel;

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God locked the clouds, and gave the key
That opened them into thy hand,
And Ahab heard, "But by my word
No dew nor rain shall bless this land."

At Cherith thou didst walk with him,
Else it had been a drear retreat,
And morn and eve the Orebim
Supplied thy wants with bread and meat.

Sarepta's widow saw thy faith,
It added daily to her fare,
And when her son was cold in death,
He rose in answer to thy prayer.

And Israel saw thy victory won,
On Carmel that o'erlooks the sea,
When at the setting of the sun,
The God of Fire answered thee.

And from their camp a shout arose
That made the rock-built mountain nod,
And dumb with terror struck thy foes—
"The Lord of heaven alone is God!"

Thy work is done—the desert sands
No more thy weary feet shall tread;
By Orebim nor angel hands
Not here again shalt thou be fed.

The wind, the fire, the thunder shock,
Were followed by a still small voice,
When God appeared at Horeb's Rock,
And made thy heavy heart rejoice.

So ends thy stormy life in peace—
Thou wilt be henceforth with the blest,
Where all the wicked's troublings cease,
And where the weary find their rest.

Farewell, brave prophet—all the steeds
And chariots that on earth are driven,
Have not the power for wondrous deeds,
That thou dost take with thee to heaven.

WAITING.

O, 'T is a lesson hard to learn,
To wait, to trust, and wait,
When busy hands impatient burn
The longed-for prize to take.

But yet when weary days drag on,
And leave but empty hands,
We fret and sigh, and constant mourn
O'er Time's slow-moving sands.

O, could our hearts but learn to trust
Our Father's changeless love,
No-failures then could bow in dust
Our hopes, though vain they prove.

Then, to our work we e'er would bring
Hearts faithful, brave, and kind,
And not a thought of dark-hued wing
Within us home would find.

Then, 'mid the din of life's affray,
We could not idly stand,
But doing well our work each day,
Cling close to God's dear hand.

Perhaps our names may ne'er resound
Through Fame's proud regal halls,
Perhaps no followers be found
Beyond our own low walls.

Perhaps not; yet, however low
Our feeble light may burn,
If clear and steady be its glow,
His eye will toward it turn.

Ah, yes, that eye will not one ray
Of its poor shining lose,
And if we wait we'll know some day
How e'en its light He used.

THE CONSECRATION.

WHEN on thy brow, O Undeiled,
The bright, baptismal drops are prest,
The Father owned his sinless child
With the meek dove of peace and rest.
Thou knewest well the coming woe,
The cross, the spear, the mingled blood—

Yet by that symbol, deigned to show
Our race with Thee in brotherhood.

Trusting the love that guides our way,
And wins us toward thy native heaven,
We bring to thine own arms this day
The last, best gift God's hand hath given.

Our child! our mystery! each day
We look in reverent surprise,
To see this young soul's kindling ray
Smile upward through his azure eyes.

Pure as the morning dew-drop starts,
When careless hand has brushed the flowers,
We hold him to our thrilling hearts,
Yet, Savior, he is thine, not ours!

Take thou our darling! guide his feet
O'er earth's rough ways, yet all untried;
Lead him, as by this emblem meet,
O, Elder Brother, at thy side!

THE ASCENDED CHRIST.

O SUN of joy whose dawn we trace,
Revealed in mighty saints of old,
Grant us the fullness of that grace
Which they with feeble light foretold.

As Moses brought from Sinai's height
The law divine inscribed on stone,
Write Thou thy law in living light
On hearts which thou hast made thine own.

Sharp was the strife, and fierce the foe;
And Thou wast left to fight alone;
But thou hast laid the mighty low,
And well thou fillest David's throne.

O Prince of Peace, All-glorious, Wise,
Arrayed in jewels, shrined in gold,
To thee we lift our fainting eyes,
And pant thy glory to behold.

Elias true, we watch thee rise
From this sad world to mansions blest;
Reward, we pray, our longing eyes,
And let thy mantle on us rest.

O great High Priest, the veil conceals
Thy sacred form from Israel's sight;
But as thy heart our misery feels,
So thou our prayers with thine unite.

Like jewels on the Mercy-seat,
With ruby light Thy blood-drops shine;
And cherub wings o'er-shadowing meet
Where truth and peace can thus combine.

But when wilt Thou return to call
Thy people tarrying round the door?
Display the Holiest free to all,
And blissful sights unseen before?

O when shall types and figures end
And herald stars, and dawning light?
When shall Thy sons with thee ascend,
And faith and hope be lost in sight?

THE HOT SPRINGS OF "IDAHO,"
COLORADO.

COLORADO, as I have mentioned before, is famous for her hot soda springs. Similar to those in Middle Park are the hot springs of Idaho City, a pretty little town thirty miles west of Denver, and six miles south of Central City. It is the county seat of Clear Creek county, one of the most important mining sections in the territory, embracing the noted silver region of Georgetown and Empire, and the vast tunnelings and works upon the neighboring mountains. The town is picturesquely situated at the mouth of Virginia Cañon, on a smooth, level bar, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. "Clear Creek," that ideal mountain stream, dashes noisily through the length of the town; the hills on either side rise abruptly to a considerable height, and, as the cañon makes a curve above and below the town, the flanking mountains appear to forbid both ingress and egress, giving the little village the appearance of being walled in on all sides. Two or three miles back, topping out the near hills, are three considerable mountains, glorying in the euphonious names of "Old Chief," "Old Squaw," and "Pappoose." They are from 11,000 to 12,000 feet high. In the vicinity are "Chicago Creek" and "Chicago Mountain," famous as the foreground of Bierstadt's "Storm in the Rocky Mountains." South Clear Creek extends from this point forty miles, to the crest of the Snowy Range. Along its course and that of its numerous tributaries are hidden, in lavish profusion, gold, silver, and precious stones, and Nature, unusually kind, has placed them easy of access, for the hills are low-lying and heavily timbered, and numerous level bars form natural sites for mills and towns.

South-east of Idaho a rough, rocky gulch, leads up among the hills, and down this tumbles a little stream, whose banks are colored by mineral deposits, and whose volume, as it descends, is increased by springs of hot water, strongly charged with sulphur, soda, and iron, astringent to the taste, clear and sparkling, of a temperature about 106 degrees Fahrenheit. These springs become large and numerous just on the border of the plateau, and furnish with water two houses—the "Mammoth Bath" and the "Ocean Bath." These are commodious buildings, containing comfortable parlors, offices, private and hall-baths for parties—the latter forty or fifty feet square. The water is let on and off at will, but is constantly and rapidly running out and renewing itself. The proprietors of these houses are polite and accommo-

dating gentlemen, and, considering the newness of the country, they have fitted up their establishments astonishingly well. The town has good hotels, and has become one of the chief pleasure resorts of Colorado, being easy of access by good wagon-roads from all points, and offering tempting inducements to the tourist or invalid in its refreshing baths, which are very beneficial to the health, and said to be a cure for many diseases of a rheumatic or cutaneous character; in frequent draughts of hot spring water, that you may indulge in as much as you like, and feel no disagreeable sense of fullness, only an exhilarating tone given to body and spirit. Then there is the drive for miles down Virginia Cañon, with always a smooth, level road beneath the wheels, and a bordering carpet of green velvet, while some new and beautiful picture presents itself to the delighted eyes at every turn. Then in their season the hills round about are covered with raspberries, and you may make excursions long as you please, feasting on delicious fruit, camping and dining on the cool mountains.

Every Summer sick and weary people from the "States" and the "Valley" come up to Idaho and rusticate. They crowd the hotels and boarding-houses; but many, with a taste for freedom and the romantic, do a much pleasanter thing; they pitch their white tents upon the green level of the little hot spring cañon that I have already described. Tired of the heat and bustle of the towns, they revel in primitive simplicity and abandonment, go fishing, berrying, spread their banquet before their lodges, and dispatch it with a zest impossible in a more civilized life. They drink hot soda water morning, noon, and night; they plunge delightedly in the bath every day; they grow young and rosy, forgetting all their pains, and aches, and melancholy.

In the warm, luxurious days of last August, some of my friends who were "ruralizing" in this way at Idaho came down here and carried me off with them to a little paradise of a camp not a stone's-throw from Montague's "Ocean Bath." The day was a miracle of freshness and beauty. Clear Creek was laughing itself mad over the great white boulders. The sunlight bathed the pretty village in a flood of glory; the hills were brilliant with emerald turf, and spangled with gorgeous flowers to the very heavens; the ribbon of blue sky that spanned the cañon above our heads was deep, and bright, and cloudless. It was a day to treasure up in one's memory and dream about. The effect of the dark pines against so bright a view was startling, like the gathering storm-

cloud that intensifies the June sunshine. We were full of life and spirits; sitting down to our delicious supper, spread on a cross-legged camp-table set before our tent in the lengthening shadow of the up-sweeping hill that formed the background of our camp. It seemed this was the most perfect manner of existence. We were tempted to eschew all civilized appliances and refinements, and take up our tents and wander off into the solitudes, among the forests and by the brooks, living on wild game and trout, lying all through the throbbing noon upon the fresh green grass, under the cool dripping ledges, to stray off amid Nature's magnificence, in the dewy morning or the glowing evening, never caring any more for business and money, or crowded halls, or lighted parlors, or fashion, or position, only for God's free out-of-doors. Looking off along the sweep of the mighty mountains and the deepening shades of the pineries, I thought it would be small sacrifice to give up *my* little place in the struggling world, and drop quietly out of its vexing hubbub and disappointing contests, to drift dreamily off into the silent restfulness of the eternal hills, and woods, and rivers; to miss the jarring discords that fret the senses, but listen to Nature's grand harmonious orchestra, the roar of the torrent, the shriek of the tempest, the moaning of the forests, thrilled by the clear soprano of the bird's carol, or stunned by the bass of the avalanche; to hear the troops of the storm galloping over the highlands, or bask in the beauty of Heaven's blessed sunshine; to quit elbowing my way among the busy throng forever, and never be frowned upon or criticised any more in all the world.

The following day dawned clear and fair. We had planned for this day a raspberry excursion up the "Old Chief" mountain. We started in the fresh early morning, with a light, but strong spring wagon, protected from the sun by a canvas stretched over high bows. Another wagon completed the cortege, and away we drove up the little narrow cañon. The road was badly washed out and rocky. Pretty soon we left the road and struck off upon the mountain, through all sorts of under-brush, over gulches, and then up a steep shelf, where we left the wagon and climbed on foot to a pretty like park, almost level, and surrounded by trees. Here we found an Irish family, who were really making a business of berrying; their pails and baskets were full of the ripe fruit. Although having their home in Idaho they were the proprietors of the little park ranch, and were eating their dinners in an embryo log-cabin, without roof, chinking, floor, or door—

no doubt built only to "hold the ranch." They cordially invited us to share their castle; but we much preferred the luxuriant green sward for our banqueting hall, with the rustling of the aspen leaves about us, and near by the singing of the pines. It was very cool and pleasant. We unloaded our dinner-baskets and spread their contents upon our cloth. We made lemonade from the spring water that bubbled near. We enjoyed our picnic dinner hugely, and ended by a dessert of raspberries and sugar. Raspberries grow very high up the mountains here, on low bushes; they have a peculiar aromatic flavor, with a clear, acrimonious sweetness, very delightful to the taste.

After dinner we received directions from our acquaintances of the log-cabin, and sauntered off with our buckets along the mountain-side, in search of berries. We found them growing in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, among the most barren of rocks and ledges, actually thriving on granite and feldspar, tempting our feet over sliding stones on the steep pitch of the hill, where it really looked as if a misstep might send us rolling to the bottom. Our Irish friends had exhibited to us such a large store of the luscious, crimson fruit, the reward of their half-day's work, that we really thought it must be only sport to gather berries; but half an hour's scrambling among loose boulders and scraggy young pines, under a scorching sun, convinced us to the contrary; and we finished by finding seats on the flat rocks under the shade of some hemlocks. Here we could look down the swiftly descending slope into a natural park, waving with grass; a little stream wound along, like a thread of silver through the green plateau; the aspens and poplars that fringed its banks caught the sunlight on their twinkling leaves, and flashed it back in diamonds and opals. A little farm-house was nestled down amid this wealth of verdure, and a man was mowing hay with a scythe. Beyond rose a dark, gloomy mountain, frowning with rocky ramparts and black, somber forests, while over and above all hung the blue sky, with the westerling sun trailing its gold and crimson banners along the bald brows of the distant peaks.

We were lolling about among the rocks, enjoying the fine scenery and the cool breeze now springing up, when some of the gentlemen, who had really been courageous enough to persevere in their berrying, and had clambered away among the rocks, at a long distance from our dreamy group, returned flushed, perspiring, and, of course, offensively triumphant over their pint or two of berries, secured at the

risk of their limbs. They were extremely scornful over our delightful inertia, but we could not decide whether their ill-nature rose from our evident ease and comfort, or from the fact that they had discovered the ground to have been culled over, and all of the first and best picking secured, leaving what *we* had considered an abundance, hanging, as they did, from very conspicuous places, but which really amounted to very little.

On the return we had much the advantage of our energetic companions, being by far the fresher and more active of the party. We entered the little park just in time to see our Hibernian friends come in from an opposite direction fairly loaded down with buckets and baskets, and cans of berries. "Really," said one, "there must be some peculiar sort of talent necessary to this business to make it a success." "Och sure," said the woman, "I shud hev towld yez, it's not the place at all at all over from whence ye kim; it's all the best of the birryin' is the other way intirely; true for you it's with right good-will I would have towld yez." Now, since she and her husband had been kind enough to direct us in the first place, and fraternally to advise us as friends and countrymen which way we should take, and as we had scrupulously followed their directions, it looked a little bit as if Hibernia had used cunningly a grain of diplomacy to keep us off his side of the mountain, and at a distance from his field of labor. However, we did not elaborate the subject, but seeing them making preparations to trudge home with their booty, actually loaded them into one of the wagons, babies, baskets, berries and all, and took them down to Idaho, for which we received a profusion of thanks and "blissings."

All along the road little boys and girls were sallying in with baskets full of berries, until we felt quite ashamed of our fruitless expedition and empty vessels; nevertheless, we could not regret those delightful hours that we lounged away under the shady hemlocks, chatting lazily and looking off along the glowing West. Ah, no, life is such a working day we want to keep all such stray gleams of an ideal existence enshrined within our memory, to brighten as they may the darker seasons that will come.

We had a little cold supper at the tent, and then strayed off to the springs to drink away the day's weariness. Never were pledged truer healths, or drunk more earnest toasts, than in those brimming cups, sparkling and effervescing in the white moonlight, the very elixir of life and health. How grandly the clear, cold radiance of the moon lay over the brows of the

mountains, gleaming with silvery scintillation on the jutting crags and sharp, rocky spires, flooding with a pure splendor the sudden downward sweep of ledge and turf. The mid-hill on the other side was cast in deep shade; gaunt rocks started out of the blackness, as we looked, as if they were living giants, and the shadows were deep as a pall over the dismal pines. We went back to our camp under the sweet, cold beauty of the moonlight, and we sat talking and singing, then listening to the echoes we had wakened, till the lateness of the hour bade us separate for the night, the ladies taking possession of the tent, and the gentlemen making themselves comfortable in the wagons.

The next day was the last one I could spend with my friends. We had a little dinner, and invited our friends from the hotel. Never was chicken more delicious or coffee more perfect; our table groaned with good things; it is true we ate from tin plates, and sat on camp-stools and packing-boxes, but the novelty heightened our enjoyment; and even when an innocent-looking cloud burst in a shower on our devoted heads, we thought it was a good joke to trundle our camp-table into the tent, and crowd around it to finish our banquet. We ended the day by climbing a neighboring mountain which, by the way, was very deceiving as to the apparent distance to be traveled in reaching the summit, but we found it well worth the pains we had taken to look off upon that vast extent of uplands, topped out and overlooked by the gaunt snow-capped peaks and spurs of the Snowy Range.

We took an invigorating bath, and a last draught of the sparkling water, and I bade my friends good-by, hoping that some other glowing August would find us again together camping in the Hot Spring cañon.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

AT the dawn of the eighteenth century, from which must date the intellectual regeneration of the German people, there was very little probability of such a regeneration. There was to be found in the land called Germany a people who had lost almost all traces of the great historical past, in which it had once shaped the impassioned heart of Europe. The proud, once inviolate Roman Empire of the German nation still, indeed, prolonged a miserably languishing, counterfeit existence; but the consciousness of national unity, and the power resulting from a strong common feeling, had disappeared from the German-speaking people.

Rent by religious disunion into two hostile sections, Germany was, in consequence, during a whole generation, trodden down, from one end to the other, under the horrors of the Thirty Years War, and laid waste in a manner of which the history of Europe furnishes scarcely a second example. By this war, whose consequences had not completely disappeared at the beginning of our century, the prosperity and culture of our people have been retarded for hundreds of years. Upon the awakening life of the nation, the effect of that war—the despotic establishment of a hundred smaller and larger territories and absolute dynasties—pressed with iron weight. The people, as a whole, had lost their great historical character, as they had lost their old manners and customs, their peculiar culture and coherence, with its old literature. They had become a people of “Philistines,” the sport, and, at the same time, the ape of foreign nations, especially of the French; restricted in their life as in their opinions and ideas, starved in their literature, in science and art; not counted among the European nations, poorly esteemed, even despised and derided by their neighbors, even by those whom they admired and sought to imitate. When, at Frankfurt on the Main, Goethe lay in his cradle, they could dispute in good earnest at the capital of France whether it were possible that a German could have wit and genius.

The greatest king of the century, the immortal Frederick of Prussia, found no literature in his nation on which he could build up his gifted youth, none which could even inspire his interest; for, to a spirit like his, what could a literature offer in which the tragedies of a Gottsched and the now long-forgotten poems of his companions were ranked as master-pieces? And a language which, in its artificially ornamented pedantry, in its confused admixture with scraps of Latin and French, seemed a model of distortion and insipidity? And yet, little more than a half century later, this form of German life was changed as by a magic blow. As unexampled as the fall was the exaltation of the German genius; for, before the first decade of the nineteenth century had passed, the despised and insulted Germany, counted again among the most cultivated nations of the globe, had exhibited a literature which, new-created out of the original German intellect, had broken the chains of foreign spiritual supremacy, freed our nation from French dependence, and, in works which soon extorted the admiration of Europe, had created a language which, yielding to no other in nobility and dignity, in elasticity and sublimity, in versatility and richness

of tone and expression, surpassed all in capability of cultivation and plianthness in the rendering of foreign literary productions.

It was a great, an unhopcd-for good fortune, that in the first third of the past century was born to our people the man who, alone and depending only upon himself, should in his time, by the heroic power of his versatile genius, prepare the way for the two great spirits whose names stand at the head of these leaves; that to Germany was sent its Lessing as a pathfinder of the soul, who, through the luxuriant creepers and briars of what was at that time called German literature and poetry, opened paths in all directions, and set boundary and stepping-stones for those who should come after; who gave again to the Germans their freedom from the fetters of foreign influence and taste, who overthrew the despotism of the French code, and established in its place the eternal law of *nature and truth*, who, pointing to *Shakspeare* and to the models of Grecian antiquity, new-created the science of the beautiful—*Æsthetics*—and the science of criticism—the perception of the true and the false, and illustrated and confirmed both by works of art, which are still the delight of all, and the pride of our literature; who by life and example, as well as by word and writing, fought against all pedantry, and all mere unfruitful scholastic learning, all Philistinism and narrow-mindedness, all religious intolerance, and all theological zealotism, and with his strong hand roused the Germans, throughout all the provinces, out of their lethargic insensibility and their inert self-sufficiency.

Without Lessing—without this forerunner of our two heroes—what would Goethe and Schiller have been? What powers must they have wasted in order only to gain the places which he had prepared for them by his work? But what, too, would have become of Lessing's work if to the German people had not been sent, at just the right time, its Goethe and Schiller, and with them, also, the men who might strew their golden seed among the still fresh furrows, made fruitful by such careful painstaking, and who might rejoice in the listening ears of their countrymen, whom Lessing had awakened.

The whole German literature and culture of to-day, the German life, even to its minutest veins and ramifications, is not at all to be thought of without the two men whose colossal bronze images—created by the masterly hand of Rietchel—the gratitude of the German people has erected to its two standard-bearers—its only national rulers—at the consecrated city of Weimar, the birthplace of a new era of the



GOETHE.

world's culture. There is, indeed, something contradictory and confusing in the mere idea of trying for a moment to think of German literature, poetry, and art—the intuitive vision of the world and of life, indeed of the whole German culture—without these two heroes. It were as if, in a great historical painting, rich in figures, one should see the central point of the represented event blotted out—that upon which the action and movements of all the rest depended, and by which the artist who created it wished all to appear appointed and conditioned. And one circumstance enhances the marvel of the appearance of our two great national heroes in the latter half of the past century—

the contemplation of the whole attitude of the time, and the condition of the nation in the midst of which, and in spite of which, we see them rise, grow, work, and attain their world-commanding height—for, among all cultivated nations of ancient and modern times, we see the appearance and works of their great poets knit to the blossoming time of the national life, bound with the splendid periods of the grand development of their power, and the bold aspirations of their people. The great tragic poets of the Greeks, whose creations are still, after more than two thousand years, our wonder and admiration, we see rise in the glorious time of the Persian wars, see them inspired by the

proud consciousness of the superiority of Europe over the Orient, as shown in the sublime sacrificial struggle at Thermopylæ, and of that Hellenic freedom and culture which had driven back to Asia the Syrian Sultan's despotic hordes of barbarians, in spite of their hundred-fold excess of numbers in the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea. The great poets of the Roman people rose when Rome, from her Capitol and Palatine, ruled over the known world. The time of the poets of Mediæval Italy and modern Spain was also the time of the high prosperity of both nations. In England, the genius of Shakspeare created his immortal works during the illustrious reign of Queen Elizabeth, the founder of England's greatness; and in France the brilliant age of Louis Fourteenth beheld the rise of the great national poets, Corneille, Racine, and Molière. And thus it may be said, that with all cultivated nations the proud periods of national consciousness, the soaring of the spirit of the people, and the high tide of success were the times also of their great poets, and that furtherance and help were rendered them from the least and lowest of their nation.

With us alone it was, indeed, far otherwise. Our two great poets were not aided by the blossoming period of national power and culture, which had likewise produced them as its ripest and fairest spiritual fruit. It was they, rather, who, with extraordinary exertion, lifted their nation out of its depression, and drew themselves up after it. They appeared in the time of Germany's deepest political distress, in the time of extremest weakness and irresolution. The national sentiment which elsewhere bears up the poet they were obliged first to create again in the nation. Goethe and Schiller both more than once uttered the complaint that the nation brought to them so little furtherance, and there were times when both almost despaired that the Germans would ever succeed in forming themselves into a nation.

Of Schiller it may be said especially that in the beginning of his career Scorn was his nurse—scorn of the nation's prostration, of her outward and inward distress, which in his youthful works, in his "Robbers," in "Rabale and Liebe," broke forth from his glowing soul like a lava stream. So much the more wonderful, therefore, is the greatness of the service which these two great geniuses have, in spite of all this, rendered to their countrymen.

The influence of Goethe and Schiller on the spiritual life of Germany may be regarded from three points of view. It has not only a purely literary and artistic, but at the same time a

moral and a national significance. It is in all these respects destined to extend far beyond the narrow limits of a single individual nationality, and to be felt on the centuries, far removed from the age of their active working; for Nature strews over humanity such great men with a sparing hand, and their full ministry only begins long after they have ceased to walk among the living, because humanity needs centuries in order, gradually, by its own earnest labor, to bring itself into full possession of the treasures which they expended, and thereby gather the fruits of the seeds which they had strown to them and for them.

We need not bring proof of this far-extending influence. A look backward to the Jubilee, celebrated not only by all Germany, but by nearly all enlightened nations, in honor of the hundredth birthday of the most national of our two poet heroes, shows his import to the world in a way in which the whole history of humanity can produce no clearer and brighter example. And if the similar festival in honor of Goethe was inferior to the centennial anniversary of his great associate, we must take into account, besides other just reasons, the circumstance that this fell in a time when Germany and Europe, oppressed by the misery of an unsuccessful revolution, could have neither will nor disposition to resign themselves to the enjoyment of a great intellectual festival.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to show the significance of Goethe and Schiller to the spiritual life of Germany within the narrow limits of a few pages otherwise than by a mere glance at a subject which spreads itself out before us with ample materials to fill the compass of a volume. If we consider, first of all, the literary artistic side of this significance, the fact meets us that the works of these men form the kernel and center of that which in our national literature we are accustomed to call classical. This type has for its characteristic that harmonious union of nature and culture of antique and modern life, which was first attained most successfully in the works of Goethe and Schiller, and has been partially reached by those who have succeeded them.

The most fortunate natural endowments, joined to the richest intellectual culture, have produced this wonderful effect which distinguishes our literature above that of all other modern nations. Moreover, in our classical poetic art we see poetry for the first time in alliance with the whole circumference and extent of the nation's life. In knowledge and power, in philosophy and contemplation of the world, in aspiration and purpose of existence,



SCHILLER.

this poetry of our two "classics" is the clearest statement of the innermost German spirit, and Goethe and Schiller themselves are by their works, as by their life, the truest and purest representatives of the collective German life of to-day. Their works, in which the sacred triad of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, is reproduced in pure art-forms, rest upon the diamond foundation of a conception of art which, rising out of the nobility of the poet's own soul, and out of the deep penetration into the world of beauty and of art whose works adorn the glorious eras of humanity, bears only just so much of the temporal and transient as adheres to all, even the greatest, which time produces.

However much our literature may still have to strive for, it will never, without danger of going astray, dare to deviate from the path which Goethe and Schiller have indicated, from the forms of poetry which they have created, never, without harm to its spirit, depart from the eternal laws which they have established anew. Goethe and Schiller, both united, each supplementing the other, are the beacon-lights for our literature, which, out of the firm past, send their clear beams far out over the boundless sea of the uncertain future.

Both united! each completing the other. For it may well be said that it was impossible for nature herself to comprise the whole riches of

the original poetic-creative spirit of our nation in a single individual; that she was obliged to divide this opulence, and create two highly gifted poets at one and the same time, in order, supplementing the one by the other, to represent a complete idea of the whole richness, strength, and beauty of the German mind. And she did it. She bestowed on the Germans this great good fortune, and she crowned her work while she created for our people, in its two greatest poets, two *friends* whose noble alliance in the purest unselfish friendship—both being, from the first, gloriously free from all separate, self-seeking opposition—whose constant ungrudging union of all ~~their~~ powers to the same high and holy purpose, to elevate their nation through the culture and beauty of life, through the nobleness of art-form and art-capacity to the nobleness of the living sentiment, stands alone and unprecedented in the history of the literature of all times and peoples. Already through this, their firm bond of friendship, through this, their never interrupted alliance, have Goethe and Schiller become the *moral* examples of our people. By them may one point himself to the glorious effect of such fraternal unity in will and work, and be warned also when, as, alas! is always true, envy and jealousy among the dismembered, divided fraternal voices are wilfully and destructively stirred by the enemies of German unity. But as has their life, so have also their works filled the whole intellectual atmosphere which surrounds us with *moral* influences, which we all consciously and unconsciously breathe in and receive as animating and strengthening vital air. There is hardly a man among us all whose moral culture has not been furthered by a word, a thought, a tendency, a principle of experience, an acclaim of Goethe and Schiller—by one or other of these means, be it in the stillness of an hour consecrated to reading, or by a word which fell into our ear and heart from the platforms that interpret the world.

If Goethe's songs are, for all sensitive men, a clear mirror of the deepest inwardness of all the conditions of the soul, of the human heart moved by the sorrow and joy of love; if his Faust discloses before us the deepest abyss of human thought and feeling; if the hundreds of apothegms of his contemplative and versatile old age offer us an inexhaustible treasure of instruction, counsel, and consolation in all the circumstances of life, and if the heavenly forms of his Gretchen and his Mignon, these ideals of German and Romanian womanly nature, refine our souls by their tragic destiny—so does Schiller speak in thousands of expressions in

his lofty didactic poems and his great tragic creations, appealing to our will and endeavor, challenging our better nature to manly deeds, to brave venture, to noble heroism, refining it, purifying and lifting it to the contemplation and the holding fast of the permanent and eternal, rather than the transient and temporal.

Into whose heart, in irresolute, fearful hours, has not pressed one of those rallying cries out of the works of our great poets which bid us "renounce the need of the earthly," and not to attach our hearts to the good things which adorn this transitory life, which call to us that man shall grow with the greatness of his purpose, which point us consolingly to the future of humanity, bidding us "live for all times," as each citizen, who will further the greatness of humanity, shall and must live.

A collection from the works of our two poets which should have for its aim to prove their moral influence upon our people by examples of all the maxims which have passed from their poetry into the life, would disclose to us a richness which must fill us with wonder and admiration. For let no one think it so easy to stamp in poetry a thought, a reflection, a truth, a precept, a principle of experience of moral and spiritual contemplation, so that it shall, by that means, be received as the common property of the people, as a full-weighted current thought. Only to kings, to rulers in the realm of mind, is this princely prerogative accorded. Poets of no mean talents and of unquestioned poetical ability have lived contemporary with Schiller and Goethe, and after them, without having succeeded in bringing into circulation, in their nation, so much as a single such gold-piece stamped with their impression. There is required, also, besides the greatness of the poetical endowment of the poet, that moral greatness and loftiness of manhood and character by which our two classics, Schiller especially, are so distinguished. For, as they strove as artists, only after the noblest aims, as in the realm of poetical thought and creation, their look was always turned only toward the clear sun-height of perfection, which we call the Ideal, so, also, in their life itself, was their constant striving directed to the purification of their own selfhood and its elevation to the height of morality where one is penetrated by the conviction that

"Das Gesetz allein kann Freiheit geben."
"The law alone can give freedom!"

Out of this their literary artistic and their moral greatness grows finally, as their highest resultant, their national significance.

Schiller and Goethe—when the German pronounces these names he mentions at the same time the spiritual land, which, in the reverence of these our intellectual leaders, unites our people to the spiritual unity by them attained; he speaks the names which with all the cultivated nations of the earth form the true and hitherto the only representatives of the German nationality; he names the essence of that which constitutes the national pride and the intellectual elevation of Germany, the hope of its future. Through them have we, has our national literature, made equal advancement with the highest and best which the human mind of all times has created in the realm of thought and poetry. With Schiller and Goethe the German mind has, for the modern time, undertaken the leadership in the great circle of public opinion. For where, in all the literatures of the last century, are a Goethe and Schiller? But the literature, the poetical literature, of a people is the highest bloom, the noblest fruit which the collective mind of a people can produce; and if the word, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is an eternal truth, then may the German people regard such an examination of fruits with the most cheerful consciousness. And is not the national import of our great poets clearly shown in our late history? Was it not Schiller, whose words and admonitions in the days of our first and greatest national exaltation, in the wars of enfranchisement, went from mouth to mouth, kindling enthusiasm, as they had consoled and lifted us in the previous days of our misfortune and national weakness? Was it not Schiller who, over his early grave, cried out to his unfortunate people:

"To the Father-land, the dear Father-land, join thyself;
Hold fast to it with thy whole heart.
Here are the strong roots of thy power."

Was it not the trumpet-call of his word, "Unworthy is the nation which joyfully risks not her all for her honor!" which, waking all sleepers, sounded throughout Germany, when the time was fulfilled, and which moved all noble hearts "to risk the life that life might be won?" Yes, it was Schiller's spirit which, like a sacred oriflamme, went before the German people, and whose passionate breath urged thousands of noble hearts "to go to conflict and death for the Father-land." It was his spirit which animated the singers of this heroic time of the people's uprising which inspired Arndt and Stägemann, Schenkendorf, and especially the embodied soul of the national enthusiasm, Theodore Körner, and taught them how, in ever new forms, to bring to the heart of the German people the force and meaning of Schiller's po-

etry and Schiller's thought. It was Goethe's spirit which, when the victory was won, pronounced a curse upon the German rulers who held in their hands the destiny of the German nation freed from foreign supremacy, should they now, instead of strengthening the unity and power of Germany, aim, as did Napoleon, to secure its weakness and division. For,

He shall early find or late,
A fixed, eternal right there is,
At a spite of wrong, or power, or fate,
It shall go ill with him and his."

We need scarcely look about us to see that his curse has passed into fulfillment. But he has spoken the only words, by obeying which the German nation can attain to the national unity so ardently desired. He has called to us in the words which should gleam in golden letters in every place where the German cause is or shall be considered:

"Ever strive toward the whole,
And, if thou canst not thyself become a whole,
As a helpful member, to a whole unite thyself."

At the entrance to a literary undertaking which has set for itself the noble aim to make the treasures of the German national literature more and more accessible to all classes of our people, and, by popular exposition to bring to the consciousness of all readers the plenitude of the intellectual riches which our nation possesses in this, her national literature, in fruitful and lofty thoughts as well as in beauty of artistic form stands the great pair of Dioscuri—stands Goethe and Schiller in their national, moral, and literary-artistic significance—as the shield-bearers of the German public mind—first in its hall of honor.

And as the sages of antiquity, for the gifts lent by Deity, scrupulously acknowledged the highest gratitude due to the Giver and Lender of these gifts, so should our people render real gratitude for the favor bestowed in the possession of these great intellectual heroes, and, that they may enter into the full enjoyment of this possession, should they strive to establish themselves ever more and more firmly in life and endeavor, in literature and genuineness of national existence.

Here is still much to be done. Centuries still must the generations of German-speaking people strive and labor in order fully to appropriate this great bequest of the past and to complete the building of a national life which, supported by the pillars of truth, beauty, and freedom, and overarched by lofty thoughts of humanity, shall be, as Goethe and Schiller have planned and represented it, a worthy dwelling-place of the German spirit.

THE TWO COUSINS.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a few weeks of rest and careful nursing the invalid was pronounced sufficiently convalescent to be taken home, and those who had been her school-mates thronged around to say a last good-by; and she who had hoped to tread with them the path of learning, sweetly wished them all success, kneeling down with a silent prayer the thoughts of the sad ending of her own bright dreams. It did indeed cost many a bitter pang to give them up, but of these she gave no sign, bravely keeping all within her own heart, which was every day learning to trust more fully and entirely upon the great Ruler of all things. When her mother mourned over the blighting of her hopes, she sweetly replied, "No, dear mother, though I walk in darkness my hopes are not blighted; though these eyes are closed upon objects here, I can the better perceive those which are spiritually discerned. And then you know, mother, I am not alone or friendless; I have so many who can be to me as interpreters of such things as I may not be able to understand for want of sight. I shall depend upon you all to act as eyes for me when I have particular use for such help." And so, ever cheerful, and sometimes even gay, she would not permit her affliction to act as a pall thrown over all the family enjoyments. Having arrived at home, surrounded by the care and attention of all, she still improved in health, though she never regained the strength and vigor of former days. A great change had come upon the entire household, causing considerable wonderment among the domestics. Mrs. Holeman, no longer striving to be leader in fashionable society, gave up her former associates, save those of whose disinterested friendship she was assured, and from the cold, imperious woman of the world, worshipping at the shrine of fashion, she became devoted to the interests of home, and was never so happy as when ministering to the wants of her blind daughter.

She likewise sought to store her own mind with useful knowledge, that she might impart it to her. The great barrier "society" removed, her sympathies were ever flowing toward all who were in any degree unfortunate or in distress. Her neighbors in the mean time looked on with surprise and wonder. They had so long considered her their oracle, and been so accustomed to following whither she led in dress and manners, they paused now in a sort of bewilderment. They had thought it a great step gained in the social scale to be counted

among the friends of the elegant Mrs. Holeman, and to be included among her guests was a mark of distinction not to be disregarded by those who sought position in the society where she reigned as queen. But now the scepter had been voluntarily thrown aside, and "our circle" were in consternation.

"To be sure," said one, "it's a sad thing to have a blind daughter, and will, of course, depress Mrs. Holeman for a time, but I dare say it will soon wear off. Mrs. Holeman is not the woman to be tied down to a hum-drum home life; she is too fond of society to abandon it long."

"O," cried another, "she will procure a suitable attendant for her daughter when her health is established; we will soon see her among us again, depend upon it."

But time passed on, and there were no indications of the appearance of Mrs. Holeman in the midst of the gay scenes in which she had formerly taken such delight.

"I declare," cried dashing Mrs. Wells at an evening party, "it's the strangest thing I ever heard. I called on Mrs. Holeman to-day, and was told she would like to be excused as Clara was not feeling well, as if that was a sufficient reason. The idea of her sending such a message to me; it's perfectly absurd the way she devotes herself to that child. Well, I know one thing, I shall certainly not invite her to my soirée next week," and the lady tossed her head disdainfully.

"I am sure, Mrs. Wells, you may as well spare yourself the trouble," replied Mrs. Fisher. "She sent her regrets when I invited her last, and has been known to do so upon every such occasion this whole season."

"Yes, and has not given a party of any kind herself this whole season either; and I'm sure it can not be on her daughter's account, for I have frequently seen her driving out with her father, and have met her, too, on the street with Augusta several times. They say Augusta is perfectly devoted to her, and cares as little now for society as her mother seems to, yet I see no reason why either of them should seclude themselves."

"I guess if the truth were told we would find the trouble arose from quite another source. I would n't be at all surprised if they were not so well off as they were once. I'm sure they do n't dress half as well."

"Dear me, no indeed," replied Mrs. Wells. "Why, it must have required quite a fortune to keep Mrs. Holeman and Augusta in laces. I never saw any one so extravagantly fond of such things."

"I really would n't wonder if the colonel was on the point of failure," said Mrs. Fisher.

"Nor I," said another.

"I quite believe it," responded a third. And a rumor was soon circulated through the entire company to the effect that Colonel Holeman was on the point of failure.

"I've thought something was wrong for some time," said a gaudily dressed woman to a companion.

"Yes, and so have I," replied the person addressed, "and I do n't often make a mistake in such matters."

The conversation was still carried on with unabated zeal at the point from whence the rumor started.

"I was surprised last Sunday," said Mrs. Wells, "to see what a 'dowdy' Mrs. Holeman had become."

"I think, Mrs. Wells," remarked a lady who had acted only the part of listener in the foregoing conversation, "that your language is rather stronger than the occasion calls for. I am sure there is nothing of the 'dowdy' about Mrs. Holeman. She appears in my eyes quite as well as usual, in fact better, since her style of dressing, according to my ideas, has changed for the better, being less showy and more becoming."

"Well, Miss Smith, it's very evident you are not very observing, or you must be deficient in taste. Do n't you know she has worn that same bonnet all Winter?"

"Well, that may be, but is it not a handsome one?"

"Pshaw! as if that was of any consequence. It is handsome enough, perhaps, to wear for a while, but for a woman of her standing to wear it through the whole season, why, it's really absurd; and now I come to think of it, it's much plainer and less stylish than she ever used to wear upon any occasion."

"And that's just why it is so much more becoming."

"Nonsense! Mrs. Holeman is just the style of woman to dress well, and it's very certain she will lose ground in 'our set' if she persists in her absurdities."

Many such remarks were daily made by those who had frequently enjoyed the hospitalities of the lady in question, professing at the time the warmest friendship. Brittle indeed is the tie which binds such friends. Nor were such conversations confined to Mrs. Holeman's associates alone. Men of business down town discussed the theme, and many speculated upon the prospects of Colonel Holeman in a business point of view. Some wondered at the change

in the deportment of the colonel himself, he was less commanding in manner, and more genial in disposition. By a few it was thought to be a ruse to gain friends, who would stand by him in an hour of business trouble, and these forthwith set themselves to work to discover whether he was involved in any such perplexities. Their investigations revealed nothing of the kind; his business was never in a more flourishing condition. He was also found to be engaged in works of benevolence in which he had hitherto shown no interest.

"I can not understand this matter," cried a banker who had known the colonel for years. "I am told the colonel is a regular attendant at Mr. Wilson's church."

"That's so," said another; "it's really touching to see him walk down the aisle with his beautiful blind daughter leaning on his arm."

"There! the whole thing is accounted for," exclaimed a rough, outspoken politician; "it's all a game of policy; the man is fishing for an office."

"For shame, Mr. Bolton," cried several voices. But since none could solve the mystery to the satisfaction of his neighbors, the subject gradually lost interest, and was finally dropped to give place to some newer sensation. The objects of so much solicitude and controversy had, during this protracted war of words, pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by the reports which occasionally reached them through that ever open channel—gossip. One evening, as all were seated in the parlor listening to the sound of the wind without, feeling thankful for home and its comforts, a letter was brought to Colonel Holeman. After perusing its contents he handed it to his wife, watching her as she read it. Tears stood in her eyes as she raised them from the letter.

"Well," said the colonel, "what shall be done?"

"Let us go to Mary at once; we have passed through afflictions ourselves; let us sympathize with others, and her trial is far greater than ours."

"What has happened, mother?" anxiously asked Clara, while Augusta looked up inquiringly.

"Your Aunt Mary has lost her husband. You know them only by name, my children, for I am ashamed to say, we have not met for years. She married a farmer, and settled in the country at a considerable distance from home. After the death of our parents, and my own marriage, there existed but little intercourse between the families. I, engrossed with my pursuit of pleasure, proud of my possessions

and beautiful home, did not care to visit the humble abode of my poorer sister, while she, feeling hurt that the difference in our stations in life should have had power to rule over sisterly affection, would not intrude herself upon us, but occupied herself entirely with her home duties. Our younger sister, Harriet, married much against the will of all her friends, and became estranged from us. She died in a few years, leaving an only daughter. Mary was with her when she died, and took the little Hattie to raise as her own. She has a large family for which to care, and consequently much to take up her time and attention; and, in addition to all this, tried to do a mother's part for our dead sister's child. And now this sad bereavement has come upon her, and she is left to care for them all alone. Poor Mary! I long to see her again, and try to comfort her. Dear husband, let us go at once to our widowed sister, and endeavor to atone for past neglect. Will it not be best and right?"

"Unquestionably it is our duty to do so. I will at once give the necessary orders," and he left the room for that purpose.

"Mother," said Clara, "do n't you think Aunt Mary's family is large enough to admit of her giving Hattie to us?"

"Why, Clara my dear, would it be best for us to take her? She is young, and doubtless playful, perhaps even a little wild and noisy, and you are not strong. I am afraid she would annoy you."

"O no, mother, I am not so easily annoyed; on the contrary, I think she would interest me, and help me to be cheerful and contented myself. Then, too, it seems to me it would be but right to relieve Aunt Mary of the additional care and responsibility, now that she is left a widow."

"I think, mother," said Augusta, "that Clara is right. You know I shall leave you soon. My own home is awaiting my attention now, and we are anxious to get settled, like all who leave the parental roof for homes of their own. Time may sometimes seem a little wearisome to Clara, and Hattie might be taught to be eyes for her. And it does seem that Aunt Mary has already done her part, and, besides all this, the child could have the advantages of education, which are probably denied her in a country place."

"I believe, my children, that you are right," replied Mrs. Holeman, thoughtfully. "We will see what your father thinks of it, and decide upon it at once."

When Colonel Holeman returned he was assailed by all with eager questions in regard to

the matter, and all were delighted to find that his views coincided with those which they had expressed. It was, therefore, unanimously decided that Hattie was to accompany them on their return home. Promising to return in a few days they started on their journey. Clara was quite delighted with the idea of Hattie's coming, and seemed to have already taken the child into her heart. The house seemed so quiet now, she said, since she had become so helpless, it would be pleasant to hear a child's bounding step on the stairs and through the dull, old halls, making all merry with childish laughter. Augusta fancied it would help to amuse and cheer her blind sister, and for this rejoiced with her. Very lonely seemed the house now with father and mother absent, making them already almost impatient for their speedy return.

Let us follow the travelers as they go upon their errand of love, and enter with them the house of mourning. After several hours of rapid driving through an apparently almost uninhabited tract of country which, to our friends so accustomed to the city's noise and confusion, seemed exceedingly quiet and lonely, the carriage left the main road, and turning to the right followed a beautiful private carriage-way bordered with noble trees, whose rapidly growing foliage betokened the presence of Spring, already becoming beautiful in the country, where the birds joyously sang a welcome, though its advent was as yet scarcely perceptible in the city. A few moments later and the carriage drew up before a plain brick dwelling of moderate pretensions, both in regard to size and general appearance. Mrs. Holeman's heart misgave her as she left the carriage, and walked with hesitating step toward the house. How would she be received now after so many years of inexcusable neglect! How could she best atone for the past, and how should she prove her contrition and show her wish to be again regarded as a loving sister! Slight and trivial to her seemed those things now which had risen as a barrier between them, and she asked herself how she should now sweep them all away forever and open wide the flood-gates of sisterly affection. Questioning her own heart in this way, she approached the door and knocked gently—half timidly, indeed, feeling almost an intruder. The summons was answered by a little girl of about seven or eight years of age, who looked up with much apparent surprise upon finding that the visitors were strangers.

"You do n't know us, my dear," said Colonel Holeman kindly, "but we are relatives for all that. I am your Uncle Holeman from the city,

and this lady is your Aunt Kate—come tell us your name, my child, and then run and let your mother know we are here.”

Shyly the child raised her eyes—large dark eyes, which seemed to take in at a glance all that an ordinary pair would require time to investigate. With her little sun-burnt hand she pushed back a mass of tangled brown hair from a full, broad brow, darkened like the hands by exposure to the sun. She was a singular-looking child, possessing no particular marks of beauty, yet by no means homely; a little awkward and shy, yet not obtuse. She was very plainly dressed, and evidently had very little idea of self-adornment. Mrs. Holeman's quick eye noted all these details at once. She seemed to hesitate a moment, and then said in childish simplicity,

“Please, sir, I have n't got any mother; I live with Aunt Mary.”

“O, then, it's our little Hattie,” said Mrs. Holeman, her heart going out to the motherless child, and she bent down and kissed her tenderly. The child looked up into Mrs. Holeman's face and the dark eyes filled with tears; evidently Mrs. Holeman's words awakened a responsive chord in her own heart, and timidly she asked,

“Did you know my mamma?”

“Know her, my dear? she was my own sister, and you are very much like her,” and again she drew the child toward her. Just then a voice from another part of the house was heard calling “Hattie.”

“Please, sir, come in,” said Hattie to Colonel Holeman, who still stood on the threshold looking with interest upon the meeting between the two. She conducted them to a plainly furnished room and went to inform the family of their arrival. She soon returned, saying that Aunt Mary would like to see her in her room. Mrs. Holeman followed the child up stairs, and was soon in the presence of the sister from whom she had been separated for years. The meeting was one of mingled pain and pleasure. Mrs. Holeman wept as she acknowledged her error, saying she had not really ceased to love her sister. False pride and the tinselled allurements of gay society had so entrapped her senses, she had neither time nor thought for other things. She told her how God in his infinite wisdom saw fit to make Clara's affliction the instrument by which a reformation was to be effected in herself and family. Though Aunt Mary was passing through the deep waters of affliction herself; though the waves which swept over her threatened to engulf all her hopes and bear from her grasp all that made life most

beautiful and fair, yet the kind, motherly heart wept over the afflictions of the dear blind girl who so patiently bore all without a murmur. The following day the husband and father was borne to his last resting-place, and the widow, with her fatherless children, returned to the home made so desolate by the absence of the one so near and dear to them all, the very center indeed of home.

Our friends remained with them several days, striving, by many acts of thoughtful kindness, and attention, to alleviate their sorrows. One morning while seated in her sister's room Mrs. Holeman, first spoke of her views in regard to Hattie, and asked if she felt willing to give her the child. Aunt Mary was startled, and seemed inclined to put the very thought away from her, so unwilling was she to part with her, having been a mother to her since she took her, an infant from the arms of her dying mother. Her father had since died in the far West, and the orphan seemed dear to her as her own. Mrs. Holeman succeeded at last in convincing her that it would be for the child's good, since she would enjoy far greater advantages in the city in regard to education than in the country. The thought, however, that Clara wanted her to come had more weight with her than all other arguments, and for her sake she at last consented.

“And now, my dear sister,” said she, “if I must give her to you, I must also give you some idea of the peculiarities of her disposition. Had she remained with me I would not have thought it necessary to reveal her faults, but placing her under your care, alters the case. It pains me to tell you that you will find it a difficult task to manage her. She is quick, sprightly, and affectionate, but exceedingly willful, obstinate, and often sullen, when not permitted to follow her own inclinations. I have not governed her as I should have done had I not been so burdened with the cares and anxieties which such a family involves, especially since my husband's health failed him; and the thought, too, of her orphaned condition made me often more lenient toward her faults than I ought to have been. Time and watchful care will undoubtedly effect much good for her.”

It being decided that Hattie was to go with her new-found relatives to their city home, the necessary arrangements were made at once. Poor Hattie hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, and accordingly did both. The idea of going to live in the great city, of which she had heard so much, was certainly a pleasing one; and yet when the time for the separation came, the parting with the only friends she had known

seemed as great a sorrow as she could bear; but the griefs of childhood are often evanescent, and its tears vanish before the smiles which succeed as April showers are followed by the sunshine. The children all regretted the loss of their playmate, but were finally consoled by the promise of frequent visits to be exchanged. There was great rejoicing in the Holeman household when the absent ones returned, bringing with them the little orphan, who was received with open arms. Hattie was quite bewildered by the new scenes around. Accustomed to a simple, unpretending style of living, surrounded by quietude, pursuing the same daily routine of country life, knowing only the simples of domestic comforts, she looked with amazement at the elegance and exquisite taste displayed within her new home. Nothing seemed to escape her notice. Her large, dark eyes wandered from object to object wherever she went. At times she was very demonstrative, and again would look about her seemingly quite absorbed in silent admiration. From her first introduction into the family she was strangely attracted toward Clara, and was never so happy as when engaged in some little service for her. She would stand by her as she sat in her low chair and softly stroke her hair, or pass her little brown hand caressingly over Clara's, saying tenderly as a mother would soothe an infant, "Poor, dear cousin, what shall I do for you now? don't you want to use Hattie's eyes?" This was a favorite question, for Clara had playfully told her one day she must occasionally lend her those eyes of her's which were capable of seeing so much. The idea of being shut up in darkness seemed so terrible to her, that she seemed to feel especially called upon to bring all the light she could to those poor blind eyes. But, alas! with all this generous kindness and love for her favorite, what a pity that with it was blended so much of self-will and unlovely temper! If, when not in a mood for obeying or being even obliging or pleasant, any thing was required of her, or a remark made which did not agree with her mood, she became sullen, obstinate, and unkind to all with the exception of Clara, to whom she was never known to utter one unpleasant word. This gentleness for the blind girl caused the fond mother to overlook many of her faults, and for this not unfrequently did her most glaring faults go unproved. At last Mrs. Holeman began to feel that such a course was exceedingly detrimental to the child, who really required careful, judicious training. It was a difficult matter to undertake, but Mrs. Holeman and her husband agreed that it must be done,

and Clara, too, felt that it would be for the interest of Hattie if each firmly adhered to their sense of right, and instead of overlooking the increasing willfulness of her disposition, would require prompt obedience cheerfully rendered—one particular failing which she possessed, which was a source of great annoyance to Mrs. Holeman, and she resolved to endeavor to correct it. During her life at her Aunt Mary's, she, with her cousins, were accustomed to spending much of their time on the grounds around the house, indulging in sports and plays which were natural to children accustomed to out-of-door amusements. To Mrs. Holeman they seemed exceedingly rude, and she found it almost impossible to keep the child's exuberant spirits under any kind of control. Her freedom of speech and behavior, added to her utter disregard for personal appearance, sometimes almost shocked her. But a few days had elapsed since her arrival, yet she seemed already as much at home as though quite an old resident on the place, filling her niche in the family group and about the house and grounds as though quite a fixture on the premises.

THE WATERFALL.

GAYLY down the mountain-side,
In unceasing motion,
Watch the sparkling torrent glide
To the mighty ocean.

Gently now, now far and near,
Silv'ry laughter flinging;
Hark! what fairy feet I hear,
Down the rough rock springing.

Bounding, fetterless, and free,
Obstacles unheeding,
Onward to its home, the sea,
Mark the torrent speeding.

Stones that fain its course would stay,
Bathing with its blessing;
Drooping flow'rets by the way
Cheering and caressing.

Pure and free from earthly blot,
On it speeds in brightness;
Cleansing earth, yet mingling not—
Perfect in its whiteness.

Panting for a wider bed,
Pausing, resting never,
Till old Ocean's arms outspread,
Welcome it forever!

Down life's rugged mountain-side,
In unceasing motion,
Streams of human kindness glide,
On to Love's great ocean.



Gently now, now far and near,
 Tones of comfort flinging;
 Hark! what willing feet I hear,
 Joy to mourners bringing.

Bounding, fetterless, and free,
 Obstacles unheeding,
 Onward to Love's endless sea,
 Mark the torrent speeding.

Foes that fain its course would stay,
 Bathing with its blessing;

Drooping spirits by the way
 Cheering and caressing.

Pure and free from earthly blot,
 On it speeds in brightness;
 Cleansing earth, yet mingling not—
 Perfect in its whiteness.

Panting for a wider bed,
 Pausing, resting never,
 Till Love's mighty arms outspread,
 Welcome it forever!

OUR AMERICAN FEMALE EDUCATION.

"BROKEN down by hard study!" How often we hear the remark! Is it often true? There is no doubt of a feeble physique among our educated American girls. A writer in a recent number of Lippincott's Magazine says, "Ask any thoughtful physician to number the young ladies of his acquaintance, and to tell you how many out of each score are fit to become healthy wives and mothers, or to be wives and mothers at all, and you will probably be appalled at the reply." Again, he says: "Our young ladies are simply pretty or not that; their destiny is the sofa, neuralgia, weak backs, and hysteria—a demon which has made, I am persuaded, almost as much domestic unhappiness as the husband's dram."

This condition of health being granted, we ask is this really the result of hard study? In most cases we answer "no;" there has been an inattention to all the requisites which would have insured a healthy development of the physical frame; the school-hours have been too protracted—even though the mind may have been only actively employed during a part of them—thereby causing a sedentary life; the school-room has been badly ventilated, and the sleeping apartment has received, perhaps, no ventilation at all; the young lady being at a boarding-school, and away from the eyes of her parents, has found ways, with the amount of spending money they have liberally supplied, to obtain surreptitiously large quantities of indigestible sweetmeats, and these have been eaten at the most unseasonable hours, the favorite time being just before retiring for the night. With a constitution thus deranged by the neglect of all hygienic rules, she has conscientiously set herself to pursue the studies assigned her by her teachers, and being of an ambitious turn of mind, the possible attainment of a prize at the close of the term has urged her on when other incitements began to flag. She has studied—studied hard for one in her physical health, and the consequence is compulsory inaction, perhaps a life-long chronic invalidism. Now I would ask, is it fair to ascribe these results to hard study?

Suppose I were to bring to a city home a young girl with robust health, who has never known a day's sickness. I employ her as a seamstress; I give her no more sewing than she has been in the habit of performing in her country home, with its healthy régime, with perfect ease. In my home the simple country diet, with its plain bread, delicious butter, fresh

milk, fruit and vegetables, is exchanged for the highly seasoned viands and the "made dishes" which are so fruitful of dyspepsia throughout our land. I assure her that she need feel under no necessity for early rising, for, as a family, we rise late; and I take her out with me to evening concerts and lectures, until she soon discovers that early rising is out of the question—for, of course, all advocates of this obsolete virtue connect therewith the "early to bed." Not only does she retire late, but I kindly hand her the pantry keys, or invite her to accompany me thither, and a rather hearty meal from the plate of doughnuts, or the slice of cold tongue, or the rich fruit-cake, prevents her going to bed hungry. She rises at a late hour in the morning with a dull throbbing pain in the head, and yet she dares not indulge in what she feels would be the best specific, a long stroll in the health-giving, open air; but seating herself in the furnace heated, badly lighted little back sewing-room upstairs, she spends the day in sedentary work, and in the evening I come in with a kind invitation to another place of dissipation. Of course, I am only supposing a case. I know as well as you do that city people do not adopt this method of ruining the health of their employes, but in the case supposed, how long before the country father would have the daughter brought back to him a confirmed invalid? Neighbors come in to sympathize, and when they inquire the cause of the failure in health, would there be any justice in the reply, "broken down by hard work?"

I contend that the cases I have given are parallel; both girls had work assigned them; both had hard work; neither had work which would have taxed them had due attention been paid to the necessary conditions for keeping them in a fair state of health, and is it just to say that "hard study" or "hard work" produced the catastrophe?

So far from disease being the result of hard study, I believe statistics, if they could be fairly collected, would bear us out in the assertion that this same much abused severe study is conducive to longevity. In a work on the Higher Christian Education I find the following passage, which says just what I want to say so much better than I can say it, that I quote it here:

"Nothing next to worship, and direct beneficence to others, so fills the heart with such sweet, all-pervasive satisfaction, as active and energetic habits of thought, perpetually busy in exploring the outer universe which God has made, and the inward relations of science, doctrine, providence, or secondary agency, by which

its wondrous harmonies are fashioned and established. Let earnest, vigorous study abound, not only for its own sake, but also as *one of the surest means of bodily health*; but always let it be with a brain supplied as freely indoors with air, vital air, as if out-of-doors. Notice the words, if you please—*active, energetic habits of thought*—no mere memorizing, no cramming of long words, and many “ologies,” and “ometries,” but simply the presentation of such subjects as are possessed of a real interest to the mind, and the presentation of them in such a manner as shall insure that the mind will at once act vigorously and happily upon them.

Were we able to make a list of men of this and the preceding century who have lived to a good old age, retaining mental vigor and bodily health beyond the three-score and ten years mentioned by the Psalmist as the ordinary limit of human life, we shall probably find that the eminent scholars outnumbered, in their proportion, any other class of men whom we might select. Let me enumerate a few: Samuel Johnson died at seventy-six, Sir Wm. Herschel at eighty-four, Leibnitz at seventy, Goethe at eighty-three, Emmons at ninety-five, and Alexander von Humboldt—whose memory we have all delighted to honor at the recent centennial anniversary of his birth—at ninety; and these men, these earnest thinkers were hale and hearty, with the fire of their youth undimmed in their eye, and the natural strength of their heart unabated to the end.

I know of one or two sad examples of “over-worked brain” which may occur to the reader as militating against my position. The lamented Hugh Miller is probably one of these. I recently examined his biographer’s account of the sad termination of his life, that I might satisfy myself upon this point. I wished to know whether simply hard brain-work, as such, or the neglect of ordinary hygienic rules in connection therewith had led to the overthrow of his glorious genius, and I found the following significant facts:

To the physician called in by his wife only a day before his death, he acknowledged “that he had been, night after night, up till very late in the morning, working hard and continuously at his new book.” The physician enjoined discontinuance of work; bed at eleven and a light supper. His biographer adds that “he had all his life made supper his principle meal.”

Dwight, whom I have previously quoted, gives a similar instance. After remarking that, though in all his life he had been brought in contact with scholars, he had never known “a man who could be justly described as hurting himself by

hard study,” goes on to say, “The nearest apparent approximation to such a fact within the bounds of my experience, occurred in the case of that distinguished Oriental scholar, Nordheimer, who died so soon after coming to this country; but on inquiry of him, it proved that the cause of injury done to his health was not too vigorous action of the mind, as such, but too little sleep; since for years he had allowed himself, when in Germany, but three hours repose at night, and that on three chairs, in full dress, under the call of an alarm clock. Such systematic self-abuse would have killed any one but an enthusiastic and happy student-long before it did that devoted and spirited linguist.”

We are then prepared to admit that active, energetic thought is conducive to the health, and that our improper surroundings are in a large measure blamable for the feeble physique of the educated American girl. But aside from these improper surroundings, there is an essential element of ill health in the study we impose, not because it is hard study, but because it is dry study, uninteresting study; it does not conduce to active, energetic thought.

I find the following passage in Herbert Spencer’s work on Education: “As a final test by which to judge any plan of culture, should come the question, Does it create pleasurable excitement in the pupil? Even when, as considered theoretically, the proposed course of action seems the best, yet if it produce no interest, or less interest than another course, we should relinquish it, for a child’s intellectual instincts are more trustworthy than our reasonings. In respect to the knowing faculties, we may confidently trust to the general law, that under normal conditions healthful action is pleasurable, while action which gives pain is not healthful.”

The element of ill health in the studies we impose is this, they lack the joy-giving, pleasurable power, and the cause of this lack may be explained in a few words. The studies pursued by our girls are mostly premature; their minds are too young and too crude to be adapted to them. The boys of to-day are getting their education later and later in life, while girls leave school at the same age they did thirty years ago. It used to be common for boys to enter college at fourteen; at present eighteen is the usual age of admission at Harvard or Yale. Now let any one compare the scale of studies for both sexes employed half a century ago with that of to-day. He will find that its demands are vastly more exacting than they were—a difference fraught with no evil for men who attack these graver studies later in life, but attended with perilous results for girls who are

still expected to leave school at eighteen or earlier. Ask any graduate of our American female colleges, who has continued her education into mature life, what she thinks of the curriculum imposed on her during her school days, and she will doubtless answer that, in connection with her mental development, it was premature. Said a lady to me recently: "How I am astonished at the lack of judgment displayed by my teachers in the choice of my studies. I think the very demon of metaphysics pursued me, and yet metaphysics was never my forte. Would you believe it? I was put, at eleven years of age, to the study of Abercrombie's *Intellectual Philosophy*; at thirteen I was supplied with Upham's *Mental Philosophy*—Unabridged University Edition—and at fifteen I was supposed to have mastered Butler's *Analogy*. I was able to make passable recitations in them, and it would have been difficult to persuade me that I did not understand them, but I now know that there was none of the abounding joy which mature minds feel in grappling with such subjects. Had my teachers only understood this, and had they placed before me such studies as would have furnished me with this abounding joy, very different would have been the tone of my life." I grant that this case, though not exaggerated, is an exceptional one; yet there still remains the fact that our girls' studies are premature. Take, for instance, the study of geography. The first faculties of the mind which come into play are the conceptive and perceptive faculties; later come the analytic and the reasoning ones. Now the facts of mathematical geography, with its account of great and small circles, of degrees, parallels, and meridians, can not be rightly comprehended so soon as the facts of physical geography, because these address themselves to the earliest developed faculties. Yet we see this order constantly reversed; the little girl of six or eight years is put to the study of geography, in which the very first exercises consist of answers to questions in regard to the equator, meridians, parallels, poles, etc.; she commits it to memory, but the effort is a painful one, and, therefore, of doubtful utility, so far as the physical health is concerned. Place in her hands instead a properly written work for a beginner in physical geography; let there be pictorial representations of mountains and of mountain chains; teach her how the climate varies at different elevations; show her how, at the foot of the Andes, grow the oranges and pine-apples to be found only in warm countries; tell her how, as we climb the mountain side, the air grows cooler, and we meet the oak and the

Indian corn, while higher up grow stunted shrubs, until we reach the cloud-capped summits covered by eternal snow; show her pictures of the mountain lakes, and tell how the rivers are formed by the melting of the snows, and the water-falls by the leaps of the mountain rills over the precipices. As she listens to these and similar descriptions, you will see by the light in the eye and the glow on the cheek that the mind is at active work and pleasurably employed. By and by, when the proper maturity is reached, the mind will grasp the more abstruse subjects of mathematical geography with as pleasurable a glow and as keen a relish then. This error in judgment is to be traced throughout the entire scholastic career; we are constantly antedating Nature. If these views be correct, then we find that the frail physical health of our daughters is due, first, to improper physical surroundings, and, second, to the premature presentation of subjects for study. I was led into this train of thought by a conversation with a friend a few days ago, and, as the curriculum she has marked out for her daughters is suggestive, I proposed to detail some parts of the conversation.

This friend, Mrs. Rogers, is the mother of five children. The elder three are boys, and by a mutual arrangement the father assumes the control and guidance of their education, while to the mother is committed the entire direction of the mental training of the two little girls. (I am not recommending this plan, which does not meet with my approval, but only some features in the mother's plan, which seemed to me excellent.) She had been speaking to me of this arrangement, and I asked her where she was sending her little girls to school.

"Well," she answered, "they are yet so young—only nine and seven years of age—that I do not confine them closely to study. I do not send them to school at all. For such little things school is such drudgery, and there is so much in the world by which they are surrounded calculated to keep their eyes and ears employed, and their minds active, that I am satisfied, even if for awhile, their acquaintance with books should be very limited.

"I have decided that it is only necessary for them to study reading, writing, and arithmetic as yet; these have been aptly called the 'tools of knowledge,' and I presume we should all agree in assigning them the most important place. I know that learning to read until the child acquires some facility is tiresome; that learning arithmetic, at least until the four elementary rules are mastered, is frequently 'a vexation of spirit,' and that learning to write is

to many a very fatiguing practice ; and, while I try to make these things as pleasant for them as possible, I still require real work from them ; therefore I dare not, on account of their physical health and mental vivacity, keep them very close to their studies. I have adopted this plan : I keep them at their books an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon ; the morning hour is passed half in ciphering and half in writing ; the afternoon hour in reading and spelling. The morning hour takes very little of my time, though I sit in the room at my sewing ready to render all necessary assistance. The rest of the day they are my companions ; they are learning to be nice little house-wives ; they can dust the furniture of a room, assist in setting and clearing the table, etc. ; they are learning a very serviceable use of the needle, and are growing quite independent of help in the preparation of their dolls' wardrobes ; they are active and energetic gardeners, and are growing up healthy and happy. But their knowledge of books is not entirely confined to the studies I have spoken of. This is the way we study geography : we have hung our sitting-room walls with Guyot's Maps, and, as we sit at our sewing, I give them oral instructions about different countries. I speak of the surface of the country, of its physical features, its rivers, mountains, etc. ; the character of the inhabitants, their history, etc. We spend a long time on any one important country, as England or France ; I give accounts of little girls or boys belonging to the countries we are studying, when I have the material for such accounts, and we spend a half hour in the evening drawing the map of the country we are studying—we have referred to the wall-maps in the afternoon just whenever we need to do so. In this map-drawing we make no railroad speed—slow and sure is my motto. Perhaps at one lesson we get no farther than the outlines ; at another we place the mountain ranges ; at another lesson we draw the rivers which, rising in these mountain ranges, pursue their way to the sea. We draw nothing we have not first studied. But these map-drawing half-hours are not so pleasant as the remainder of the evening until their nine o'clock bed-time, for then I read aloud, sometimes really mature works of history, as Hildreth or Prescott ; sometimes fiction, as Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights, or selections from Shakspeare, or Walter Scott, and then we close with a chapter from the Book of Books."

"How do you teach them grammar?" I asked.

"They are learning the *art* of speaking cor-

rectly from the example of their elders, and the *science of grammar* will come by and by when their minds are more matured."

"I see," I said, "that you do not believe in making them study much."

"Study!" she replied ; "why, do n't you see they study the greater part of their time. To *study* is to *think*, and I keep them constantly supplied with objects for earnest, energetic thought ; why, our walks in the woods are pleasant botany lessons, only so pleasant that they seem like play. I never feel that any lesson which brings real enjoyment is a strain or tax upon the mind, no matter how busily it may keep the mind employed. Why, my dear friend, hard study, by which I mean earnest thought, never injures any body ; it is the uninteresting study that is so killing."

"But by and by, as they grow older, they will have to be more closely confined to their books," I remarked.

"Yes," was the reply ; "next month Anna begins her lessons on the piano, and the practice it involves will, for awhile at least, be so fatiguing that I shall have to watch its effects with great diligence, and see that by increased active exercise, if necessary, I counteract all injurious effects. It will not be long before they commence—or Anna will, and perhaps both—the study of the French language, but as we have near us a French teacher, whose family converse in their native language, I shall consign them to him for a half hour daily, and they will learn the language almost as easily and naturally as they learned their mother tongue."

"And are they not after awhile to study the ancient languages?"

"The study of the ancient languages is so severe a tax upon the mind's powers, that it must, of course, be postponed till some degree of maturity is attained ; and if we are to have our daughters proficient in music and drawing ; if they are to form a tolerably thorough acquaintance with one or more of the modern languages, meaning thereby some acquaintance with the literature of those languages ; if they are to be tolerably versed in English literature and to have some general acquaintance with the natural sciences ; if, in addition to all these, they are to become thorough housekeepers, and all this while their physical constitution is undergoing important and critical changes, I know not how we dare tax them further ; and yet while the ancient languages may thus seem impossible and undesirable for girls, I grant that to the mature mind of womanhood they may be of vast service and may bring real power, and I think I see the way open for their

attainment. It is this: the school education of our daughters is usually completed at eighteen or earlier, but the habits of study therein acquired may last, and should last, through life. If, with a healthy and mature physical frame, they feel the need of these acquirements, I presume they will find little difficulty in obtaining them. Perhaps their husbands may be their teachers."

"You think, then," I said, "that mothers who are fitted by native gifts and education, should themselves train the minds of their daughters."

"No," she answered "I did not say so. For myself such a course has been inevitable; having decided that much oral instruction is necessary in the early years in order to keep the mind active and yet not dull it by this committing to memory from books, I found it necessary to do this myself because there was no one at hand to put my methods into practice. It is a joy to me, but I should hesitate to say it was a duty for all mothers. I think, however, that some of our educated American women, who are clamorous for a career, might find one here if it were not beneath their notice."

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER was at one time the queen of the south, and the capital of Alfred's kingdom, sitting like a crowned lady on the fair banks of the Itchen. She wore a rich traditional garland; the ancient Britons had named the place "the White City;" colonists from ancient Germany (Belgæ) had increased her power; the conquering Romans recognized her as the "Venta Belgarum;" the Saxons acknowledged her claims, and made her the capital of Wessex; Egbert, Alfred, and Canute had dwelt within the walls; five kings received the crown of England in the cathedral; and for many ages "the White City" seemed likely to become the capital of Britain. Its castle, built by the "stark" king, William I, might have defied an army; royal palaces, noble mansions, magnificent monasteries, and sixty churches made her an architectural marvel. Prince Arthur's "round table" was lodged in the city, and all curious or credulous citizens might have read thereon the names of the mighty knights who upheld the banner of the great Pendragon.* Great, indeed, has been the change; Winchester has lost her crown, and imperial London marvels at the former ambition of her ancient

rival. But the White City still bears the symbols of her early honors. The cathedral retains the beauty and grandeur which have impressed the hearts of many generations; "the college" is a name of power with "Wykehamists," and the ancient hospital of St. Cross still reminds us that a princely spirit of charity is not peculiar to modern times. William of Wykeham, bishop, lawyer, and statesman, the patron of art and promoter of learning, sleeps in his own rich charity, beneath the magnificent cathedral which owes so much of its splendor to his genius.

Surely such a city can have no low or grotesque traditions connected with her histories? We are sorry to remind the reader that even the White City was supposed to have, at times, one black visitor at the least. Through her streets and around her cathedral Satan was believed to prowl, in the form of a black dog. The good people of Winchester must not, however, regard this as an unparalleled stigma, for the same fiend, in the like form, was also repeatedly seen in Colchester. We fear that black dogs had a sad time of it in both cities, while such a superstition prevailed. Is it not somewhat strange that this terrible dog should have selected a place crowded with monks and friars? Can it be possible that white, black, and gray friars, to say nothing of St. Swithin himself, were unable to preserve Winchester from such visitations? Something must have been wrong, we fear.

If the Wintonians are ever tempted to regret the departed honors of their ancient city, the cathedral may well console them. The richness of the west front, the combination of massive strength, delicate beauty, and magnificent grandeur, and the east window glowing with rainbow splendors, or subdued to a "dim religious light," may well produce a feeling akin to admiring awe. When was this grand pile erected? A rude timber church *may* have been raised here by the early British Christians in the second century; this was destroyed by the pagan Saxons, but rebuilt by the converted Prince Kyngil in the seventh century. Three hundred years later Ethelwald, Bishop of Winchester, completed a third structure, and dedicated the building to the famous Swithin. The Danes, honoring Odin much and Swithin little, partially ruined the church, which was again restored by Bishop Walkeylyn, about the year 1093, when the rainy saint lost his place as sole patron of the cathedral, which was then dedicated to St. Peter, St. Paul, and Swithin. This change was just, as Swithin had neglected—or was unable—to protect the building from Danish ravages. A succession of alterations,

*Signifying "Dragon's head," a title of the chief British prince.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

additions, and restorations were brought to a grand finish in the fourteenth century, when Bishop Edyngton, and the more famous William of Wykeham, expended time, money, and skill on the cathedral. The present pile may, indeed, with some exceptions, be regarded as the work of the extraordinary man who was alike courtier, bishop, chancellor, and statesman.

The visitor who wishes to examine the interior of the cathedral, will require days, if not weeks, for such a study. No English cathedral has a more impressive and beautiful interior, though its exterior is low and austere; the

amount of exquisite carved flower-work is wonderful, and its great perpendicular window and magnificent nave are unsurpassed in the church architecture of the Old World. Begun at the latter end of the eleventh century and finished at the beginning of the fifteenth, it embraces all styles. Its nave, foundations, and crypt are Norman, of the most solid and massive character. Its Gothic columns and arches are ponderous and majestic; the repose of eternity seems to sleep under their shadows. Some of the finials and crosses are hardly describable, so richly woven over are they in shooting leaves

and blossoms; "they might have stood out neglected in some Italian or Sicilian garden for half a century of Summers, and then have been transplanted with all their tangled wealth hanging about them in the temple."

But is the visitor interested in the tombs and sepulchral memorials of the life of other times? Then let him stand near those six chests, containing the bones or dust of Egbert, Canute, Emma of Normandy, of the red king, William Rufus, and of other once mighty men of old. Bishop Fox, whose pelican symbol may be seen near, collected these bones from their decayed and ruined tombs, and the observer may easily, like another Hervey, make his "meditations" on these receptacles of royal dust. Why is that recess beneath the arch called the "Holy Hole?" Because of the relics of "saints" once preserved there, which were supposed to shed a mysterious sanctity over the whole cathedral. In vain the enthusiastic antiquary now inquires for Canute's crown; the very circlet worn on the day when, in presence of the uncivil waves, he preached his far-famed sermon to flattering courtiers. It has vanished from its high place, and we shall not, therefore, ask impertinent questions about its fashion or ornaments. The niches, empty or occupied, would tax the learning and patience of an antiquarian hagiologist,* so numerous are these small stone lodgings of worthies now almost forgotten.

The once rich shrine of St. Swithin no longer attracts monks to the early mass; but this friend of King Egbert is yet known by name to thousands who might be puzzled to name his burial-place. The famous saint of Winchester has somewhat fallen from his high estate. How many Englishmen can now repeat the list of his miracles? How is this? Did not his very bones once work marvels? Did not the saint, long after his decease, heal the blind, make cripples move as merrily as grasshoppers, liberate prisoners from dungeons, send hungry wolves to sleep by the mere whisper of his name, and perform other feats so marvelous that we hold our breath in astonishment? When will such days come again? Is it really true that, when officious men annoyed the good Swithin by attempting to move his bones from the north side of the church-yard into the cathedral, on the 15th of July, in the year 971, the indignant saint caused torrents of rain to pour down on the disturbers of his grave? Or shall we believe the other story, that Swithin himself reappeared in ghostly form, and insisted upon the speedy removal of his body, showing his approbation

of the good work, when it had been duly performed, by healing such multitudes of cripples, that the church-walls did not afford space enough to hang the crutches thereon? Which is the true account? We really can not help any of our readers in the matter; but for ourselves, we should like to hold both histories equally established.

Perhaps some lover of the rod and line may look with more interest on the grave of Isaak Walton, than upon the receptacles of Saxon bones or the tomb of William Rufus. A Fleet-street draper, even if he should write "A Complete Angler," is not likely, in our times, to be honored with a grave in a magnificent cathedral. No one, however, will now quarrel with the respect paid to the memory of the angler, who would fix a worm on the hook "as if he loved him."

The great name associated with Winchester and its cathedral is that of William of Wykeham, and a short outline of his remarkable life must now be given. Our readers will bear in mind the fourfold character of this famous man, as architect, ecclesiastic, lawyer, and politician, while we pass rapidly from one event to another. He was probably born at Wykeham, in Hampshire, in 1324, and his name is generally thought to have been derived from his birthplace. As every thing, however, must be disputed, there are antiquarians who affirm that the surname was borne by the father, while others are equally certain that this gentleman's name was John Longe; perhaps the most easy conclusion is that all are right. Mr. Longe may sometimes have been described by his place of residence, and his famous son may have preferred such a designation. Should the matter be ever hotly debated in any literary magazine in the year 2000, we hope that we shall be quoted as an example of perfect impartiality on so grave a subject. Young William seems to have early become the pet of Nicholas Uvedale, the lord, or "squire," of Wykeham, and governor of Winchester Castle. The youth became secretary to the soldier, and was thus introduced to the notice of Bishop Edyngton, by whom the clever young Wykehamite was made known to Edward III. The king had a sharp eye for ability, and soon discovered "all the talents" in the secretary of Governor Uvedale. William was at this period about twenty-two years of age, and in the course of the ensuing ten years the watchful warrior-king detected the architectural abilities, political insight, and love of learning, so largely possessed by the son of John and Sibyl Wykeham. William received, in 1356, the appointment of superintendent over

* A writer of the lives of saints.

the royal works, and in October of the same year he became the directing architect of Windsor Castle. His "retaining fee" was *one* shilling a day, and when on surveying journeys, two shillings. The pay was not, however, quite so beggarly as it sounds; some readers may remember that two shillings a day was the sum formerly allowed to members of Parliament for English boroughs, and that certain towns so groaned under the heavy tax as to petition for exemption from the expensive honors of the franchise. Our architect's labors were not limited to "art pure and simple;" he was commissioned to "impress" masons, and other necessary work, at fixed rates.

The royal architect had received the "lower" ecclesiastical orders before entering on his great work at Windsor, and soon managed to obtain from the king so many benefices and clerical offices that we must class him with the greatest of pluralists. He was a country rector, a prebendary, dean of the royal chapel at St. Martin's-le-Grand, a royal secretary, keeper of the privy seal, chief warden of many royal castles, and eventually Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of England in 1367. Perhaps the architect at one shilling a day regarded these offices as a fair means of professional reimbursement. But Wykeham's course was not all smooth; he had supported the political views of the Black Prince, and was, therefore, attacked by the active supporters of the Duke of Lancaster, the famous John of Gaunt. There seems to have been no love lost between the two royal brothers, and their adherents were just as vehement as political parties ever have been, always are, and, we suppose, evermore will be. When the Prince's friends were "in," Wykeham was safe; when these became the "outs," and the Gaunt party seemed resolved to expel all clericals from places of power, Wykeham yielded to the rising storm by resigning the chancellorship. For six years the bishop was then left in comparative peace, until the death of the Black Prince, in 1376, when the storm again broke upon his head, in the awful form of an impeachment for illegal conduct while performing his multiplied public duties. Little was proved, but political foes are not very careful about proofs, and the result was, that William of Wykeham was deprived of all his episcopal revenues, and forbidden to come within twenty miles of the king. Things now looked very black indeed, and the bishop, perhaps, thought his sun had set. But after the death of Edward III daylight came again, foes shook hands, "much regretted" past quarrels, and Wykeham soon regained most of his

former honors and revenues. The king died June 21st, and the Bishop's pardon is dated the 31st of the same month. The dates show how the power of his enemies fell at the death of Edward. The Bishop did not, however, get a pardon for nothing; some profit was extracted from him. He bound himself to equip three ships of war, and to provide three hundred trained soldiers at his own cost. The Bishop probably grumbled a little, but he could not write to the newspapers; and matters settled down at last after the rough fashion common in the "good old times."

Amid all this State warfare he was engaged in a threefold series of labors, as architect, educator, and reformer. The works at Windsor were steadily carried on till their completion, about 1374; his *twelve* episcopal castles underwent extensive repairs, for which he purchased stone from the once noted quarries near Quar Abbey, in the Isle of Wight. He seems to have had a species of enthusiasm for road-making, bridge-building, and church-restoring. Even the providing communion-plate for poor parishes, and rich "vestments" for poorer vicars, cost him large sums. He is said to have given one hundred and thirteen "chalices," and one hundred "pairs of vestments" to various churches. The changes made in Windsor Castle under Henry VII, Elizabeth, Charles II, William III, and George IV, have made almost a new structure of the old Norman fortress; but some ancient and time-worn towers will long remind imperial, kingly, and less exalted visitors, of William of Wykeham. Perhaps some will regard Winchester Cathedral as more likely to preserve the memory of this architectural genius; but the skill of others prevents him from receiving exclusive honors as a cathedral-restorer, in which work he was aided by the taste of Bishop Edyngton and the skill of the architect, William Winford.

We have called William of Wykeham an educator. This was shown by the zeal with which he urged on the completion of the grammar-school at Winchester and his New College at Oxford. The plans for these noble foundations were formed in the midst of the Bishop's political troubles, and he lived to see both in full operation. The school was opened in 1373, and the college on the 14th of April, 1386, when the warden and "poor scholars" walked in procession from their temporary halls, and entered "the College of St. Mary of Winchester, in Oxford," chanting the Litany. Whenever the Wykehamites have sung the *Dulce Domum*—"sweetly sing of home"—around the "Domum-tree," or have meditated on the plain advice

written on the school-room wall, "Learn, go, or be whipped," or have gazed with sensitive recollections on the school-rod, formed of "four apple-twigs," in each case they have doubtless ever paid high honors to the name of their great founder. The Bishop's jeweled crosier, his gloves and episcopal ring, preserved in New College, are far less impressive memorials of their former owner than the noble foundations originated by his grand liberality. The Winchester school is the oldest in the kingdom.

But, while Windsor, Winchester, and Oxford speak of the architect and the educator, it must not be forgotten that this energetic man was also a reformer of abuses. The princely Hospital of St. Cross, Winchester, worried this Bishop in his day, as it has perplexed the Court of Chancery in our own time. The master of St. Cross had no objection to continue the due number of prayers for the founder's soul, but he grieved much over the jugs of ale and the hundred dinners a day to a set of shoeless beggars. To appropriate the good things of the charity to his own use and comfort, seemed a natural, if not a highly laudable, proceeding. William of Wykeham took a different view of the matter, requested a sight of the account-books, and even hinted that "the poor of Christ" were being defrauded. This was more than the master of St. Cross could bear; he stood upon his dignity: "it was not the custom" to show the account-books, and he really must, with great respect, decline to furnish accounts. Now there were no Charity Commissioners in those times, so William of Wykeham became his own commissioner, and instituted a suit on behalf of the poor. The master fought like a Trojan for the spoil, battled the case in every court, and finally appealed to the Pope. The Bishop at last conquered, and the poor, the halt, and the blind received again their rightful portions. His tomb and painted effigy is quite perfect, and represents him as a fresh-faced benignant-looking man.

The prayers for the dead are no longer chanted for William of Wykeham, or for his parents, in yon triple-arched chantry, where his body rests; but his memory needs not the orisons of monks: Oxford and Winchester are his memorials, and Windsor's "proud keep" still suggests the name of its architect. He was not the head of any great intellectual or moral revolution, but he holds, nevertheless, a high place among the able and energetic men who quicken the life of nations and elevate the character of a people.

Another great man whose remains repose here was the celebrated Prince and Cardinal

Beaufort. His capped effigy is in the presbytery, in which he is represented as having a Norman nose and high, proud face. He was the brother of Henry IV, was Bishop of Lincoln and afterward of Winchester. His life was spent in political intrigues, and was often endangered. In 1431 he crowned Henry VI in Paris; his subsequent life was full of suspicion and hazard. He died in 1447. Shakspeare says of him, "He died and made no sign." The drama reflects the public sentiment of the time, which was unfavorable, though his reputation was somewhat redeemed by his late munificent charities.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE CLOCKS.

ITALY is, emphatically, the land of romance, where the ideal is always, more or less, mixed up with the real, and imagination mingles largely with the substantial, beautifying and embellishing, till the most commonplace facts charm and attract an attention which the sterner truths of history could never obtain. The very air is imbued with the spirit of ancient mythology, and though "the fair humanities of old religion," and the fawns, the nymphs, and the dryads are banished from their ancient haunts, and live no longer in the faith of reason, the fancy and the poetry which created those forms of light, and beauty, and majesty still exist and lend their aid to the chronicler who tells the tales belonging to times long gone by, and mingles historic truth with poetic fiction.

But while history which, through its long and shadowy vista, gives us in dim perspective the grand outline and prominent objects of the generations that are past, narrating the march of armies, the conflict of battle, and the intrigues and pomps of courts, it is to the chronicler that we must look for the detail of living manners and individual exploit—the homely routine of cottage life, the revelry of the village hostel, or it may be some deed of individual daring beneath the pen of history to record. Although the interest of the grand movements and struggles which make the public transactions and politics of a nation is at all times very great, it does not include the whole charm of a representation of the past, and there is nothing more pleasant than to step aside into the "by-ways of history," and gather up those slight and, in themselves, comparatively insignificant passages in the lives of conspicuous men, which, wisely passed by at the period of their occurrence as not claiming more than such momentary notice than would fit them for subjects of

story or of song, and are yet to be found among the treasures of the chronicler. One of high literary authority has said "that there should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric, and the fiction which is not woven on a web of fact must soon fall to pieces from its own want of consistency." If we will take the trouble to examine the records of the early annalists, and compare the many legends and traditions which, preserved in every country, serve to show what was the bearing of that nation's character in the days of which they tell, there will always be found an analogy with the historical record, and show that they are based on truth. It is such a legend we propose to relate—a tale of truth, and one that tells of the arbitrary power exercised by the Papal rule, which, absolute and supreme, knew neither bond nor restraint, but condemned to death at pleasure even kings and nobles for the slightest offense.

Pope Sixtus V, the most stern, perhaps, of all who have ever occupied the Papal chair, the son of a herdsman, was born in A. D. 1521, near Montalti. In very early life he, notwithstanding his lowly origin, was remarkable for his love of literature and firm character. He thus came under the notice of some influential persons, who assisted him and created facilities for his intellectual progress, which kindness he repaid by the rapid improvement he made in every branch of science, until at length he gained a wide-spread reputation as a great scholar. In addition to this he acquired a reputation for piety, and having, while still quite young, assumed the monk's cowl and become a member of the Franciscan Order, he soon rose to the position of Superior in the convent to which he belonged. By great plausibility, mingled, however, with great dignity of manner, he, while still in the bloom of life, was advanced to a higher post, and was created Cardinal Montalto. But at length the strictness of his rule, consistent life, and seeming austerity and sincerity of his piety, attracted the attention of the Holy See, and after the death of Paul V he was appointed to fill the important office of Grand Inquisitor. A man of unbounded ambition, and devoured by a love of rule, he at last found himself at the summit of his wishes when he was called to ascend and fill the Papal chair.

Cardinal Montalto assumed the tiara and Papal robes as Sixtus V, in which powerful situation he showed himself, although considered impartial as Pope and prince, barbarously exacting and severe. As sovereign Pontiff, he speedily threw off the disguise which

had enveloped his former life and shrouded the Cardinal Montalto from the public gaze. The wrinkles of the Franciscan monk were smoothed away from the now proud forehead; the piercing eyes, heretofore cautiously veiled by their downcast lids, began to cast glances defiant and haughty, and made the astonished conclave speedily know that in place of the docile instrument they expected they had elected an inflexible master. It has been said that "no one is *all* evil," and that some trait of man's original creation can be traced even in the worst specimen of humanity, and in exchanging the humility of Cardinal Montalto for the haughty and fearless demeanor which marked him as Pope Sixtus, it is allowed that although terribly severe, he was yet strictly just and impartial. He hurled his anathemas against the young King of Navarre, afterward Henry the Fourth, the beloved hero of France, as well as against Elizabeth of England, for the death of Mary Stuart. Besides being impartial he was very liberal, and he left great treasures to be used by his successors. Feared and admired, he was by no means beloved by the people, and his history soon became a prolific source of anecdotes and legends, which, whether related in the hall of the noble or told by the peasant in his cottage home, or the soldier beside his camp-fire, were listened to with equal interest.

At the time of his elevation to the Papal office many glaring abuses existed, which the new Pope determined to reform. It was the custom for the nobles, whether foreigners or natives, to be escorted whenever they went out by a numerous body of pages, valets, soldiers, and followers of all kinds, armed, like their masters, to the teeth. Sometimes a noble's "following" resembled an army rather than an escort, and it frequently happened that when two such parties met in a narrow street a violent struggle for precedence would take place, nay, blood be freely shed by those who had had no previous cause for quarrel. Hence came the warlike meaning—which it still retains—of the word *rencontre*. Sixtus V resolved to put down this practice, and an unusually fierce conflict having taken place on Easter day within the precincts of St. Peter's, he seized the opportunity as altogether suitable for his purpose.

On the morning after an official notice was posted on the city walls, prohibiting every noble, without exception, from being followed by more than twenty attendants. "Every one, also, of whatever degree, who should himself carry, or cause his people to carry, any sort of firearms—pocket pistols being especially forbidden—should thereby incur the penalty of death."

This notice, so arbitrary, occasioned much surprise. Pasquin uttered many merry jests, and the nobles laughed, but the stern fearlessness of the Cardinal Montalto was too well known for any one to dare to indulge in bravado until the following incident occurred. Just after the setting forth of the Pope's edict, Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the Duke of Parma, who had in former days been a friend of the poor Franciscan friar, arrived in Rome. His first care was to wait on the new Pontiff, and being presented by his uncle, Cardinal Farnese, the young prince met with such a reception as was due to his rank and to his merit. Already his talents, courage, and uncommonly fine traits of character, gave promise of his becoming a worthy successor to his father, and the Roman nobles vied with each other in doing honor to the heir of one of the richest duchies in the peninsula.

On the evening after his arrival he was invited by Prince Cesarini to a magnificent banquet gotten up in his honor. Wine flowed freely, and amid the song and the dance, and the gay surroundings, the party abandoned themselves to enjoyment of mirth and jollity. Political cares and national topics were for a time forgotten, and not until the night waxed late, and a good many of the sober persons of the party had left, was there any conversation on public affairs. Then, however, the recent edict of his Holiness began to be freely discussed among the gay guests who remained, and, excited by the wine and wassail of the occasion, their opinions were uttered with a freedom their regular judgment would not have approved. Some laughed at it as being ridiculous, others pronounced it arbitrary, and as a savoring of tyrannical rule, and a few, among whom was Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to brave it openly. Next morning, however, when sleep had restored them to their sober senses, they all, with one exception, judged it expedient to forget their bravado. Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the Pope, whom he declared he could not regard as a cruel despot, and only intended to intimidate. He believed he had nothing to fear, for, although a feudatory of the Holy See, he was not a Roman, and he was a prince. Sixtus V was a wise man, and would probably think twice, as wise men always do in weighty matters, before touching a head that was almost crowned. Besides, youths of twenty love adventure, and the fearless and fame-loving Ranuccio knew that it is not every day the pleasure of putting a Pope in dilemma is to be enjoyed, anticipating the eclat of achieving a success-

ful enterprise, resolved to beard the lion in his den.

To accomplish this exploit Ranuccio went to the Vatican and asked an audience of His Holiness. It was immediately granted, and the prince, after having, according to the custom, knelt three times, managed adroitly to let fall, at the very feet of Sixtus, a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle. Such audacity could not go unpunished. The haughty Pontiff, without a moment's hesitation, summoned his guards, and ordered them to arrest and convey to Fort St. Angelo the son of the Duke of Parma, who had just condemned himself to death. This was rather a high-handed measure. All who heard the order were astonished. War might be declared to-morrow; an outraged father might come, sword in hand, to demand the liberty of his son. But what did Sixtus care for that? He was too unfeeling in his nature and too absolute in his power to be affected by thoughts of a parent's grief, or dread the sufferings which a war would bring. He was resolved to restore not a beloved son, but a corpse.

The news spread like wildfire; so much audacity on one side, and so much cruel firmness on the other seemed almost incredible. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican, and falling at the feet of the Pope, with tears in his eyes pleaded for his nephew's life. "It was a boyish and thoughtless act and might deserve punishment, but not so severe a one as to suffer death. He begged his Holiness to consider the youth of the culprit, the previous and well-tried loyalty of his father, who was then in Flanders fighting the battles of the Holy See—that Ranuccio had been but two days in Rome, of which he was not to be considered properly a subject, and might he not fairly be supposed to be ignorant of the new enactment. Then, too, he belonged to a powerful house, which it might not be prudent for even his Holiness to offend; and finally, he urged that he was closely related by blood to the late Pope, Paul III."

The Holy Father's reply was cruelly decisive. "The law," he said, "makes no distinction; a criminal is a criminal and nothing more. The vicergerent of God on earth, my justice like his must be impartial; nor dare I exercise clemency which would be nothing but weakness." There was nothing to be hoped for from this stern arbiter. The Cardinal bent his head as if in deep submission and retired. Besieged incessantly by fresh supplications from various influential quarters, the Pope sent for Monsignor Angeli, the Governor of Fort Angelo, to whom he gave imperative orders that precisely at

twenty-four o'clock—in Italy the hours are reckoned from one to twenty-four, commencing at sunset—that evening his illustrious prisoner's head should be struck off, and an end would be put to the importunity of which he declared he was weary.

The Governor returned to the castle and signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live. The young man laughed in his face, and began to eat his supper. How could he bring himself to believe that he, the heir apparent of the Duke of Parma, who had only come to Rome as a visitor for a day or two, could be seriously menaced with death by an obscure monk, "whose only title to the pontificate seemed to have been his age and decrepitude." Yet speedily the threat seemed to him less worthy of derision, when he saw from his window a scaffold, bearing a hatchet and a block, in process of erection. But who can describe his dismay when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the Church, followed by the executioner asking for his last orders!

Meantime Cardinal Farnese was not idle, and instead of giving way to despair, consulted with his friend Count Olivarez, Ambassador from the Court of Spain, and they resolved to attempt by stratagem that which had been refused to their prayers. A little more than two hours remained in which they could devise an expedient which would thwart the Pope in his purpose of iron despotism.

"Our only plan," said the Cardinal, "is to stop the striking of all the public clocks in Rome. I will attend to this part of the business, and in the mean time do you occupy Angeli's attention by conversation on public affairs."

His eminence possessed great influence in the city, and, moreover, the control of the public clocks belonged to his prerogative. At the appointed time, as if by magic, Time changed his usual noisy course into a silent flight. Two clocks, those of St. Peter and St. Angelo, were put back twenty minutes. Their proximity to the prison required this change, and the Cardinal's authority, as well as the cruelty of the sentence and unpopularity of the Papal edict, seemed the inviolable secrecy of every one concerned in the plot.

The execution was to be private; but Olivarez, in his quality of Ambassador was permitted to remain with the Governor, who was quite flattered with the views which the representative of the then powerful monarch of Spain, Philip II, held of the matter; he seemed fully to coincide with the Pope that law was absolute and

admitted of no distinction, whether the criminal was prince or peasant. While talking thus a single glance assured him that the clock was going right; that is to say, that it was going wrong. Watches were not common in those days, even among the nobility, and the Governor did not possess an article which is owned by almost every one in the present day, and is deemed indispensable.

No matter whether a public measure is popular or not, the love of excitement quickens the efforts of those who are concerned in it, and so it was on this occasion. Although there was a universal disapproval of the Pope's arbitrary sentence and its summary consummation, the inner court was already filled with soldiers, under arms, and monks, perhaps the only approvers, were chanting the solemn "*Dies Iræ*." Every thing was prepared save the victim.

Olivarez was with Angeli; he was a brave man, who, feeling as he did and knowing what he knew, could preserve his equanimity and exhibit a calmness so entirely at variance with the anxious feelings which at the present moment swayed his soul. With a request to be permitted to remain with the Governor during the performance of the dread ceremony, which was likely to be followed by serious consequence, and which was granted, he remained with Angeli, and a scene commenced, at once terrible and burlesque. The Ambassador, in order to gain time, began to converse on every subject imaginable; but although the Governor was most anxious to show courtesies to his distinguished guest, he would not listen; he was too much afraid of the master he served. "Your illustrious excellency will excuse me," said he. "At the first stroke of the clock of St. Peter's all will be over."

"I can not believe the Pope is in earnest," said Olivarez; "perhaps he only wishes to frighten the young fellow in order to give him a lesson, and may yet change his mind."

"It is not easy to tell what our sovereign master may do, but one thing is certain, and that is, that it is but seldom he changes his mind," was the reply of the terrible Angeli, as he walked impatiently up and down the room watching for the striking of the clock. He called; a soldier appeared. "Is all in readiness?" "It is all prepared, but the hour is not up." All was indeed prepared, the imprudent victim was now certain of his doom; the attendants, like their master, were only waiting for the first stroke of the clock.

"'T is very strange," muttered the Governor; "it seems that the last hour is singularly long. I should have thought"—

"At least," interposed Olivarez, "in a case like this, if you feel that you must not delay, do not anticipate." And Monseigneur resumed his hasty walk between the door and window, listening for the fatal sound which the faithful clock still refused to utter.

Despite of the delay, however, the dreaded hour approached. Ten minutes more and the doom of the princely youth would be sealed.

Meanwhile the Cardinal repaired to the Pope. As he entered, Sixtus drew out his watch and his aged eyes sparkled with revengeful joy. On the testimony of that unerring time-piece the only son of the Duke of Parma was no longer among the living. "What seek you from me?" asked his Holiness.

"The body of my nephew, that I may convey it to Parma. At least let the unhappy boy repose in the tomb of his ancestors."

"Did he die like a Christian?" inquired the Pope.

"Like a saint," cried the Cardinal, trembling at a moment's delay. "Not only like a Christian, but like a saint," he repeated, while Sixtus traced the following words:

"We order our Governor of Fort St. Angelo to deliver up to his eminence the body of Ranuccio Farnese, son of the Duke of Parma." Having sealed it with the pontifical signet, he gave it to the Cardinal.

Arrived at the palace gates Farnese, agitated between hope and fear, hastened to demand an entrance. A profound silence reigned within, broken only by the distant notes of "De Profundis." What was the meaning of that solemn chant? He rushed toward the court. Was he indeed too late? Had his stratagem succeeded? One look and all would be decided. He raised his eyes—his nephew still lived, but with bared neck and fettered hands, he knelt beside the block between a priest and the executioner, faintly uttering the words of his last prayer. Suddenly the chanting ceased; but before any order could be given the Cardinal flew toward the Governor. Ere he could speak, however, his gestures and his countenance attracted the attention of all, and deceived by the expression of joy that marked the anguish of his heart the spectators believed him the bearer of tidings of mercy.

"A pardon! a pardon!" exclaimed Olivarez. The soldiers shouted, and the executioner began hastily to unloose the bonds that confined his victim, when a sign from Angeli made him pause. The Governor read and re-read the missive. "How is this?—I do not understand," he repeated in great embarrassment; "what can his Holiness mean? the criminal's name

would suffice. Why these words, '*The body of?*'"

"What stops you?" cried the Cardinal at that perilous moment, looking paler than his nephew, and almost forgetting that his well-acted part must be sustained a little longer.

"Read," cried the puzzled Governor, handing him the Pope's letter.

"Is that all?—that one little word? Can you linger when the life of a fellow-being is at stake?" said his eminence, forcing a smile and pointing to the clock. "Look at the hour, it wants more than four minutes of the time, and I received that paper from his Holiness more than a quarter of an hour since."

The Governor bowed; the argument was irresistible; the Pope's orders were to be obeyed in one case as well as in the other. Ranuccio was given up to his deliverers. A carriage with four fleet horses was in waiting outside the prison, and in a few moments the Cardinal and the young prince were galloping along the road to Parma. They had barely passed the city precincts when the clocks of Rome pealed forth in unison, as if rejoicing that by their judicious silence they had gained their right to triumph.

"It might be well," said one on reading this story, "if lawyers in our day would sometimes follow their example."

Monseigneur, as the chronicle relates, was rather astonished at the rapid flight of time after his prisoner's departure. He had previously wondered at the length of the hour before the execution, but the next one after seemed to him as strangely short as its predecessor was long. This phenomenon, due to the simple system of compensation, was ascribed by him to the peaceful state of his conscience. Although inflexible in the discharge of what he considered his duty, and living in great awe of his stern master, he was in reality a kind-hearted man, and felt sincere pleasure at what he honestly believed to be an act of clemency on the part of the Pope in pardoning Ranuccio, and certainly rejoiced in the youth's release.

On the next morning the Spanish Ambassador was the first to congratulate Sixtus V, with admirable *sang-froid*, on his truly pious clemency. Olivarez was only a diplomatist, but he played his part as well as if he had been a cardinal, and succeeded in making every one believe that he had been the dupe of his accomplice. He had good reason for so acting. His gloomy and bigoted master, Philip II, seldom jested, more especially when the subject of the joke was the infallible head of the Church; and he shrewdly suspected that the clocks of

Madrid might, in a similar case, prove less com-
plaisant than those of Rome.

Our chronicler does not tell us how the Pope behaved on the occasion, but it is supposed that he was not, upon the whole, greatly displeased by the victim's escape, as he never noticed the affair, and showed no resentment toward the Cardinal Farnese, whom he never molested on account of the shrewd trick he had played upon him. Sagacious and prudent, he did not care to provoke the ire of kings, and for the sake of a thoughtless boy involve his subjects in a profitless war.

Poor Angeli was the only sufferer. Sixtus would not be disappointed of a victim. For no other crime than that of not wearing a watch the Pope deprived him of his office, and imprisoned him for some time in Fort Angelo. As to Cardinal Farnese, although suffered to remain unmolested, he did not altogether trust the seeming calmness of the Pope, and dreading that at some unexpected time he might be called by his vindictive master to pay the penalty of the deception by which he had outwitted and brought him into ridicule, he renounced the praises and congratulations of his friends at Rome, and finding a pleasant home in the dominions of his brother, he prudently remained an absentee from the pontifical realm.

A SIP ON PARNASSUS.

ONCE on a time—thus stories old
Always begin, as I am told—
I dreamed I stood on foreign strands,
And viewed the scenes of other lands.
The mellow landscape, bathed in dew,
The sunny skies of Greece I knew,
And vision, careless, strayed awhile
O'er meadows bright and river's smile;
O'er vine-clad hills and sighing seas,
And islands kissed by southern breeze,
While perfumed air, with myrtle laden,
Bore the sweet song of distant maiden.

Just then I saw a little mound,
Easy of access, smooth and round.
Some sickly spires of grass arrayed
Its sides, where many feet had strayed,
And from the top a muddy brook
Came stealing down with prosy look.
A few tall weeds adorned its head,
All grim and gray, and dried and dead.
Scarce marked I this, when from the plain
A man rushed forth intent to gain
The summit. Easily achieved!
But hardly shall I be believed—
He shouted forth in triumph loud—
"I'm on Parnassus, gaping crowd!
Let cynics sneer, let sages dream,

I drink Castalia's limpid stream."
Therewith he stooped and dipped it up,
Then drank from out his small tin-cup.
The "gaping crowd" had followed after,
And, some with shouts and some with laughter,
Were pressing on with willing care
His silly triumphing to share.
Upward they sprang with eager haste;
There's an old proverb, "Haste makes waste;"
And some—to tell I'm sorely pained—
The climax of their wishes gained,
Straight on the other side descended,
And there, of them, all knowledge ended.

As still I gazed, surprised, intent
To know what this strange pageant meant,
A low voice said with gentle grace,
"Wouldst see the true Parnassus' face?"
Then straight I saw its snow-crowned tower,
A glorious temple, robed in power,
Not in the garish glow of noon,
But by the solemn-lighting moon.
And dark-browed cliff and white-capped spire
Gleamed forth beneath her pallid fire.
The faint night-breeze upon the plain
Scarce stirred the plumy palms again;
But rippling silvery from the mount,
I heard the pure Castalian fount.

I raise my eyes still higher, higher
Till, far above the moon's cold fire,
Bright, glistening forms and radiant things
Cast golden sparkles from their wings.
I see beyond the weary height
A spirit-band in robes of light,
While soft upon the silent breeze
A murmur steals among the trees,
And through the liquid air there floats
The melody of thrilling notes;
Now pure and golden, clear and strong,
Still swells the harmony along.

No sound is heard of wail or moan;
Their strifes are o'er, their victory won.
The souls that genius found so true
To wake each nobler aim anew—
To sway each pulse with quivering breath—
Not these, not these, are meant for death.

The last faint echoing notes dropped down
As leaflets from a flowery crown;
And gathering storm-clouds filled the vale,
Sweeping away the moonbeams pale.

I woke. And now some good advice,
But seasoned carefully with spice:
Because, forsooth, two lines you've rhymed,
Think not Parnassus you have climbed.
Be sure you're on the very mount,
And drinking of the genuine fount.
And, patience! there's a maxim old
That's always worth its weight in gold:
If throwing stones is your sweet pleasure,
Indulge alone with boundless measure,
But if you mingle with the mass,
Be sure your house is not of glass.

GALILEO.*

AT Pisa, on the 18th of February, 1564, of poor but honorable parents, was born the illustrious Galileo. His father intended him, at first, to become a trader in wool, but the boy showed indications of such remarkable talent that the best instruction which the father's limited means could secure was at once provided, and gladly received by the youthful Galileo. His father early taught him the practice and theory of music, and he became very proficient, especially on the lute, to which he had a tender attachment during his whole life. He also evinced considerable skill and talent in painting, and had he devoted himself to the study and practice of this art he would no doubt have gained a great reputation. Before he had reached his eighteenth year he had become well acquainted with Greek and Latin, and had commenced the study of medicine at the University of Pisa. Here he studied Plato and Aristotle at every opportunity, and made his first discovery of the pendulum by observing the oscillations of a swinging lamp. Pursuing this principle, he invented an instrument for accurately marking the variations of the pulse, which took the name of *pulsilogia*, and soon became of general use.

Galileo, contrary to the hopes of his father, had a predilection for mathematics, and for some time pursued the study surreptitiously. He made rapid and almost incredible progress under the tutelage of one who quickly saw that the boy had extraordinary talents. His father was finally persuaded to withdraw his opposition, to the infinite delight of Galileo, who had in the mean time advanced as far in Euclid as the forty-seventh proposition. In 1586 his first work on the Hydrostatic Balance was published, and he soon became known as a bold and fearless inquirer, and formed the acquaintance of eminent scientific men, many of whom he corresponded with. Among the friends he made at this time was Ferdinand I, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who ever remained Galileo's most faithful friend and counselor.

The Grand Duke was so much impressed with Galileo's strength of mind and his modest gentlemanly deportment, that he appointed him Mathematical Professor at Pisa, with a salary of sixty crowns yearly, which at that time was thought to be a good stipend for the position, as that branch of learning was but very little cultivated. Soon after this appointment he was chosen to lecture on the "Inferno" of Dante,

at the Academy of Florence. Considering the high reputation in which Dante was held, the choice reflected great honor on the attainments of the young professor.

Galileo, it was known, was opposed to the Aristotelian theory, and as the professors and leading men at Pisa were staunch supporters of this philosophy, they looked upon him with no very good degree of favor. Here it was, at the famous leaning tower, that Galileo triumphantly demonstrated the falsity of the theory of Aristotle respecting the resistance of the air to falling bodies. The Peripatetics of Pisa could not brook the ocular proof Galileo gave them of the failure of their loved theory, and, taking the unfavorable manifestations that were made toward him as a warning, Galileo resigned his professorship, and obtained a similar position at Padua, where he was warmly welcomed, and voted a stipend of one hundred and forty-four crowns yearly.

Under the most auspicious circumstances he delivered his inaugural address on the 7th of December, 1592. At this time he made the acquaintance of the renowned Kepler. Galileo now entered upon a very active life, delivering lectures to overflowing audiences, and publishing numerous pamphlets, which were scattered throughout all Europe. During the present decade he turned his attention more fully to the manufacture of scientific instruments, and in 1599 employed a workman at his own house. His geometrical and military compass he manufactured largely, and accompanied it with printed explanations of its use.

In 1591 Galileo's father had died, and since that period the care of the family had devolved upon him alone. This indeed was a heavy burden, for he had to provide from his own pocket for the dowry of his two sisters, and to start his brother, Michael Angelo, in life. His brother proved to be very ungrateful through all his life for the favor he received from the kind-hearted Galileo, and instead of sharing in the support of the family, and in providing the dowry of his two sisters, he drew largely on his brother's generosity.

It was probably about the year 1602 that Galileo invented the thermometer. It appears very probable, however, that three men invented this instrument without either knowing of the other's invention. Galileo, Sagredo, and Drebbel were the persons, and from the description of their instruments it is more than likely that they were thermoscope and baroscope combined. Fludd was said to have invented a similar instrument several years later, which did not differ materially from Galileo.

*The Private Life of Galileo. Boston: Nichols & Noyes.

Now we come to the most famous invention of the great philosopher. In 1609 Galileo invented the telescope, and published his discovery. Soon as it became known that he had thus distinguished himself a fierce dispute was raised, and efforts were made to detract from the honor that was pouring in upon him, by asserting that the invention belonged to others by priority of discovery, and not to Galileo. Immediately upon his discovery Galileo wrote to his brother-in-law, Landucci, as follows:

"About two months ago there was a report spread here that in Flanders some one had presented to Count Maurice (of Nassau) a glass,* manufactured in such a way as to make distant objects appear very near, so that a man at the distance of two miles could be clearly seen. This seemed to me so marvelous that I began to think about it; as it appeared to me to have a foundation in the science of perspective, I set about thinking how to make it, and at length I found out, and have succeeded so well that the one I have made is far superior to the Dutch telescope. The effect of this instrument is to show an object at a distance of say fifty miles, as if it were but five miles off."

The Senate of Padua were so well pleased with this great discovery that their enthusiasm for Galileo scarcely knew any bounds. Without one dissentient voice he was elected to a life professorship in the University, with a salary of one thousand florins yearly. He went on and made some further improvements in the telescope, and in 1610 discovered the satellites of Jupiter. He also determined the nature of the Milky Way, and made some observation of the moon's surface. He soon published tracts describing his discoveries, which were run through the second edition almost immediately. He had manufactured more than one hundred telescopes, and presented the best of them to princes and monarchs of Spain, France, Austria, and other countries. He delivered lectures on the satellites he had discovered to immense audiences, convincing many of the truth of his theory. Some, however, contended that the satellites did not and could not exist, "because the heavens were unchangeable." The logic of this is very obvious to any one. It is indeed wonderful to note the amount of labor Galileo was capable of performing. He was always employed, and his labors often extended far into the hours when he should have been taking rest in sleep.

In 1610 he discovered Saturn's ring, and also noted the phases of Venus, which discovery he

regarded of the utmost importance as establishing the truth or falsity of the Copernican system. In the Autumn of the present year, feeling an uncontrollable longing to see Florence, he left Padua. The Grand Duke, anxious to show his love for Galileo, offered him a choice of any of the grand ducal villas in the vicinity of Florence, and in 1611, at his own expense, sent him to Rome to show his discoveries. Here he established his apparatus in the gardens of the Quirinal, and displayed his celestial novelties to Cardinals and Monsignori, who, of course, were profoundly interested in what was revealed to their astonished gaze.

In 1613 the monks and Jesuits, who had been most strenuous in their opposition to the doctrine of Copernicus, revived their hostility and preached against it, although they were so ignorant as not to be able to comprehend either argument. Some of them did not even know who Copernicus was, but styled him "this Ipernico, or whatever his name may be." With this contemptible ignorance Galileo had to combat. Many of those who inveighed against Galileo and the Copernican doctrine in the pulpit, afterward admitted that they knew nothing of either, and only did it "to have something to say."

All this time, however, Galileo's enemies were busy circulating false reports of him, and misrepresenting him at the Holy Office at Rome, so that Galileo deemed it necessary to go to Rome to defend his position and the Copernican doctrine. While there the decree of the Congregation of the Index was promulgated, prohibiting the publishing of any books discussing the Copernican doctrine. This was a sad blow to Galileo, as it prohibited his discussing the favorite doctrine. While at Rome he had an interview with the Pope, but gained little satisfaction, and returned to Florence with indifferent health and in low spirits.

In 1622 Galileo published "Saggiatore" in reply to a work by Grassi on the "Astronomical Balance." In the mean time the Pope had died, and one of the cardinals, who had been very friendly to Galileo, was elevated to the tiara. From this Galileo derived much hope. After a long period of illness Galileo set out to visit Rome on the Easter of 1624. He remained about two months at Rome, during which time he had six interviews with the new Pope, who seemed very glad to welcome him, and gave him several marks of his esteem.

In 1630 Galileo finished a work—the greatest of his life—the foundation of which had long been laid, and endeavored to obtain license to print it. The "Dialogue" discusses the Coper-

* "Occhiale, eye-glass; spectacles in the plural."
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nican and the Ptolemaic theories, and was destined to cause its author much trouble. In 1632 the work appeared, bearing the following title, as ordered by the Pope: "Dialogue by Galileo Galilei, Mathematician Extraordinary of the University of Pisa, and Principal Mathematician and Philosopher of the Most Serene Grand Duke of Tuscany, in which, in a conference lasting four days, the two principal systems of the world are set forth, proposing indeterminately the argument on both sides." The preface was in substance written by the Pope and imposed upon Galileo, who was forced to submit to it in order to get authority for its publication. Copies of the book were soon circulated all over Italy, and it went into the Papal court at Rome amid immense applause.

Galileo was now much elated. He congratulated himself that his argument had convinced and silenced his enemies, and he looked forward with a lively hope to the prospect of still more boldly presenting his views and new discoveries, and of enjoying the peace and happiness of a green old age. His busy brain was at once filled with great schemes, and he entered upon his field of labors with a glad heart and grateful spirit. Alas! he knew not what awaited him. His ignorant and unprincipled enemies were secretly plotting for his ruin, and embraced every opportunity of poisoning the mind of the Pope and the Cardinals against the theory of the "Dialogue," denouncing the doctrine as heretical. As the effect of this, an order was shortly issued from the Holy Office for the sequestration of the book, and preparations were making at Rome to bring its author before the dreaded Inquisition. Galileo had warm friends among the dignitaries at Rome, one of whom was Niccolini, the Tuscan Ambassador, who used his utmost influence with the Pope to induce him to spare Galileo a journey to Rome, as he had now become aged and infirm, and it was feared that so long a journey would kill him. All efforts, however, were unavailing with the Pope, who became greatly enraged at what he deemed Galileo's fool-hardiness in discussing heretical doctrines. The interpretation of the Scriptures was only committed to the Sacred Congregation, and they had decided that the theory that the sun was the center of the universe and stood still, and that the earth moved, was contrary to Holy Writ. Consequently any one promulgating such opinions was considered a heretic and punished accordingly.

An order for Galileo to appear at Rome and answer the charges brought against him before the Sacred Congregation, was formally issued

October 1, 1632. Owing to his extreme weakness, having scarcely risen from a bed of sickness, he was allowed until the 19th of November to prepare for the journey, at which time he was peremptorily cited to present himself before the dread tribunal. He did not start, however, until the 20th of January, 1633. After a very tiresome journey, he arrived at Rome on the 15th of February.

His first examination took place on April 12th. At this time he was only asked if he knew why he had been summoned, and answering in the affirmative, he was remanded to his honorary imprisonment in the house of his friend Niccolini, the Tuscan Ambassador. As an especial favor to the old man he had not been imprisoned in the Holy Office, as was the usual custom; but even this concession was only made through the tireless efforts of Galileo's friend in interceding for him. But still he was a prisoner of the Inquisition. How this must have chafed this great man's proud spirit! He knew he had done nothing worthy of the treatment he received, and he knew that the men who were to decide upon the doctrine of his book had not one tithe of the talent and intelligence of himself. His mind was so far above that of the men who were to try him, and of the enraged Pope, as the sun is brighter and more glorious than the pole-star. But he could do nothing but submit.

On the 30th of April his second examination took place, and he was allowed the privilege of an explanation. At the close of this examination Galileo, who had been confined in the Holy Office since his first examination, was permitted again to be the guest of Niccolini. He appeared before the Inquisition for the third time on May 10th, and was allowed eight days for his defense. It is said he made a very touching appeal for the mercy of the tribunal, but it did not avail to secure his acquittal. The Inquisition pronounced against him. In the following month he received his sentence, a part of which runs as follows:

"We say, pronounce, sentence, and declare, that thou, the said Galileo, by the things deduced during this trial, and by thee confessed as above, hast rendered thyself vehemently suspected of heresy by the Holy Office; that is, of having believed and held a doctrine which is false and contrary to the Holy Scriptures, to-wit: that the sun is the center of the universe, and that it does not move from east to west, and that the earth moves and is not the center of the universe; and that an opinion may be held and defended as probable after having been declared and defined as contrary to Holy Scrip-

ture: and in consequence thou hast incurred all the censures and penalties of the Sacred Canons, and other decrees, both general and particular, against such offenders imposed and promulgated. From the which we are content that thou shouldst be absolved if, first of all, with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, thou dost *before* us abjure, curse, and detest the above-mentioned error and heresy contrary to the Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church, after the manner that we shall require of thee.

"And to the end that this thy grave error and transgression remain not entirely unpunished, and that thou mayest be more cautious for the future, and an example to others to abstain from and avoid similar offenses, we order that by a public edict the book of 'Dialogues of Galileo Galilei' be prohibited, and we condemn thee to the prison of this Holy Office during our will and pleasure; and as a salutary penance we enjoin thee that for the space of three years thou shalt recite once a week the seven Penitential Psalms, reserving to ourselves the faculty of moderating, changing, or taking from all or part of the above-mentioned pains and penalties."

Galileo received the sentence upon his knees, and recited the abjuration which the Pope had prepared for him. He was then compelled to subscribe to the most solemn oaths and retract all that he had ever said, or written, or held as an opinion on the Copernican system. How can we imagine the feelings of the old philosopher, who was a lover of truth, kneeling before the Inquisition and committing a fearful perjury! The agonies of a life-time were centered in that hour when his lips uttered the retraction of an opinion to which his heart through all his life had been wedded. It was the system upon which he had made discoveries that were to make his name honored and remembered through all time. On rising from his knees; after the abjuration, it is said that he muttered "*Eppure si muove*"—"It does move, though." If it be uncertain that his lips uttered this familiar quotation—and it is more than probable that he would not dare to speak it aloud in defiance to the Inquisition—it was undoubtedly the language of his heart.

Galileo was now about three-score and ten, and having all his life been weighed down by troubles, and sorrows, and ill health, it was expected he would soon sink into his last resting-place. But he was yet to live to make new discoveries and to have other and grievous afflictions. In 1637 he discovered the moon's librations. In the following year he was stricken with total blindness. He wrote sadly to a friend

that "this heaven, this earth, this universe, which I by my marvelous discoveries and clear demonstration had enlarged a hundred thousand times beyond the belief of the wise men of by-gone ages, henceforward for me is shrunk into such a small space as is filled by my own bodily sensations." He could say with Milton:

"Ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

The last work Galileo ever wrote was two chapters of "Dialogues on Motion." On the 8th of January, 1642, he closed his checkered life of toil, pains, sorrows, afflictions, and sometimes pleasures, and peaceably entered upon a life of immortality. In 1737 a monument was erected on the spot where his body lay mingling its ashes with the earth, but during life he had erected a more lasting monument, and had carved his name in more enduring characters than inscriptions on tablets of brass or stone. He had traced his name upon the pages of the universe.

HOT WEATHER IN THE COUNTRY.

FOR the dewy shadows of a terebinth-tree! I never saw Palestine, and consequently never rode forth from the Jaffa Gate, on the northern side of Jerusalem. But a short distance without the walls there is a magnificent terebinth-tree, with which I am familiar. May no vandal arm be raised against it, until, poised on wing, (if it please God to give me wings in the better life,) I can gaze down into its odorous branches!

My terebinth-tree is cool and refreshing for the mind's eye to look upon in this brazen weather, though perhaps the haze of several thousand miles, intensified by some ignorant uncertainties as to the minor details of my foreign love, may cause it to appear more dark with bosky glooms than it seems to the loiterers near the Jaffa Gate. However, there it stands, "a thing of beauty," through the long, hot, Eastern Summer, under the violet and purple clouds of morning, under the yellow glare of noon, and in the crimson glory of the evening sky. Bayard Taylor, who, years ago, on a perfect May-day, saw this particular tree of mine, tells us that "it appears to be bathed in a perpetual dew." O, thanks to the artist-traveler! I can see it now—a great, moist, green-roofed bower, with birds dwelling in the shadowy crooks, and thick, mossy grass beneath, and a damp, fragrant breeze whispering through the

branches. At least, that is the way it *ought* to be.

Here, alas! is no terebinth. The foliage of all the trees is dimmed with dust; a fog, which looks like distant fire-lighted smoke, hides the landview; the lake is blotted out; the birds sing drowsily, although it is not yet nine o'clock in the morning; the yellow, mown fields have crisped in the heat; the gardens are withered; the newly-set trees and shrubs are dying, and still the earth cries in vain for rain! rain!

Warm? Not yet. It is too early, and the atmosphere is too thick. We country people know how it will be. A few hot pants will stir in the air, which daft persons call a "breeze." It will sweep the land and lake; the fog will lift; the sky will clear; the thermometer will stand at ninety-five degrees in the shade; the broad surface of the water will welter and glow like melting silver; the sun will roll over the sky like a hesitating ball of fire—a ball of fire millions of miles round, and directly over our heads. How the fields will shrink under it! The corn will curl its long, green ribbons; the birds will bide in the thickest coverts of the motionless trees; silly, calculating folks will chance upon the roads, and ride in clouds, fold on fold, like young Phaeton in the old time; servants will drone wearily in the hot kitchen; paterfamilias will retreat, fairly vanquished, from his swathy fields to his cooler study, and materfamilias will take a long siesta.

This is one phase of Summer country life. It is a good, pure burning, like an old heathen holocaust. After it how *clean* we are! The city knows nothing like it. When the sun "looks upon you" it acts like a fever upon boils and festers. It only seethes and awakes, but can not aerify or dry up the impurities. The city smells worse, looks worse for it; it is fouler where it was foul; the loathsome leprosy which was in the skin strikes into the flesh.

But with us how different! Have you never reflected upon the wholeness of intense heat to the country? It is like the passing of gold through the fire—it refines and purifies. Harmful accumulations of vegetable and other moistures are drawn up or scattered and filtered away; poisons decompose and exhale. Why, all the wide ditches down on the great marsh are dry and clean—the powerful agency of heat has not only emptied but cleansed them, and even the green, slimy, disgusting pool near Farmer Thrifless' barn-yard has disappeared.

Now let the rain come! The earth will yield her aromas—fragrance of all grasses and young sprouting clover, goodly smell of fruit and forest leaves, delightful odors from wild

shrubs and straggling fence bushes, and a strange, mingled, pleasant breath from herbs. Even the low-growing weeds send up a faint perfume. And why not? All things have been held to the crucible and are cleansed.

True, one does not overmuch like to study or exercise during this purifying and evaporating process. In your tall city houses, which stand half in each other's shadows, you know little of such weather. What a tremendous heat comes down out of this radiant, blinding sky upon our low roof! The most stubborn-headed poet could not get inspiration for the dullest Alexandrine if put in the hot air of our attic, and I grant that if you live on a clean street, and keep off the deathly pavements, you may make better shift than we during the middle of a dog-day. But "the evening and the morning" are *our* day. When the round, red sun dips in the lake, and a cool, refreshing breeze springs up, we go forth—forth to pass the "pleasant eventide" in watching and enjoying, much as Christina Rossetti does in one of her charming scenic poems which she calls "Twilight Calm."

Of what does Nature speak? Of the beauty and nature of Peace. It is every-where. In the garden, among the late Summer lilies, which shake their fair, heavenly bells to the gentle breath of the gloaming; out on the lawn, smooth, but flecked and broken by the moving shadows of trees; in the trees themselves, which sway and pause in a holy calm; down in the broad, flat meadows; out in the yellow, close-shorn fields, where so lately the tall grain waved and rustled. "Peace! peace!"—this is the low voice calling every-where. "Peace! peace! O wrangling sons and daughters of men. Behold my rest! Fierce storms by Winter or heats by Summer rob me not of my hours of peace. They go and come. I keep them in shade and sun, in cold and warmth, ever so many—ever so true to the spirit of Peace." Thus nature reposes and *survives*. Hurrying, anxious, toiling man and woman, wilt thou learn no lesson from her? But the dews fall; the sky which bends above like a benediction is sprinkled with stars, and

"— evening now is done
As much as if the sun,
Day-giving, had arisen in the East:
For night is come."

Morning is still more beautiful. If we rise before dawn we find the same hush of peace. A little later, perhaps but a few minutes, and all is changed.

"The great calm has ceased;"
the gray light turns white; long lines of color reach along the eastern horizon; a delicate rose

tints the upper sky; purple, and golden, and crimson clouds roll out and up from the sun's low pavilion; suddenly the trees awake; a gush of song stirs the air, and hundreds of birds are on the wing; for the morning, the beautiful morning has arisen.

This is my "ideal" hour for study, and, if I stay within doors, I make rapid progress, for the atmosphere is cool and bracing—but no, I will bring my chair and camp-table, and sit on the long veranda facing the sun. I foolishly imagine every time I do this that I will eke out a sound, hard morning's work. Here is the article that I began yesterday on the Extravagance of *Men in Dress*. Let me see—Paris is the dandy, *per se*, of the Iliad, and the Right Hon. Ed. de Vere accomplished an expedition into Italy several centuries ago, and returned to England, bringing "gloves, sweete bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things." Stupid!—what a lovely blue-bird! and do you see those three fat robins eating the last black cherries on the tree near me? But I forget. I really must "study." Here in the Independent is something from Lydia Maria Child that will be excellent to quote, about the dress of that spendthrift, Earl of Leicester, when he went with Queen Elizabeth to Shenilworth Castle. He wore white velvet, slashed to show the silver lining beneath, and he was embroidered generally with gold, silver, and pearls. How atrocious for men so constantly to find fault with *us* for our little extravagances! Again: "Sir John Arundel is said to have had fifty-two complete suits of cloth of gold;" which reminds me of something equally to the point in Disraeli, vol. i, page—dear reader, do you suppose that I can run my finger and eye down that long "list of subjects" in the "Curiosities" while that Baltimore oriole yonder is pouring out his soul in such a clear, ringing, revelry of song, and in full sight, too, swinging like a flame on the maple bough? Full heartily I believe that no man of ancient, or of mediæval, or of modern time was ever arrayed like one of these. Ah, let go books, and authors, and "reflections," and extracts, while we walk abroad together in the dewless grass, and yield to the charmed influences of this hour! Even the little wrens and ground-birds know better than to chirup and hop by rule in the morning. What an *abandon* to the sole delight of living is every motion!

What a joy to think that all "the desolate places of the earth" are radiant and pleasant in a clear Summer morning! All the great monotonous stretches of sand scattered through the whole world; all the grassy, undulating wil-

dernesses of Syria, and the vast steppes of Asia; wide, tropical champains, and lonely, flat lagoons are not dreary or sad during a few minutes of each sunny day. God is kind to the earth.

And here, in this season of warmth and ripeness, the rising of the morning is like the personal advent of a beneficent and glorious God. All things awaken and all things rejoice—birds, and flowers, and leaves of trees, insects, and wild, helpless creatures, and tame cattle. Standing humbly amid the beauty and life, a voice beloved in childhood floats to us out of the past—the gentle voice of Mrs. Barbauld:

"Lift up thine eyes, child of earth, for God has given thee a glimpse of heaven. . . . O Nature! beautiful Nature! beloved child of God! . . . The eternal image of his perfections; his own beauty is spread over thee; the light of his countenance is shed upon thee. *It is a pleasant thing to be alive.*"

We can also see stout-hearted Martin Luther walking along the dusty Leipsic road, brodered with vast grain-covered plains, and hear him exclaim as he lifts his thoughts to God, "With Thee all is miracle. Thy voice brings out of the earth and even out of the arid sand those plants and those beauteous ears of wheat which gladden our sight."

Looking round again upon all the beauty, an inward voice refrains, "It is a pleasant thing to be alive."

When Milton pictured the innocent life of his "merry man," he justly found most of his pleasures in the country. There, *early in the morning*, Mirth looked in at the rustic window, wreathed with

"—— the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine,
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;"

and straightway the cheerful L'Allegro rose up and went forth

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night:"

to see, far round, when the dawn broke,

"Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide."

But the sun climbs higher; the fog begins to break down by the blue rim of Ontario; the grasshopper's song is more continuous, the bird's less frequent; the cattle are seeking the shade; the heat is coming down in great, steady waves. To-day shall be like yesterday.

SENTIMENT IN ANIMALS.

NOTHING can well more deeply interest rational minds than the evidence of the existence, in the heart of brutes, of those self-same sentiments which are supposed more particularly to characterize human beings. Evidence of intelligence in animals is always noted with peculiar interest, as throwing light upon the nature of that wonderful and mysterious instinct that constitutes their wisdom, and, moreover, as affording a palpable and startling approach, on their part, to the nature and attributes of man. But, unless I am mistaken, the exhibition of sentiment in animals exalts them in the scale of being, and invests them with a human interest to a far greater extent than does the manifestation of mere intelligence.

And what sentiment, indeed, is there that does not seem to penetrate, to some extent, at least, the heart of the dumb beast. Take, for example, the sentiment of pity, of disinterested sympathy. And how many examples are there on record of dogs sacrificing their life to save that not only of their master but also of strangers, when in danger of drowning or of being overwhelmed in the snow. But the exhibition of this sentiment of kindness and pity on the part of irrational creatures becomes especially interesting and remarkable when it takes place entirely among themselves. The following incident, furnished by a home missionary in Virginia, illustrates my point:

"Not far from thirty years since I was walking from Auburn, New York, to an adjacent neighborhood. Passing a farm-house I noticed that several children were in trouble. I asked, 'What is the matter?' Several voices answered, '*A little duck is in the well!*'"

"Children from two or three neighboring families were visiting the children at that home. The parents of the visited children were absent. Many of us remember how sadly we felt when any trouble came in the absence of our parents, when the responsibility rested on us to report, 'All is well,' and then we sympathize with those perplexed little ones. Their visitors fully shared in the trouble. The well was without a curb. I fastened a tin pail on a pole, and made efforts to rescue the duck. The little creature would hide itself between the stones. She could not understand how friendly were my designs—she was as blind to them as we are to many benevolent aims of Divine Providence. For near half an hour, or quite, the frightened duck escaped me. During all this time the mother duck hovered about in great agony. Her mournful noises distressed my soul. All the other ducks

manifested toward her 'the sentiment of pity.' The geese, the hens, and the turkeys, including all their broods, joined in the general chorus of grief. '*Perseverantia omnia vincit*'—perseverance conquers all things; the almost frozen duck was rescued. O, what joy! All the feathered throng which had mourned in concert, now in greeting concert rejoiced. The happy children said, 'Thank you.' The mother duck said, 'Quack, quack;' she meant, 'Thank you, thank you.'"

A still more remarkable incident, illustrative of the sentiment of pity among animals, is related by M. de Farade in his work on the education of the dog:

"Two children, of the ages of twelve and fifteen—the age with little pity—came to a part of the Seine level with the Rue de la Grande Arche, to drown a poor and blind dog, half dead with hunger and old age. He had become useless as a servant, and they were about to dismiss him, to spare him the sufferings of desertion and hunger! What could be more reasonable? Is it not thus that domestic animals are generally treated when they become good for nothing? It was with malicious pleasure and cruel joy that these children had thrown the poor animal into the midst of the waves. Not content with this, the little murderers pelted their victim with a shower of stones. His piteous howlings and cries of despair, far from moving their compassion, only excited their cruel mirth. By low moaning at intervals, they learned to their great satisfaction that the poor dog was wounded by their missiles.

"I was about to close my window," says M. Guine, 'so as to shut out this painful sight—amusing, no doubt, to the idle and worthless, though much opposed to the usually humane character of the Parisians—when suddenly I heard loud shouts and great clapping of hands from the mob who were diverting themselves with this brutal spectacle. I looked and perceived, with some surprise, my dog Valliant, who, attracted by the mournful cries of one of his own species, had jumped into the river and was swimming toward him. He went through the water with almost incredible activity. His joyful cries, and the direction he was taking, at once convinced me of the animal's intentions—Valliant was hastening to the rescue!

"The poor blind dog, guessing that unexpected help was at hand, seemed to renew his efforts for life. A few more struggles brought him to Valliant. The latter, well knowing the danger of the task he had undertaken, raised his hind quarters in such a manner that the poor drowning beast could cling securely with

his front paws, without interfering too much with his own movements. He then began to swim vigorously toward the shore. His efforts were crowned with success. In a few moments he was on *terra firma*, proudly shaking his fine coat, while his companion fell exhausted at his side. My dog's devotion, however, did not stop there. The children, who had not reckoned upon this unexpected rescue, and who still wished to indulge themselves with the spectacle of a drowning dog, tried to drive him away with a stick, but, in approaching him, they were so terrified by the sight of his flashing eyes, and the two rows of formidable white teeth which he displayed in his fury, that they were forced to renounce their intention, and retrace their steps. This action on the part of Valliant did not surprise me much, because he is an affectionate animal, as well as very intelligent; but the spectators, who did not know him so well as I, loaded him with so many caresses that I feared he would adopt the same means to get rid of their importunities that he had taken to drive away the two boys. I, therefore, put an end to the general enthusiasm, and preserved the calves of the most eager from the marks of his teeth by calling Valliant to me. For the first time, I may say, the docile animal refused to obey my call. I soon comprehended his motive; he was not willing to leave his *protégé* to the mercy of his enemies. At my request one of the mob took the poor blind dog on his shoulder, it being still too weak to drag itself along, and carried it to my dog's bed. It was only on this condition that the latter could be induced to steal away from the ovation of the crowd in order to pay his guest the honors of the kennel."

Instances are on record of the horse, and even the elephant's exerting himself to the very utmost of his strength for the sake of affording relief to some companion in trouble. But our space will admit of our giving but one more illustration of this part of our subject. This one is contributed by Professor C. De La Verney to a late number of the Christian Union. He says:

"Some years ago I took a great fancy to the study of ornithology. I had, for this purpose, a cage in which I kept various species of singing-birds. Having once taken some linnets out of their nests, together with their father and mother, I put them all in the cage expecting the old birds would continue to feed their young as before. The loss of their liberty, however, made them forget their offspring, and they only thought of struggling against the wires to find some means of escape. Although the little ones followed them wherever they went, the

parents seemed to pay no attention to their craving for food. I was in the mean time watching them attentively, wishing to know whether the parents, once tired of struggling, would satisfy the appetites of their young. My patience, however, was nearly overcome, and I was already thinking of separating the linnets from the old ones to feed them myself, when I saw one of these young birds apply to a male robin which I had kept for some time in the cage. If you had seen this little creature flapping his wings and opening his little beak in sign of hunger and distress, you could hardly have resisted the desire of satisfying his wants. But the robin scarcely paid any attention to him. A few moments later, however, the same action was repeated, and the bird, pressed with hunger, returned more urgently toward the robin, who stopped and stretched himself up, as if to ask what the intruder wanted. The little hungry fellow, extending his neck, flapping his wings, opening his mouth, and uttering the usual beseeching voice peculiar to his kind, continued to express his great sufferings for food. The robin looked so stiff and fierce in his erect position, that I began to fear he might kill him; but to my great surprise and admiration, I saw this beautiful and majestic bird turn upon his feet, go to the cup which held the feed, fill his mouth with it, and returning to the poor linnet that had so eagerly beseeched his charitable assistance, disgorge in his mouth all the seed he had just been taking.

"This act of kindness and pity from a stranger to its species soon brought the four other young linnets toward the generous robin, who took care of them all, and thenceforward supplied them with as much solicitude as if he had been their true father."

In concluding his very interesting narrative Professor De La Verney very appropriately observes:

"Such acts, when performed by animals, ought to be so much more admired, as they are wholly free from any present or prospective reward. Many a man, no doubt, helps the poor with an idea of being remunerated either in this world or the world to come. The Almighty in his unspeakable kindness has not more forgotten the smallest of his creatures than he has man. He has furnished them all with every attribute necessary to the enjoyment of their lives and the preservation of their species. As surprising as the acts of kindness and pity above spoken may appear to us, when performed by 'inferior' animals, they ought to serve as examples of disinterestedness worthy to be imitated."

Another sentiment very powerfully developed in some animals and to a greater or less extent, as is well known in all, is that of parental solicitude and devotion. I do not think I shall ever forget the story contained in one of the school-readers of my boyhood, of a white bear of the polar regions, that, after her cubs had, one after another, been shot dead around her, at length fell herself, moaning and still licking the wounds of her dead—a spectacle surely enough to move a heart of adamant to pity and to admiration.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his own inimitable way, thus describes a touching exhibition of this same parental instinct in birds:

"I was at work among my grape-vines, when my attention was attracted by two robins that were making a great racket. I was sure by their actions that they had young ones, that they thought to be in danger. And I said, 'Why, you old fools! I won't hurt you nor your little birds.' Just then I heard a noise that I recognized, and I said, 'The cat is here.' And sure enough, looking down, I saw the cat curled up under the trellis. It was the sight of him that had set the birds all agog. 'What is he doing here?' I asked. He had no business there—and all the more, because I had just written an article saying that my cats had been so brought up that I did not believe any of them hunted birds! In my indignation I seized him by the neck, and walked off with him to the other side of the cherry orchard, and gave him an opportunity to see how it would seem if he was flying! And I sent one or two stones after him by way of application!

"Well, about a rod from where I had been standing, in a dwarf cherry-tree crotch, two feet from the ground, there was the nest of these birds, and in it were four robins. The cat had gone out there, and of course did not know that the nest was there, or it would have been destroyed. The birds, to whom nothing was so precious as that nest and its contents, inspired by the feeling of fear, were flying round about the cat to deceive him as to where the nest was, and endeavoring to draw him off as far as possible from their young, at times periling their own lives, that they might save them from destruction. Look at that faithfulness, that fearlessness, and that love in those birds, which should lead them to put themselves where they were in danger of being stricken by the cat's paw, rather than that their little unfledged things should receive harm."

Who, indeed, can witness such a scene as the one above described without asking himself the question, Where did such an instinct of

love as that, so unselfish, so self-denying and beautiful come from?—an instinct prompting worms to take care of worms, hogs to take care of hogs, birds to take care of birds—and continually growing stronger and stronger as you rise in the animal kingdom. Where did it come from? What, indeed, are all these various manifestations but so many fingers pointing upward and saying, "The great God who made us, and taught us to love, must himself assuredly be the greater love." Is n't this precisely the lesson the Savior would teach when, as he sat looking over toward Jerusalem, and talking with his disciples, or rather, perhaps, soliloquizing, he said, "How often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, but ye would not." Christ makes use here of the beautiful, motherly instincts of the hen to illustrate his own brooding love for his Church and for his people. Most readers are doubtless familiar with the habits of the hen. As a mother you shall see her diligently seeking after food for her little flock; if as she scratches she sees a most tempting worm, it is not for her, but for her chickens. In caring for them, mother-like, she forgets herself. Does one of them, in following her, get tangled in the brush and peep piteously, she stops and, though all the rest of the brood go on, runs back to see if she can not, in some way, extricate that unfortunate chicken. And now at length the little ones begin to get tired. The mother hen seems to know it, and, accordingly, seeking a sheltering corner somewhere, where the wind does not blow, she settles down, expanding her wings. And now, one after another, the little chicks come running up to her and nestling under her brooding and caressing wings. And then come the little peeps and cooing. What a scene of domesticity! Can we ever behold it and not be reminded of the tenderness and love which Christ aforetime manifested toward even the disobedient children of men. "*How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not.*"

It is well known, no doubt, to all that animals have frequently given unmistakable evidence of being exercised by sentiments of *grief*, occasioned by being bereaved of the society of some master or human friend. Instances abound in illustration of this. Dogs, for example, have been known to travel far, to seek out, and then stretch themselves upon their master's grave and moan and bewail in the most piteous manner. Horses have occasionally manifested a similar attachment, and given evidence of being

affected with a similar sense of bereavement. But it is extremely doubtful whether any reader of these lines has ever seen, or possibly even heard of, an instance of one animal's mourning, as it were, because of the death of another, and actually manifesting its sense of bereavement in a most neighborly way by paying to the deceased a very decent tribute of funeral respect. A correspondent of an English paper vouches for the authenticity of the following: "On Sunday morning last, I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony. While walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing between them the body of a defunct comrade, with which they flew for a distance of some ten yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk, the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downward, to the earth, and the solicitude with which they afterward pushed against it two little stones, doubtless 'in memoriam.' Their melancholy task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, when they flew away, and, as John Bunyan says in his dream, I saw them no more."

I close this article by citing one instance further, similar, quite, in its nature, to the one just narrated. It occurred in connection with the shepherd life of a friend of the writer in California. I give the story substantially as contributed by him to myself some years since. The reader can depend upon it as in every particular a record of literal facts.

"All cattle kind in those days," writes my friend, "unhindered by the conventionalities of fences and particular farms, were left to wander free over the plains, with no other restrictions than the attendance and general guardianship of a shepherd. One day I was down to where the Little Butte Creek sinks on the prairie. The Little Butte on the one side and a succession of sloughs on the other, gradually curving, came at length together, forming a sort of peninsula covered with oak timber. It was a most beautiful locality, and afforded a favorite wallowing-place for the cattle that were wont to range thereabouts. Under a tree I found an ox that had apparently just died of a disease known as murrain. At the time I discovered the dead animal there was but one living one in sight, and he was following me in from where I had just been leaving the slough. While I was busy in examining the dead to see, if possible, whose it might be, he halted, but as soon as I passed on

out of the way he began cautiously to approach it, and then in a peculiar way to smell of it, which he continued for some time, as if to ascertain what was the matter. After having satisfied himself, apparently, that his friend was indeed dead, he set up at first a low, piteous howl, which gradually increased in intensity and power, until it ended in a piercing, terrific scream. The next moment the whole country round resounded with the tramp of bellowing cattle. That terrific knell had broke on the ears of multitudes that roamed over those plains was responded to, and in the short space of ten minutes no less than one hundred were either present or in the immediate vicinity. Then came the ceremony—what else can I call it?—the first performance of funeral rites among the brute creation which I had ever witnessed, and one promising to be on quite an extensive scale. They commenced going up to the 'deceased' two by two, though sometimes three at a time, when each would smell about him for a moment and then bid him a final farewell by each setting up a roar which always ended in a scream. At length those standing far outside, waxing impatient, doubtless, at the slow progress made, and in not readily gaining access themselves to the dead, began on all sides to join their full, sonorous voices to the chorus by lowing, and bellowing, and screaming, chanting thus, as it were, a requiem, full of pathos and power, over their departed companion and friend.

"What other interpretation could be given to this truly novel yet touching and impressive scene? These animals had all traversed the burning plains together; together they had toiled their weary way over yon rugged mountains. Here, at last, in the midst of verdant plains and running waters, and the grateful shade of the promised land, one of their number lies down to die. Why not this expression of grief, this loud wail of lamentation and mourning on the part of the survivors as an expression of their sense of bereavement, if not, also, as a token or tribute of respect to their departed comrade?"

There are, evidently, connected with the habits and capabilities of the brute, mysteries calculated yet for some time, if not forever, to perplex and disappoint the keenest search of man's scientific ken. Yet every new and wonderful manifestation of the same can not but increase our admiration of the wisdom, and intensify our love for that Infinite Benevolence which, in such legible and significant characters, are displayed over all the works of his animated creation.

THE VISION.

THE star-wing'd night had whisper'd, "sleep,"
To farthest reach of land and deep ;
And as her pinions brush'd the flow'rs,
They slumber'd in their dewy bow'rs,
While bird in thicket and in tree
Forgot its matin song of glee.

Like startled flocks of cooing doves,
The fragrant zephyrs told their loves—
On wood-crowned height and forest dell,
The moonbeams wrought their silver spell,
And sea waves roll'd their solemn psalm
Harmonious with the ev'ning calm.

Such holy peace was in the air
That thought and feeling sank in prayer ;
God's voice seemed speaking to the heart,
And tears, heart-healing dew, did start,
As toil-worn mortals bending low
Caught glimpses such as angels know.

But on my spirit's longing sight
Dawned naught of heaven's unfading light ;
Life's haunting shadows, black and bleak,
Drew 'round me desolate and weak ;
Sad mem'ry with her ghostly train
Whirl'd madly thro' my dizzy brain.

I pleaded then in anguish wild,
" My Father, homeward bear thy child !"
No voice athrill with hope and cheer
Broke thro' my pain, and grief, and fear ;
And yet an answer soft and light
Was wafted on the wings of night.

Sweet slumber o'er my eyelids stole,
And rent the fetters from my soul ;
Ah ! then she drank life's purplest wine,
For freedom made her half divine,
And soon upon a wave-worn strand,
'Twixt noon and night I seemed to stand.

A sapphire heaven over me
Bent downward to a sapphire sea ;
The onward waves of sunlight rolled
O'er hill and flood their shifting gold,
And Nature gathered full content
From shining sea and firmament.

No tokening of danger nigh,
Of storm-king's wrath and clouded sky,
And bowing there my inmost thought,
The harmony of nature caught,
And of that beauty seemed a part
That thrilled and filled my brain and heart.

I knew not how the hours did flee,
Such sweet and balm they brought to me,
When lo ! o'erhead a gath'ring cloud
Trailed thro' the skies its murky shroud—
Above the rushing of the tide
I heard the King of tempests ride.

His vivid banners flashed afar,
Brighter than night's most flaming star,

And 'neath his war-steed's tramping feet,
Woke thund'rous echoes fierce and fleet ;
A wild wind-spirit shrieked and sighed,
While loud the surging seas replied.

Yet, wrathful tempest darkling o'er,
No strength was mine to flee that shore ;
The weirdness of the stormy hour
Enthralled me with its magnet pow'r,
And with the moaning, maddened sea,
My soul had subtle sympathy.

And now the skies did sorely greet
The storm's wild steed on swifter feet,
Spurned earth and heav'n in vengeful wrath,
Then foamed along his ocean path ;
The lightning's pennons flamed more wide,
And louder wailed the wind and tide.

The madness of the storm its own,
My spirit grasped for the unknown—
I cried, O Death, rise unto me,
From out yon dark, unfathomed sea ;
I cried, O Death, the cold and keen,
Enshroud me in the lightning's sheen.

But scarce was made my frenzied pray'r
When sunlight rent the dusky air ;
The storm-king furled his bannered lights,
The thunders died along the heights,
The sad sea sobbed a hushed refrain
To gentler dropping of the rain.

" Mortal, behold," a sweet voice said,
" The glory shining overhead !"
I looked, and lo ! with glitt'ring band,
A rainbow girdled sea and land,
And tenderly mine angel spake
A solemn lesson for my sake.

" O thou that rashly askest death,
Smite not away this mortal breath ;
Heav'n only holds wide open arms
To him who braves the rage of storms,
For him alone who strives, the calm,
For him who quaffs the gall, the balm.

Deem earth not all devoid of bloom,
For glory blossoms out of gloom ;
The gleam of sun and falling rain
Bind sea and shore with yon bright chain ;
O'erarched with light thy way appears,
God's love is shining on thy tears. "

The voice grew silent, and I woke
The dream was fled, the spell was broke ;
I knew it was but fancy's flight,
That darksome vision crowned with tight ;
And yet when tempest clouds are drear
The angel message still I hear.

With weary feet I tread earth's strand,
But ask no more Death's fateful hand
To plunge me in that unknown sea
Which mortals call eternity ;
For faith looks up with earnest eyes
Into the dark, portentous skies,
And sees alike " God's rainbow " o'er
The boundless ocean and the shore.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER X.

THE PRESERVATION OF FRUITS.

IF we were fortunate enough to live in the tropics where fruit of one kind or another ripens the year round, where oftentimes the flowers and the perfected fruitage adorn the same bough, we might dispense with this chapter. But since we are, the most of us, so much more fortunate as to inhabit a clime where many of our otherwise dormant energies are called out to provide and lay by, during one portion of the year, the sustenance required for the remainder, we will thankfully accept our lot and profit by its very disadvantages.

In examining the principles that ought to guide us in this matter, we must advert again to the importance of avoiding all chemical action consequent upon decay in the preparation of our food. Vital action is what we want. This it is which brings all vegetable matters into that high state of perfection which fits them for the nourishment of the animal. When their vitality is gone they lose the power to resist the action of the oxygen of the atmosphere, which immediately begins to pull them to pieces by its attraction for thin particles. With these the oxygen combines to form new chemical, not vital substances. But with this loss of the vital structure, or the organic form, is lost also the power to sustain the vitality of the animal. Nay, more, as Dr. Jewett says, we who partake of substances which have commenced this course of dissolution always suffer from them a deteriorating effect.

In the decay of fruit juices their sugar breaks up into

ALCOHOL

and carbonic acid, the latter escaping as gas in the process of fermentation. An additional portion of oxygen changes the alcohol into acetic acid or vinegar, and when this is decomposed nothing is left but water and a brown sediment; the work of decay is complete. In the fruits or fruit juices, as in all other eatables, the first step in the process of decay proclaims their unfitness for food. They are certainly no longer nutritious. No one expects to be nourished by eating rotten fruit, and the high value which is placed by some upon the rotten fruit juice is based neither upon science nor common sense. In fact, its main ingredient, alcohol, has been proved by scientific experiments, as well as by long experience, to be scarcely less poisonous than prussic acid in like degrees of concentration.

By a singular coincidence, we find in this

series of decompositions two substances much used to prevent decomposition, alcohol and vinegar. They accomplish this by displacing the water of organic substances which is essential to their decay. They are both exponents of the great principle that all substances which, by their chemical action, enable food to resist the action of the atmosphere, to a similar extent fortify it against the action of the gastric juice. I know of no exception to this principle, at least among the antiseptics in ordinary use. It might not be amiss to say further of alcohol, that the moral reasons for rejecting it from dietetic use ought to prevent any Christian woman from placing it before her family or her guests, either as a drink, or in made dishes or prepared fruits. Eating it is one of the surest methods of begetting such a taste for the stimulant and familiarity with it as shall make it far more difficult for the partaker to resist temptation when invited to drink with young companions. Such cases have happened frequently, and the only path of safety, to say nothing of good digestion and good taste, is to exclude the rotten poison altogether from the list of table luxuries. So, of course, we will put up no fruits in alcohol.

VINEGAR

is no more nutritious than alcohol, but it is not so poisonous. That it is not wholesome is proved by the well-known fact that when used by foolish girls to reduce the weight of the partakers, it does so at the expense of the health, and the experiment sometimes leads to fatal results. If we take "only a little," then it only hurts us less, and if with other substances, its action is only more diffused, and the direct shock is not so great. I must repeat again what I have said or hinted at so often, that I consider it one of our greatest dietetical errors, that we consent, however thoughtlessly, to dilute and take in small quantities substances that we know are not food, and which are directly and palpably injurious when taken by themselves. What starving man would drink vinegar to prolong his existence? I know that vegetables and fruits preserved in vinegar were sent to our poor scurvy-cursed soldiers during the war, but vegetables without vinegar, and especially fruits with their natural organic acids, were far more efficient. May we not borrow a hint from this as to the shape in which we should take our acids?

SUGAR

is the next common preservative. Until very recently this article, in its common crystallized form, has been considered of great value as a nutritious substance. By degrees, however, evi-

dences of various kinds have been accumulating to the contrary. Candies, even when pure, have come to be considered at least an unadvisable diet for children. Comfits and sweetmeats of all kinds are more or less injurious. Cake owes some of its unwholesomeness to the large amount of this ingredient. Fruits preserved in sugar are taken sparingly and mingled with other food. When eaten freely like fresh fruit they create an uncomfortable sensation, which can be attributed only to the sugar. Other objections have been made, some of which are doubtless not well founded. But an important decision comes recently from one of the highest authorities. Dumas says, in his late Faraday lecture: "Sugar and alcohol have no more share of life than the bone-earth or salts contained in the various liquids. These rubbish of life are true mineral species, '*brut*' bodies." We value this all the more, as coming from a chemist rather than from a physiologist, since the chemists have been prone to claim too much nutritive value for partially disorganized matter. This objection does not hold, of course, against sugar when organized in fruits and vegetables.

We know, however, that sugar is not so hurtful as either vinegar or alcohol. And as it has become so interwoven with all our habits of eating that even the fruits themselves would hardly be relished without it, we may, as a general rule, continue to use a little of it, under protest, as it were, until science shall more definitely point out its injurious effects, or until we learn to do without it. It is possible that with better varieties of fruit, and with improved culture, and perhaps with improved styles of cooking, as for example, by condensing the fruit juices and using them to sweeten other fruit of the same kind, or of other kinds, we may be able to make all our fruits as well as our other dishes deliciously palatable without the use of "*brut*" sugar. Even now we would soon relish many of our fruits, both cooked and uncooked, but especially the latter, without the aid of sugar if we would but experiment in that direction, and take some pains to secure such a result. Such a course would certainly not lead us to put in far more sugar than is needed to please the taste; to saturate the fruits with it, and thus fortify them against the action of the atmosphere; in short, to use the expressive word, to "preserve" them in it. It does not, indeed, so much preserve them as spoil them, for in that shape they are worth very little for all the purposes which fruit should subserve in the human system.

Our great caterer has put these elements that we need into just the shapes that are best for

us, but we have been tearing down these beautiful delicious and nourishing vital structures, and, like wayward children, cutting ourselves with the glittering fragments. When we have a superlatively good thing prepared expressly for us, we ought rather to preserve it as nearly as possible in its natural condition until wanted for food. There are several methods of doing this. The simplest is to remove the greater part of the water which is so large an element in their composition by the innocent process of

DRYING,

a thing that was practiced long before its philosophy was understood. The prime requisite in this process is dispatch, first, to prevent the decay of the fruit; second, to prevent the loss of its flavor by long exposure; third, to avoid the liability to injury by dust and flies, and, fourth, to save time. Perhaps I should have gone further back and said that the great prerequisite to securing any good preserved fruit is to have a good article to start with. It should even be better than that which is used fresh, for it will deteriorate somewhat under almost any process of preservation, while the additional care and time required to prepare and keep it certainly should not be bestowed upon indifferent fruit. The fact that inferior fruit is often taken for this purpose is a principal cause of the low estimate often placed upon dried fruit, especially upon dried apples.

It should also be prepared with careful nicety. The tender small fruits should be so gathered, if possible, as to avoid the necessity for washing them; but if they must be washed it should be done gently, to avoid wasting the juice. All imperfect and decayed fruit should be removed. Cut fruits should be cleaned before they are pared, and handled so neatly that there shall be no further need of washing, and trimmed so nicely that the knife shall not again be called into requisition to prepare them for cooking. They are much better sliced than quartered, simply because they dry more quickly. I do not find that it is so important whether the drying be done in the sun, the shade, or the oven, as that it be done quickly. Of all common modes the oven or the hot-air drying-room has preference for this reason. The greatest objection to the use of the oven is the constant care required to prevent burning. A few moments of forgetfulness when the fire is coming up may quite spoil the fruit. They also frequently interfere with the ordinary cooking operations. If exposed out-of-doors they are also exposed to dust and flies, and often to the depredations of larger animals.

For large operations a drying-room is indispensable, but a description of this would exceed our limits, and those who need it will, of course, consult more extended works. But we might borrow enough from its furnishing to get a convenient little drying rack, for family use, by the kitchen stove. A good size would be four or five feet high, three or four feet long, and one and a half or two feet wide. It may be made with three uprights at each end, and cross-bars to hold them firmly in place. Any one, with a little mechanical ingenuity, can put them together. The uprights must be strong enough to bear the weight of the fruit, and grooved or cleated to take in the shelves. The latter are made like a mosquito bar, strong enough to be handled when a thin layer of fruit is spread over the netting with which they are covered. They should be five or six inches apart, and if each alternate one is not pushed quite in that will secure a better circulation of air. A mosquito net may also be thrown over the whole rack to exclude the flies. This gives from forty to one hundred square feet of drying surface in a most convenient shape for all practical purposes. When the kitchen fire is down it can be set in the open air with very little trouble, and an unexpected shower wets very little of the fruit. But the best arrangement is the use of sash out-of-doors. An old hot-bed affords every requisite excepting a floor upon which to spread the prepared fruit. The glass is adjusted and raised two or three inches, or else the fruit will burn. The heated air passes out at the upper edge of the sash, and the heat and the constant current prevent trouble from flies. The action is so perfect that some articles will dry here in a single day. No watching against a shower is required, but if the sash should be let down at such a time, be careful to raise it as soon as the sun reappears or the fruit will burn. This method pays well for the trouble of building a frame purposely.

With any mode of drying, the juicy fruits do better when scalded enough to break down their structure somewhat, as the juice being exposed evaporates more readily. Of course they will need to dry on plates, never on boards or tins. Tomatoes can be put on plates and scalded in the oven, and then turned out of their skins and the drying continued successfully if a strong and continuous heat can be commanded, otherwise I would not advise to dry them entire. They can be sliced or stewed, and spread on plates, and their juice steeped down and poured over them, making a kind of "leather." Something of this kind is very convenient when you wish tomatoes for soup, and do not care to open

a can. Very ripe tomatoes and peaches can be squeezed out and dried in the same way, with or without steeping down the juice. Stewed fruits of various kinds, especially pumpkins and squashes, are desirable dried in this way. These, when wanted for use, are all better to soak gradually rather than to cook violently.

Rhubarb is better dried before stewing. Good pears are excellent as dried fruit, and very economical, too, requiring little if any sugar when stewed. The same might be said about dried peaches, but when these are dried with the skins on I would—prefer some other fruit.

KEEPING DRIED FRUITS.

After the fruits are dried they should be put away promptly and carefully. Every day's exposure injures their flavor. If they have been dried under glass, as described above, or under netting, they can be tied up at once closely in muslin or paper bags, and hung in a dry chamber. If dried otherwise they should be scalded, to insure against the future results of the visits of the miller. This can be done in pans in the oven, but not without risk of burning, even when covered by paper. A safer way is to put them into large stone jars, set into water, gradually heated and boiled until they are thoroughly scalded through. The "leathers" and scalded juicy fruits are better kept in jars to preserve their flavor, and carefully tied over with paper or cloth, to insure against the visits of the miller.

No dried fruits should be kept in meal-rooms or in pantries where they will be likely to give or to receive other flavors. All this care in drying and putting them away will be well rewarded in the improved excellence of the fruits when wanted for use. If their cooking is conducted slowly after the directions already given for the cooking of fresh fruits—No. III—they will soon become favorites at most tables as alternates with the canned fruits. They are in fact richer than the latter, because the amount of water being rarely fully restored, their juices are somewhat concentrated. But it must be confessed that the more recently introduced method of

CANNING

preserves the fruits much more nearly in their natural condition. It is also a more economical method, or would be if woman's time were worth as much as that of other people. Aside from the question of time, balancing the cost of the sugar against that of the cans, it is more economical than preserving. To be sure we eat more of the canned fruits, but we will offset that by the greater economy in doctor's bills.

The main principle to be observed in the process of canning is the entire exclusion of atmospheric air, or, rather, of the oxygen, which is its most powerful ingredient. The process to be observed is substantially as follows: when once practically understood it can be varied according to convenience, only keeping the main principle in view—the fruit may be cooked before or after it is put into the cans. In the former case it is well to give it about the amount of cooking required to prepare it for eating. The cans should be perfectly clean and sweet, and if thick, they should be previously made as hot as they can be conveniently handled. This may be accomplished by placing them in a moderate oven, but they must not be heated much above the boiling point or they will crack when any liquid is put into them. You should be able barely to handle them, though not to hold them without a cloth. Or, they may be heated by pouring in a little warm water, then in a minute or two that which is hotter, and soon that which is boiling hot; shake it up, pour it out, and then pour in only that which is boiling hot, and shake up till too hot to be borne. Or boiling hot water may be poured at once into good cans, not more than half a pint into a quart can, and if it be shaken up *at once* till hot the cans will not crack. The latter is the quickest way, and is readily learned by a person naturally dextrous. The empty can should then be placed on a board or a hot plate. The fruit should barely simmer, and the most convenient utensil I have found to dip it in with is a tea-cup which has a handle, a spreading top, and a rounded bottom. Fill rapidly. If you see large bubbles in the can let them out with a silvered or a wooden fork, or have your fruit more juicy by the addition of boiling water. When quite filled to where it will meet the cover, wipe the top of the can clean and adjust the lid at once. Even if it settles do not remove the lid until you see signs of fermentation, unless you are certain that the closure is not perfect. Some lids are so thin that they will become concave when the fruit cools if the sealing is perfect, and bulge if the fruit begins to ferment.

For the tender fruits, or any which are to be kept unbroken, place them in the cans, fill them with water, and set them, three-fourths of their depth, into a boiler of water, putting something under them to keep them from the bottom, and then heat up to the boiling point and boil fifteen minutes. Then take them out, shake gently, perhaps introducing a fork to let out some of the bubbles, fill up with boiling water and adjust the lids. The fruit in these will sink more than

in those cans filled with the cooked fruit, but in neither case need there be any alarm. It is far safer to let them remain closed than to open and fill them up. In fact, the latter should never be done without reheating the contents. The least particle of oxygen is apparently sufficient to commence the work of fermentation. If the lids were put on when the cans were apparently full with heated fruit, the vacant space, when the fruit sinks, is not occupied by atmospheric air, and it contains none of the oxygen which we have to dread. But if we leave a vacant space when we put on the lids, then we may expect a failure. This space may indeed be so filled with steam as to exclude the air, but the experiment is at least very venturesome. When the cans are cool, give the lids another twist to make them as tight as possible, though it is not necessary to twist off the top of the can, as I did once. Then put them away in a dry, dark closet, as cool as convenient. Look at them occasionally for a week or two, and use them when wanted. They will bear removal, but are better without it.

If you can afford glass cans, use them by all means. By getting a few each season you will soon accumulate a supply. I line the metallic caps of mine with stiff white paper, a poor protection against the acids of the fruit, but better than none. It is by no means certain that tin cans, and especially those that are soldered with lead, are not acted upon by the acids of the fruit and vegetables. They are in the long run but little cheaper than glass. You can not see the nature and condition of the fruit in them, and I for one do not feel quite safe in using them. One excellent chemical authority tells me that they are highly objectionable, mostly on account of the lead solder and the impurities of the tin plate. It is also an easy matter to see that the taste of some delicate fruits is affected by the use of tin cans.

By heeding the above precautions as to heat and air, demijohns and stone jugs may be used for canning. I saw a twenty-gallon demijohn last Winter filled with tomatoes, which was to be opened late in the season and put up in the cans which, by that time, would be empty. The cork was driven in a little below the top of the neck, and the space above it filled with sealing-wax. It might not pay, considering the extra trouble, to buy demijohns for such use, but having them, it is far better to devote them to such a purpose than to the storing up of poisonous liquors. Smaller jugs might not require re-canning. Jars have been sealed by merely filling up their tops above the covers with mutton tallow; but jars lined with red glazing should

not be used, as that contains lead, which yields a poison to the action of the acids.

Wide-mouthed fruit-jars and pickle-jars may be fitted with corks and also sealed with sealing-wax. Or, if corks can not be readily obtained, a cement can be made of beeswax and resin, four ounces each, and one ounce of tallow. Melt and mingle; then saturate round pieces of cotton flannel in it, and spread the latter, smooth side down, on tough but pliable thinnish paper. When the jar is filled with hot fruit, warm one of these, lay it flannel side down upon the top of the jar, bring the edges down carefully around the top of the jar and tie them there with a strong cord, passing it several times around. This shows the perfect exclusion of the air by its deep concavity when cold.

I seldom put sugars to my fruits when I can them. I prefer to scald and sweeten them when I take them out. I think they have a fresher taste. Then if a can is lost or spoiled by accident the sugar is not lost—an item not to be overlooked when sugar bears the price it has of late. Further, the small amount of sugar needed to sweeten the fruit, so far from aiding to preserve it, really increases its tendency to ferment. Again, it does not require so much sugar if added just before using, and the contrast between the sweetened juice and the more acid fruit makes the dish more sprightly. There is but one serious disadvantage—if you wish to give away a can to a friend, it is unpleasant to be obliged to say that it is not sweetened. The only remedy for this is to prepare a few cans with sugar, after the common fashion, seasoning to the taste.

I have not said half what I wish to say. In spite of the unintentioned length of this chapter, I must yet add a few suggestions. Put up a liberal supply of fruit juices for future pudding sauces. Do not regret the apparent waste of fruit; you would not mind that in making wine for the same purpose. It is also more economical than melted butter and far more wholesome. Remember the rhubarb, the grapes, and the quinces, the latter two especially, to go with the dried apples next Winter. And when some of your cans are empty, fill them up with the apples that would otherwise decay in your cellars.

And now, if I may seem to have diminished the variety of our accustomed fruit preparations, I hope I may have added something to the excellence of those which are wholly permissible. There is, however, a yet greater consolation for us all, a prospect of being able at some future time to preserve all or many of our fruits with far less trouble. A plan has been devised by a Professor Nyce for the preservation of fresh

fruits in one large can as it were, a fruit-house, refrigerator, cellar, and fruit-can combined. It is air-tight, pure, dry, dark, and cool, kept by the use of ice down to about thirty-four degrees. The fruit is immersed, as it were, in carbonic acid gas of its own exuding, which defends it from the attacks of oxygen. Delicate fruits, like strawberries, may be kept for weeks, while the more hardy fruits, like apples and pears, keep for months or even for years. These preservers are in successful operation in the vicinity of several of our large cities, and bid fair to revolutionize the fruit trade of the country, and especially to relieve house-wives of a large and increasing tax upon their time. They are somewhat too expensive for single families of moderate means, but there is much hope that by joint stock, or in some such way, this desirable end may be attained to the profit of all concerned.

WHY THE CHURCH IN GREENVILLE IS WITHOUT A PASTOR.

PARSON RANKIN and Deacon Corning had just returned from a meeting of Synod, at which they had represented the Church of Greenville. The evening being warm, they had seated themselves on the shady piazza of the parsonage, to talk over the "proceedings." Questions of unusual interest had been discussed at this session, and debate had run high. Parson Rankin usually expressed himself calmly and cautiously. This, however, was the effect of grace. Naturally, he was quick-tempered; at times even violent in his opposition to measures which he felt to be wrong. During the late discussions his Christian graces had been, for the time, overpowered or entirely vanquished by the personal and not very complimentary remarks and epithets hurled at him by a conservative brother, who could not be made to comprehend that the world moves, and that the Church, if she would be true to her mission and increase her power, must move too. It must be confessed that in his zeal for truth, and under the smartings of abuse—for, sad though it be, saints do sometimes abuse each other, and very much after the style of sinners, too—he had expressed himself in an unbecoming manner. For this the always self-possessed deacon felt called upon to administer reproof and warning.

Miss Sabina Jane Noiseabroad, the seamstress of the village, happened to be at the parsonage "doing up" Mrs. Rankin's Spring sewing, and in the midst of the conversation had entered the sitting-room, the windows of which opened on the piazza, near where the gentle-

men sat. Seating herself near one of the windows she heard Deacon Corning remark :

"I am sorry to be obliged to speak in this way, brother Rankin, but I feel it my duty to say plainly that I exceedingly regretted your intemperance and violence. I felt sorry that you could not have restrained yourself, particularly on so public an occasion. I assure you you have given great offense to some of the brethren. They were surprised to find a man of your piety allow himself to be so overcome."

At the words "intemperance" and "violence" Miss Sabina's needle was arrested in mid-air until the conclusion of the deacon's remarks, when the work fell from her hands, her eyes rolled up to the ceiling, and "Goodness, gracious, me!" she mentally exclaimed. "Parson Rankin intemperate! And he do n't say nothing to the charge, neither!" bending her ear nearer to the window and hearing no sound. "Who would have thought it! Did I ever hear the like! Why *do n't* he speak?" uneasy at the parson's silence. "He must be guilty or he'd deny it. Now I think of it, his face *is* sometimes very red. They *say* he's rush of blood to the head; yes, and now I think of it, he does walk rather queer sometimes. I always thought it was because he was kind o' weak like. Then he is sometimes very pale—that's a bad sign too. But hark!" almost ceasing to breathe in her effort to catch the words of the minister, as, in a subdued tone, he replied after a short silence :

"I confess my sin, brother Corning, and assure you that it has caused me unspeakable sorrow. I feel that I have injured the cause I love by my want of self-restraint. I feel the need of increased watchfulness and prayer, that I may not again be overcome by my besetting sin."

"He confesses it!" Sabina exclaimed to herself, rolling her eyes to the ceiling again, and clasping her hands in her excitement. "'*Again* overtaken!' his '*besetting* sin!' So it's true then! O, the depravity of the human heart! And he a watchman on the walls of Zion! The pious hypocrite! Now I think of it, I never did feel quite sure of that man's sincerity. He has too smooth a way with him. Look out always for your smooth-spoken people. They're very apt to turn out to be snakes in the grass, as my mother allers said. To think of his having the impudence to preach the Gospel to *us*! What a scandal in the Church! A pretty example, to be sure, to the members! Does n't the Bible say a minister should be—I forget the exact words, but it means *perfect*? A pretty pattern of perfection he, to be sure! I never

did quite like him since he gave us that plain sermon about minding our own business. That was n't what he called it, but that's the plain English of it. I always knew he meant it for me and the Adams girls, though I never said so. Gossip, indeed! I guess he'll hear enough of it now; but not from me," drawing down her mouth in the most solemn manner; "not one word of this shall any body hear from me, that I am sure of. *But*, if the parson's intemperate, and got drunk at Synod, and behaved violently, I wonder what he did. Probably he assaulted the President and upset every thing in the church—why, every body'll soon know it. I declare, I never was so beat in all my life!" wiping the perspiration from her face. Then folding her work and laying it in a drawer, "I could n't for the life of me take another stitch this night, not if they was a sufferin' for clothes. I could n't eat one bite of vittals neither, so I'll not stay to supper, but just run over to the Adamses. How they *would* open their eyes if they knew what I know! But not one word shall they hear from me," shaking her curls in a manner expressive of the most virtuous reticence. "Not they!" as she tied on her shaker. Bidding Mrs. Rankin a hasty "good-night," she hurried down the street, leaving that lady astonished at her sudden and hurried exit. "Well! well! well! If this is n't news! What *will* people say? I wonder how Mrs. Rankin will take it? I do n't pity her much, for she's real proud. She was never very sociable with me, at least, though other folks say she is so very pleasant. But them poor, innocent children! What will become of them? Of course Mr. Rankin will be dismissed instanter, and then what Church will take a drunkard? O, my laws, I'm so beat! But there's Sallie Adams at the window. I must n't show my feelings or she'll suspect something. Wonder how soon she'll hear about it, and who'll tell them. Well, one thing's certain, it'll not be me!"

"Here comes Sabiny Jane," said Miss Adams the elder, as she descried her coming up the walk; "and full of something, too. See how she puckers up her mouth, and how solemn she looks. That's the way she always appears when she has 'a load on her mind,' as she says. Now, girls, let's have some fun. We can get it all out of her just as easy as nothing, and she'll never suspect that she has told us. I've done that thing many a time. Let us look wise and solemn, just as she does, and do n't either of you speak, now mind. Let me manage the matter."

"A pleasant evening, Sabiny," she said, as

she opened the door to receive her guest. "Do take a seat and throw off your Shaker. But, bless me, how tired you look!"

"Do I? O la, no," drawing a long sigh, "I'm not tired. I've been a sitting all day up to the parsonage a sewing, and an't tired in the least. But seems to me you all look mighty sober," looking around upon the three solemn faces before her. "Han't nothing happened, I hope? No bad news nor nothing?"

"Well, that depends upon what you call bad news, Sabina Jane," said Miss Sally, sure from the expression on Sabina's face that the budget with which she was freighted was not of a particularly cheerful nature.

"Well, there is a difference even in bad news. Some is too bad to be believed," replied Sabina, with an evident effort not to tell any thing, and a sigh, which was imitated by each of the sisters.

"That is true," Miss Sally answered with still greater solemnity of manner. "But then it is best not to spread bad news, you know. So we will be quiet about this matter."

"Now you do n't say you have heard all about it a'ready, and they only came home this aforenoon!" said Sabina, nearly springing from her chair in her astonishment. "Well, I declare, bad news does travel fast indeed."

"Aha!" thought Miss Sally, "here is a clew. Who came home this noon? Why the parson and Deacon Corning. Now whether it is about them or some news they have brought; I must proceed cautiously." Then aloud, "Yes, Sabina, that's a fact." To herself, "Dear me, what shall I say next. I guess I may venture to express a little sorrow." Aloud, "You need not wonder that we look sad. I am sure you feel so yourself."

"I do n't wonder," Sabina replied. "It comes very near to us all, as we all belong to the same Church; members of the same body, you know. When one of the members suffers, all must suffer, the Bible says. And we nat'rally all feel a pride in our Zion, and in our leaders too."

There followed a still deeper sigh, then a moment's pause, during which the girls felt strongly inclined to laugh, but anxious to keep up the fun as well as to learn the secret.

"It comes mighty near us, and we can't help feeling the disgrace," continued Sabina. "What will the other Churches say? And we have always been so proud of our minister. How have the mighty fallen! as Scripture says. I can't help feeling sorry for Mrs. Rankin, though she does carry her head so high and put on her city airs over us country folks. This will humble her if any thing will, I should think."

"What in the world has our minister been doing!" thought each of the sisters, amazed almost beyond expression at the hint of any delinquency in their pastor. "We considered him almost perfect," thought Miss Sally, "though he did hit us pretty hard in that sermon about gossiping; but that happened so long ago that we had almost forgotten about it. Poor man!" she sighed, "I can't help pitying him after all. But," to herself, "what can he have done?"

"Pity him! Why, Sally Adams, what air you thinking of? Now I could pity a thief or a murderer, because a man might be tempted, in a fit of passion, to do a dreadful deed before he knowed it; but—a drunkard, never, never!"

Here each of her auditors gave a start, which, however, was unnoticed by Miss Sabina.

"No, no, no!" shaking her curls emphatically, "a man who deliberately puts that into his mouth which will steal away his brains"—Sabina Jane quoted from the last temperance lecture she had heard—"I never can pity—never. And I say that a minister of the Gospel who gets intoxicated, sins against greater light than other men, and is far more wicked. Han't he promised most solemnly to fight the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to be an example to the flock?"

"Perhaps our pastor is not habitually intemperate," said Miss Sally. "Ministers do sometimes take a glass, though of course they ought not. If he has been overcome once it may have been a mistake."

"Well," replied Sabina, "I should rather think it was a slight mistake to get intoxicated at Synod, and be guilty of violent conduct, as of course you have heard that he was, before all them ministers and delegates. Of course he must have assaulted the President, and tore up the carpets, and hurled the foot-stools and hymn-books at the heads of the other ministers, because there was nothing else he could have gotten hold of, you know; and they say he was very violent, as of course you have heard. I wonder if he broke any bones!"

"O, dear!" exclaimed Miss Sally in unfeigned horror at the new light in which she saw her quiet and gentlemanly pastor exhibited, "that was terrible if true; but perhaps it was not so bad after all."

"I only know that I heard it from them that ought to know, that's all," said Sabina with an injured air. "I got it from head-quarters; do n't know where you got it from."

"You do n't say that Mrs. Rankin knows it?" said Miss Sally.

"I do n't say that she does; but how a man can be in the habit of getting tipsy and his

wife not know it I do n't see. I allers did think she mourned an uncommon long spell for that poor little puny baby of hern that died. I rather think she had other trouble, and kept on her mourning to hide it. I guess she knew it before she married the parson. Now I must hurry over to Miss Higgins's. But I sha'n't say one word of this to her, unless she has heard all about it, as you had. But how on earth did you hear it so soon, girls?"

"O," replied Miss Sally, "it was told us by one of the Church. I'll not say who, because she would n't like to have me say she told it."

"Well," exclaimed Sabina, "whoever it was, she had better have been about other business than spreading bad reports about another member, and he a parson, too! Now I would n't for the world have lisped one word about it, but seeing that you knew it all before, I thought it no harm to express my opinion. We all have a right to our opinions, you know. 'Though I'm not one to talk agin folks. I would n't say no harm of a fly. But how did you hear it? Do tell."

"All I shall say, Sabiny, is, that it came pretty direct to us," said Miss Sally.

"Then of course Mrs. Rankin told you herself. Well, I declare! Poor woman! She'll feel dreadful humble now I should think. Wonder, now, if she'll come out next Sunday with that new bonnet of hern, with a bow clapped right on top of it. I should feel like putting on the ribbon as plain as possible if I was situated as she is. The less show she makes the better, I say."

"I really advise you to say nothing more about this, Sabiny," said Miss Sally, beginning to feel alarmed at the possible consequences of this conversation, and knowing Sabina's talent for mischief-making.

"La, bless you! do you think I'd speak of it? Not I, to a living soul. If folks do n't know it till I tell them, it'll be a long time before they'll hear about it. But only to think of our beloved Zion, and what a stumbling-block our minister has put in the way of us all. And what dreadful talk it will make in the other Churches! But I must go now," rising and hurrying out of the door. "I do hope we shall be sustained under this sore trial."

"What can it mean?" exclaimed the sisters at once in the greatest astonishment, as soon as Sabina was out of hearing.

"I wonder if it can be true," said Miss Sally. "Ministers do sometimes take to drink, and our parson is human like the rest of us. There will be a terrible fuss about this, girls! I am almost sorry we played such a trick and got it

out of Sabiny. I'm dreadfully afraid she manage to get us mixed up in it, and there may not be one word of truth in it after all. Sabiny has sometimes heard things that were never uttered, and she tells what father used to call mighty big truths, you know. Now do n't let us speak one word of this, or pretend to know if any body speaks to us about it, or we shall get into trouble."

The next morning early the neighbors came rushing in, much excited, to learn more of the particulars. Sabina had spent the evening in making calls, and without knowing it had spread the news of the minister's disgrace, referring her hearers for further particulars to the "Adamses, who knew all about it before she did, and from the parson's wife, too." "She says," they added, "that if there is any fuss about it you'll be in for it and not she."

This alarmed and provoked Miss Sally to say, "Well, all we know about it Sabiny told us herself. She heard it up to the parsonage. I think from her manner that Mrs. Rankin told her. It was a strange thing for her to do, but Sabiny has a way of worming a thing out of you, whether you want to tell or not. She intimated that it was nothing new, and that Mrs. Rankin knew it before she married Mr. Rankin; and that she mourned more for that than for the baby."

Before night every member of the congregation and some belonging to other Churches had heard the story. Like a rolling snow-ball, the longer the calumny rolled the more material it gathered to itself, and even Miss Noiseabroad was astonished by the additional "light" thrown upon affairs. Deacon Corning had left town early in the morning; so the gossips had it all their own way.

Some were truly surprised and pained; the majority, however, shook their heads. They had always feared something was wrong with the parson. There was something very peculiar and incomprehensible about the man. In fact, this was just what they suspected. A man who kept to himself as much as Mr. Rankin did—he had not taken tea out more than once or twice a week perhaps—of course had something to conceal. That was clear. No one thought of doubting the story, because "it came from Mrs. Rankin herself," as they were repeatedly assured.

The next day the sewing-circle met. Mrs. Rankin came late. While taking off her bonnet in the hall she heard the usual hum of many voices, but as she entered the room, "Hush! hush! there she is," was whispered on all sides, so loudly that she could not help hearing it, and

a general silence followed. This struck her as singular; but she concluded some joke was about to be perpetrated for her benefit, so she pretended not to notice it, and after saluting as usual all in the room, she seated herself with her work. The feeling of restraint was general, and it was evident to her that her entrance had caused it. However, she tried to avoid the appearance of being conscious of it and to converse as usual. Her remarks receiving only monosyllabic replies, she at length yielded to the chilling social atmosphere and became apparently absorbed in the garment she was making.

That night she mentioned the unusual circumstance to her husband. Silence in the sewing-circle was calculated to excite surprise in the mind of any one who had ever attended one of its sessions. That sister G.'s and mother A.'s loud voices should be hushed on such an occasion was an unheard-of event.

The minister could not help wondering at the cause; but not wishing to add to his wife's evident annoyance, he merely replied to her, "Let us guard against suspicion, my dear. We shall know soon enough if any thing is wrong."

The next Sabbath, as soon as the benediction was pronounced, the congregation turned their backs upon the pulpit and solemnly left the church, the minister and his wife following, surprised and pained by not receiving the customary cordial salutations of the parishioners.

"Well, I never!" whispered Sabina Jane to Miss Adams as they met in the vestibule. "Didn't he look guilty? I wonder how he could have the courage to look in our faces. He must suppose that we have heard of his shocking conduct before this. I noticed that he looked at the empty gallery more'n usual. And just to think of her wearing that new bonnet, after all, with the bow so conspicuous!"

"Any thing but an inebriate for a minister," sighed Mrs. Brown to her spouse. "I do n't feel that I can ever attend upon his ministrations again."

"I declare I could hardly sit still in my pew and listen to the hypocrite," said another.

"We might have known there was a something wrong about that man if we had had our wits about us," said Mrs. Green. "Do you mind how silent he always is? I believe he has always been ashamed of himself."

"For my part," said Mrs. Gray, "I never felt sure of his piety. If he had had a quiet conscience he would have gone around more among the members. I dare say he has been half the time at home intoxicated instead of preparing of his sermons."

"It's my opinion that his usefulness in this yere field is about at an end," Mr. Gray replied. "I hope he means to resign soon, or we shall have the onpleasant duty of a histing on him."

Mrs. Rankin's inquietude increased every hour. A sad burden lay upon the pastor's heart also, in spite of his apparent cheerfulness in the presence of his wife, and his frequent admonition to her to let patience have her perfect work. At length, unable to endure longer the coldness and suspicious glances of those he had thought his friends, he ventured to ask 'Squire Candid the cause.

"Waal, parson," drawled the 'Squire, "'taint no use a dissemblin'. They do tell putty hard stories on you."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Rankin. "I am not conscious of having done any thing to merit this treatment. With what do they charge me?"

This was said in a manner that fairly staggered the 'Squire, and caused him mentally to exclaim, "I do believe it's a confounded lie after all."

Then to the pastor he said, "Waal, now, to come direct to the pint, they've got up a story that you take a drop now and then, and that your conduct at Synod was rather—waaal, not exactly what we'd expect of our minister. In short, that you were tipsy, parson. I do n't like to tell you, but since you ax me the truth must come out if any thing."

"Tipsy, improper conduct at Synod!" the parson repeated to himself as he worked his hand through his hair, a habit he had when trying to solve a knotty point. "Indeed, I am quite in the dark; what does it mean? Deacon Corning did reprove me for intemperate speech, I remember," with a puzzled air.

"Waal," said the 'Squire, "how on airth they got up the story I can't tell. All I know is, that Mrs. Brown—that is, she that was Sallie Gray—told Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Green told Mrs. White, and Mrs. White told Mrs. Black, and Mrs. Black told my wife, that Sabina Jane Noiseabroad told her, that your wife told her—that is, Sabina—when she was a-sewing up to your house, that you was given to drink, and that she knowed you was afore she married you."

"This astonishes me, 'Squire, very much. I can't imagine what my wife has said that Miss Sabina or any one else could have so misconstrued. We have been greatly pained by the sudden change in the manner of the people toward us, but since we have given no occasion for this scandal, of course we shall take no notice of it."

"It's mean business, parson, this thing of

scandalizing others. I told the womenfolk that I did n't believe it; but, you know, 't is hard to stop a lie after it has got a good start."

The pastor went home to relieve his wife's mind, and 'Squire Candid went around Gossipdom with his denial of the calumny. Some accepted it. Others continued to believe Sabina's solemn statement that she had heard, with her own ears, Deacon Corning charge Mr. Rankin with intemperance and violence, and had also heard the minister's acknowledgment of guilt. In a short time Deacon Corning made his appearance, and, of course, soon set the matter right; that is, with the people. Those who had been most ready to believe the evil tale, were now the loudest in their protestations of unwavering and unlimited confidence in their good minister. Others, who had noticed his "red face" and his "pale face," "staggering gait," reserved manners, etc., were now sure that nothing could ever have induced them for a moment to believe such a slander.

Sabina Jane Noiseabroad was obliged to accept Deacon Corning's explanation of the conversation she had so dishonorably heard, but she never could be made to believe that Miss Adams had not told her the whole story before she "lipped one word of it," nor that she had ever spoken of the matter to any one who had not before heard all about it. Why the people of Greenville were always ready to blame a kind-hearted, harmless person like herself remained with her an unsolved mystery to this day. But with the minister and his wife the deep wound inflicted could not so easily be healed. Confidence in supposed friends had been shaken, and they felt that they could never again be happy among a people so ready to believe evil.

After a few months of weary, unsatisfying labor among the charge at Greenville, Mr. Rankin tendered his resignation in such terms that it was deemed useless to ask him to withdraw or even to reconsider it. And this is why the Church at Greenville is without a pastor. Who will apply for the situation?

IMPATIENCE.

O God, the earth is trampled down !
In sin and shame it lieth ;
From every land beneath the sun
A voice accusing crieth.
The nations strive in deadly wars,
The cannon speaks in thunder :
" Arise, and break the prison bars,
And rend the chains asunder !"

The earth is worn by cries of death,
And vexed by petty tyrants ;
Sad wailings rise on every breath ;
Thou only keepest silence.
Where angels with the harp and song
In Heaven's courts adore thee,
Can ever mortal grief, or wrong,
Or prayers come up before thee?

Yes ; the deep mystery unfolds
In light of Revelation ;
Sealed for the latter times he holds
His wine of indignation.
Earth's wanderers murmur in their night,
" His chariot-wheels turn slowly ;"
Angels that see him in the light
Make answer, " Holy, holy !"

Justice sits thronèd overhead,
Beyond the highest places ;
It is not for our feet to tread
Where angels veil their faces ;
Before the burning of the Seven
We earthly well may falter ;
We only know the answer given
The souls beneath the Altar.

In white robes stand the witnesses,
Mid incense-clouds unwreathing ;
" How long ?" they cry—a little space
Before the sword's unsheathing.
Daily with that accusing band
The earth's downtrodden gather ;
And ministers of vengeance stand
Ever before the Father.

Faith sees his purpose shining pure
Beyond our sight's discerning ;
O, just and equal, slow and sure
The mills of God are turning !
Even so, Great Ruler ! on whose crown
Eternal years are hoary ;
We lay in dust our wisdom down—
Thy patience is thy glory.

GENTLE WORDS.

THE sun may warm the grass to light,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour ;
But words that breathe of tenderness
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the Summer-time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art ;
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart ;
But O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth !

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

ANNIE'S COMPOSITION.

"WHAT is the matter, Annie?" said Amy Gardiner to her little niece, who came into the room at that moment, and whose eyes were red with weeping.

"O nothing, aunt, only it's composition day to-morrow, and I have nothing written, nor can I write a composition that I should like to read before the school. I wish you would write one for me, or at least assist me in writing one."

"Would you be willing, Annie, to read as your own a composition I had written?"

"I suppose it would not be quite right," Annie replied, looking down and feeling a little ashamed of her first request.

"Indeed it would not, my dear. In so doing you would be acting a falsehood, which is quite as sinful as telling one."

"But it would not be wrong for you to show me how to write one, would it, auntie?"

"Certainly not, and I will do so with pleasure when I have finished writing this letter."

And Annie went out upon the piazza and sat down to wait. Presently a school-mate came along, and seeing Annie sitting there stopped at the gate for a little chit-chat.

"Did you go with the fishing party yesterday, Annie?" said she.

"Yes, come in and I'll tell you about it."

"Did you get started as early as you expected to?"

"Early! I guess you would have thought so. Why, it was so dark when father called me that I could scarcely see to dress, and when I went down stairs to breakfast I was so sleepy that I almost wished the excursion had never been thought of. But when we were seated in the easy, open carriage, and the horses began to prance in their hurry to be off, I was wide awake enough; and as we rode along in the sweet-scented morning air, past one bright scene and then another, I thought I would not have missed the ride for the world. The sun was not yet up, though the crimson-tinted clouds that hung in the east, every moment changing their beautiful hues and forms, seemed to indicate that he was near at hand. I hoped he would lie in bed as long as possible, for I had seen plenty of sunshine, but never such a delightful hour as that was. The dew-drops sparkled on the grass and nestled in the flower-

cups, looking in the morning light like so many diamonds, and the birds flitted gayly from branch to spray, pouring from their dear little throats such a flood of music as I never before listened to. And then, too, I felt so much better than I do when I lie in bed late in the morning.

"But after awhile the sun appeared above the horizon, looking so bright and cheerful after his nap, and lighting up the landscape with his level beams in such a sweet, strange way, and really making it look so much lovelier than it does in any other part of the day, that I was glad to see him after all.

"Then, too, he seemed to say, 'There now is a fishing party, and I must go and clear the mists away from the lake, or they will never be able to do any thing.' And away flew the mists, over the hills and out of sight, like a flock of frightened doves, and the bright lake, the margin of which we had now reached, looked up with a knowing sparkle, as much as to say, 'Much obliged to you, sir; you have done me a great favor. Now that I can be seen I shall be appreciated.' At first we kept near the shore, in our light, fairy-like boat, where we could see the beautiful white pebbles at the bottom of the lake, and which looked so near that it seemed as if I could touch them with my hand, though I could not, for the water was far too deep. Professor Lombard, who was with us, explained the cause of their appearing so near when they were really so distant. He said that it was because the light of the bottom of the lake was refracted as it emerged from the water."

"But you did not know what '*refracted*' meant, did you, Annie? I am sure I could not have told," interrupted the little friend to whom Annie was talking.

"No, not till he explained. He said that refraction meant bending a ray of light as it passes from one medium to another. That when a ray of light passes into a denser medium, it is bent toward the perpendicular; when it passes into a rarer medium it is bent from the perpendicular. You have noticed that a spoon standing in a glass of water always looks bent, have n't you?"

"O yes, often, and it was always a mystery to me."

"Well, that is the cause of it. He said, also, that a body of water is about *one-third deeper than it appears to be*, and that many persons

get out of their depth in bathing, and are drowned in consequence of this deception. I did not understand quite all he said, but it made me long to commence the study of philosophy, so that I can understand the causes of the strange things I see every day.

"Well, after a little we got tired of fishing so near the shore and catching nothing but nibbles, so we pushed out further on the lake, where our luck soon returned, and where, for a few hours, we had some glorious fun. But at last our fun came to an unexpected and somewhat inglorious end. When we first went out upon the lake, we noticed something floating on the water at some distance from us, which we supposed to be a large log. Presently we heard strange sounds coming from that quarter; and though we heard them several times, we paid but little attention to them, for the general opinion was that some energetic old bull-frog had seated himself upon the log for a morning ride, and that the noises came from him.

"So we fished and chatted away in the gayest manner imaginable, as unconscious of danger as we are at this moment, when suddenly this object, whatever it was, which had approached us unseen, thrust its great horrid looking head above the water a few feet from our boat, making a loud, bellowing, unearthly sound, that caused every one in the boat to turn white with terror. It is the strangest thing in the world that we were not all drowned in the excitement occasioned by this sight, and no doubt we should have been had it not been for father's coolness. You know he never gets alarmed at any thing. But even he thought we had better make for the shore as quickly as possible.

"What it was I suppose we shall never know, though some suppose it to be some sea monster that has made its way into our lake through some subterranean passage. But of this I am quite sure, that a more thoroughly frightened crew never before returned from a fishing excursion."*

When Annie had finished her story, and her young friend was gone, the thought of her composition again returned to haunt and distress her, and she went in the house to remind her aunt of her promise to help her write one. Whereupon Aunt Amy quietly handed her a sheet of paper written over, saying, "I think you will not need any help, Annie." And what do you suppose it was, my young readers? Why, Aunt Amy, through the open door, had heard Annie relating the story of her adventures,

and had written every word of it down as she overheard it.

Annie, you may be sure, was both surprised and delighted with this, for she knew that from such a foundation as that she could easily arrange a composition. Now, if she had been told an hour before to go and sit down and write her own thoughts, in her own way, upon some subject that happened to be uppermost in her mind, she would very likely have gone and had a "good cry" instead, really believing she had no thoughts that would do for a composition.

FAITHFUL LILLY.

MY little friend "Lilly" belonged to a species of dogs known in Germany as "Spitz," and in England and France as "Pomeranian." She was brought once as a puppy from Germany, and became the property of a relative of mine. This gentleman was a devoted admirer of dogs in general, and under his kind and judicious treatment Lilly grew to be a beautiful specimen of her kind. Her body was covered with a thick coat of white hair, which was kept in perfect order by means of a good bath twice every week, and sometimes oftener. A sharp black nose, small pointed ears, and very black sparkling eyes, gave her a look of great intelligence and animation, while a bushy curling tail, which she raised in a very imposing manner when pleased or excited, rather struck with alarm those who who were unacquainted with her gentle nature.

It seemed when she was talked to, that she took in and understood every word that was said. She was decidedly willful, and where she thought she might do so, she took no end of liberties, and had her own way to her heart's content. But from her master a word, a sign, was sufficient to claim her instant attention. To him her devotion was unbounded, and she showed it by the most willing obedience to every command he gave her. She evidently took pleasure in showing other people that she in no way considered herself bound to obey them, unless, indeed, the order given was one which fell in with her own wishes; but if the most disagreeable command were given her by her beloved master, it was obeyed without a moment's hesitation.

The greatest trial Lilly could have was to be separated from him. The only punishment that it was ever necessary for him to inflict upon her, was to send her from her mat, which always lay by the side of his chair, to another corner of the room. There she would sit, when in disgrace,

*This story of the strange creature is literally true, the scene having occurred on Lake Ontario about two years ago.

with her eyes steadily fixed upon him, looking the very picture of misery; but the moment he whistled her back she became perfectly happy, showing her gratitude for her forgiveness by licking his hands and feet.

Lilly was a famous watch-dog. Every thing was safe while in her keeping, and if a stranger approached the house, her loud shrill bark gave timely notice to the inmates.

Her hearing powers were very acute, and she could distinguish instantly the footsteps of her friends, which she hailed with a joyous shake of her curly tail, while a low growl or angry bark greeted those with whom she was unacquainted. If an article of clothing, a basket, or any other thing were placed under her care, no powers of persuasion could tempt her from her watch, until she had seen the owner take possession of his property.

At a certain hour every morning Lilly's master used to take a ride. For years she was his constant companion, and no one wanted either bell or clock to tell them that the hour for the ride was approaching, for Lilly's joyous and excited state, and her vigorous scratching at the front door, announced that the groom would bring the horse round in a few moments. She had a wonderful power of calculating time, and it showed itself more particularly on Sunday morning. On that day her whole demeanor appeared to be altered. When the usual hour for the ride came round, Lilly lay perfectly still upon her mat; no scratching nor whinings to be let out were heard; the hour passed quietly by. She stood by her master's side while he was getting his hat or stick, or putting on his coat to go to Church. She would then walk quietly with him to the end of the carriage drive, and then return back to the house, quite aware that she was to go no further. Having found her way to the study, she rolled herself up on her mat, but with no intention of remaining there beyond a certain time. I shall not soon forget being one Sunday morning in the room where she was lying, comfortably and quietly. The clock struck twelve. Lilly pricked up her ears and opened her eye, which she soon closed again. The half-hour struck. Then she became decidedly fidgety. No more slumber, no more rest for her. I watched her with a good deal of interest, as I had already been told what were her particular doings on Sunday. Presently she jumped upon a chair which stood in the window, from whence she could obtain a view of the gate at the end of the carriage drive. Here she stationed herself with pointed ears and eager eyes, till at last she caught sight of her master. Then she hurried down, ran to the

door, where she stood barking and scratching violently till it was opened for her. Then the same business went on at the front door till the servant came and let her out. Immediately she bounded off, in a state of intense delight, to greet the dear master from whom she had been separated for an hour and a half. This performance went on regularly every Sunday.

Now a great trouble came upon poor Lilly. Her master fell sick; the morning rides were given up, and the pleasant walks in which she had always been his constant attendant. He was recommended by his medical man to leave the home where she had passed so many happy years of her short life, and to try the climate of one of the midland counties. Of course Lilly moved with her master and mistress to their new abode; but she was perfectly aware that things were not as they used to be. She was often seen sitting on her hind legs watching her master with anxious, wistful eyes, as if she were longing to know what ailed him. He grew worse, and soon became unable to leave his bed-room. Lilly established herself by his arm-chair, and nothing could ever induce her to move from him. Many times in the day this affectionate little creature would get up, and if his hand had fallen by his side would lick it over again and again, and then go and lie down quietly upon her mat, pricking up her ears at the least movement of the dear invalid, and watching him with an eagerness which was quite touching.

After some weeks of pain and suffering her master died. Lilly was apparently perfectly aware of what had happened, for when she rose to lick his hand it was cold and stiff, and no longer greeted her as was its custom with a tender little pat. Now of course she could not remain in her corner of the bed-room; so she was committed to the care of the servant who used to wash her, to whom she was much attached. Every thing was done that loving thought could suggest to soothe the grief of this faithful little creature; but all was useless, Lilly would not be comforted.

Her meals remained untouched. She wandered about in a sort of hopeless despairing way, and whenever an opportunity occurred ran to the door of her dear dead master's room, where she scratched and whined piteously for admittance.

On the morning of the fourth day, when the servant came to my room, I perceived that she had been crying.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Ah," said she, with a fresh burst of tears, "dear little Lilly is dead!"

Yes, it was true. Lilly had died in the night. Her grief had been too much for her. Separated from the master she loved, life had lost all happiness and pleasure for her. He was gone, and her little heart was broken. The same day that he was borne to his grave in the quiet church-yard, Lilly was taken to a grave dug for her beneath a tree in the garden, and when we laid her there, we felt that a more faithful, loving little creature had never breathed.

No words of mine are needed to point out the lesson which Lilly's obedience in life and devotion in death so touchingly taught. She will ever hold a strong place in the memories of those who knew her.

DO N'T BE TOO CERTAIN.

AY, now boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, every body will lose confidence in what you say. They will feel no security in trusting to your word. Never make a positive statement without you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts remove them, by examination, before speaking confidently. *Do't be too certain.*

"John, where is the hammer?"

"It is in the corn-house."

"No, it is not there; I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it *is* there; I *saw* it there not half an hour ago."

"If you saw it there, it must be there, of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn-house, and presently returns with a small ax in his hand.

"O, it was the ax I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half-bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"Well, don't be too certain another time."

"Yes, father, but I did really think I saw it, or I should not have said so."

"But you said positively that you *did* see it, not that you *thought* you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and by and by you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. *Do n't be too certain.*"

John wandered off to the house, trying to convince himself that he was in the right after all.

His father had given him a pretty wooden snow-shovel the Winter before, and John had

taken great delight in shoveling the clean, white snow during Winter.

It was now the middle of April. The sun shone warm, and the birds sang gayly in the trees. John shouldered his pretty shovel and was marching off with it.

"What are you going to do with your snow-shovel, John?" said his grandmother.

"I'm going to put it away in the barn, for the Summer, so that it need n't get broke."

"Seems to me I would not put it away just yet; we may have more snow pretty soon," said the old lady.

"O, fiddle-dee-dee! we shall not have any more snow until next Winter; I'm sure of that. Do n't you see how warm it is? The lilacs have all budded, the peas have come up, and the robins and martins are singing about. I *know* it won't snow any more."

"Well, perhaps it will not," said his grandmother, "but do n't be too certain; it looks like a storm now."

"Do n't be too certain." The words rang in John's ears, but he carried on his shovel, and stowed it carefully away in the barn.

The next morning what was his amazement to see the ground white with snow, and the storm violently beating against his chamber window. It continued to snow all day long, and the next morning it lay in great drifts around the house. John waded down to the barn for his shovel, and soon cleared the paths of snow. When he came to his breakfast he declared he would not put away his shovel again until the first of July, at the very least.

WALKING WITH JESUS.

"I WANT to live like one of Jesus' children," said a young girl to her teacher, "but it seems to me I do n't know how."

"When you are at school or away from home, do you not often think or speak of your mother?" asked her teacher.

"Why, certainly; every hour in the day, I suppose," replied the pupil, wondering at such a question.

"Do you recollect what is said about the disciples as they went from Jerusalem to Emmaus?"

"I do n't think I do."

"Then turn to the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke, and read from the thirteenth verse."

"Ah, there is your answer," interrupted the teacher, as the fifteenth verse was read: "If we would have Jesus walk with us, we must have him in our thoughts and on our lips."

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

PROVIDENCE.—I could write down twenty cases wherein I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I my own will, would have led to extensive mischief. The life of a Christian is a life of paradoxes. He must lay hold on God; he must follow hard after him; he must determine not to let him go. And yet he must learn to let God alone. Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces—to sit where he places us; to be what he would have us be, and this as long as he pleases. We are like a player at bowls; if he has given his bowl too little bias, he cries, "Flee;" if he has given it too much, he cries, "Bub;" you see him lifting his leg, and bending his body, in conformity to the motion he would impart to the bowl. Thus I have felt with regard to my dispensations; I would urge them or restrain them; I would assimilate them to the habits of my mind. But I have smarted for this under severe visitations. It may seem a harsh, but it is a wise and gracious dispensation toward a man, when, the instant he stretches out his hand to order his affairs, God forces him to withdraw it. Concerning what is morally good or evil, we are sufficiently informed for our direction; but concerning what is naturally good or evil, we are ignorance itself. Restlessness and self-will are opposed to our duty in these cases.—*Cecil*.

THE BABY.—In his recent volume entitled "Society and Solitude," Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "The perfection for the providence for childhood is easily acknowledged. The care which covers the seed of the tree under tough husks and stony cases, provides for the human plant the mother's breast and the father's house. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny, beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the one happy, patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high reposing Providence toward it. Welcome to the parents the puny struggle, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation—soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all

knowledge, and his little sins more bewitched than any virtue. His flesh is angels' flesh, all alive." "Infancy," says Coleridge, "presents body and spirit in unity: the body is all animated." All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurs, and puts on his faces of importance, and when he fasts the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamplight, he delights in shadows on the wall; by daylight, in yellow and scarlet. Carry him out of doors—he is overpowered by the light and by the extent of natural objects, and is silent. Then presently begins his use of his fingers, and he studies power—the lesson of his race. First it appears in no great harm, in architectural tastes. Out of blocks, threadspools, cards, and checkers he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle, he explores the law of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character: uncles, aunts, grandsires, grandmas, fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laureled heads.

WOMAN AND CHRISTIANITY.—In his speech at the recent anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, Rev. John Walton gave utterance to the following:

Christianity has done more for woman than it has done for man, and she responds with a purer devotion and a more vital attachment. But woman's greatest glory is the untold story of her services and her sufferings in missionary lands. I will be bold to say, that the brightest and bravest deeds done in mission fields have been done, not by men, but by the women—not by the heroes, but by the heroines of the Cross. Need I scruple to say, that the noblest women that ever walked on God's earth have been missionaries' wives? The missionary vocation, of all others, is that which most successfully develops the highest virtues in the character of woman. If you want to know what a woman is made of, pass her through the fire. Her power of endurance, her

fertility of resource, her unfailing courage, her self-sacrificing devotion, her beautiful sympathy, it is the fire that intensifies each womanly excellence, and makes it shine like burnished gold. We have all felt the pang of separation in thinking of the partings on mission shores. I have wept and wondered, and wept again over the chapter which tells the story of Dr. Judson and his wife at St. Helena. That heroic woman, with the missionary spirit strong in death, had fully reconciled herself to the thought of the separation from her husband. He was to return to his work in Burmah, and she and the children were to go on to America alone, and thus she sang on a foreign soil :

"We are parting on this green island, love,
Thou for the eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
O! soon to meet again!"

Contrary to her thought, and contrary to her husband's hope, that was a longer parting. She went, as Dr. Judson beautifully says, not to the setting sun, but to the sun of glory that never sets. All that could die of such a woman rests in a shady spot in that historic isle, and on her tombstone is carved this verse :

"She sleeps sweetly here on this rock of the ocean,
Away from the home of her youth;
And far from the land where, with heart-felt devotion,
She scattered the bright beams of truth."

SERVANT GIRLS—BY A SERVANT GIRL.—Can you fancy yourself in a foreign land, away from kindred, ministering only to the physical wants of strangers, for a sum that keeps you simply in a decent garb of a Sunday, and lays up a trifle against a rainy day, but with the same tread-mill of hopeless everyday life? Would you think it too much, then, to hear a friendly word now and again from a cheery mistress; to have frequent inquiries as to your homes and friends; to have an illustrated paper offered to you occasionally to brighten your life and give you some notions of the outside world? And, granting that your religious faith differed from that of your employer, would it tend to make you more bigoted or more liberal if she should occasionally tell you what was doing in your own Church, without any accompanying comment, leaving the truth to work itself out, but showing you that she was interested in all progress. Ah, dear ladies, believe us—for we have proved it—you risk nothing in these kind offices—you gain every thing. Your grace and tact preserve your station—have no fear on that point. You need no self-assertion for what should be self-impressing. Make for those girls homes, and there will be less talk of places. Interest yourselves in them, make them feel that you are their best, their wisest friend, and you need not fear that they will desert you for a stranger. Do not expect them to be perfect, for you can not find that in any relation of life, but let them see that you feel your relation to them to be one of reciprocal duties, that while they serve you conscientiously, you will use your intelligence, your judgment, in their behalf, in thoughtful-

ness of their interest, both in their business and in their pleasure, their income and their expenditure. This can be done without interference, and will gather you a rich harvest in the harmony and unity of your household. Try not to adapt yourself to supposed peculiarities of nationality, treat human nature humanely, and you will need no special rules for government of servants.

HAND-SHAKING.—In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own law-giver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety in default of all other protection, two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers, desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand—the hand alike of offense and defense, the hand that wielded the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man can not well stab another while he is in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left, while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with his victim. The custom of hand-shaking prevails, more or less, among all civilized nations, and is the tacit avowal of friendship and good-will, just as the kiss is of a warmer passion.

Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen, unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. It is for them to receive homage, not to give it. They can not be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted, unless such persons are very closely related to them by family or affection, in which cases hand-shaking is not needed, and the lips do more agreeable duty.

Every man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, vulgar or refined, sincere or hypocritical, enthusiastic or indifferent. The nicest refinements and idiosyncrasies of character may often be discoverable in this fashion.

CHILDREN'S SIGHT.—What is commonly called near-sightedness has increased greatly within the last half century, and it is time parents, teachers, and guardians understood more about it. Children are often subjected to severe punishments, both at home and in schools, for offenses they can not avoid possibly, from defect in their eye-sight. At a teachers' convention in Boston, last week, Dr. Henry W. Williams, now one of the eminent oculists of the country, had something to say on the near-sightedness of children, many of whom, he remarked, had defective vision years before it was discovered. Some very clear-sighted children could not use their eyes steadily for any length of time without blurring, owing to a defect in the accommodative muscles, a brief rest enabling them to see clearly again. They were apt to make absurd mistakes in reading, and to study poorly, which teachers and others thought was

owing to idleness. Blindness sometimes supervened in a single day. Many individuals were born with a slight tendency to myopia, and had near-sightedness brought on by studiousness. Near-sightedness was not known among the savages of uneducated races, and appeared most among those of the highest culture. The eye should never be strained to see objects it should not see, or devoted to too small type or work. Children who were ambitious to keep up with their classes often were allowed to go on until their eyes were ruined. These cases often began with slight symptoms. Such children should not be compelled to study continuously; should not care where they were in their class; should keep the head erect and hold the book up. Teachers should aid the child as far as possible. The object of education, the doctor said, was not to cram, but to prepare the child for duties.

THE CZAR AND THE RUSSIAN LADIES.—The Czar of all the Russias has issued an imperial ukase, and henceforth no more Paris fashion journals will be allowed within the limits of the vast dominions of Alexander II. No bewitching *La Mode Illustrée*, no oracular *Bon Ton*, will henceforth be seen within the precincts of a Russian lady's dwelling. We can hardly imagine the monotony and the dreariness of the existence of the young Russian belles, deprived of the pictures of the latest Paris fashions, the newest style of panniers, the full description of the freshest toilets, the bonnets, the trains, the trimmings, the flummery, and the flounces, whose weekly changes recorded in the journals, and pictured in the fashion-plates, rule the fashionable world with resistless power. But the feminine mind is inventive, and we believe the pretty Russians will manage in some way to evade the imperial edict. A glorious prestige will be imparted to fashion journals which they never enjoyed before. Although we have great faith in the power of the Russian Emperor, we think he has embarked on a dangerous speculation. Either there will be a revolution or the ladies will have Paris fashions.

At least we are glad we do not live in Russia or in Poland, where the ladies are forbidden by the same autocratic power to wear bouquets.

MANNERS.—Young folks should be mannerly. How to be so is the question. Many good boys and girls feel that they can not behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They feel timid, bashful, and self-distrustful the moment they are addressed by a stranger or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling, and to acquire graceful and easy manners; that is, to do the best they can all the time at home, as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teachings so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly, and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so every-where. A coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness, which we can not

lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those that are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all best things, especially for good manners.

SOURCE AND EFFECT OF HOPE.—Hopefulness is the mother of happiness. The truly hopeful are never the truly miserable. They see a light ahead, even at the midnight. Whence comes hopefulness? Some one has thus declared: True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events! Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if, at last, all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can impart courage in the human soul is its best physician.

THE LAUGH OF WOMAN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes upon the water. It leads from her in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen figure through the trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care and sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing throughout the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns prose to poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling; it touches with delight even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

FIDELITY IN LITTLE THINGS.—Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are very rare; and when they do occur, we are prepared for them; we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice; we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offense; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.

EXCHANGING THE KEYS.—Feltham once gave utterance to this sentiment, on the inviolability of friendship: When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets and interchange their keys.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

OUR ORIENTAL MISSIONS. *Volume I. India and China. Volume II. China and Bulgaria. By Edward Thomson, D. D., LL. D. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. 16mo. Pp. 267, 281. \$1.25 per Volume. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.*

How short a time it seems to us since Bishop Thomson entered our office with the manuscripts of these volumes, and with characteristic modesty placed them on our table with the direction to publish or reject them, cut, prune, or change them as we should judge best. He was then in apparent excellent health, and we rejoiced in the prospect that many years yet remained to him of active and efficient life as a Bishop, and that many more volumes, in spite of his excessive modesty, would yet be given to the Church and the world from his classic and eloquent pen. Scarcely four weeks had passed till his work was done on earth, and his pure and noble spirit had gone to God.

It is a matter of devout thankfulness that the material of these two volumes was put in order for publication by the Bishop during the brief leisure of last Winter. Of course every body knows that these essays, or chapters, or whatever we may choose to call them, embody the results of the Bishop's observations during his visit to our missions in China, India, and Bulgaria. Some of them have appeared in letters and articles published in our Church periodicals; but even these underwent a thorough revision under the hands of the Bishop to serve this new purpose, while the greater part of both volumes is original matter, now published for the first time. Both of our Bishops who visited our "Oriental Missions" have suddenly been called away, and the Church thereby loses the benefit of their personal utterances of what they saw, and of the views and plans which they formed from their own experience. But their works are still with us. These two volumes, and two similar ones containing the letters of Bishop Kingsley, are all that are left to us of their missionary experience and observation. They constitute an invaluable legacy to the Church. We shall be greatly mistaken and disappointed if our people do not demand them in thousands. We would especially commend these volumes also to those who provide for our Sunday-school libraries. Besides the personal observations of Bishop Thomson on our missions in the far East, and on the people among whom they are located, their manners, customs, religions, etc., the second volume contains essays on such subjects as "Pagan and Christian Civilization Contrasted," "Condition and Prospect of the Christian Church," "General Reflections on the Church," and "The Decaying Condition of False Religions." The work closes with an interesting

biographical sketch of the deceased Bishop, and the first volume contains an excellent steel portrait. The volumes are issued in very neat style, and yet are very cheap.

SACRED MEMORIES; or, *Annals of Deceased Preachers of the New York and New York East Conferences. By Rev. W. C. Smith. With an Introduction by Bishop Janes. 16mo. Pp. 357. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

This volume contains excellent sketches of one hundred and thirteen ministers connected with the New York and New York East Conferences, who died during the twenty years that intervened between the division of the Conference in 1848 and the reunion services of the two bodies in 1868, together with the order of exercises and addresses delivered on that interesting occasion. It contains many precious names, and suggests many valuable lessons. It by no means lacks variety, as it presents men of all grades of talent and various work, such as itinerants, missionaries, historians, authors, publishers, editors, presidents of educational institutions, etc. It will be a welcome book to many we are sure. Hundreds are living to whom these men were related by the ties of kindred, and thousands who enjoyed the benefits of their ministry. Bishop Janes beautifully says: "To those who knew them personally, their memory is as fragrant as the spices in the garden of the Lord; to those who were converted through their ministry, their names are as ointment poured forth; to those who were edified and encouraged by them in their struggles for goodness and for glory, the remembrance of them is very precious."

CHRISTIANITY AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY; or, *The Relation between Spontaneous Thought in Greece and the Positive Teaching of Christ and his Apostles. By B. F. Cocker, D. D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. 12mo. Pp. 531. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

Here is food for the mind and the heart, a volume for students and thinkers; it is one of the richest contributions of American literature to a history of philosophy, and to a true philosophy of Christian history. It is a book to be read slowly, to be estimated in its value, not by disconnected passages or unfinished propositions, but by the entire line of thought and investigation. It is easy to misconceive the purpose of the author. He is not a "rationalist;" he is not a mere speculative philosopher; he is a true Christian, and is only seeking for a deeper foundation and a broader unity for the Christian faith than mere dogmatic theology. He aims to show that this foundation and this broader unity are found

in the facts of nature and humanity; that the authority of the Christian system does not repose alone on the peculiar and supernatural events which occurred in Palestine, but also on the still broader foundations of the ideas and laws of the reason, and the common wants and instinctive yearnings of the human heart. It is the author's conviction "that the course and constitution of nature, the whole current of history, and the entire development of human thought in the ages anterior to the advent of the Redeemer center in, and can only be interpreted by, the purpose of redemption." We believe the author's doctrine, and that in this noble volume he has made it good. Whoever reads it will have a broader intellectual view of human history and a tenderer sympathy for the whole great human brotherhood.

EXPOSITORY THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPELS. *By the Rev. J. G. Ryle, B. A., St. John. Vol. II. 12mo. Pp. 382. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.*

The name of Mr. Ryle is well known in America; his Notes have met with much favor; they are plain, positive, and practical. His style is excellent; he goes directly to the subject, and from the subject soon reaches the heart of the reader. His works are deservedly popular among evangelical Christians of every name.

AN ENGLISH-GREEK LEXICON. *By C. D. Yonge. Edited by Henry Drisler, LL. D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College. 8vo. Pp. 663 and cxv. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

A complete English-Greek lexicon has long been a desideratum to classical students and scholars. This one will, therefore, be promptly welcomed, and in its completeness will be found to meet the want. It is superior in its arrangements to any we have yet seen. The present edition is a revision and enlargement of Yonge's, the best hitherto given to the English scholar. It contains a very large vocabulary of English words and phrases and their Greek equivalents. The Lexicon is preceded by a very learned essay on the order of words in Attic Greek Prose, by Professor Charles Short, and is followed by a list of proper names, and a copious collection of Greek synonyms, from the French of Alex. Pillon, edited by Rev. T. K. Arnold. The student has thus put into his hands all that he requires for Greek composition except the syntactical rules, which of course he must learn from his grammar.

THE PRINCIPLES OF LOGIC; for High Schools and Colleges. *By A. Schuyler, M. A., Professor of Mathematics and Logic in Baldwin University. 12mo. Pp. 168. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.*

THE LAWS OF DISCURSIVE THOUGHT: Being a Text-Book of Formal Logic. *By James M. Cosh, LL. D., President of New Jersey College, Princeton. 12mo. Pp. 212. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.*

These are two excellent text-books in the department of which they treat. The former is systematic,

scientific, compact, and brief, just the kind of text-book from which to gather a concise and symmetrical view of the science. The latter is argumentative and discursive, and might admirably follow a course in the former. Both works will at once commend themselves to teachers, both exhibiting a complete mastery of the subject by their respective authors.

A GERMAN COURSE; Adapted to use in Colleges, High-schools, and Academies. *By George F. Comfort, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages and Aesthetics in Alleghany College. 12mo. Pp. 498. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR; With Explanatory Notes, a Copious Dictionary, and a Map of Gaul. *By Albert Harkness, LL. D., Professor in Brown University. 12mo. Pp. 377. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

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THE FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY. Designed to Cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. *By Eliza Youmans. 12mo. Pp. 183. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

These are all in the line of school books, and the names and positions of their respective authors are guarantees of their excellence. They all exhibit progress in the methods of education, better understanding of the student's mind and wants, and great improvement in the adaptation of text-books to his necessities. How we would have rejoiced in our school days over such an edition of Cæsar's Commentaries as Professor Harkness here gives us. We are sure we should know more German and know it better if Comfort's "Course in German" had been published thirty years ago; and we would have been as happy as little Mary in the study of Grammar, if Mrs. Marcet had been our teacher, and should have loved the plants and flowers better under the tuition of Miss Youmans. Well, thanks to these good men and women for these good books, though born too late for us, for they are just in time to give easier labor and pleasanter tasks to our children.

SELF-HELP; With Illustrations of Character, Conduct, and Perseverance. *By Samuel Smiles, Author of "Life of George Stephenson," "The Huguenots," etc. 12mo. Pp. 447. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

A revised edition of a book which has already been received with great favor in England, France, and America. And it well deserves the favor it has met.

Its chief object is to stimulate youths to apply themselves diligently to right and noble pursuits, and to rely upon their own efforts in life, rather than to depend on the help or patronage of others. It admirably shows, too, how the duty of helping one's self in the highest sense involves the helping of one's neighbors. It teaches chiefly by example, giving a long record of literary and scientific men, artists, inventors, educators, philanthropists, missionaries, and martyrs, who have achieved fame and independence, and made themselves benefactors of the race. Let all the young men get it and read it.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO EGYPT, Constantinople, The Crimea, Greece, etc., in the Suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By the Hon. Mrs. William Grey. 12mo. Pp. 209. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their suite through Egypt and other Eastern lands in 1869 was a unique and interesting one, having, of course, incidents growing out of the high life of the parties that do not fall to ordinary mortals when traveling. Mrs. Grey's journal of the trip is racy, natural, kept just like a good, amiable woman, delighted with her voyage and her company, would keep it. To our lady readers it will be an interesting book, presenting things in a light somewhat different from the common reports of travels.

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The great object of this little volume will be seen on every page; it is to set before the believer the

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PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. By Charles Reade. Cloth. 8vo. Pp. 207. \$1.25. Paper, 75 cents. 12mo. Pp. 319. 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

THE SAME. Cloth. 8vo. Pp. 360. \$1.50. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: W. S. Thorburn.

Mr. Reade is well known as a sensational writer of the warmest school. "Hard Cash," "Foul Play," and "Griffith Gaunt" made him famous among lovers of this kind of literature. "Put Yourself in his Place," judging from the great use that publishers and newspapers have made of it, must be equal if not superior in sensational power to any of the others.

QUEEN HORTENSE. A Life Picture of the Napoleonic Era. An Historical Novel. By L. Muhlbach. From the German, by Chapman Coleman. 8vo. Pp. 187. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The nature of these historical romances is known to American readers. They are interesting, true in their general historical outlines, but mix with the truth so much of fiction, that the reader gains only a confused and inaccurate notion of the period and characters of whom the author writes. The times of Hortense were full of interest, and the author has thoroughly studied them, and treated most of the questions with impartiality and becoming delicacy.

THE CAGED LION. A Historical Novel. By Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," etc. 12mo. Pp. 347. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Another historical romance strangely and confusingly blending history and imagination, so that when the reader finishes the book, which, of course, will be read with interest, he knows not what is true or false. Such reading is worse than a waste of time, except that perhaps some who will never read any other kind of history, may learn some things they will know in no other way.

ANTONIA. A Novel. By George Sand. From the French by Virginia Vaughan. 12mo. Pp. 250. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is at all events a real novel, and whoever reads it will know that fact, and be in no danger of confounding history and fiction. It is the second volume of the series now issuing from the press of Roberts Brothers. We still adhere to our belief that George Sand will not become extensively popular in America, though the publishers are pursuing a good policy in issuing her least objectionable works first. "Antonia" is one of her best.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ENGLISH LITERARY ACTIVITY.—The literary activity of England during the past year has been something enormous. The "Publishers' Circular" gives the following summary of new books, new editions, and books of American importation, which appeared in England in 1869, with the months of issue, the latter fact serving to show the variations of periodical pressure on the literary market:

	New Books.	New Editions.	American Importations.
January.....	219	76	40
February.....	166	72	39
March.....	109	185	30
April.....	223	118	21
May.....	313	117	51
June.....	218	104	35
July.....	210	70	40
August.....	243	102	30
September.....	160	80	32
October.....	378	144	27
November.....	354	125	28
December.....	460	117	24
Total.....	3,063	1,319	397

These books are classified as follows:

Theology.....	1,047
Education, philosophy and classical literature.....	478
Juvenile works.....	500
Novels and other works of fiction.....	461
Law.....	142
Political and social economy and trade and commerce.....	324
Year books and bound volumes of serials.....	236
Arts and sciences and fine art books.....	341
Travel and geographical research.....	283
History and biography.....	192
Poetry and the drama.....	274
Medicine and surgery.....	160
Miscellaneous.....	402

It is not an uncommon thing to read or hear satirical remarks *apropos* of the flood of books that pour from the English presses. "Frivolous," "trashy," "worthless," are some of the contemptuous adjectives most frequently met with in that connection. These censures most often emanate from men who have no real means of judging of the mass of modern books that they condemn, who are unduly addicted to old authors and old books—in fact are bigots in respect of the undue reverence that they pay to what they call classical and standard works. There are literary critics in England and in this country, and wherever the species is found, who look upon a new book as an impertinence, an affront, a stranger not to be courteously received until it has demonstrated itself worthy of their fastidious approval. This is not, we think, the spirit in which new books should be considered. While many of them are undoubtedly poor in matter and style, and mischievous in their effects upon readers, as a whole they should be welcomed. Their appearance in great numbers should be hailed as a positive and most gratifying proof of that intellectual fecundity and progress which are among the best hopes of a nation. Spain, Italy, and other European countries of the second or inferior grades produce but few new books,

while the presses of England, as well as those of France and Germany, teem with fresh works in every department of literature. We take it that the swarm of English books in 1869 should be accepted as an evidence of the profound moral, religious, political, and artistic movements, which are clearly manifested in other ways in the social, and political, and religious changes working out in the British Empire. They spring from the same sources as the Reform Suffrage Bill, the Irish Church Bill, and the other great measures of improvement now engaging the attention of the English people, and many of them have doubtless contributed powerfully to hasten the triumph of those reforms. An analysis of the classes of books indicates a better taste than prevailed in former years. Theology takes the lead, as it should, making nearly one-fourth of the whole list. Next comes juvenile works—and it would be safe to say that these, with but few exceptions, are not devoid of instruction and interest, and are always on the side of sound morals. An immoral book for boys and girls is something that we have never seen, and we doubt whether such a monstrosity exists. The worst fault of juvenile works is that they are apt to be loose and inaccurate in statements of facts, and are not always written in good English. But, still, they convey a great deal of useful information, and do much more good than harm. Novels are decidedly in the decline, and it is predicted by shrewd observers of the changing English tastes that the orthodox three-volume form of fiction will before long pass away, such productions finding their only market at last in the magazines and family papers. Education, philosophy, and classical literature, political and social economy, trade and commerce, arts and sciences, travel and geographical research, history and biography, comprise (in addition to theology) the bulk of the long list—surely a healthful sign. England may well feel proud of her literary exhibit for the year.

DEATH OF DR. NADAL.—Death has been busy again during the past month in high places, and sending his shafts as suddenly and as swiftly as ever. Scarcely do we recover from the shock of the announcement of the sudden departure of one until the telegram arrives telling us of the fall of another. Rev. Dr. Nadal, Acting President of Drew Theological Seminary since the death of Dr. M'Clistock, died suddenly on Monday morning, June 20th, at his residence in Madison, N. J. He first complained of indisposition on the preceding Thursday, but no fear was apprehended till Sunday evening, when his disease resulted in congestion of the lungs and brain, and in a few hours he was dead. He leaves a large family, on whom his death will fall with terrible

weight. In his decease, too, the Church has sustained another severe loss. He was a ripe scholar, an experienced teacher, a strong writer, an able preacher, and an exemplary Christian. He was in the prime of life, possessing, as all thought, a vigorous constitution, which gave promise of a long life of usefulness. He was born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in 1815, but was chiefly brought up in Baltimore. He received a good academic education, and completed a full collegiate course after entering the ministry. He was received into the Baltimore Conference in 1835, and continued in the regular work of the ministry till 1853. In 1854 he was elected to the Chair of History and English Literature in Indiana Asbury University, where he remained for three years. From 1857 to 1868 he worked in the regular ministry in the Baltimore, New York East, and Philadelphia Conferences. In 1868 he was called to the Chair of Historical Theology in Drew Seminary, in which position death overtook him. In many respects he was a strong man; there was in him a vast amount of work and availability; he belonged to a class not numerous, and out of which the Church has been sadly losing a large proportion since the beginning of 1870. May it please God to stay the hand of death, and spare to us these gifted men, who in our poor human judgment seem so needful in these times. But God is Lord of men and Head of the Church, and we can only say, Blessed be the Lord who gives, and blessed be the Lord when he takes away!

DEATH OF MRS. DR. STEVENS.—Only in our November number of last year we had the pleasure of recording the marriage of one of our contributors, Miss L. Amelia Dayton, with Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, the eminent historian of Methodism. They were married on the 8th of September, 1869. On Wednesday, the 8th of June, the house was made desolate, and the bride of a few months has passed to another and grander life. Our deepest sympathies are with our bereaved friend and brother, whose desolation we can understand, and whose loss we can appreciate. Mrs. Stevens was a woman of rare intellectual culture, and of great proficiency in the modern European languages. She has furnished to the Repository and Quarterly, and other periodicals, many valuable and scholarly translations. A correspondent writes us: "Her sojourn among us has been brief, but beautiful. She won the respect and esteem of all who knew her, and the affection of those most intimately associated with her. Her death was sudden, but she went singing hymns of heaven as she never sang before. It seemed as if the harmonies of another world already developed new powers, while as yet the happy spirit only stood upon its threshold. We can not mourn that even so soon out of her new home, she has found a permanent home, where the highest aspirations of an immortal spirit to know and to be shall be fully satisfied."

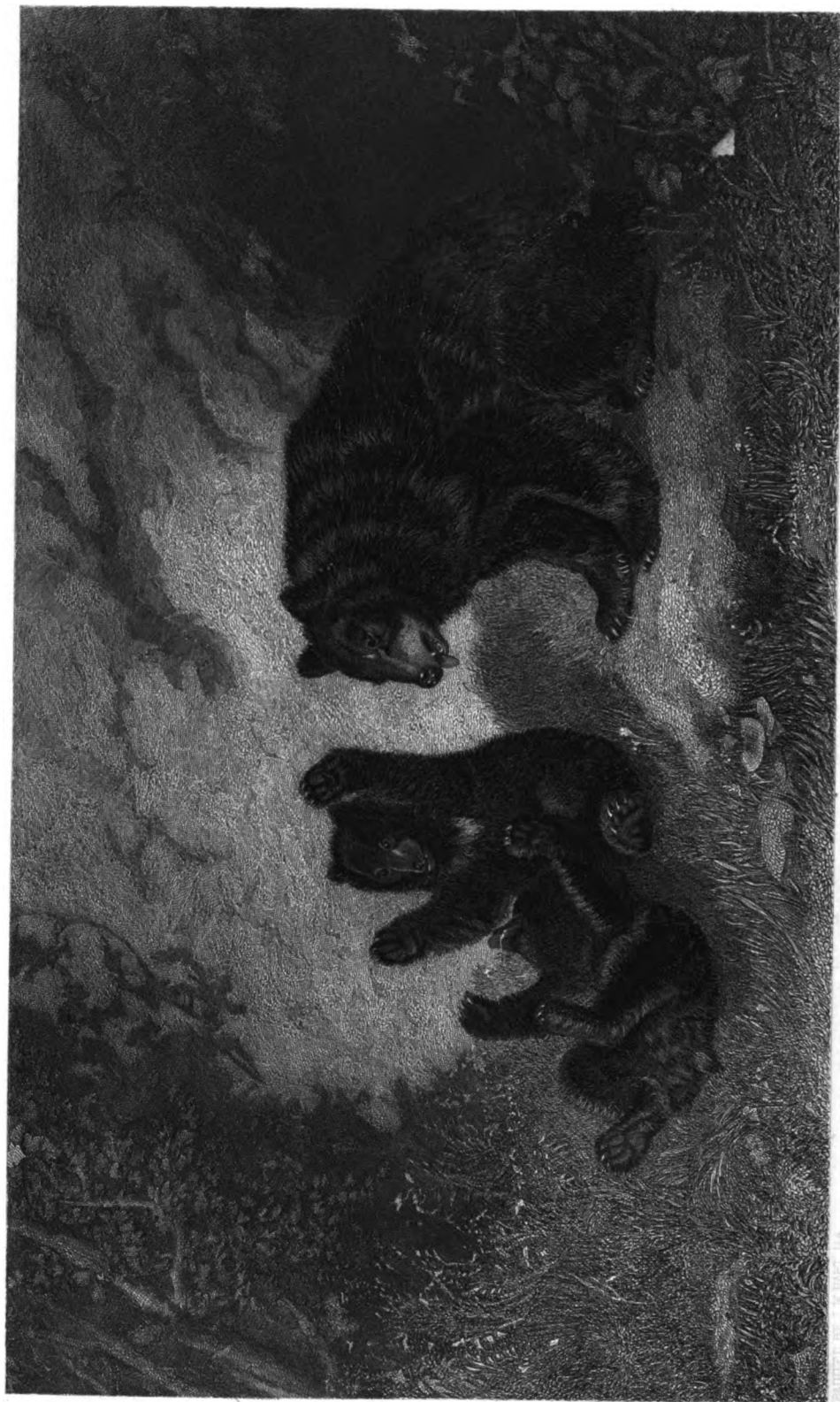
THE WANT OF THE TIMES.—The men who are to direct in future the powerful forces and control

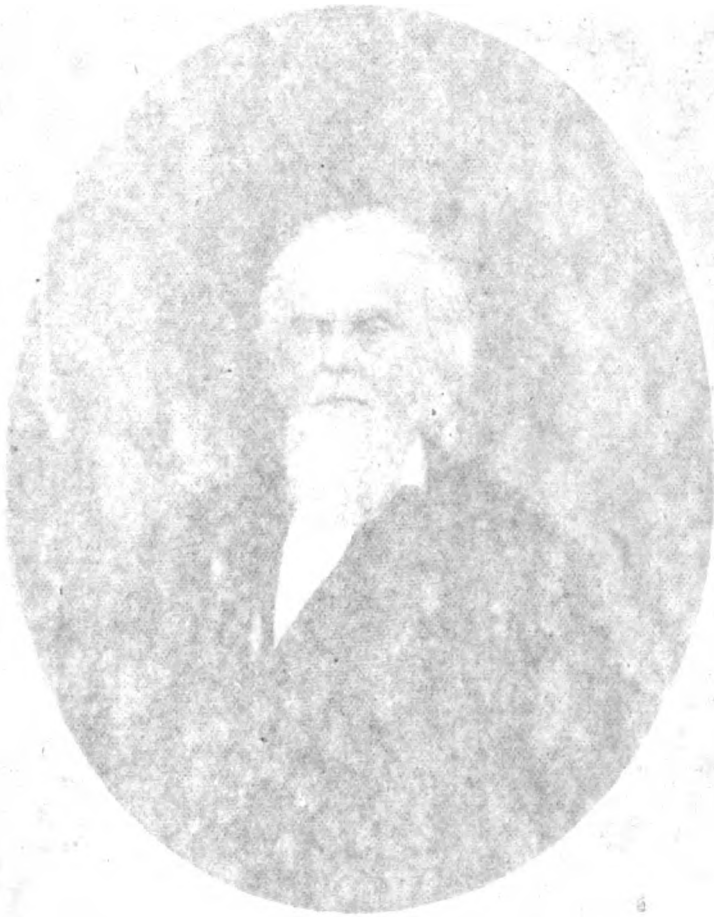
the dangerous tendencies of these latter times are the men of education. Intellect is the appointed leader of society. Knowledge is the light of the world, but if the knowledge itself be darkness, how great is that darkness! The great want of this day is men and women of disciplined minds, of true hearts, of noble principles, who can stand on the lofty heights of modern progress and not grow dizzy; who can walk the labyrinthian passages of modern science and thought and not become bewildered; who can sail through these restless seas of material prosperity and not swamp their vessel in eternal ruin; who can choose the right with invincible resolution, resist the sorest temptation from within and without; who can bear the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who can be calm in storms and fearless under menaces and frowns, and who, amid all doubts, all discoveries, and all temptations, rely on truth, on virtue, and on God with most unflinching faith.

TEMPERANCE TRIBUTE.—Messrs. Powers & Weeks of this city have placed on our Table a lithograph in oil colors bearing the above title. It is a temperance story told without words, but speaking very forcibly to the understanding. A large central picture represents a storm at sea, a wreck, a life-boat guided by angel hands, and tells a life-story at a glance. On the left side of the picture are three tableaux, exhibiting a happy home, drinking from the "old oaken bucket," and a temperate old age crowned with honor. The right hand side has three other tableaux, "New Year's Call," "Giddy with Wine," and "the Jaws of Death." The whole points out clearly to the young the path to honor and the road to ruin. The design is good; the workmanship moderate. It is cheap enough at two dollars, and will serve a good purpose.

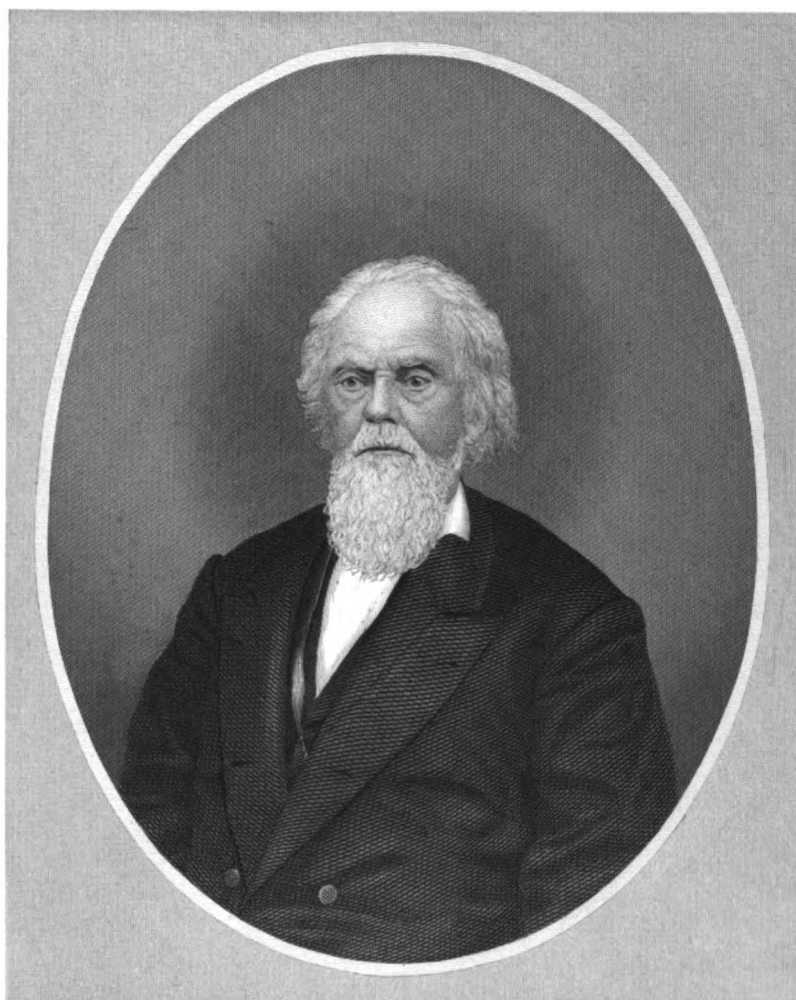
CHURCH MUSIC.—It is no wonder that singing has died out from the congregation, when the choir is put to recite words that nobody can understand, to music that nobody knows, and the people are left to listen to newly converted opera airs which last week were brought over by a fresh troupe of foreign singers. And those sweet melodies that stilted propriety has driven from the churches, but which have gone forth among the people, rung out gloriously in camp-meetings, shaking the forest leaves with the ascending thoughts of a mighty people; or which more gently have filled rural school-houses and humble lecture-rooms, and village churches, as yet uncorrupted by the false pretense of classical music—those sweet melodies that no one can hear with his ear and not feel his heart beating within his bosom, and faster for the sound—are becoming the ridicule and contempt of men who think that God must be praised to the sound of Meyerbeer or Rossini, and not to the sweet and humble melodies of our land.

A PREACHER'S FAULTS.—"Defects of a preacher are soon spied," says Martin Luther in his Table Talk. "Let a preacher be endued with ten virtues and have but one fault, that one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times."









W. J. L. 1841

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1870

SEPTEMBER.

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

THE name of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, though comparatively little known outside his native Germany, is yet one which has long been dear to the student of literature. The audience of appreciative spirits, "fit though few," to which he has addressed himself, has ever been enthusiastic in his praise, and this audience is increasing day by day. His works contain the true germ of immortality; they can never die. A time will come when the whole world will know and love them; for a genius like Jean Paul belongs not to a single people, but to humanity. Like all true, deep thinkers, he was in advance of his generation.

Jean Paul der Einzige, "Jean Paul the Only," his admirers have called him, and with reason. It may be doubted if in the whole domain of literature there is so original an author. He chose an orbit for himself. Eccentric though it was, it was yet a celestial orbit, extending through far-off, boundless realms of space, where none could follow him. He has been called an intellectual Titan, who piles Ossa upon Pelion, and seeks to scale the heavens. In his aerial flights he is often hard to be understood; but study and patience are the keys that unlock the mysteries of his realm, where new and ever unfolding beauties will amply repay the diligent explorer.

Jean Paul, as the French would say, labored under an *embarras du riches*. The materials at his command were so vast and varied, his wealth of thought and imagery was so boundless, that like the *parvenu* who has suddenly inherited immense riches, he delighted in extravagance and ostentation. He possessed as much gold as others tin. Says one of his eulogists: "Shall we then charge him with

ostentation because he ate and drank every day from golden dishes?"

He paid too little heed to the simple and orderly arrangement of the vast treasures heaped up in the store-house of his brain, but the gold is there, though contained in the rugged ore, and from uncouth, often tawdry settings, gleam forth jewels fit for a royal diadem.

His writings are like a primeval forest, towering up in its wild, simple grandeur, unpruned by the knife, unhewn by the ax, undesecrated by the foot of man. In weird, grotesque forms the boughs interlace each other, shutting out the clear light of day. But he who succeeds in penetrating those dim recesses and intricate windings, choked up by rank, yet gorgeous growths, can not fail to find rest upon mossy banks, and refreshment in cool, leafy shades.

In Jean Paul's works distance lends no enchantment. The further we advance into his realm the more we find to love, to understand, and to admire. We could wish him less obscure, yet his meaning unfolds to us as we read, and we often learn that it is not he who is at fault, but our own narrow understandings. Unlike many of his German contemporaries, he always has a meaning, and a deep one.

The little town of Wunsiedel, in Bayreuth, claims the honor of having given Jean Paul Friedrich Richter birth. There he was born with the Spring, on the 21st day of March, 1763.

He was descended from a race of country school-masters, occupying, also, as is common in Germany, the position of subaltern clergymen. Soon after the birth of his son, school-master Richter was chosen pastor of the little hamlet of Joditz, and in the boy's thirteenth year was called to the pastorate of Schwarzbach, on the Saale. Each of these livings was obscure and humble, affording only a meager income;

but poverty had for generations been the heritage of the Richters, who, accepting with cheerful hearts the station wherein God had placed them, were no less noted for their poverty than their piety. A simple, kind-hearted, God-fearing race, they bore their cross with meekness and patience. Poor in this world's goods, they were rich in faith; having nothing, they yet possessed all things. From their small store they often found something to bestow on those more needy than themselves, and their humble deeds of love and charity were known of all.

Jean Paul's education, while at Jodiz, was conducted in a very rambling, inefficient manner. Pastor Richter having for some reason become dissatisfied with the parish school-master, attempted to teach his two sons, Paul and Adam, at home. But the good pastor's ideas of teaching were of a very antiquated sort. He set the lads at work on the Latin dictionary and grammar, and kept them day after day learning by heart long lists of words they could not understand, and dry, prolix rules, about as intelligible and useful to them as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Jean Paul could get no books excepting his father's few theological works. These he eagerly devoured, though he assures us that he did not understand a word of them.

The removal to Schwarzenbach was a fortunate thing for our future author. Here he was sent to a good school, where he studied Latin and Greek, and even began Hebrew. He also got access to books, reading every thing that came in his way, from the profoundest treatises on philosophy and metaphysics to ephemeral magazines and newspapers, and the most trivial romances. Books were his nourishment, his delight. They opened a new world before him; and even at this early age the desire to be an author—to instruct and delight others, even as he himself had been instructed and delighted by books—was born within his soul.

When sixteen years of age he was sent to the Gymnasium at Hof, the home of his maternal grandparents. Here he remained two years, under the instruction of an excellent corps of teachers. As the poverty of the Richter family would admit of no extra outlay, the grandparents—people in quite comfortable circumstances—gave the lad a pleasant home under their own roof, and defrayed all his expenses. These were halcyon days for the young student; but, like most of our halcyon days in this world, they were not to last. Ere the two years at Hof had ended pastor Richter died; but this event did not recall the son from his

studies. It only rendered their prosecution the more necessary.

In his nineteenth year Jean Paul entered the University of Leipsic, where he soon marked out a path for himself. He had been destined for the Church, but his wayward fancy soon strayed off into the more congenial realms of poetry and philosophy. He still read with the old avidity, writing out his own diffuse and very original speculations upon the subject in hand. He became emphatically a self-teacher, receiving little aid or guidance from the University, which then numbered among its professors no men of decided ability. Had he at this time desired to enter a profession poverty would have forbidden, for things at home were going on very badly, and actual want was staring the family in the face. The grandparents at Hof had died, leaving their favorite child, the widow Richter, sole heir to their property. But former legacies had reduced the estate, and the other heirs contested the will. A tedious lawsuit followed, which consumed not only the inheritance, but the small pittance left by pastor Richter.

So, instead of aiding her son in his career at the University, Frau Richter appealed urgently and piteously to him for assistance. Adam, Jean Paul's favorite brother, driven to desperation by the low ebb of the family fortunes, had given up the only ambition he had ever been known to possess, that of being a country school-master. Concluding that the world and fate were against him, he had taken to vagrant, idle ways, which ended in enlistment in a marching regiment, where he soon died.

Jean Paul was made of sterner and better stuff. He looked destiny full in the face, and calmly and resolutely grappled with it, resolving that if vanquished it should be through no fault of his. "Evil," said he, "is like a night-mare; the instant you begin to strive with it, to bestir yourself, it has already ended." He knew that his widowed mother and younger brothers looked to him, friendless and destitute though he was, as their only earthly hope and stay, and he resolved to justify their confidence. The young man had a high, brave, self-reliant spirit, and to such a spirit poverty has no terrors.

"What is poverty?" he wrote at this time. "Who is the man that whines under it? The pain is but as that of piercing the ears of a maiden, and you hang jewels in the wound."

Years after, in the midst of competence, and surrounded by the many friends who are sure to wait on worldly success, he wrote:

"Welcome poverty, so that thou come not at too late a time! Wealth bears heavier on talent

than poverty. Under gold mountains and thrones who knows how many a spiritual giant may lie crushed and bruised? I would not for much money have had much money in my youth. Fate manages poets as men do singing birds. You overhang the cage of the singer, and make it dark, till at length he has caught the tunes, and can sing them rightly."

Jean Paul proved his claim to the Divine birthright of genius by never losing heart or faith in himself. He believed that he had a mission in the world. This mission was to write books, and books he was determined to write, in the face of all ridicule and opposition.

"The Greenland Lawsuits," a collection of satirical sketches, was his first work, and was written in his nineteenth year. He could not find a publisher in Leipsic, but one Herr Voss, of Berlin, at length accepted the manuscript, and gave him sixteen *louis-d'or* for it. The young aspirant for literary honors regarded this as a wonderful success, and his resolve to be an author from this time became fixed and immovable.

"The Greenland Lawsuits" did not sell. One critic condescended to hold up the book to public ridicule; the rest of the carping tribe passed it by in contemptuous silence. But Jean Paul was not to be daunted by neglect or sneers. He immediately set to work and wrote another book. "Selection from Papers of the Devil" was its grotesque title. He ransacked all Germany for a publisher; but the manuscript remained on his hands for seven years. During these weary years of waiting he worked on bravely and patiently. He planned and began other books, and wrote essays for the magazines and newspapers, only too happy if one was now and then accepted.

The proceeds of his literary labors, small and precarious as they were, were dutifully shared with the poverty-stricken household at home. Though authorship was his main dependence, he took pupils whenever he could obtain them; but though he worked continually, he earned only a scanty subsistence. "The prisoner's allowance is bread and water," he says, speaking of those days; "I had only the latter."

But he felt within himself the Divine creative impulse; he was sure of his election to the author's high calling, and he would not despair. Nature had endowed him with indomitable energy, thorough self-reliance, and an independence of the sturdiest sort. Conscious of his high powers and rectitude of purpose, he cared little what the world thought or said of him. Though no egotist, he had an abiding

faith in himself and in his own ultimate success. To one who had treated him with haughty superciliousness he wrote: "You despise my mean name; nevertheless, take note of it, for you will not have done the latter long before the former will not be in your power to do."

At another time he wrote: "I hold the constant regard we pay in all our actions to the judgment of others as the poison of our peace, our reason, and our virtue."

In 1784 our young author left Leipsic, where he found neither readers nor patrons, and repaired to his mother's home in Hof. "If we must starve," whined the widow Richter, "let us starve together." And so the two meager establishments were united.

Good Frau Richter was a woman of small culture and slow wit; one of those "dismal, doddering, little souls," whose vision never extends beyond the four walls of their households, the petty affairs of which are in their eyes of more consequence than the vast concerns of the mightiest realm on earth. She had no ear for any music higher than that of the spinning-wheel, no eye for the beauties of God's world around her, no love for books, or poetry, or art. From his mother the gifted son had certainly not inherited "the poetic vision and faculty divine"—the high, serene stoicism of his nature—his more than Spartan courage.

Frau Richter was not a woman who could bear misfortune with equanimity. She besieged heaven and earth with wailings and complainings. Every day and hour of her life she flew in the face of Providence, and tried to subvert the eternal order of things for her own special benefit. Forever worried herself, she forever worried others; and these perpetual worriments were of a nature so trivial that they must have been peculiarly vexatious to her noble, cheerful, great-hearted son. Yet he bore all patiently, well knowing that his mother, tedious, uncomfortable, bothersome little soul though she was, was yet a good pious woman in her way, and would have gone through fire and water for her children.

This boy, Paul, had always been a sad puzzle to dame Richter, but she had e'en let him go "his ain gait," thinking there was a bare possibility that this eternal scribbling might one day amount to something.

Now that his name was really in the newspapers, now that he had even published a book, the poor soul could not, for the life of her, conceive why they did not have more money, and was loud and piteous in her complaints and lamentations.

At home Jean Paul could find no peace—in

the outside world around him no recognition. The dignitaries of Hof society—and where do you find people so puffed up with a sense of their dignity and importance as in a provincial town?—either ignored the young man entirely or treated him with haughty contempt. He was not little enough to please these little men. The poor, erratic youth, who set himself up for an author, was the subject of general ridicule. The gentry, incensed at his presumption in attempting things too high even for his betters, passed him by with supercilious sneers, while the common people jeered at the young man, who, lowly born as themselves, sought a career out of the beaten track in which they—every whit as good as he, they were sure—were well content to tread.

Never did man work under greater disadvantages. His library, upon his removal to Hof, consisted of twelve volumes in manuscript, all carefully transcribed by his own hand. There were plenty of books in Hof, but the clerical and official dignitaries who possessed them never thought of such a thing as offering to loan one to young Richter. The desires and aspirations of the youth were well known, but not a soul in Hof ever raised a finger to help him, and he was too sturdily independent to ask favors.

In the time of his greatest need Jean Paul received the offer of a very good position as tutor in a family, a place he had before very acceptably filled; but he refused the offer, declaring that authorship was his legitimate vocation, and by authorship he would stand or fall.

He knew that the Divine art to which he had given himself would accept no divided love. In his own words, written at a later day, we find embodied the great idea which guided his life, consoling and sustaining him in the darkest hour of adversity.

"The great artist at that hour when, like Moses, he stands face to face with his God, and from the mountain of the Eternal Law receives his art, must forget his lower life, with its pleasures and sorrows; and, while he mounts to heaven, the earth, with its petty realms, must shrink beneath him, until at length, lost in clouds and distance, it vanishes from his sight."

Near the close of his life he said: "When I look at what has been made out of me, I must thank God that I paid no heed to external matters, neither to time nor toil, profit nor loss. In this way the unimportant series of moments has been changed into something higher that remains." And unheeding the scoffs and neglect of a world which, in all ages, has perse-

cuted its teachers and reviled its prophets—ignoring all else in devotion to his God-given art—the poor author wrote on in his loneliness and obscurity. Sustained and cheered by the warmth and light of the world within, what to him were the frosts and darkness of the world without?

The Richter domicile at this time contained only one room, which served for kitchen, parlor, sleeping-chamber, and all else. Here, amid the clatter of pans and kettles, the hum of his mother's spinning-wheel, and the cooing of his brother's tame pigeons, nestling in the dusky rafters overhead, Jean Paul composed works which Germany has long regarded as classic—works destined for literary immortality.

The extreme poverty of the household may be inferred from the fact that Frau Richter, besides performing all the domestic drudgery, was obliged to eke out their scanty income by spinning, though the proceeds of her labor at the wheel never reached a sum higher than four shillings a month!

In 1798 a publisher was found for the "Selection from Papers of the Devil." The book had few purchasers, and was by no means a success. But Jean Paul was not a whit discouraged. This simple, tender, joyous young soul, was yet strong as adamant, fixed in its purpose as the eternal hills. He went to work more bravely and persistently than ever, and, in 1793 another literary venture was sent forth from the one-roomed domicile at Hof. "The Invisible Lodge" was its title, and it was received with decided marks of popular favor. Courage, patient toiler, the final triumph is just at hand. The obloquy that for ten long years has attended the vanquished is about to yield to the glory of the conqueror!

In 1796 "Hesperus," a novel of wonderful power and beauty, with many hopes and fears, was launched from that squalid little room at Hof, and, unlike its predecessors, sailed straight into the haven of public favor. In fact it took the literary world by storm. The critics were unanimous in its praise, and Jean Paul, like Byron, awoke one morning and found himself famous. From this time poverty and neglect became forgotten words to Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. The highest and most cultured circles of Germany received him with open arms. His name was upon every lip; his brave, loving, and beautiful words had found an echo in every heart. Princes and princesses, recognizing him as of a race higher than their own—even of the blood-royal of genius—delighted to do him honor.

But the simple, upright soul, that had so

nobly borne adversity, was unspoiled by prosperity. Jean Paul was a man who never fawned around the great, or looked down upon the lowly with disdain. He was a lover of his fellow-men, and to him every human being, high or low, rich or poor, bore the impress of the Divine. The lowly and the oppressed ever found in him a true, sympathizing friend.

Just after Jean Paul's great success the widow Richter died. But her life, so long clouded, at eventide became light. Her last days were made happy by the dawning fame and fortune of her son, and she felt that, full of humiliation and sadness as her life had been, the glory and greatness of the child she had given to the world would atone for all. Jean Paul always spoke reverently and tenderly of his mother. "Unhappy is the man," he says, "to whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable. O thou who hast still a mother, thank God for it in the day when thy soul is full of happy tears, and needs a bosom wherein to shed them."

Soon after the mother's death the family establishment at Hof was broken up, and Jean Paul, feeling the need of change and relaxation, visited various places. Every-where he was received with great distinction; for the critics had pronounced him a star of the first magnitude in the literary firmament, and to their verdict all the people had said amen.

In 1793, at Berlin, he met a Miss Caroline Mayer, daughter of a learned, honorable, and many-titled professor at that place. To this lady he offered his heart and hand, which were unhesitatingly accepted. The married pair, united by sincere respect and affection, lived together in great peace and happiness. The husband in his writings bears ample testimony to the many virtues of his wife, and to the elevating, refining influence she had upon his character.

In 1802 our now famous author removed with his family to Bayreuth, where he lived in the enjoyment of a governmental pension until his death, in 1825.

Of the three children born of this marriage two survived their father; but the only son, a youth of great promise, died in 1821, while yet a student at the university. Jean Paul never recovered from this blow; yet he bore the great bereavement with Christian patience and resignation.

His last years were clouded by almost total blindness, but no murmur was heard from his lips. The revision of "The Composer Thal," a treatise on the immortality of the soul, occupied the closing days of his life. Death sur-

prised him while yet at the work, and the incomplete manuscript was laid upon his bier, as a throng of sorrowing friends and citizens bore his honored remains to the grave.

To Jean Paul death had no terrors. It was the calm, peaceful close of a life which had borne rich sheaves, and was fully ready for the Master's garner. No horrible, mocking scepter, no grim, inexorable tyrant, came to loose the bands of life for him; but an angel, smiling, beautiful, and crowned with stars. Death was to him the great liberator, who unlocked the doors of the earthly prison, and bade the freed soul, so long bowed down by chains and darkness, enter into the joy of its Lord.

A little before his departure he wrote these words: "There will come an era when it shall be light, and man will awaken from his lofty dreams, and find his dreams still there, and that nothing is gone save his sleep." That era had now come to him.

In Germany great honor was paid to his memory, and his death created a profound sensation among men of letters throughout the world. All felt that not only an intellectual giant, but a sincere Christian, a good, true man had departed.

The works of Jean Paul are many and varied, embracing a wide range of topics in philosophy and the *belles-lettres*. Soon after his death they were collected and published in an edition of about sixty volumes. He regarded "Titan" as his best work, but the popular verdict seems to be in favor of "Hesperus."

A lofty, devout sentiment characterizes his writings. He was a moral author. "Never did he trick out hateful sins with the flowers of his words; never did he cover an ignoble affection with the gold of his eloquence."

The purity of his life equaled that of his works. A deep, reverent spirit pervaded all he wrote; and yet it is difficult to decide what were his peculiar religious beliefs and aspirations.

No man ever had a deeper horror of infidelity or atheism. "No one in creation," he says, "is so alone as the denier of God. He moves with an orphaned heart that has lost its great Father by the corpse of Nature. The whole world lies before him like the Egyptian sphinx of stone half buried in the sand, and the All is the cold, iron mask of a firmless eternity."

Jean Paul was a wonderful dreamer, and his dreams, though conceived in his waking hours, have all the vividness of the real visions that come to men in sleep. One of his dreams, a composition of strange, appalling beauty, is the

best known, and perhaps the grandest of his writings. It is a dream of the universe without a God. He, says, in reference to it, "If ever my heart were to grow so wretched and so dead that all feelings which announce the being of a God were extinct there, I would terrify myself with this sketch of mine. It would heal me and give me my feelings back."

In humor, that rare gift proceeding so much more from the heart than the head, Jean Paul excels all other German writers. His humor is of a deep, subtle nature, and always kindly. He is a perfect master of irony and sarcasm, but he takes care that these missiles shall be directed only against persons and institutions that deserve them. Once launched forth, their flight was swift, their aim sure, as many could testify to their sorrow.

As a writer he is full of faults—many charge him with affectations. But let his faults be what they may, in all his productions we recognize the deep, original thinker, the large, generous heart, the pious, reverent soul of the true artist and the good man. The time is coming when he will be better known and understood. Says Borne, "He stands smiling at the gate of the twentieth century, patiently waiting until his laggard people follow him."

Physically he was a great, strong man, healthy, jovial, and possessed of wonderful powers of endurance. The cast of his features was irregular and original, corresponding with that of his mind; but their mild, benignant expression gave evidence of the goodness of his heart. He was the gentlest, simplest, most unostentatious of men. Child-like in his own nature, he delighted in the society of little children, who all loved him dearly. He was passionately fond of flowers, and was scarce ever seen walking the streets without a flower in his breast. He loved Nature with a passionate, all-absorbing love, and was wont to pass whole days in the open air. With Nature he held close and fond communion; from Nature he drew his inspiration. To him she breathed a language known only to the poetic ear; to him she unfolded beauties visible only to the poetic eye. As has been said of him, "He not only loved Nature, but he reveled in her, plunged into her infinite bosom, and filled his whole heart to intoxication with her charms."

We will close this desultory sketch of him whom the world lovingly and familiarly calls "Jean Paul," by quoting the words of one of his German disciples:

"To those who diligently study them, Jean Paul's writings are sacred books, in which we find hope and consolation, earthly nourishment

and heavenly manna. He solves a thousand riddles which had perplexed us. He interprets the feelings of our inmost souls. In the hour of sorrow he is a brother who entices us from our tears. He is the priest of the right. Love is to him a holy flame, and right the altar upon which it burns. He is the poet of the lowly, the singer of the poor. Ah, how often do we long to lean upon his breast, and weep out our tears of thankfulness and love!

"But we will not praise Jean Paul; we will weep for him. Admiration pauses, love is dumb.

"A high priest who prayed for us in the temple of nature, he has departed within the veil, and our devotion has no more an interpreter.

"From heaven he came, on earth he dwelt, our hearts are his grave. The spirit has vanished, the word remains. And in whatever heaven he wonders, upon whatever star he dwells, he will not in his glorified state forget his beloved earth, nor the dear mortals who have laughed and wept, and loved and suffered with him."

THE TWO COUSINS.

CHAPTER III.

"O HATTIE, Hattie! for patience' sake do go smooth your hair and change those shoes! If you only knew what a fright you are, I'm sure you would not be so careless."

Hattie paused at Mrs. Holeman's look of dismay, and glanced furtively at the well-worn shoes which had so offended her aunt's sense of neatness. The strings were broken and the toes rather more than rubbed, giving one the impression, in fact, that they were about to part company with the soles altogether. But Hattie was a lover of ease and comfort, and quite independent enough to don her old shoes when so disposed, and besides, the child really felt more at home when, to use her own expression, she "was n't fixed up." Her busy fingers set themselves to work at once, trying to reduce to some kind of order the tangled locks which certainly looked as if they had been enjoying a frolic with the wind.

"Where have you been for the last hour, and where is your hat? Were you not told to wear it always when out of doors?" asked Mrs. Holeman.

"My hat? O, yes—why I did have it on awhile, but you see I was trying to see how high I could throw it, and it got caught in a tree."

"I do n't think that was very proper employment, Hattie, and from your looks one would suppose you had been engaged in the laudable

occupation of running a race with those rude boys there on the lawn."

"And so I have, auntie," replied the child, looking up with a mischievous sparkle in her bright eyes, which contrasted well with the rosy flush which the vigorous exercise brought to her cheeks.

"Hatty Greer, you don't mean to tell me that you really would engage in such unladylike sports!"

"Why yes, auntie; it's capital fun, and I'm not a lady yet nohow; of course I sha' n't run races with boys then," and as if quite satisfied that her logic had settled the matter, she turned to leave the room, displaying, as she did so, an unsightly rent in the hem of her dress. Mrs. Holeman raised both hands in dismay. A look of surprise and perplexity appeared on her countenance, and an accent of displeasure marred her usually pleasant voice as she called her to return.

"In a minute, auntie; let me get Kitty first; she is sleeping on the porch in the sun; it will be such fun to wake her up," and she bounded out into the hall.

"Hattie," cried Mrs. Holeman, "did I not call you to me?"

"Why yes, auntie, and I'll come in a minute," replied Hattie, with a look which seemed to say, What more can you ask?

"I am accustomed to being obeyed at once, and when I say come I mean now, not when it suits your own convenience."

"Dear me, how very particular," responded Hattie as, with a hesitating step, she came back into the room and took up a position just inside the door.

"I do n't mean that you are to put the entire length of the room between us when I call you. You will please close that door and come here."

Without a word Hattie obeyed, and came and stood quietly beside Mrs. Holeman, a look of great wonderment shining from out her eyes.

"Hattie," began Mrs. Holeman in a firm yet not unkind tone, "have you never been taught to obey?"

"Why, yes, auntie, to be sure we all minded Aunt Mary."

"Yes, but did she not require prompt obedience; did she permit you to take your own time, and obey only when you were disposed to do so?"

"Sometimes we did that when Aunt Mary was busy; you see she could n't always attend to us, and then we just 'tended to ourselves."

"Too busy to watch over the training of her children," echoed Mrs. Holeman; but the words died away suddenly, for an undefined shadow

of her own neglectful past arose before her—though she had attended to the personal and physical wants of her children, had she not neglected the one thing needful? A sense of her own unworthiness asserted itself as she asked herself, "Who am I, that I should sit in judgment upon another?"

"There were so many, you know, and you can't think what a heap of things she had to do," put in Hattie; "she used to say she knew she neglected us, but she could n't help it."

"Did she not teach any of them to help her?"

"Tilda used to help; O my! what sight o' work she used to do; but she's big, you know, and strong."

"I am sure the rest of you were old enough and strong enough too, for that matter, to have been of some assistance to your aunt had you tried."

"We did sometimes," said Hattie with grave simplicity, "but we was more bother than we was worth, and so got sent out in the garden or up stairs to be out of the way."

"And that is how you learned to be so rude and untidy. Were you never told that you ought to be more careful about your dress and manners?"

"Laws, no! why you"—

"Do n't use that expression, Hattie; remember you are to forget all such unladylike phrases. I am going to try to correct all these faults, and first of all I wish you to understand that I must be obeyed."

"That's just what I've heard Aunt Mary say a hundred times," said Hattie with a knowing laugh.

"Did you not just say you usually obeyed only when it suited you to do so; how is this?"

"Why, you see, sometimes she did n't care much, and sometimes she did; she'd get out of patience, you know, and be just tearing mad, and"—

"Hattie!"

"Ma'am."

"What did I just say about such uncouth expressions; will you never break yourself of them?"

"I forgot, auntie; I only meant she was angry, you know, and then she'd just fly at us and say she would n't be minded if she had to wring all our necks, and then you see we would just keep out of the way awhile till she forgot it."

"Hattie," gravely said Mrs. Holeman, "it is not right to repeat any thing of that kind; your Aunt Mary had a great deal to trouble and annoy her. We must overlook all these things now, and think only of the great kindness she

has shown you in caring for you to the best of her ability all these years. Do n't think or speak unkindly of her again."

"I do n't, auntie; I do love her dearly," and the affectionate heart of the child was touched at once.

"She is well worthy all the affection you can give her, Hattie; her cares were numerous and her time too fully occupied to bestow as much upon you as was needed. Your education has been neglected, and I am anxious now to repair this neglect. Can you sew, Hattie?"

"O yes, auntie, first rate; cousin 'Tilda showed me how; but Aunt Mary said once I made stitches sometimes like cat's eyes; you could see them in the dark."

"Well, then, I am sure there's great room for improvement. And now about your studies; how far advanced are you?"

"Well, I reckon about like the rest of them."

"That's rather an indefinite answer, Hattie; how long have you been going to school?"

"I do n't know as I could say, auntie; we only went in the Winter; they did n't have no school 'cepting then, because in the Spring and Summer-time the boys had to work on the farms, you know, and they did n't think the girls was worth keeping up the school for."

The child's simplicity provoked an amused smile, but her aunt only said, "We must inquire into your intellectual attainments more closely by and by. I mean to send you to school soon, but must first ascertain in what you are most deficient. And now, Hattie, as I said before, you must be careful about your appearance. I want you to cultivate the habit of being neat, and remember that you are never to appear at the table or in my presence at any time with your hair in such an unsightly condition as at present. Your shoes, too, must be neatly fastened, and as for that particular pair do n't let me see them again; and your dress must be carefully arranged. Do you understand now what I require?"

"Yes," replied Hattie, looking longingly out of the window, as if impatient to be released.

"And now," resumed Mrs. Holeman, "how do you account for that shocking rent in your dress?"

"That," said Hattie, looking down; "O, Jack Wynne put his foot through it."

"And pray how came he to do so?"

"Why, you see, auntie, I was swinging on the gate and caught it on a spike and tore a wee little place, and then Jack came past and said he just knew he could beat me in a race down to the next corner."

"Hattie, just fancy how you looked engaged

in any thing so rude on the public street. I'm really ashamed of you."

"Pshaw, auntie, nobody did n't look. I got a tumble, though, and Jake helped me up, but somehow or other he put his foot on my dress and away it went right through. Indeed, I could n't help it, auntie," and she began industriously to repair the mischief by pinning up the unsightly tear.

"Hattie," exclaimed Mrs. Holeman, "that is a practice I can not tolerate for a moment; take out those pins immediately, and never resort to any such indolent means of repairing that which requires the use of the needle."

Slowly Hattie drew out the pins one by one, loth to give up her customary way of mending.

"And, Hattie," continued Mrs. Holeman, "never again indulge in any such rude sports; they are not at all suitable, and I can not allow it. Go now to your room, and dress yourself as neatly as you know how. Mary will give you any assistance you need; she will wait upon you whenever it is necessary. And before you come down to tea I want that dress carefully mended."

"O, auntie, not to-day; won't to-morrow do as well? It's so pleasant out there," and the pleading eyes turned again to the open window.

"No, I want you to learn to sacrifice your own feelings and desires for something higher and nobler than self-gratification."

Poor Hattie looked as if she did n't just comprehend all this, nor understand why it was that the task must be accomplished at once. She stood quite still, hoping her aunt would relent. Mrs. Holeman took up her work, and her skillful needle was soon busy fashioning the beautiful flowers, leaves, and delicate vines of the embroidery pattern upon which she worked. In the mean time strange ideas came thronging through Hattie's active brain. She fancied herself ill-treated, and great tears gathered in her eyes. After a few moments silence Mrs. Holeman quietly asked her why she waited. "You will have no time to lose," said she, "or you will not be ready for tea, and I have before told you you must be punctual. Your uncle does not approve of tardiness at any time, especially at the table."

"I do n't want to," pouted Hattie sullenly.

"Hattie, go at once," replied her aunt. Hattie made no reply; she stood irresolute a moment, then swallowing a great sob, which filled her throat almost to suffocation, she hastily left the room. Running quickly upstairs to the pleasant room she called her own, she threw herself on the little bed and gave free vent to her fancied sorrows. "Auntie do n't love me;"

she sobbed, "and I do n't know how to mend the dress. Aunt Mary would n't make me do it either, and I won't try," and a fresh burst of tears and choking sobs surged up from her young heart. For some time she wept on, talking to herself the while; then fainter and fainter grew the sobs, giving place at last to long quivering sighs. Gradually calmness and languor stole over her, and soon all was forgotten, for Hattie was asleep. The afternoon wore slowly away. The sun disappeared in the west, and again the shadows of evening gathered over the city. Busy feet were hurrying homeward, and still Hattie slept. Mrs. Holeman wondered at her long absence, and still more at the silence in her room, for Hattie was rarely quiet for any length of time. At last she stole quietly to the door and looked in. There lay Hattie, her head resting on one arm and the tears still wet on her cheeks; one refractory foot had managed to entangle itself in the folds of her dress, and now appeared through that unfortunate rent, tearing it almost beyond the possibility of repair. Mrs. Holeman stood irresolute; should she wake her and require her to perform the task for which she was sent to her room, or was she not yet too young for this; if so, how were all these errors ever to be amended. As she stood there a long sigh again escaped the lips of the sleeping child, and a movement of the restless feet produced still further mischief. "Poor child!" thought Mrs. Holeman, "every thing is so different here from the free life to which she has been accustomed; the confinement is naturally irksome; we must have patience." Just then Hattie gave unmistakable signs of waking; the brown fingers busied themselves in vigorously rubbing the sleepy eyes, till the great dark orbs succeeded in asserting their power to open again upon surrounding objects. She arose to a sitting posture and languidly looked about her. In a moment she was conscious of her aunt's presence, but gave no sign; next she caught sight of the increased damage done to her dress, and quietly removed her foot from its unfortunate imprisonment, yawned, and rubbed her eyes again as if scarcely yet awake.

"Hattie," said Mrs. Holeman.

"Ma'am," responded Hattie.

"Is this the way you obey when sent to do what I require?"

Hattie made no reply, and Mrs. Holeman repeated the question, but with no better success; evidently Hattie had no intention of being in the slightest degree communicative. Mrs. Holeman was troubled, and knew not how to proceed. She talked quietly, however, of the

wrong she had done, and expressed her sorrow that she should have given her so much trouble.

Hattie in the mean time sat on the side of her little bed looking quite unconcerned, except for a flash now and then of her eyes, and the sullen expression of her countenance. She sat swinging her feet back and forth in the most independent fashion imaginable.

"To think," continued Mrs. Holeman, "that it is now almost tea-time, and you in no proper frame of mind for mingling with the family, besides not being dressed to go down as I desired; but, more than all, see how you have disappointed your helpless Cousin Clara, who expected you to go with her for a walk before tea. I am grieved that—"

"O, auntie, auntie! I did n't mean to disappoint her; I am so sorry—poor dear cousin, I forgot it, I did indeed!" and the poor child burst into a flood of repentant tears. The thought of having been the cause of bringing sorrow or disappointment to her blind cousin seemed more than she could bear. Her independence vanished, her obstinacy was gone, and she was ready to do any thing, every thing to repair her errors. At this moment Clara appeared, attracted by Hattie's voice; the repentant child sprang toward her, begging her to forgive her, and wait till she dressed. Away she flew to make preparations, and calling the maid to her assistance, begged her to make all possible haste. In an almost incredibly short space of time she had completed her toilet, and appeared in the parlor with Clara's hat in her hand, looking as neat as her aunt could have asked. She put Clara's hat over the bright hair, smoothed back her curls, and, imprinting a loving kiss upon her lips, put her little hand in hers, as was her custom to guide her steps. Mrs. Holeman looked on, well pleased with such devotion to her blind daughter—for this she felt she could almost forgive all her wilfulness and errors, whatever they might be. As she drew Clara toward the door she turned and kissed her hand playfully to Mrs. Holeman, who was quietly watching them.

"Hattie," said she, "what about the dress you were to mend before you came down?"

"Now, auntie dear," replied she coaxingly, "do n't say a word about that dress now, and I promise I will never run another race, nor swing on another gate as long as my name is Hattie Greer."

"Well," laughed her uncle, who was an amused listener, "I really do n't think there is much danger of your doing so after you lose the name, so I fancy you are all right now for life."

"Indeed, auntie," said she earnestly, "I will

try my best to mend it to-morrow. You see I've made it so much worse now, it will take twice as many stitches as at first."

Gently leading Clara down the steps, they started for their walk, leaving the Colonel and Mrs. Holeman to talk at their leisure of the good and evil characteristics which struggled for the ascendancy in the heart of their niece. Such scenes were of frequent occurrence. Mrs. Holeman was sometimes almost in despair, and again quite elated over signs of improvement; yet, as a general thing, Miss Hattie had things pretty much her own way. Clara possessed more influence over her than any other member of the family. A word from her carried more weight than did half an hour's talking by others; it came finally to be understood that the child was to be her particular charge, and given over to her management. In discussing the subject when alone, one morning, Mrs. Holeman expressed her fears that the task would prove too great for Clara.

"Mother," replied she, "I have often wondered of what possible use a blind girl could be in this busy world, except to furnish occupation for others in taking care of her; but now, if I have any influence over Hattie, let me exert it for her good; she loves me, and will not willingly give me pain; if my affliction renders me dear to her, and causes her to feel that she should never grieve me by word or deed, then perhaps this is to be my work, and God will help me to accomplish it I know."

"Indeed, my dear, it does seem that you can accomplish more than your father or myself, for though I believe she loves us all, yet that rebellious spirit so often predominates I am almost discouraged; do as you will, but if at any time it troubles you, give up the task."

"But, mother, would not that be in direct opposition to the teachings which bid us never grow weary in well doing?"

"But, Clara, your strength must not be taxed."

"Do not fear for me. I need employment, besides it is a labor of love. I feel that I owe something to her for the kindness and real womanly care which she takes of me. Why, mother, it is really affecting to see the watchfulness with which she regards my steps. I can not see it, but I can perceive it in her movements, and the anxious tone in which she warns me of any thing in our path—every stone must be removed out of my way, and every change of weather noticed and guarded against. Indeed, there exist many noble traits in her heart which time will develop," and Clara labored earnestly indeed for the good of the orphan child. She desired that her daily lessons

be read to her, and always was ready to assist her in them; having been a hard student herself before being bereft of sight, she was well prepared to guide her young charge through the labyrinths of knowledge. As Hattie improved a portion of each day was spent in reading to Clara from some favorite book, by which means both were enabled to derive pleasure and profit. If Hattie felt inclined to rebel at any time, in order to carry out any project of her own, one look at the sweet, patient face and sightless eyes was sufficient to overcome it all. One thought of that constant darkness acted as a charm to drive away self-will, and produce in its stead an ardent desire to help her bear the burden. That she did not readily overcome all the faults peculiar to her disposition we must admit. Faults so deeply sown are not easily uprooted, but that she daily tried to gain a firmer foothold upon the good, and lessen the grasp of evil upon her heart, was seen and appreciated by all. There were times, however, when she would forget her good resolutions, and by some act of rudeness or indulgence of temper, it would seem that the gates once opened, all the old evils came thronging like a sudden resistless tide over her, and sweep away in one overpowering flood all the work of months. The trouble over, however, a reaction was sure to take place, when, with tears of repentance, she would strive to efface the wrong, and labor more earnestly to overcome in future. One morning Mrs. Holeman had occasion to go out early, leaving Clara to Hattie's special care, a trust which Hattie usually delighted to fulfill.

"Now, Hattie dear," said she, "do n't leave Clara alone; she is not well to-day, and needs to be kept interested, and I am sure you can do that?"

"Yes, auntie, I'll read, or talk, or sing, any thing she wishes."

"I can trust you, Hattie," replied Mrs. Holeman as she left the house, feeling quite confident that Clara would not feel lonely during her absence.

Hattie ran out on the lawn for a book she had left under a tree, intending to return at once to Clara. Several children were engaged in playing some laughable game in front of the gate, and Hattie ran down the steps to see what it was. It was very amusing, and soon our Hattie was as fully absorbed in it as they. An hour passed before she was aware of it. In going back to the house she caught sight of her hat still swinging from the branches of the tree where it had lodged when she was playing there several days before.

"What a shame to leave it there," cried she. "I can get it myself I'm sure."

"O, do n't try, you will fall," said a little girl looking over the fence.

"Bah! who's afraid? not I," said she. "I've been in many a tree a heap higher than that. Up at Aunt Mary's we used to climb the trees to pick cherries and all the nicest apples. I'm used to it," and utterly regardless of all the lectures she had received on "appearances," with the agility of a practiced gymnast she sprang up from branch to branch, and was soon seated on a strong bough near the top of the tree, shouting in childish delight to those below. At this moment a carriage passed, from the window of which a lady leaned forward and took a critical survey of the scene.

"I declare," exclaimed she to a companion, "if there is n't that little Hottentot of Mrs. Holeman's; did you ever see any thing to equal that?" and the lady pointed to the child upon her lofty perch. "Well," continued she, "before I'd be pestered like that with the children of my poor relations I would put them into some asylum."

"Really, Mrs. Wells," replied her companion, "you do n't mean to say that little heathen is any relation to Mrs. Holeman?"

"Why, yes, they say it is her niece, and she is the most singular looking child you ever saw, always up to just such a freak as this which you see. I passed a few days ago and found her mounted upon the gate-post, as if to guard the premises—a pretty specimen of humanity indeed!"

"I am surprised that such a woman as Mrs. Holeman would undertake the management of such a child. She certainly seems to have been raised thus far in the backwoods."

"She did come from the country somewhere, so I've heard, and I'm quite sure her present position proclaims it to be a fact. She's a very odd-looking creature, too, with such great eyes. Dear me, they seem to see every thing at a glance."

"You have seen her, then?"

"Yes, she was with the family at church on Sunday, and it was easy to see she had never been used to any thing; one would suppose, to see her now, that she belonged to some strolling player."

And they drove on, pausing at last before one of the principal stores, where they alighted. On the threshold they were met by Mrs. Holeman.

"Ah! good morning, Mrs. Holeman," exclaimed Mrs. Wells. "We just passed your home, and, dear me, are you not afraid

that interesting little niece of your's will be killed?"

"Killed, Mrs. Wells—how? Why do you ask that?"

"O, because she seems to be so exceedingly high-minded, and so excessively fond of lofty positions."

"Really, Mrs. Wells, I am at a loss to understand you."

"Ah! is it possible you are not aware of the child's propensity for mounting gate-posts and seating herself among the branches of your trees? I've seen such displays of her ruling passion upon more than one occasion." And the lady bowing gracefully moved on, exulting in having placed an arrow to rankle in the breast of the proud Mrs. Holeman, who stood for an instant overwhelmed with confusion, the old pride rising again in her heart! Recovering her self-possession she quietly left the store, and, entering her carriage, was driven quickly home. As they drove up to the gate what was her dismay to see Miss Hattie playing ball with Jack Wynne, the identical hat, looking much the worse for its exposed condition to sun and rain, tied on her head. Calling her to her, she quietly asked if Clara was asleep? Hattie hung her head, making no reply. The question was repeated a little more sternly; and she was finally obliged to confess she did not know, and had not even seen her since Mrs. Holeman left her. Overcome with shame and regret she ran to the house, nor paused till she had gained her own room. There she sat down and thought of all that had passed. All the morning gone and not one moment spent with Clara, who had been so cruelly left alone to pass the long hours in darkness and solitude, while she had been indulging in forbidden pleasures. How inexcusable seemed her conduct, and how severely did she blame herself now. Mrs. Holeman thought best to leave her to herself, knowing by experience that self-examination would prove far more beneficial than reproaches. The day passed, and still Hattie kept her room. She was entirely alone too; no one came to speak to her, and she felt that she had incurred the displeasure of the family, and could not but acknowledge to herself that her punishment was just. At last, when the darkness of night came on, and she had cried till the fountain of tears seemed almost exhausted, the door opened softly and Clara entered. Guided by the sound of Hattie's low sobbings, she crossed the room and stood beside her. Drawing her close to her side, she placed the weary, aching head upon her breast, and kissed her tenderly, saying,

"Never mind it now, Hattie dear; I am sure you did not intend to do wrong—it shall all be forgiven and forgotten."

In an instant Hattie's arms were round Clara's neck, and the trembling voice begging forgiveness, promising amendment, and expressing great sorrow for it all. For an hour they sat there in the darkness, each giving and receiving comforting, reassuring words of affection. Then Clara rose, and taking Hattie's hand said, "Come Hattie to mother."

Hand in hand they descended to the parlor, where Mrs. Holeman was sitting alone. Clara led Hattie to her; the child understood the blind girl's wish, and, without a moment's hesitation, begged her aunt to forgive the errors of the day. Glad to see this sign of repentance, and feeling that the child had at last achieved a great victory over self, she kissed her as she spoke words of pardon and encouragement. Never again did Mrs. Holeman have cause to reprimand her for offenses of like nature. So salutary, indeed, were the lessons of that day, that she seemed to be continually watching herself, and guarding against her faults. To Clara she confided her hopes and fears, expecting counsel and strength.

As time passed on, and the years multiplied over Hattie's head, Clara discovered that deep within her heart great treasures lay hidden, which would eventually bring forth fruits of untold value. This she endeavored to cultivate and foster. When reading the Book of God daily to Clara, there seemed to be such increasing earnestness and true faith in her manner that Clara questioned her frequently upon such topics to draw out her views and feelings. To her great joy she found that she had implicit confidence toward God, and perfect faith in his promises. She first began to read the Word because it gave pleasure to Clara; but soon it became dear to her for its own blessed truths and precious promises. These she would ponder in her heart, and ask questions upon, which often surprised and delighted Clara, since they so clearly proved that the seed sown was really bearing fruit.

"Cousin Clara," said she one evening, when they were enjoying their usual walk, "I never read those sweet passages about Christ healing the sick, and restoring the blind to sight, but I wish so earnestly he were now upon earth, and could put his hand upon those dear eyes, and give to you the rich blessing of sight;" and the affectionate girl looked up into the face of her cousin with such a depth of love in her own dark eyes, it would indeed have gladdened the blind girl's heart could she have caught the

sweet expression. In her patient way she answered, "In his own good time, Hattie, I shall see, not the things of earth, since in all probability that boon will never be mine; but, thank God! I shall see the 'King in his beauty,' and gaze with unveiled eyes upon the glories of heaven."

"Thank God for such a hope!" responded Hattie, tears of mingled joy and sorrow filling her eyes. Many such conversations took place between the two, and to all Hattie's questions Clara had ever a satisfactory answer.

As time passed on, and Hattie grew up to womanhood, nothing could exceed her devotion to her; she seemed to feel that to her she owed a debt of gratitude she could never repay, since the labor bestowed upon her had been one of love freely given, without hope of other reward than the good it would eventually bring to the orphan. Many visits had been made, during these years, to the old country home, in company with Clara; for Hattie could not be induced to part with her for a day; while Aunt Mary and the children had passed many a pleasant hour in the home of their city friends. Truly thankful was Aunt Mary now that she had parted with Hattie, since she, after many struggles and prayers, had at last developed into a noble woman, possessed of superior education, and many excellent qualifications for leading a useful life. Clara had not only guided her through the mazes of that knowledge which pertains to earth alone, but had also pointed her to that which fits not only for time but eternity.

AMERICAN HOTELS.

FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

THERE is no city in the United States, however small it may be, which has not at least two hotels. And yet, from one end of the Union to the other, these establishments are alike, if not in the footing on which they are maintained, at least in the manner in which they are conducted, and the mode of life which one traces in them. The hotels in the large cities—the only ones of which I shall speak—are usually immense parallelograms, on which space four or five stories have been raised, sometimes of brick, sometimes of blue granite, often of marble, forming an imposing front, pierced with from seventy to a hundred and twenty windows. They have the dimensions of a large public institution, the freedom of entrance and motion of a station, and the magnificence of a palace. The city always numbers them among its most beautiful and spacious

edifices, even if they are not incontestably the most remarkable. A large National flag floats above their principal entrance. For that matter the starry banner spreads its undulating folds above all public edifices. I was agreeably surprised by it on landing in New York, and I asked one of my friends if it was a holiday in the city.

"No," he replied; "but during the late civil war we adopted this custom, and we still preserve it."

'Tis, then, when the Union was endangered by the rebellion of the slave States, the citizens of the North, by a spontaneous impulse of patriotism, gave to the winds the flag of the Union, as if to assert their firm determination to preserve it. And it was not only above the city that the Federal flag was seen; the Protestant newspapers, such as the *Christian Intelligencer*, and religious societies, such as the Bible Society, printed it then at the head of their columns, then on the covers of the New Testaments, which they distributed gratuitously to the soldiers. This representation was accompanied by patriotic devices and couplets, such as the following:

"'T is the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

"Our country's flag, with hues of blood,
Telling forever as it waves,
How, side by side, our father's fought,
And died to plant it o'er their graves."

"For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty!
To falter would be sin!"

You must excuse me for not torturing my mind to find a transition which will lead me back gracefully to American hotels. We have lost sight of them while contemplating the star-spangled banner; but as it floats above them we have only to lower our gaze to find them again.

What a fall! Our astonished eyes rest upon a carriage of the seventeenth century, a heavy, ugly, uncomfortable vehicle, standing before the door of the hotel. What does this anachronism mean? It is the stage of American hotels, which is also in this country the means of conveyance in those regions where there are neither railroads nor steamboats. It carries the tourist slowly over the rocky roads which climb gradually, winding through pine forests, the abrupt acclivities of the White Mountains. Beyond the Mississippi it jolts the traveler conscientiously to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. But here four strong horses, preceded by immense leaders, draw it over the desert roads across the prairies, enameled with wild flowers.

I imagine that the Americans, instead of replacing this relic of the seventeenth century by a heavy diligence, prefer to build railroads as quickly as possible in order to pass without transition from the relic to the railway carriage. But why do the hotels preserve them? It is decidedly the most inconvenient of vehicles. It contains nine seats in a single compartment, three in front for ladies, whose crinolines have not been provided for, three in the middle, and three behind. Those in the middle are separated from the others by strong leather straps, which are extended transversely from one end of the coach to the other, after the places before and behind are occupied. If destiny places you there, between the backs of one set and the knees of the others, console yourself, you are little worse off than they. Those behind have a view of six backs, which sway about ungracefully. Those in front have, like you, for their sole support, a strap at their backs. All, in short, unfortunate victims of the relic—you have so little space, you are so crowded that reciprocal blows from elbows in aching sides are the consequence. Once more. Why do they have this relic instead of a spacious omnibus, well cushioned, well lighted, and well hung? If, instead of being in America we were in England, or even in France, I should say that it is out of respect for the customs of the past. The hotels preserve the coach as the city of London preserves them, for its mayor and its aldermen; as the Parliament and the Court of St. James preserve the forms and customs of other days for their great solemnities; as the Court of the Tuilleries preserves the short breeches, and all monarchs the costume, more or less faithfully, of the old monarchies; as certain individuals persist in demonstrating peremptorily, if not their real merit, at least the prosperous state of their finances, or the nobility of their names by the perukes of their lackeys. But the intelligence of these Americans is not sufficiently developed for the worship of old things, nor the taste for sumptuous official masquerades. They only want all that at the theater to amuse them. They maintain, these Vandals, that it is only savages, infantile nations, or nations relapsing into their second childhood, who need glittering tinsel to enforce their belief in power, majesty, nobility, merit! They say that a manly people, the people of the future, ought to respect their chiefs and their magistrates too much to demand that they should dress for their astonishment and amusement. That if distinctive signs are necessary they should be simple, dignified, and grave, not fantastic and ostentatiously ridiculous. Thus—*proh pudor!*—think

and speak the Americans. If, then, they preserve the stage-coach it is evidently either to make a change from the railroad and steam-boat, or to make sensibly evident how superior are our means of locomotion to those of our fathers.

From the coach to the hotel is short and the transition natural. But before entering the American caravansery, what does this exhibition of boots at the windows of the ground-floor mean? It means that these gentlemen are taking their ease after the manner of their country, seated on a chair, their heads on its back, their feet higher than their heads on a bar placed for this purpose across the window. In default of this bar they take the table, a stand, or the mantel-piece. I ought to say here that this mode of reposing is not as common in America as certain travelers assert. It is a fact, however, that many Americans are fond of it, and practice it every-where except at church or in the evening. One day I went to make a call upon one of my friends, the secretary of a large association. One of the clerks pointed out the door of his office to me. I knock. "Come in," cries my secretary from within. I enter and find him upset upon a chair which he balances on its two hind feet by the aid of his long legs, which are extended vertically against the shelves of a book-case, to which he presented the soles of his boots placed exactly opposite a Shakspeare.

"How are you, my dear Mr. Vascal?" he said, extending his hand to me without changing his position.

"More secure than you," I replied, smiling. "I am very much afraid that you will break your head against the floor."

He burst out laughing, and replied, "O, we Americans are accustomed to these exercises in equilibrium."

Another time I was in a railroad car. Suddenly bang! I turned my head quickly to the right, and saw a great shoe at the height of my shoulder. At the same instant bang! again. I turned to the other side. It was the companion of the shoe on the right which was placing itself, it also on the back of my seat, as if to form a pendent to the other. I arose indignantly to apostrophise the wretch. He, half asleep, did not notice it. He had not acted maliciously, but quite naturally, without saying, "Take care," or, "I beg your pardon," as we cross our legs. I was sorry for him, and changed my seat.

I have tried this position when I was alone in my own room, in order to discover what the Americans find so agreeable in it. I gained

thereby a headache and a pain in the back. Evidently there is nothing comfortable in it, and I conclude that since the Americans have, nevertheless, adopted this means of repose, it can be only from an excess of misdirected vanity. They must have thought heroes rest upon one foot, the natives of Australia lying upon their breasts, the Orientals with their legs crossed, Europeans seated and with their feet upon the ground, we will also have our way, and they have adopted that in which the means of locomotion are on a level with or even above the organ of thought, no doubt as a symbol that with them conception and execution are equal, or even that their execution surpasses conception.

This mode of repose is, if not proper, at least practicable for men. American ladies have been obliged to invent another. Strange, but true, they have found it in motion. They rest in their rocking-chairs, or as the ship or the albatross on the moving winds. An American house which does not contain a rocking-chair is scarcely to be found. The trade done in these balancing chairs, placed on two long wooden arcs, is considerable. The city of Troy, on the Hudson, has gained through this branch of manufacture great celebrity and a large fortune. I must acknowledge that, for my part, I like this invention of rocking-chairs very much. Their movement, which one can increase or slacken, is an aid to thought. But, on the other hand, nothing is more irritating than to see others rocking when one can not do it one's self.

And the hotel? We are there. We enter at once. Here is, at first, the hall entrance, an immense space, so vast that the sound of the footsteps are lost, with benches or divans along the walls, pyramids of luggage ready for departure, a long counter where the head of the establishment figures surrounded by clerks. The crowd is composed exclusively of men, coming, going, talking, smoking with perfect freedom on the echoing pavement. This hall is the center of several others; that is, the reading-room, where there are newspapers in profusion; the billiard-room, where one sees as many as twenty-five games continually in progress; the bar-room, where the wines, the liquors, and the beer, which are consumed in haste while standing, are paid for at once; the dining-room, with its immense tables and its hundreds of chairs; the telegraph office for all countries in the world and for several places in the city; the railway office for the whole of North America; finally, the stand for the library and the apothecary's, the hair-dresser's, and the furnishing stores. Except the dining-room the whole of

the ground floor is literally public. Any one can lounge there at his leisure from day-dawn until midnight. To tell the truth, this ground-floor, with its bar-room, its reading-room, and its billiard-room, is the American café, with the liberty of coming there without calling for any thing. At least half of the people whom one elbows there do not belong to the hotel. The shops have a second entrance upon the street with a fine front.

Apropos of the apothecary and the hair-dresser we must make a remark. In the shop of the former there is always in America a complete assortment of artificial mineral waters, Saratoga, Ballston, Bedford, Vichy, Bareges, Spa, Ems, Nanheim, etc. They are kept in a marble fountain divided into as many of closed basins as they contain sorts of water, each of which is furnished with a spigot. For six, eight, or ten cents you can drink as you pass a glass of mineral water, or you could enter a drinking-saloon to take a glass of ale or liquor.

The hair-dressers' shops, if not those of the hotels which possess a bathing establishment, at least all the others, have one or several apartments connected with them furnished with a bath-tub, shower-bath, and an assortment of brushes for the disagreeable friction of the body. Besides those of the hotels and hair-dressers' shops there are in America no bathing establishments, no doubt because each private house contains a bath-room.

I said that the hall of lost footsteps was frequented only by men. I might have said the same of the whole ground-floor of the hotel. Ladies are never seen there. The tobacco renders it impassable for them. For them there is, therefore, a private door, ladies' entrance, which leads directly from the street to the first floor, while the gentlemen gain it from the hall of lost footsteps by an immense and superb marble stair-case, or by an elevator, a perpendicular railway, as the Americans call it, which goes up and down incessantly, stopping on each floor of the hotel in succession to take and leave people.

The parlors, which are on the first floor, rival in size and splendor those of the most magnificent palace. The carpets, the hangings, the mirrors, the furniture, the chandeliers, come from the first manufactories of Europe, or from no less skillful American artificers. But although they are as public as the rooms on the ground-floor, these parlors are generally deserted. The men prefer the reading-room or the bar-room, and the ladies their bed-rooms, for they feel lost in these vast, cold, solitary, sumptuous apartments. The Americans are

reserved; at least when they do not know each other, or have not lived together long enough, they never speak a word. Parlor life is, therefore, impossible in a hotel where there is a crowd but no society. Near these sumptuous deserts, which are called drawing-rooms, some hotels have now established libraries, where the boarders can find amusing and instructive books. For instance, there is a hotel at San Francisco which possesses a superb one containing several thousand volumes.

Bed-rooms, the number of which varies from three hundred to a thousand, occupy the other floors of the building. Their doors, surmounted by a movable square of glass, open on wide and long corridors, from which various stair-cases ascend and descend. A stranger notices three things in these rooms: the chimney, which is only an imitation, or the lack of a chimney. The room, like the whole hotel, is warmed by hot air.

After the chimney the white marble wash-stand, where two spigots supply you at all hours, one with hot, the other with cold water. This water is carried by a waste-pipe out of the house.

Finally, the third noticeable thing is a card, on which you read that you are not to keep money and jewelry in your room, but deposit them in the office of the hotel. Only in this case will the proprietor of the hotel be responsible for their value. A second notice follows the first: "The washing of linen in this room is strictly forbidden." I never could understand the reason for this prohibition until after the first time I sent my linen to the wash. The laundress's bill had only one price for every article, great or small—forty centimes.* At this rate one can well imagine that many ladies and even gentlemen would be tempted to wash their collars, cuffs, and handkerchiefs in their rooms. Besides the economical reason they are invited to it by the facilities which surround them. There is the marble basin, whose pure waters, hot or cold as you choose, can be renewed without inconvenience. There is, in Summer, the window, and opposite the movable square over the door, which would furnish a current of air to dry the linen. In Winter there is a heated mouth to transform the chamber into a drying-room. In short, an exasperatingly restrictive measure reigns in the hotels which tends to make a wash-house of the bed-room, and a laundress of its tenant.

Being unable to reconcile myself to paying a daily impost of one franc, forty centimes on my cleanliness; that is, forty centimes for a false

* About eight cents.

collar, eighty centimes for a pair of cuffs, and forty centimes for a handkerchief, I conceived the idea of giving my linen to one of the city laundresses, whose address I found in the Directory. But I was informed that these laundresses were forbidden to enter the hotel. If, therefore, I persisted in my project, it would be necessary for me to take away my dirty linen myself, and bring it back afterward when my laundress brought it to the door of the hotel, where I would be obliged to meet her. Upon receiving this information, I ascended to my room quite furious, and seeing the card which forbade me to wash my linen, I felt an intense desire to put my collars to soak. Suddenly a bright idea flashed into my mind. This idea was new only to me. I am convinced that it has struck all those who have inhabited American hotels. The proof of it is that one of the most active branches of industry has resulted from it. Hereafter I would wear only paper collars and cuffs! So said, so done. I bought at the furnishing store of the hotel twelve collars for ten cents and a dozen pairs of cuffs for twenty-four cents. One can see what an immense economy it would be. The handkerchiefs still remained. Except in China and Japan there are no paper ones. But at length I noticed that the Americans generally use large silk ones, and I did like them. I bought six, each of which was as large as four of my white handkerchiefs.

For the first few days after this important economical reform, every time I put on one of my collars, a pair of my paper cuffs, or drew out my endless handkerchief, I felt the profound satisfaction of a man who has defeated a plot and escaped an audacious theft. But let us be just. If they charge very high, on the other hand they serve you quickly and well. The linen is returned to you next day and is very clean.

When one of the waiters of the hotel has installed you in your room, it is understood that you need no further service. What indeed can you want? Nothing. I am mistaken; it is agreed that you need just one thing. It is invariably brought to you if you happen to ring. Ring, as I did once and only once, and a quarter of an hour afterward a servant enters without knocking at the door, crosses the room without looking at you or speaking, and places on the bracket or the table a pitcher of iced water! That done he retires as he entered. Do not dream of requiring from this man any personal service whatever outside of the general service of the hotel. He would fall from the clouds or would give you clearly to under-

stand that, although he is in the service of the hotel, he is not your servant.

In Europe there is scarcely any thing that a servant will not do for a recompense. In America it is quite different. Whether the servants be in a hotel or a family their independence is absolute outside of the exact duties of their situation. The servant is always as a citizen quite equal to his master.

After taking you to your room the servant will give you briefly all necessary information in regard to the regulation of the establishment. He will tell you what you must pay per day. The price is the same for all the inhabitants of the hotel, whether they be young or old, temperate or gluttonous, assiduous at all their meals or generally absent, in a large or a small room, on the first or the fifth story. It is invariably three dollars apiece in small cities, four or even five in larger ones. Before the war one could live at a hotel for two or three dollars a day. But since then the price of every thing has been raised, so that America has become the dearest country to live in. The taxes are felt every-where, even in the most necessary things. It is needful in order to meet the interest of the most enormous national debt in the world. Do you know how much I was obliged to pay for a little bottle of ink which in Europe would cost two *sous*? Sixty centimes, and I was not overcharged.

What are the hours for meals in the American hotels? What is called the old plan—the system of the *table d'hôte*—has been generally abandoned in this country, and is replaced by the new system, which consists in serving the meals during the whole day. Breakfast is from seven to eleven; dinner, from eleven to three; tea, from four to six; supper, from seven to ten. Between these meals, each of which lasts three or four hours, there is, therefore, an interval of an hour, sometimes even of only half an hour, for the transformation of the table.

I said transformation, but the word is too pretentious; the table always looks nearly the same. There are always, from one end of the year to the other, enormous pieces of fresh butter surmounted with a lump of ice, bowls full of lumps of ice, pitchers full of iced water, jugs with handles containing iced milk, all of which does not prevent ice from appearing again at dessert in the form of ice-creams. Whether you will or not you must drink every thing iced. The waiters are very careful never to leave your glass without two or three little pieces of ice.

I can imagine that at the South, where the climate is so hot, ice may be a necessity; but at

the North, and in Winter as well as in Summer, it can not be so. But when one has contracted the habit of drinking every thing iced, it is difficult to do without it. On the other hand there is some difficulty in becoming accustomed to it, and a foreigner proves his heroism when he puts himself under this ice regime in a cholera season.

It may be imagined that with the new plan of a constant table it is impossible to conduct it in the same manner as a *table d'hôte*. Therefore, instead of large dishes, of which every one eats, they serve you a portion as in restaurants. I hasten to say that this portion is a very generous one. Hardly are you seated, when the negro, who stands behind your chair, puts the bill of fare before you, and, without giving you time to breathe, urges you to choose the first course. But this bill of fare is so fabulously made out that it is difficult to make a choice. Then the negro comes to your aid, if he is obliging, and names over the soups which, to his mind, are the best. I have noticed that in spite of their color the negroes have as correct a taste as white people, so I fell into the habit of allowing myself to be guided by the gastronomic inspirations of these dainty servants of the palate. Once, however, I could not stand what my negro brought me, some sort of Indian dish, according to him, and certainly quite worthy of a savage. But this was only an exception, which confirmed me in my habit.

No sooner do you give your order than you are served. There is your plate surrounded by as many little oval dishes as you have chosen articles of food. Then if one is at a Southern hotel, the work of a second negro begins. Armed with a light brush, made of strips of paper, he wages a ceaseless warfare with a cloud of eager flies, who strive with all their might to fall upon the food which has been placed before you. The number, the courage, and the ferocity of these animals surpass any thing that can be imagined. I shall never forget my meals at Baltimore, Washington, and elsewhere. At Willard's Hotel the dining-room is a perfect hive of flies. You eat in the midst of a noisy and tumultuous swarm; you eat in the midst of them, I said, and you also eat them, for, however careful the negro may be in his fly-hunt, it often happens that he knocks down some who fall miserably into your dishes and your plate. I never dined at a Southern hotel without being reminded of the scene of the Harpies in the *Æneid*.

But the negro, the servant of the palate, returns to the charge. It is a question of choosing the second course before you have finished

the first. You would like a moment's breathing-space; but no! the expeditious habits of the country will not allow it. Hence this eagerness of the guests and the waiters, who seem to rival each other in speed; thence also the universal silence. Your very neighbor neither sees nor hears you. He is isolated in his dishes as a mouse is in his cheese. He is no longer a man, but a devouring machine.

The meal ended, most of these gentlemen direct their steps to the bar-room. They go there to smoke their cigar, and to warm their stomachs with a glass of wine or brandy. For—I do not know why—it is the custom to drink only iced water or iced milk at table.

AN OLD BIBLE.

BEFORE me lies a copy of the Bible with the imprint of Robert Barker, London, 1634, on its title-page. That there are copies extant of still greater antiquity I am fully aware, but the above date is sufficiently remote to lead the mind to the profoundest meditation. Some of its pages have been defaced by the hand of a child in its attempt to trace with a pen some of the letters of the alphabet, together with a few rude drawings. When or by whom executed it is impossible to say; but this much is probably just, that the infant scribbler, as well as the family who gathered around "the old family Bible," have been moldering in their graves for nearly *two centuries*! Did they all, or any of them, learn from this precious book the way to Jesus and to heaven? God alone can tell!

At the time of its publication the feeling of discontent and opposition to the rule of Charles I already existed. Bacon and Shakspeare had finished their earthly careers a few years previous; John Hampden was making his memorable contest in favor of the laws and liberties of his country; while Ben Jonson, disappointed and forsaken, was spending the closing days of his life in poverty and ill-health. Newton and Galileo as yet were not. Milton, then in his thirty-sixth year, had just emerged from the state of single blessedness, and was penning the concluding lines to his immortal poem *L'Allegro*.

Two hundred and thirty-six years; how quickly have they flown! Kings, potentates, and empires have risen, flourished, and decayed during the interval. How many aching hearts, pulsating beneath the cares of this life, might have found an antidote for all their sorrows within this sacred volume!



THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowled and dusky sandaled eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,

Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless
laughter.

And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds—

The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes—
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature—of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung;
And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair
Is like the Summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown; and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an Autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us—and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a Summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

THE GOOD WILL OF THE WORLD.

"CHILD," said my grandmother, as in my foolish youth she saw me cast rather a disdainful glance upon a villainous-looking old beggar as he turned away from our door with the solicited bread and butter in his hand, "child, do n't you know that the good-will of a dog, even, is better than his ill-will?"

And many, many times since, as years and experience have conveyed to me many specimens of the world's people and many phases of their characters, has occurred to my mind this remark of the dear old lady, now gone to her rest, and carrying with her not the ill-will, I believe, of a solitary being, human or brute.

When I see men and women careering a-top of some suddenly expanded bubble of good fortune, and taking long strides, with haughty demeanor, over those perchance for a time considered not so fortunate as themselves, I feel like whispering, "Have a care, my friends; we know not what a day may bring forth; and if ill should finally prevail, those whom you now treat contemptuously may have it in their power to do you great favors; have a care, therefore, and not forfeit your title to their assistance, whether you are ever compelled to avail yourself of it or not."

When I see a dainty-fingered lady putting on

lofty looks, and treading carefully when in proximity to her brown-handed sister who works constantly, nobly, and honestly for herself, and perhaps a half-dozen besides, I feel like admonishing her, in words homely and true, that the "good-will of a dog, even, is better than his ill-will;" and stranger things have happened than that the day might come when the giddy butterfly would gladly fly to the toiling bee for food and protection.

When I see a masculine measurer of ribbons and laces, in some city retail dry goods establishment, cunningly, as he supposes, leering at the country youth who rides in, in state, on a load of corn or potatoes, perhaps the fruit of toil and perseverance, I feel like laying just the tip of my finger on his polished sleeve, and croaking in his ear, with an intonation he will not be likely to soon forget, that "the good-will of a dog, even, is better than his ill-will;" and some day, may be, when he has been led into temptation, may be when he has committed some crime, or theft, or forgery, for none are infallible in this world of human frailties, he may wish he had so good a shelter to which he can flee as the friendship of this honest and respectable plow-boy, the influence of his good name, and perhaps the substantial assistance of that which was obtained in exchange for those homely commodities, the corn and potatoes. Stranger things than this have happened, and it is a good plan to be on the safe side in case of emergency, for we are often brought into contact with individuals of whom we once had an idea that they could never be of any particular use to any body, and find them, may be, in the remarkable course of human events, the very ones, and the only ones, who can save us from disaster, perhaps utter ruin.

It is very foolish to run the risk of needlessly offending any one, or making ourselves obnoxious to any, "high or low, rich or poor." Some, in seeking to avoid one extreme, leap entirely to the other; namely, in carrying into effect the principle of gaining the good-will of the dog, they ignore the existence of a better than the dog, and pride themselves upon the moral courage required to accomplish it, or, in making their particular and condescending obeisance to the poor, treat the rich with a contempt which, if satisfactory to themselves, is to outside lookers-on both amusing and foolish; for the wealthy are just as apt to possess feelings worthy of respect as the indigent! And some, notwithstanding riches, and glitter, and power, retain kind and loving hearts underneath the magnificent array, which too often is looked

upon by the poverty-stricken as an index of coldness, cruelty, and pride. Therefore it is safer to treat all classes with proper deference and unostentatious respect.

Some persons seem to make it a point while traveling to be as pompous and disagreeable as possible, to put on airs among strangers abroad that they know would not be tolerated by their acquaintances at home; and not a few have been humiliated in a manner they least expected by the result of their thoughtless demeanor, and have been guilty of insult to those whose favor they would gladly have purchased with a fortune had they known their actual character and position in life, hidden seemingly for the time beneath a simple garb and unobtrusive manner. Often it is related how some of our noblest characters, traveling *incognito*, have been far more amused than indignant at mistakes which have thus occurred when a mortified individual, doubtless wishing his foolish head had been hid under a bushel before betraying him to such observation in such a light, learned a lesson not soon to be forgotten.

Some individuals traveling by rail, instead of pitying the poor woman who comes into the coach loaded with satchel, umbrella, and baby, increase her perplexity by a visible sneer and a half-muttered opinion about the propriety of a woman going about so burdened, and sit staring at her as she nervously hunts for a seat, instead of offering to assist her; and though one of these would look incredulous if any one mentioned the possibility of his ever requiring the assistance of that poor woman in any way, shape, or manner; yet stranger things have happened, for the "world goes up and the world goes down," and, considering this, "the good-will of a dog, even, is better than his ill-will."

On the other hand, when a gentleman, travel-stained and weary, valiantly and cheerfully resigns his pleasant nook, in which he had but a moment before ensconced himself in hope of a little rest, to the portly looking lady(?) who plumps into it without even so much as "thank you," and looks complacently around, while he walks off to find some place, perchance, to stand in peace, I feel like whispering to her, in a tone that may set her to thinking, that the "good-will of a dog, even, is better than his ill-will;" a simple acknowledgment in appreciation of his manliness would not have impoverished you, but would have gained you the kindly opinion of an honest man.

When I hear the haughty mistress of an elegant mansion addressing her servants in a contemptuous and overbearing manner, I feel like becoming a momentary iconoclast, that shall

knock from her thoughtless brain all complacency because of her sumptuous surroundings, compelling her to remember that riches and adulation sometimes take wings together and fly away, and a desolation may overtake her that will cause her to keenly feel that the "good-will of a dog, even, is better than his ill-will," and peasants have shielded kings and queens from danger and death when pursued by the hatred of those to whose vanity and power they could no longer minister.

And around the home-hearth, where not good-will merely, but love should forever reign, how often beneath the mantle that conceals the truth reigns bitterness instead! Duty and pride before witnesses will array, in satin softness, the demeanor toward each other of husbands and wives, of brothers and sisters, who bear to each other no good-will; who, perhaps, in all their lives never think of how much happiness the possession of this homely worded element would bring to their hearts; who never suspect how surely, sweetly, and unobtrusively love will follow in its wake, a healer and a consolator for the troubles which some time come to us all.

And let it not seem an absurdity to speak of good-will in connection with the relations between parents and children. Many times do we hear men and women, more frequently the latter, perhaps because more defenseless, expressing fervently the hope that they may not live to be old, because often, in spite of the seemingly "best bringing up," children treat aged parents with cruel neglect and indifference. The reason for this lies somewhere—where if not with the parents themselves, who have entire control when first their young child awakens to life? Whose fault is it if they so lose that control that in later years their child will treat them with contempt?

Memory brings to mind the father and mother of a blooming family—four fair-faced daughters and a manly boy; upright and conscientious were those parents, jealous for their own reputation and for the honor of their children, and while there was established beside the cradle of each helpless babe the most rigid authority, as years rolled on, alas! uprose with this authority likewise as rigid bars, that separated parents and children from each other's happy confidence, that happy and tender confidence so necessary to the pleasure and harmony of the domestic sphere. Said one of the daughters, a warm-hearted, loving maiden of sixteen years:

"Mother watches me so—she seems to believe in natural depravity, and sometimes I am actually tempted to do a wicked thing just to

see how horrified she would be over it; she seems to fear that without her constant surveillance I would naturally go and commit crime without measure. Now if she would ever say to me that she had confidence enough in me to believe I would n't easily go astray, I think nothing in the world would tempt me to disabuse a belief so kind and loving!"

On another occasion, when the family machinery had become dreadfully out of order through the indiscretion of this same one, it was suggested that she go to her father and candidly tell him of the whole matter and wherein she was seeking to rectify it, and she answered:

"O, I could n't do it; I'm afraid of father"—

"*Stern duty*" is very necessary in some positions in life, but if in the home precinct it were more comprehensible and less rigorous; if the bars and gates over which the parent's authority is dispensed to the children were withdrawn, and love sent to and fro through the open passages, with soft command and the assurance of smiling obedience, that perennial good-will would flow so like a river that "the almond-tree would flourish" in serene quiet and the "grass-hopper" cease to be "a burden."

Corporeal punishment may be necessary at times, though we almost doubt it; at least the times should be few and far between, when the parent, angry and exasperated, vents his anger upon his child in brutish blows, for this punishment is oftener administered in anger than in love. If unimpassioned argument, if patient, kindly reasoning will not avail with a tender-hearted child, all unacquainted with the wiles and artifices of the world, then the parent of such a one would have cause for wondering and bitter sorrow, and the child would be a very unusual specimen of the *genus homo*.

It seems to us that that sentence which, from year to year, is wreathed among Christmas arches, is chanted by those who celebrate the rising of the star of Bethlehem, should be sounded all over the world continually, so that as the proclamation of "peace on earth and good will to men" is issued from the palaces of Omniscient Love, it may be re-echoed by his creatures in their dealings with each other upon the earth.

EVERY thing that a man leans upon but God, will be a dart that will certainly pierce his heart through and through with many sorrows. He who leans only upon Christ, lives the highest, choicest, safest, and sweetest life, and has hope in death of a better existence.

AMONG THE ALPS.

SWITZERLAND has been called the playground of Europe, and during "the season" this little republic is overrun by continental and English tourists, attracted by the variety and grandeur of its scenery. Of late years our own countrymen, who are gaining a world-wide celebrity as travelers, are found here in increasing numbers thronging the delightful hotel and *pensions*. The grand attraction of this whole region is, of course, the mountain ranges called by the general name "Alps," though separately distinguished as the Jura Range, Mt. Blanc chain, Bernese Overland, Tyrolese Alps, etc. The word "Alp" signifies a mountain pasture, and far up on the precipitous slopes can be seen the chalets and herds of the hardy mountaineers. We had the pleasure, a year ago, of making a short excursion through this enchanting region. Our approach was from Italy, having first enjoyed the matchless lake scenery which it boasts, and thence traveling northward by diligence over splendid roads, in the direction of the great Simplon Pass. Leaving Pallanza, on the shore of Lake Maggiore, about mid-afternoon, in a drizzly rain, we stopped for the night at the little half-way station of Domo Dossolo. During the night the rain pattered drearily on the roof, and next morning opened, as we had feared, wet and lowering. The "post diligence" is a capital vehicle for mere traveling, sufficiently comfortable, making good speed, and with sober, careful drivers. The inside seats, however, are not well adapted for sight-seeing, and unless one is fortunate enough to secure the *coupe*, or, what is better, the conductor's seat on top, he will scarcely have a satisfactory glimpse of the sublime scenery. Discouraging as our prospects seemed, we were still thoroughly elated with the thought that through the whole day we should be in the midst of these stupendous mountain forms. With the exception of St. Gotthard none of these passes excel the Simplon in the grandeur of its scenery. The magnificent road was constructed by Bonapart in 1807. It is a masterly specimen of engineering, and, after the Brenner, was the first great route across the Alps. As we crept slowly up the ascent, winding around the sides of these grim mountains, the scenery grew wilder and more majestic. The mists hung heavily above us, obscuring the loftier summits, yet we could look far down in the deep defiles where the torrents dashed among the rocks, and watch the beautiful cascades leaping down the mountain side. The grade was quite heavy, rendering slow driving necessary, so we found



THE SWITZER'S HOME.

it quite practicable to escape from our confinement and take to our feet, when we were blessed with unobstructed views. As we ap-

proached the summit of the pass we passed numerous houses of refuge. The air grew quite chilly; vegetation nearly disappeared; the

hardy Alpine rose alone finding nourishment here. Before reaching the village of Simplon we passed through the Gallery of Gondo, a tunnel six hundred and eighty-three feet in length, bearing the inscription, "*Aere Italo, 1800, Nap. Imp.*" In 1830 the Swiss erected gates at the entrance. At length we reached the culminating point of the pass at an altitude of over six thousand feet. Here is a hospice similar to that of St. Bernard, founded by Napoleon for the reception of travelers. The large, plain building looked rather strange in this desolate region with the massive form of the majestic *Monte Leone* lifting its peak above the clouds in the rear. Our attention was attracted by several of the good-natured looking, powerful dogs of the establishment, of the same breed with that former hero of St. Bernard, the dog "Barry," whose stuffed skin is preserved in the museum at Berne, and who is said to have preserved the lives of fifteen persons.

Now we begin the descent on the northern side. Rapidly our heavy vehicle rolls along the smooth roadway, barely wide enough for two such carriages to pass. We fairly shudder as we look down the awful precipice, and think where a few inches deviation from the track would land us. Far ahead we can trace our winding road, but it seems a mere thread marking the mountain sides. We are now passing a portion of the road which is the most dangerous during the period of avalanches and storms. There are six houses of refuge and a hospice within a distance of less than three miles. We see abundant indications of the effects of avalanches, but are not favored with a sight of the phenomenon itself. They are caused by the accumulation of immense masses of ice or snow on the upper parts of the mountains, whence they slide off with amazing velocity of their own weight as the season advances. It is said that the view from a distance hardly equals the traveler's expectations, though these prodigious masses often consist of several hundred tons of ice, and are capable of sweeping away whole forests and villages if they lie in their course. The currents of air which they create are scarcely less destructive than the avalanche itself. Occasionally the diligence has a narrow escape, though the most dangerous parts of the road are protected by galleries or stone sheds, some of them hundreds of feet long, through which the road passes, and over whose mossy roofs the avalanche shoots harmlessly. To our great satisfaction the clouds gradually break away, and the sun shines out in his strength, revealing the mountains from base to summit, and chasing the shadows along

the green meadows of the lovely Rhone Valley far beneath. The little town of Brig looks very attractive with the cultivated lands around it after the bleak scenery of the pass. Reaching the base we proceed down the valley to Sierre, where we very willingly exchange the diligence for the railway which takes us to Martigny, a brisk little town in Summer from the great influx of tourists on their way to the Simplon or the Valley of Chamouny. As it is now June, too early for the tide of travel, we find it very quiet, and the comfortable home-like hotels quite deserted of guests. By the way, the inns of Switzerland and the bordering parts of Savoy are unrivaled. Quiet, admirably served, scrupulously clean, with plentiful fare and moderate prices, they contribute very much to the pleasure of a tour among the Alps.

Two routes lead from Martigny to Chamouny at the foot of Mt. Blanc; the one by the Tête-Noire pass, the other by the Col de Balone. Neither of them is a carriage road except for a portion of the way, and travelers usually make the entire distance with mules or on foot. We decided on the latter method, and thought it prudent in view of our inexperience to select the less difficult pass—that by the Tête Noire. We sent our baggage by post to Geneva—a rather expensive convenience—and rising early set out in high spirits on our first tramp among the Alps. For several miles we had some smart climbing, as the road ascends quite abruptly after leaving Martigny, but we found the mountain air so bracing as to relieve us of any sensible fatigue. We often turned to enjoy the picturesque and ever-varying views of the Rhone Valley and the mountain scenery about Martigny. Our prospect was soon bounded, however, by the lofty peaks and precipitous forms which inclosed us on all sides. Yet no portion of the route was wanting in interest. We never grew weary watching the tumbling, roaring waters of these mountain streams, or the beautiful spray of the cascades as they dashed down the rocks. Occasionally our path would lead under the thick foliage of a forest, then emerge amid verdant meadows, passing among the rude but substantial cabins of an Alpine village, with its church protected from avalanches by walls. Snow-capped summits were often in sight, presenting a strange contrast to the rich green of the sheltered valleys.

We had thought of passing the night at the cosy little *Hotel de la Cascade*, half-way between Martigny and Chamouny, but we felt so braced by the mountain air as to decide on making the whole distance of twenty miles before a permanent halt. At length we came

in clear view of the two majestic glaciers, which descend by an unceasing but imperceptible motion from the loftier regions of the Mt. Blanc range into the valley of Chamouny. The giant forms of the vast range itself bound the view in front, but their summits are concealed by the cloud-drifts which hover closely about them. The vale itself is enchanting beyond descrip-

tion. It stretches away fifteen miles in length, with a width of three-quarters of a mile, and is traversed by the rushing Avoz with its turbid waters. The town is small and uninteresting. Its striking feature is the mammoth hotels, which are open only during "the season." From the roof of the stateliest of these floated three ensigns, the tri-color of France, the na-



THE WETTERHORN, FROM ROSENLAUL

tional flag, in the center, flanked by the cross of St. George and the stars and stripes. From the rear piazza of our hotel we looked up into the cloudy canopy, hoping it might part and reveal the crown of Mt. Blanc. Far up the side we could see the broad, deep drifts of eternal snow, and the very nearness of this stupendous mountain form produced a startling effect upon

the feelings. A storm was raging among the lofty peaks. Fleecy clouds drove furiously across the dark masses, which hung thick and heavy over their brows, giving a weird life to the whole scene. We tarried at Chamouny five days, but during most of the time the dismal rain fell in torrents, and the dense mists still obscured the prospect. The last day was dry,

but still cloudy. Taking our batons we ascended the near eminence, called the *Montanvert*, which affords a noble view of the wonderful *Mer de Glace*. This we crossed easily with the assistance of a guide, passing around the deepest and broadest crevices, and descending by a path along the side of the glacier, reached the valley again at its foot. We then ascended the *Flégère* on the opposite side of the valley. A good path leads to the summit, the ascent requiring about three hours. From this point a magnificent view is obtained of the Mt. Blanc range. From no other point do the great glaciers present a finer and more impressive appearance. The whole landscape possessed a novelty and grandeur to us marvelously exciting and attractive. We had not yet obtained a clear, undoubted view of the Monarch himself, and it was with reluctance we prepared to leave this lovely vale early next morning for Geneva. To our surprise the morning broke gloriously clear and bright—not a cloud in the sky, and every snow-crowned summit clearly revealed. As our eye rested on the dome of Mt. Blanc we found it difficult to realize its vast distance. It scarcely looked more than an hour's walk from where we stood, yet between us and that summit were many hours of the hardest sort of climbing over drifts and glaciers, with considerable exposure to danger. It is said the view from the summit is not commensurate with the fatigue necessary to reach it, as, in consequence of the great distance, all objects appear indistinct; and, if the weather prove unfavorable, as is quite likely, the adventurer has little reward for his pains.

There are other Alpine peaks almost as high as Mt. Blanc. The latter reaches an elevation of 15,781 feet above the level of the sea, while Monte Rosa is 15,585 feet, and the Jungfrau 13,729 feet in height.

One of the most attractive and frequented districts of Switzerland is that traversed by the mighty range called the Bernese Alps. From the roof of the Federal capital at Berne there is a fine, though distant, view of that vast collection of snowy peaks, brilliantly lit up by the sun on a clear day. Perhaps the most favorable point for a nearer view is the summit of the Faulhorn, between the lake of Brienz and the valley of Grindelwald. From here a magnificent prospect is obtained of the whole range of the Bernese Overland. Grandly conspicuous among these giants is the Wetterhorn, lifting its snowy summit 11,402 feet toward the sky.

This whole region is greatly heightened in beauty and interest by those lovely sheets of clear water, which vary the landscape and

mirror from their bosom these stupendous mountain forms. From the shores of some, like Lake Leman, the loftier ranges are somewhat distant; but with others, as the Lake of Lucerne, the precipitous slopes of these mighty hills are their natural barriers. Steamers ply regularly on all the Swiss lakes, affording from their decks some of the most charming and memorable views of Alpine scenery.

LAUGHING AND LAUGHTER.

WE trust the subject is not a forbidden one; on the contrary, we hope to find it both wholesome and profitable. It surely ought not to be treated dryly, and yet we hardly hope for another result. The fact is, we became convinced that we, for our own part, did not laugh enough, that our life-work was taken so seriously and absorbingly to heart as too largely to shut off, or at least repress, this agreeable outgoing of the inner life, and that, consequently, our health was suffering. We went to thinking, therefore, whether, perhaps, we might not remedy the matter; whether we might not in some way introduce more of the hilarious and visible into our disposition and habits. We had noticed that rollicking, laughing customers are usually plump and healthy; we ourselves were lean and feeble-blooded. Couldn't we remedy the matter by laughing? Couldn't we also "laugh and grow fat?" But the question was hardly proposed before we began to fear we were putting the cart before the horse—taking an effect for a cause. Does not the plumpness and round oiliness of laughing men come from some other sources, and is not laughter merely an outward overflowing of an inward thing which is already there? And yet we did not despair. We reflected that, for example, love, though not directly under control of the will, is yet indirectly in our power. Ethical writers tell us that we can and must love whatever we ought to love—we must shift ourselves about and view the matter from another standpoint, until, finally, the light falling upon the object from the right angle, it will appear to us lovely and worthy, and the heart will leap out where duty calls. Now, is not the case of laughter analogous? Though it be but an effect of a certain physical and mental state, can not, however, this state be brought about by voluntary effort? Can we not, and, if so, ought we not, so to temper our inner and outer life that a good degree of occasional hearty laughing will be the inevitable result?

The more we thought of the subject the more

difficult and unlaughable it seemed to become. In fact, a whole host of physical, psychical, and moral queries began to arise. What is laughter, its inner nature, and its mode of expression? Is it moral or immoral, or neither, or may it be either? Did Adam or Eve laugh before the fall? Would a perfectly holy being in a state of perfect environment ever laugh? If so, what would he laugh at? Do the angels laugh—we do not mean do they praise and shout for joy, but do they laugh? Is it not absurd and shocking to conceive of Deity as laughing? Biblical expressions of the like are of course mere figures. If Deity, then, can not laugh, is it not because his omniscience precludes that element of surprise which is essential to laughing to a perception of the visible? And if this be so, would it not follow that the higher we rise in intelligence, the smaller will grow our capability of laughing? Finally, we asked ourselves, Why do some nations laugh more than others? the French more than the Spanish? the Scotch more than the English, the English more than the Yankee? Do or do not worldly people laugh more than Christians? Do faithful Christians laugh more than lukewarm ones? or is there any prevailing average on the subject? And, lastly, do devils ever laugh?

These are the genies that rose up like ghosts before us and barred our way. We do not hope to answer or dissipate them. In fact, we find that this subject of laughter, common-place as it may seem, is really one of the most intricate and obscure, one of the least understood of the outgoings of human life. It is an unexhausted field still awaiting some master hand and mind to gather and classify its elements, and assign them their proper place in psychology and physiology. Meantime, however, some explorers have gone out and returned with their sheaves. Many years ago Jean Paul threw out several pregnant suggestions. Recently a young Frenchman, Dumont, has given us two volumes of discussion. M. Levegne, of Paris, has made these works the subject of a profound critical essay. Let us follow these men, and see if by their help we can learn any thing definite or interesting on the subject of laughter.

Historically, then, laughter, though yet so little understood, has received some attention from thinkers of all ages. Aristotle, in his *Poetic*, has these words: "The ridiculous uniformly supposes some defect or deformity which is neither painful nor dangerous to the life of him to whom it belongs. Thus a mask is sure to provoke laughter, for it is hideous and deformed without its having resulted from suffering." This just though partial observation was

misused by Cicero and Quintilian; the former by emphasizing too strongly the notion of the hideous, the latter by associating with the visible the idea of some degree of blame which does not necessarily exist. These writers had in mind only one of the forms of the visible; but it has many forms, and its most general trait is the irregular, the exceptional. But this is only one of the terms of laughter, the objective. We must take into account the two terms, the object and the subject, the laughable and the laughter. Whether in any given case a laugh will arise depends not on the absolute condition of either the object or the subject, but upon their relation to each other. Any full definition of the visible must embrace subjective as well as objective elements. These elements are partially embraced in the following definition, to which many writers are agreed; namely, that the sentiment of laughter is the momentary pleasure produced in us by the perception of a disagreement between that which is and that which ought to be.

German writers seem to be too profound and serious rightly to grasp the nature of laughter. They have thrown both light and darkness on the subject. Kant reiterates the old and contested notion that the laughable is the absurd. He was certainly wrong when he said that laughter is a "sentiment which one experiences when a great expectation is suddenly disappointed," for ten times to one we laugh without any expectation whatever. One pregnant hint, however, Kant did throw out—that the pleasure of laughing arises from the fact that the laughable object tends to "produce an equilibrium among the vital forces." Hegel is not so obscure here as one might expect. He says: "Any disagreement between the substance and the form, the end and the means, may be ridiculous." Elsewhere: "Laughter (in certain cases) is simply a manifestation of satisfied sagacity—a sign indicating that we are acute enough to perceive and appreciate the disagreement." But what shall we say of this definition of Wischer, a disciple of Hegel? "The laughable is an idea lost from its own sphere, and immersed in reality in such a manner as that the reality appears superior to the idea." Whatever we may say to this, the following elucidation of laughter by Zeising will doubtless seem more profound still. Thus: "When the Supreme Deity came to nothing, a world was the result; and when his image—man—comes to nothing, a laugh is the result. The universe is the laughter of God, and laughter is the universe of him who laughs. He who laughs raises himself to God, becomes on a small scale

the creator of a gay world, a destroyer of nothing, a contradictor of contradiction. . . . With him, then, the idea of nothingness gives birth to the sentiment of infinity, of unlimited liberty, of a subjectivity conscious of its own perfection. In and by means of this sentiment of subjective perfection he leaps forth from the mathematical point—the central point of the laughable object—and this leap, is laughter.” Burlesque as these words may seem, their author was doubtless in the most downright earnest. His fault was simply a fault of method. Bent on penetrating to the last subjective roots of laughter, he became so profound that he is lost sight of by his readers.

But a truce to citations and abstract definitions; let us come to the subject itself. What is laughter in its concrete every-day manifestation?

There are two forms of laughter—that of the body and that of the soul. The latter usually leads to the former; and yet they are as distinct as are affliction and tears. In physical laughter we see only simple organic movements. The great spring of the corporeal laugh is the diaphragm. When the lungs are empty this membrane becomes convex above; when full it sinks to convexity below. In inhalation it descends, in exhalation it rises. Gaping, hiccoughing, sighing, sobbing, physical laughing, are but diverse movements of the diaphragm. In the act of bursting laughter the diaphragm is at first pressed down under the weight of a prolonged and sometimes painful inhalation; then it springs up spasmodically, causing a series of short abrupt expirations. The air, expelled by these spasms, passes tremblingly through the larynx, and gives the voice a corresponding modulation; the mouth opens, the corners of the lips rise, all the muscles of the face dilate, and the visage overflows. This is physical laughter. But that it is not the whole of laughter readily appears from the fact that it may be produced wholly or in part in bodies which are lifeless, or in which the will does not co-operate with the laugh. Whether we will or not, we laugh when we are tickled in the sides, in the hands, or on the sole of the foot. With nervous persons even the threat to tickle produces convulsive laughter. The soulless organic laughter, produced by the inhalation of protoxyde of azote, is well known. A poisonous plant of Sardinia, the *ranunculus sceleratus*, causes its victims to die in spasms which seem like continued bursts of laughter. Hence the term sardonic as designating all forms of bitter, painful laughing. And more decisive still, Dr. Duchenne, of Bologna, has found means of so

applying electric shocks as to produce in human bodies, both living and newly dead, the expression of nearly every human passion. At a mere touch of the instrument the man laughs, the corpse laughs.

These examples suffice to show that there may be organic laughing without the spirit taking part in it; they show that laughing has two elements, a body and a soul. The true laugh is when the inward laugh of the soul comes forth clothed in the body of corporeal laughter. The one is the vessel, the other the contents. But they often exist undivided. The hypocritical tradesman, or society man, learns to assume and wear a mere corporeal laugh, whose hollowness is discoverable only by practiced eyes. The comedian indulges more or less perfectly in physical laughter even when his heart is drenched in sorrow or chagrin. The laughter of some people degenerates into a mere physical habit; they laugh on all occasions; we know their laughter does not go skin deep; hence they are very insipid, wearying individuals. On the other hand, the laugh of the soul may be restrained, may be, to some degree, enjoyed without throwing the least gleam of sunshine on the face. This is not a healthy habit; body and soul should go together; the inward laugh should incarnate itself, and shed its radiance on the face of nature. Our risibilities should be within our control, however; soul should so far reign over body as to allow outward vent to laughter only in due degrees and on fit occasions.

But this is only a description of the outward form and circumstances of laughter. But what is the ultimate cause of laughter? What is the essential characteristic of the visible? Does it reside in the laughable object or in the laughter? or does it consist in a certain relation of the one to the other? Evidently the latter is the case. No laughter would be occasioned by a little short man stooping profoundly in order to pass a high door, unless there was some one there to see him. When we laugh it is always at or because of something, some object. The cause of laughter evidently lies in some peculiarity of impression received by the mind on perceiving an object. But what is this peculiarity of impression? What must be the action of an object in order to call forth laughter? This is the essential difficulty. M. Levegne tries to answer it thus: Nature has constituted us so that the full healthful action of our organs and faculties occasions a sentiment of general pleasure, just as the partial and obstructed action of our functions occasions pain. But the outgoings of a healthy life are not

uniform, like the flow of water in a canal or aqueduct, but rather like the course of a streamlet in nature—irregular, now slow, now quick, now compressed, now expanded, now placid and easy, now sparkling and intense. This life-flow is largely modified by the outward objects we perceive. Now, an object which occasions a sudden leap in the intensity of our soul-life, which makes for an instant the impression of order, proportion, or propriety, but which all of a sudden is perceived to be disorderly, baseless, or absurd, such an object acts as so intense a stimulus to the action of our faculties as to result in that unique convulsion of our physical organism which has, of old, been known and enjoyed as laughter. According to this view, then, laughter is the outward expression of a peculiar sudden triumph of the mind over its object; it is the thrill of life produced by a sudden success in detecting truth from error, in reducing chaos to order.

Such is the latest theory of the nature and causes of laughter. It is not as simple as one could wish; but is it not true? Is not the complexity of the definition a necessity of the complexity of the object? It is not sufficient to say simply that the laughter is, for example, the absurd. Who laughs at a mathematical or geometrical absurdity, that three is less than two, that the third is equal to the half? Any definition of the laughable must include the three elements: the object perceived, the subject perceiving, and the sudden perceiving of it in a new and disenchanted light.

This conclusion of our inquiries may seem prosaic and commonplace. Perhaps it is. It simply amounts to a little more than what we have all known from the days of Adam on, that laughter is but an incident, a phenomenon of the soul-life. It is something, however, to know the circumstances which call it forth, the peculiarity of intellectual action which precedes it. In fact this is the very center of the problem. But the phenomenon itself has many curious and suggestive moral surroundings.

First and most obviously, it is an expression of physical health—a sparkling bubbling over of a frictionless-working material organism, and not simply this, but, moreover, of a morally animated organism. The plant, the oyster, the lion do not laugh, however perfect their physical condition; they have no soul to be ecstatically affected by the smooth working of the organism. Physical laughter is, therefore, often an involuntary thrilling of the body by the soul, as happily effected by the well-conditioned body.

But laughter is not only a sign of existing health; it is also a promoter of health. There

was more philosophy in the ancient institution of the king's or the court-fool than at first thought might seem apparent. It would have been a great blessing to the world had more kings and warriors taken time to unbend their grim thoughts and lose sight of their bloody projects under the genial influence of a merry jester. A slight glimmering of human nature might have been recalled into their hearts. But, aside from this moral influence, the physical influence of a jester on men who are absorbed in business or study has been, and would be still, of unquestionable benefit. Laughing, whether springing from inward seeking, or, as it were, forced upon us from without, stirs up the animal forces and reinvigorates the physical organism. Laughing is, therefore, invariably a physical good. It is of good omen when people involuntarily laugh because of overflowing health; it is also of happy effect when we designedly put ourselves into the temptation to laugh; it is of still more fortunate working when unexpected and even unwelcomed accidents and incidents fall upon us betimes and force us to laugh ourselves out of our abstract studying, misanthropic suspicioning, or melancholy moping. Laughter is physically akin to blossoms and light, and, morally, to love and beneficence.

But there are great varieties of laughter—many genera and species. Some of them are bad, some indifferent, and some good—in point of taste we mean—for all laughter whatever is a physical good.

From the broad English horse-laugh all of us would gladly be excused. The snigger is not much better. The grin is not a laugh, but a dislocated smile springing from a dislocated nook of the heart. The laugh of derision is the bitter fruit of outswollen egotism tempered by moral baseness. The smile is not a laugh; we can hardly say it is an incipient laugh. It is continuous; the laugh is sudden. It needs no shock of surprise to occasion it. It is only a sign of fullness of life; laughter is the spilling over of superabundant life.

If the horse-laugh is ever let loose it should only be in retirement, and in the presence of a few sympathetic friends. But the hearty, audible laugh is certainly no violation of æsthetics; in fact, within slight limitations, it is an inalienable right of all men. In regard to time and place of indulging it, common sense is the sole and sufficient criterion. The main thing to be avoided is affectation and extreme oddity. An affected laugh is heart-sickening and disgusting. As in art, so in laughing, naturalness is the first requisite. The exquisite, over-mellow, over-gracious, over-honeyed, wonderful

laugh, or rather simper, of certain young ladies in certain circles, is, in point of taste, just about on a par with the horse-laugh, with this slight difference, that the horse-laugh is usually indulged in by honest clowns who hardly know better, whereas the young persons in question have had ample opportunity to be more elegantly mannered. What an infinite contrast to this band-boxy affectation of refinement is formed by the honest, rejuvenating, flowery laughter of an Alpine milkmaid! Let nature and common-sense have due play, and the result will be happy.

As, now, laughter is universally a good, it follows that it ought to *be*; that is, that it ought to be let be, and that it ought to be voluntarily caused to be. In one word, we ought to laugh and learn to laugh. Yes, with truth may we say, it is the moral duty of those who laugh but little to learn to laugh more. We Americans would not be so pale, sallow, hollow-eyed, and consumptive, if we could learn the happy art of laughing as much as the English and French. If we would set about and laugh and teach our children to do likewise, we would very soon necessitate a whole army of quacks to betake themselves to the honest callings of bakers, tailors, etc. And the means of cultivating laughter are not far to seek. Let the soul be set free by a cheerful phase of religion. Look more upon God's goodness than upon his "decrees;" more upon the abundance which we have than upon the imaginary things which we might have had. Resort to cheerful books and to cheerful men. Let external and unavoidable evil fall lightly upon you. If we have overdone our honest best, it is then far better to laugh than to mourn at "spilt milk." With a reasonable amount of effort, almost any one can gradually cultivate himself into a habit of cheerful, timely laughter. And as he can do it, he should do it. Increased health and length of life to himself, and happiness to others, would be the result.

A few curious and, perhaps, idle speculations and we close our essay.

Does religion tend to the increase or the repression of laughter? As laughter is the overflowing of life, and as religion tends to increase peace and hope, and, consequently, cheerfulness and happiness, it would seem that Christians would naturally laugh more than worldlings. Certainly they indulge more in hearty, generous laughter, however much sinners may have a monopoly of hollow chuckling, bitter derision, and satanic sneering. And as the different phases of religion take more or less cheerful views of life and Providence, do they not, there-

fore tend to different degrees of laughter? The Puritan laughs least of all, the Huguenot a little more, the Lutheran more still, and the Methodist still more.

The prime difference between the Christian's and the worldling's laugh is, that the former is well-grounded and self-conscious, whereas the worldling's laugh, like his seeming happiness, rests on a basis of delusion and vanity. Just as one can never laugh while affected by intense fear, grief, or pain, so no sinner could ever laugh were he fully conscious of his real condition. But is not the devil fully conscious of his lost state? And if so, does it not follow that he can not laugh? Milton, I know, thinks otherwise; but we can not place poetry on a par with the deductions of rigid science. A satanic life is not healthy and overflowing; no shock of deception or surprise can make it overflow.

But what is to be the destiny of laughter in the great future of our immortality? If weeping is inconsistent with the state of the blessed, how is it with laughing? We will still be finite in knowledge, and, therefore, liable to sudden surprises, to instantaneous disenchantments; hence we must infer that we will laugh. And as we will always remain finite, and will always be subject to intellectual surprises, it would seem to follow that we will never develop ourselves beyond the possibility of laughing.

As laughter appears, therefore, to be not only a physical and mental good in this life, but also an incident of all finite immortality, hence we conclude that it is profitable and becoming in every respect; and, notwithstanding our natural melancholy, we are now more than ever resolved to seek out the bright side of life; that is, to place ourself in circumstances where we will be tempted to laugh.

THE LOLLARDS.

EARLY in the fourteenth century a sect of pietists arose in Europe who were distinguished by their modes of worship, their religious services, and their acts of charity. Their origin is traced to Antwerp. Here a few pious laymen organized a society for the purpose of visiting the sick and burying the dead during a season of pestilence. The cures of churches and the priests of parishes had, through fear, deserted their charges, and there were none left to administer the rites of religion or to perform its last sacred duties. Not daring to usurp the office of the priesthood in giving the viaticum, conferring extreme unction, and reading the

mass for the dead on their interment, these brethren visited and comforted the sick, assisted the dying with their prayers and exhortations, attended to the burial of those who were cut off by the plague, and committed their bodies to the grave with a solemn funeral dirge. It was with reference to this last office that the common people gave to them the name of *Lollards*. This word is derived from the old German *lullen* or *lollen*, signifying "to sing with a low voice" as in a lullaby, and denotes a person who is continually praising God with a song, or singing hymns to his honor.

The humane motives and religious practice of this new society caused it to spread throughout Flanders, and into many parts of Germany, and it was encouraged by the respect of the magistrates and the love of the inhabitants. The charitable labors of its members were supported partly by their own earnings and partly by the gifts of the pious. But the peculiar marks of favor and protection which they received excited the jealousy of the clergy, whose indolence they rebuked, and of the mendicant friars, whose incomes they diminished. By both they were persecuted and maligned. To the Popes they were accused of heresies and pernicious sentiments. But the magistrates, by their recommendations and testimonials, supported the Lollards against their malignant rivals, and obtained several Papal constitutions, by which their society was confirmed and their persons, exempted from the cognizance of the inquisitors, were subjected entirely to the control of the bishops. When these measures failed to secure them from molestation, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, in 1472, obtained a solemn decree from Sixtus IV, ordering that the Lollards, or Cellites as they were otherwise named, should be ranked among the religious orders, and delivered from the jurisdiction of the bishops; and in the year 1506 Julius II granted them yet greater privileges.

The name popularly given to these societies, by an easy transition, passed over to all who desired to lead religious and godly lives not bound by forms and ceremonies, and not consenting to the idolatrous practices of the Church. Such were the followers of Huss in Bohemia, of Walter Lollard in France, of Peter Waldo in Piedmont, and of Wiclif in England. Especially to the adherents of the latter did this name attach. Like the words puritan and methodist, it was used in derision; and yet to the philosopher and the historian, it denotes devotion of life and heart to the cause of Christ. But not only to the corrupt practices of the Church, but to some of the dogmas, were these

early reformers opposed. The Lollards were charged with despising the sacraments of the Church, deriding ecclesiastical ceremonies and constitutions, and discarding the doctrine of saintly intercession. Wiclif and his followers did, indeed, believe that the bread and wine of the eucharist remained unchanged: they rejected the mass; they did not include holy orders among the sacraments; they considered penance, confession, and extreme unction as simply useful, but not needful, and as having little foundation in the sacred Scriptures. The errors and corruptions of the Church Wiclif exposed with fiery zeal; but all that was good, and true, and excellent in its teachings and usages he upheld with equal perseverance and energy.

The most meritorious service rendered by Wiclif to his country, was his translation of the Scriptures into the English language. It was immediately circulated with the greatest activity, and excited the deepest alarm and fiercest indignation among the Papal hierarchy. Their opposition and hatred gave it wider popularity. "In proof of his doctrines," says Lingard, the Catholic historian, "he appealed to the Scriptures, and then made his disciples judges between him and the bishops. Men were flattered with the appeal to their private judgment; the new doctrines insensibly acquired protectors and partisans in the higher classes, who alone were acquainted with the use of letters; a spirit of inquiry was generated; and the seeds were sown of that religious revolution which, in little more than a century, astonished and convulsed the nations of Europe."

The reformation begun by Wiclif was, in spite of the opposition of the priesthood and the monks, continually augmented by the influx of liberal sentiments from abroad. These small streams of independent thought came to a confluence in England, and in the course of another century merged into the great Protestant Church, which, begun by Henry VIII, was finally established by Elizabeth.

Nearly every heresy in religion and every false doctrine in state was charged upon the Lollards. That a few, who were known by this name, were enemies of the government, and guilty of misprision of treason, history warrants us in believing; but the great majority, the many thousands whose minds were in some degree emancipated from the control of papacy, were loyal subjects of the king, and good citizens of the country. While, therefore, the denial of the papal infallibility was the main charge brought against these religionists, their teachings were declared to be seditious, and

themselves fomenters of strife and insurrection. When no proof of seditious conduct on the part of the Lollards was forthcoming, their enemies early in the fifteenth century procured from the parliament a special enactment for the punishment of heresy. This statute provided that no person, without the license of the diocesan bishops, should be allowed to preach anywhere, openly or publicly; that none should hold, teach, instruct, or preach any doctrine, or write any book, contrary to the Catholic faith, or the determination of the Church; that no schools or conventicles should be held in which to disseminate the new doctrines, or in anywise to favor the preachers or teachers of them; and that all persons having any heretical books or writings should, within forty days from the publication of the ordinance, deliver up the same to the diocesan. The penalties imposed for violating the provisions of this statute were fine, imprisonment, and, in extreme cases, death by burning.

The first victim of this inhuman law, which for over two centuries disgraced the statute-book of England, was William Sautré, parish priest of Saint Osith's, London. He had formerly been rector of Lynn, in Norfolk, but had been deprived of that living on a charge of heresy in 1399. Having been prevailed on to abjure his alleged erroneous opinions, he had been appointed to the place he now occupied. Holding this situation, he petitioned parliament that he might be heard before them on the subject of religion; unhappy, no doubt, under the sense of having denied his faith, and anxious to make up, by a public confession of the truth, for the weakness of his recantation. When summoned before the Bishop that dignitary insisted that he had formally abjured, and that he was therefore a relapsed heretic. Sautré denied that he had ever abjured the opinions he now held, but the court decided against him, and he was adjudged to the flames. The archbishop solemnly pronounced his degradation from the priestly order, and took from him all the sacred insignia. The cap of a layman was then placed upon his head, and he was delivered up to the secular power, the archbishop, with bitter irony, pronouncing the usual recommendation that he be dealt with kindly! He was burned in Smithfield early in March, 1401; "and for the first time," says Le Bas who writes his history, "did the flame of persecution ascend toward heaven to outrage the God of love and mercy."

For a time this terrifying example produced, indeed, the desired effect; it struck terror into the followers of Wiclif, and caused many of

them to conceal their opinions in order to preserve their lives. The new doctrines, however, continued to spread in secret. Little companies of the Lollards still met together, to strengthen each other's faith, to hear preaching from their religious instructors, to become better acquainted with God's Word, and to worship according to the faith of their intrepid apostle, the revered Wiclif. It was impossible for many to come together at once, nor could they meet in private houses without danger of discovery. Their custom was, when possible, to assemble by night in some covert of the forest, among the fastnesses and defiles of the mountains, in places inaccessible to horsemen and dragoons, in out-of-the-way spots where their enemies would be the most unlikely to suspect them, and where their persons and their voices would alike be secure from the eyes and ears of chance passers by. Even there they would not intrust themselves without precautions. On the assembling of the little company an alert and shrewd sentinel was stationed near by. Scarcely any lights were kindled. Their preachers read and spoke in low tones. Few were the prayers offered, but they were full of earnest supplication and devout thanksgiving; and after a brief time spent in these devotional exercises, they separated as they had come, by devious paths, and, as nearly as they could, singly and alone.

The appetite for blood, once excited, was not to be allayed by one victim, and him an obscure one. Archbishop Arundel was bent on exterminating the new and dangerous sect, and proceeded to arrest Sir John Oldcastle, otherwise Lord Cobham, who was denounced as a Lollard and a protector of heretics. After various delays Cobham was brought to the stake; the prisons of London were filled, and little mercy was shown to the poor Lollards who were captured. Thirty of them were executed as traitors and burned as heretics on the same day; but persecutions did not stop with this wholesale execution.

In the year 1414 Arundel was succeeded in the primacy by Henry Chicheley—a change which brought no relief to the Lollards. He seems to have proceeded against them with even greater vigor than his predecessors; not, perhaps, as being of a more sanguinary temper, but on account of their increasing numbers. He built the addition to the Lambeth palace, still known as the Lollards' Tower, from the small apartment at the top where the unhappy victims accused of heresy were confined. This prison yet exhibits eight large iron rings firmly fixed in the wall, about breast high, and certain rude carvings on the thick wainscot, cut with a

knife or other sharp instrument, the work no doubt of some of the wretched prisoners who were there confined.

Each of the prelates had his prison for heretics, but how many victims of ecclesiastical persecution languished within their walls history has not recorded. It being impossible to put to death all the parties whom the spiritual courts of England were constantly finding guilty of

heresy, Chicheley soon found it necessary to substitute, in the greater number of cases, prolonged imprisonment, scourging, and various other punishments. But the direst penalties were visited on those of the clergy who were found tainted with heresy, as being more dangerous characters than the common people.

The wars of the Roses for a time interrupted the persecution of the Lollards. Fuller has



THE LOLLARDS' PREACHING.

finely said, "The very storm was their shelter." While it lasted, that tempest put out the fires of Smithfield; and when the rival houses of York and Lancaster became united by the marriage of Henry VII and Elizabeth, England was glad to obtain rest and quiet from the political disturbances which vexed her. Religious persecution, though it did not yet cease, was never afterward so violent, except for a brief

period under Mary Tudor. The great principles of Protestant faith—the right of private judgment, the general diffusion of God's Word, the power of the laity, and the final severance of the Church from the State—were for two centuries fixing themselves in the hearts of the English people, and when Elizabeth acceded to the throne Protestantism became established in Christendom forever.

SIMPLE FOLK.

MEMORY often brings to mind an episode in my life on the western bank of the Hudson. It was before the hand of the spoiler had ruined its sylvan loveliness. Alas, what a contrast now! The regal trees are felled, the gushing streams are dry, and the wild flowers exterminated from their native soil.

With this dream of the past is associated the remembrance of two humble people with whom I there become acquainted.

Our house stood on a rocky bluff which commanded a view of the opposite city and the surrounding country. Soon after the arrival at our new home our attention was drawn toward the smallest human dwelling that we had ever seen, which nestled in the shadow of the rocks at the foot of the cliffs. We would not have thought that any one lived there had we not seen some persons go in and out, and a column of thin, blue smoke rise occasionally from the tiny chimney. At length we learned that it was inhabited by two old people, and we determined to visit them. But day after day passed away in its flowery beauty before we found time. At length one sweet afternoon in June we set out.

Our way was by a narrow path over slippery cliffs, which were perfectly embroidered with flowers. They clustered under our feet in such profusion that we turned aside to avoid crushing them. With the poet of Nature I could have said:

"Their beauty makes me glad."

Glowing with their rich and varied coloring they made the rugged path appear like a gallery of lovely pictures. I never saw such a flora before nor since. We thought of Thorwaldsen's Spring, dropping flowers in myriads from her opening hand.

The last step in the descent, a rock covered over with thick moss and lichen, was at length reached, and we entered a roughly made garden fragrant with thyme and lavender.

The little hut, brown as the neighboring rocks from exposure to the sun, looked like a hermitage or the toy-house of a little child. Tall sumachs, elder-bushes, and wild blackberries grew up to the roof, which was overshadowed by a large cherry-tree. The mountain in the rear of the hut looked somber in the evening shades, but the blue river in front, with its floating sails and the sunlit shores beyond, gave a different expression to the scene, whose picturesqueness was enhanced by a little shallop which, moored to the shore, curtsied and danced with the receding waves. The house had one chimney, one door, and one window.

The door and window were open, but the room was empty, with the exception of a cat, which sat by the fire-place. An open Bible and a few books lay on the table. The Christian Advocate, folded on a chair, was all that spoke of any communion with the outer world. No sounds were heard save the rustling breeze, the plashing waves, and, now and then, the faint, low tone of a bird—sounds that rather increased than lessened the feeling of perfect solitude.

We knocked at the door without receiving an answer, but at last hearing voices, we walked to the other side of the house, where we found the old people taking their evening repast under the shade of the cherry tree. The kettle sang in a natural fire-place formed by an angle in the rocks, and a loaf of bread and some butter alone accompanied their cup of tea. They had been up and at work since four o'clock, and needed a more nutritious meal.

Mr. Read was a slender looking man, with a pleasant countenance, and dark intelligent eyes. His wife was full of good nature; her figure as round as a churn, with an accent that clearly showed her Dutch descent. One could not be in their company many minutes without being struck with their simple purity and confiding faith. I felt that I had found a treasure. We came to do good, and we received more than we gave. Such calmness and faith, amid such extreme poverty and privation, I have never seen. We talked of many things that day. He said, when I expressed my admiration of some flowers which my little girl brought me:

"Jesus said, 'Consider the lilies of the field.' It is a text that we take many lessons from. It has comforted us when we have been without a crust in the house. His children are more precious to the Savior than flowers, beautiful though they be."

He and his wife had grown to be one. They were always together, and cultivated the ground side by side. Mr. Read had a New England education, and at one time taught school in New Hampshire, but his wife was simply good, rather illiterate, and a perfect echo of her husband's opinions. Admiration for him was her ruling passion.

"He is the scholar," she said. "I make a poor hand at reading, but Poppy reads like a minister."

They were glad that we had come to live in the house on the hill.

"We are pleased to have it inhabited by God-fearing people. Mr. S. was a godly and blessed man. I hope the peace of the Gospel will always rest upon his house and upon the church he built for us."

These good people never asked charity, and rarely received it. They were only seen once a week at the little church, where there was no regular minister and but a few scattered members, who found it hard to supply their own wants. Their poor support was from the produce of their garden, which Mrs. Read dug, because he was lame; and then they carried their "garden stuff" to the New York market twice a week. Their little patch was watered from a small spring near at hand.

"We can't think what we should do if it was to get dry," Mrs. Read once said to me.

"The Lord will provide," her husband answered.

"Surely he will, Poppy, for he never left us yet."

Yet at one time they had only a couple of onions in the house, which they asked a blessing upon and then ate; "and they tasted wonderfully sweet," she said, "and in the evening we were able to get a sixpenny loaf of bread."

"So we were not so bad off, after all," added her husband.

When we were leaving them they offered to show us an easier path than the one we had taken; and so, each with a cane, like two old travelers in *Pilgrim's Progress*, they went on with us to a winding way at the entrance of the road, bidding us keep straight on till we came to an old oak, and then follow a path that would lead us safely home.

For several years there had been a lawsuit about this stately forest, and therefore the timber had not been cut down nor thinned. The children carried away the fallen limbs and brushwood, which made fuel for the scattered cottages in the neighborhood. But

"Their shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,"

until the decision of the lawsuit, which also decided the fate of these aged trees. The ax was laid to their root, and their glory perished. The "glittering streamlets" disappeared, and the flowers they watered died. Instead of this noble forest, with its soft shadows and calm repose, now stands a succession of German villages, with their monster brewery and their lager-bier saloons. Even the cliffs, at that time so picturesque, have been split asunder to make pavements for our city streets. The lover of Nature mourns over such a desecration of her inner shrine, though its magical beauty still beams before our fancy in all its well-remembered loveliness.

Our visit to the little house was soon and often repeated. The old people learned to look for us on regular days; yet I must acknowl-

edge that the motive that led us thither was not altogether charity. The beauty of the forest enticed us, although every visit to our good old friends increased our interest in them. The woods, which now seem to us like an enchanting dream, became then a part of our daily life; and there were other moral pleasures for us in that wild store-house of Nature. It was pleasant to sit on our sheltered piazza and read a favorite author with

"The woven sound of water and of bird,"

mixed with the never dying hum and murmur of the maritime city in our ears. So near it was, yet so far off. It was pleasant to see its pinnacles glorified by the setting sun, or made solemn by the purple shadows of evening, or, strolling northward on the cliffs, to see the fair prospect beyond. The river alone is unmarred by man. From the crags we could then, as now, see stately ships appearing in the distant Narrows by the shore of Staten Island, and others, like white-winged butterflies, floating lightly on the blue mirror below. Though the river remains, the stand-point and the accessories around it are so changed as to make it appear a different spot. But I spend too many words upon the frame of the picture in which my figures are set. I loved to hear their stories of the past, and they were pleased to have an interested listener. One day, I remember, he told me of a circumstance in which he clearly discerned the watchful care of his loving Father.

"I have been often in danger, but his shadowing wings covered me. I am a mason by trade, and used to dig and stone wells when I had strength to do it. I was once at the bottom of a well seventy-five feet deep, and I did not know till afterward that the man who helped me was drunk. He stood above me with a bucket of stones, and, without the usual warning, suddenly let go the windlass. The bystanders cried out, 'You've killed him!' but he did n't. How I was saved I never knew, but man did n't do it."

Another time, working with an ignorant foreigner, he let down the bucket (on the point of a hook) without the usual fastening, and Mr. Read again escaped as by a miracle.

The day he related these incidents his face was lighted up, and his heart seemed to overflow with love and joy. He said that he and his wife were the happiest people in the world, for God was with them. I asked Mrs. Read if they were not sometimes lonely?

"How can we be? I've got Poppy, and he's got me."

They said they had wonderful success with

their garden, considering how weak and old they both were.

"I never put a seed in the ground without praying, and it does seem as if the dear God heard my prayer."

They were very generous, and liked to give us bunches of thyme and sweet marjoram from their garden, saying,

"It is fresher and sweeter than you can buy."

They were cultivating some fine blackberries, which they were particularly anxious that I should taste; but to their great disappointment the boys came and ate them before they were ripe.

"They wanted berries too," Mrs. Read said, with a smile, though she was greatly disappointed.

Her simplicity was often amusing. One day her husband's eyes were painful, and he asked me to read in the Bible to him. It was full of paper and pencil marks, which I told him were proofs that he read it often.

"O, he does love it so!" said his wife; "but his eyes are bad. I wish I did n't have to spell so many words. But Poppy is a great scholar. He ciphered me out two years older than himself."

He often spoke of the beautiful New England climate with all the love which an Iclander feels for his chilly home. I could not agree with him, and he said:

"The sun makes such pretty pictures on the mountain tops. Why sometimes they sparkle like diamonds, and seem to shine with glory."

He told me of his "boarding round" life, when he was a teacher in New England. Once he was put up at vendue and bid off for twenty-five cents. He might not have brought so much, but a good man bid the sum, and took him home because he had taken a fancy to him.

However old his clothing was, he always looked neat and respectable. His wife's utmost skill was put forth to make his linen fair and white. They were among the neatest looking people in the little church which they attended.

There was but one luxury which they allowed themselves—our Christian Advocate. Yes, though their daily fare was generally dry bread and vegetables, they saved their hard-earned pennies for a religious newspaper. It came to them, in their solitude, as an echo from the religious world, and every thing in it was thoroughly committed to memory. After we knew them Zion's Herald was added to the Christian Advocate, for which he was very grateful, and said it was "a voice from his native land."

"Even the amusing parts of the papers have

a good tendency. They serve to freshen us up," he once remarked.

One Sunday I joined them coming from church. We had had a strange preacher that day, whose words had greatly touched Mr. Read's heart. He spoke with regret of the feeble state of the Church, and of the lukewarmness of the members. He said it was not so when Mr. S. built that dear little church; but various causes had combined to weaken it. And now "the gold has become dim, and the fine gold changed." "But I found it good to be there to-day, as I generally do. I can not pretend to say when a sermon is good or poor. It depends on my feelings. That hymn melted me into tears at class-meeting. I might have heard it at another time without emotion; but then I was so affected that I had to stop singing."

"O, Poppy, that hymn always sets my eyes running!" responded his wife.

It was "Rock of Ages, cleft for me" that so affected them.

I asked him to teach in the Sunday-school. He said it would not do to leave their place so long. People from the city came over on Sunday and took the gates off the hinges and trampled their garden when they were away. They seldom returned from church without finding some mischief done.

"But we can not give up church or class-meeting. It is our manna in the desert, and we must trust God and go on."

As the school was taught before church, I suggested that he might come on before his wife. Mrs. Read seconded this, but without knowing that he was quoting poetry, he said:

"O, she needs my help, and we must still do as we have done, 'toil up the hill together.'"

In the Winter, lame as he was, he shoveled a path in the snow to enable her to go to church.

On a warm, but delicious day, we set off for our accustomed ramble. We felt that an interview with our good old friends, as well as the coolness and silence of the woods, would refresh us. The anemones, claytonias, and the pure white saxifrage, that makes its home in the fissures of the rocks, had been succeeded by pink geraniums, growing in beds of "mosses dropped with dew," and white convolvulus, with its pink and lilac bordering. Beside these there were lowlier flowers clustering everywhere. We heard the voices of children not far off, and we found them filling aprons and baskets with the sylvan store they had gathered under the trees. They proved to be our Sunday-school children, and when they recognized us ran to gather lovely bouquets of flowers, and

smiled to see our delight, for having become so familiar with them, they were not awake to their full beauty. But every Saturday afterward they vied with each other as to who should bring us the largest and most beautiful "nosegay." One particular boy, however, always had the pre-eminence in that, as well as in the lessons he recited. His memory was wonderful; book after book of the Bible became impressed upon it. I have often thought of him, and wondered if the holy words he learned had done their true work on his heart.

We saw that Mr. Read's garden was suffering for rain, and the spring from which he watered it seemed to be failing.

"But God has furnished us bread and water, and he won't forget us," Mrs. Read said.

We found Mr. Read turning over the leaves of his Bible, in order to find a particular text in the Book of Ezekiel. When it was found for him he said, "What a book it is! Sometimes as I sit here, texts of Scripture, which I have read all my life without observing any thing uncommon in them, come to me in a way that quite overwhelms me."

He seemed more full of grateful joy than ever. He told me that he was then seventy-two years old, and, with the exception of his lameness, in good health. He never had a headache, while some people had one always, and he slept so well. He was full of joy and praise. A second-hand garment which he much needed was given to him. His wife could not be thankful enough for it.

"Why, what a present! Thank the lady, Poppy! Thank her over and over again."

"I do thank her," he answered in his usual mild and gentle manner, "and I do thank Him who put it into her heart to give it to me."

One day I carried him his *Zion's Herald*, and again his thoughts went to his early home. He was so fond of it that the tears came into his eyes as he talked of its beauties and its privileges. No native of Switzerland ever dwelt upon his country with more enthusiasm.

"O, the beautiful country! What mountains, what hills, and what people! They all go to meeting on Sunday, and to school every day in the Winter, no matter how poor they may be. Every little one can read properly. And what beautiful singing they have! I often hum over the sweet tunes they sang, and think of the school-house I went to when I was a lad. Great maples and elms grew around it, and a little brook was just at hand. O, I should cry if I ever saw that place again!"

His wife said, "You will never see the place again, Poppy, so do n't think about it any more."

"I know it! I know it! but New Hampshire is a pretty State."

But a real trial of their faith awaited them, and then I knew how strong their reliance on God really was.

The extreme heat of July was accompanied by a severe drought, which nearly destroyed their garden and dried up their spring. Water could only be obtained in the woods, and that not without great labor. The poor old people had to climb up a steep hill to get it. From the hill above we saw them slowly and painfully watering their beds every evening; then they would look up at the sky only to see the vanishing clouds.

"I have cut my herbs for the last time. If God does not send rain, it seems as if we must starve," said Mrs. Read, when I found them making a meal of only turnips and potatoes, one evening after their day's work.

"He has not forgotten us," said Mr. Read in the course of our conversation. "Ten years has he taken care of us in this little place, and I know he loves us yet. Ten years have I and my wife, who are always of the same mind, bowed together before God under this roof, morning and evening. I do not think there is a happier man than I. God gives me just as much as is good for me. I do not know a wakeful night; even my lame leg stops aching then."

He spoke of his past religious experience.

"O, I had all my life known that I needed a Savior, but then I felt it. I cried out, 'A Savior! a Savior!' and when I found him I would not let him go. The remembrance of the worm-wood and the gall which I once drank makes me cling closer to Christ. For worlds I would not suffer for one hour what I then endured when I sought after him and found him not."

When the rain came just in time to revive their garden, which at one time nearly withered away, they rejoiced in the Lord; but they had never distrusted his care, but always dwelt upon his promises in perfect confidence. So the Summer passed in its bloom and greenness, and Autumn came in its rich maturity, bringing

"The sweet, calm days and the golden haze."

That Autumn was a peculiar one. There was no frost to destroy the leaves or cause them to drop, but they clung to the trees in brightening clusters. Mr. Read had never seen them so rich and glowing before. As he gazed upward on the hills and cliffs he said, "We may almost call it God's flower garden."

"Do you not dread the Winter?" I asked, feeling anxious for them. "And what will you do about going to church?"

O, he thought he was still strong enough to dig a path up the hill for his old woman when the snow came.

"But you are weaker than you were."

"The snow does not generally lie long here," he said, still taking the best view of a prospect that filled me with alarm on their account.

One stormy night we found that Winter had come upon us in earnest. Hail and snow dashed against the windows, and wild winds shrieked around the house. It was not surprising that we should think and talk much of our lonely old people under the cliffs.

Our pet dog, little Harry, slept before the bright wood fire on the hearth, but I observed that whenever we mentioned the Reads he roused himself, and looked at me with strangely questioning eyes. Now Harry was a home-keeping dog, who seldom strayed beyond his own premises, and rarely showed any inclination to walk out with us. But the day after the storm he was missing for some time, and the succeeding day also. A path shoveled for us the third day enabled us to set off to the little brown cabin, which we feared we should find buried in snow. To our surprise Harry, after looking at our preparations with apparent interest, followed us from the house, and gamboled merrily before us. The paths were narrow and slippery, but life and music were in the woods. The beneficent trees harbored thousands of robins which subsisted on cedar and juniper berries. At the entrance of the path we met Mr. Read, looking bent and feeble.

"Thank God that you've come! We have been looking for you. My wife is very sick, and we've nothing in the house. I was trying to get to the grocery to get her some bread. Do go on and see her."

We made him return to the house with us, for we were prepared for the emergency. We found Mrs. Read very ill and very destitute, but a fire was soon kindled, and a cup of tea made. Their grateful tears expressed their thanks. We had never seen Mr. Read so moved before. A scratching at the door was now heard. It was opened, and in bounded Harry.

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Read, "that's the same little pup that came here yesterday and day before. Do you know whom he belongs to?"

"To us," we said. "He is our little dog. He heard us talking of you no doubt, and came down the hill to see how you fared. Good little Harry!"

"Why, yes, he came down and ran about the house smelling us all round."

Harry wagged his tail and looked pleased,

but did not repeat his visit. Mrs. Read had been seized with violent pain. Her husband thought she was threatened with paralysis. When I said I did not think that paralysis is accompanied with pain, Mr. Read said, "You know the centurion told Jesus that his servant lay at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented."

One morning after this I found Mr. Read drooping in body though cheerful in mind. He said that he had suffered a good deal of pain, but was thankful that his wife had recovered. He had met the doctor driving home a few days before, and went to his house at his request. After examining his heart and lungs the doctor told him that the former was diseased, and that he must be very careful about going up hill or carrying any thing heavy. He added, "Every grain of corn that the raccoons have left me I am obliged to carry on my back a full mile to have it ground. I felt a little bad at first when the doctor told me what the matter is. I thought of my poor old woman, but in a minute my thoughts slipped over to Christ and all was peace. He has always taken care of us in such a remarkable manner. His will be done. It is all right."

I could add many more precious words of this good old man's, and his simple and pious wife, and I could tell how we daily discovered new haunts of beauty and fresh nooks of pleasantness during the whole of our sojourn in that remembered spot, but I may be tedious in the recital. Spring and Summer came once more in their beauty and loveliness, and our semi-weekly visits to the little cabin were constantly repeated.

When the second Autumn came we were under the necessity of bearing a dear invalid to a southern land, and left the home that we had enjoyed so well for the last eighteen months. Our farewell visit was made to our solitary pensioners. We had a sorrowful parting. Perhaps I communicated my sadness to them. We knelt down and prayed together—each of us prayed for the other. I felt deeply for them with the cold Winter before them, and they felt for me. They had no fears for themselves. They begged me not to sorrow for them, and said that if prayer from them could remove my burden it would be taken away.

"But, dear lady, His will must be done. He knows what is best; and O! the glory, the glory hereafter! 'Him whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'"

So I bade them farewell, to see them no more on earth. As I ascended the hill I turned to take a last look at the rustic cabin as it stood

nestling beside the rocks in the full blaze of Autumnal loveliness. In a short time the good old man was taken, and the cry of his lonely wife to go to "Poppy's heaven" was answered a few weeks after his death. Their bodies rest side by side in the humble grave of a country burial-ground, but no doubt their ransomed spirits "in His light see light," glorious and ineffable.

RICHMOND CHURCH AND THE GRAVE OF THE POET THOMSON.

NO Surrey village can place itself on a level with Richmond. The rich prospect from its far-famed hill, the beauties of its park, its connection with royalty, and the marriage of its name to "immortal verse," leave it without a rival.

The present name of the "village" reminds us of a great historic change, when the glory of the Plantagenets faded before the rising star of the house of Tudor, and Henry, Earl of Richmond, by rebuilding the ancient palace, caused the old and expressive name Sheen to yield to that of Richmond.

Sheen—the beautiful—was well fitted to describe the natural beauties of the landscape; but Richmond was more complimentary to the new regal line. Few readers need to be informed that the house of Tudor did not derive the earldom of Richmond from this southern village, but from the ancient castle of Richmond in Yorkshire, which once gave a name to a small county. Great indeed was the difference between the palace on the green levels of Sheen and the frowning fortress which looked down from its rocky height upon the waters of the Swale. Marked, too, was the contrast between the history of the two places. The northern pile was a strong fortalice and nothing more; but the Surrey palace was, from early times, the home of kings. The learned Henry I had a quiet palace here; Edward I, when ceasing to "hammer the Scots," found a retirement in his Sheen domain; here Edward III, the "mighty victor, mighty lord," died abandoned by all, save one old man who whispered the prayers for the dying at his side; in this palace Henry VIII feasted the young Emperor Charles V; here, too, the Princess Elizabeth was, for a time, a prisoner, and in the same place afterward amused herself by dancing "six or seven galliards in a morning." In Richmond Palace, both she and her grandfather died. We grieve to add that, about seven years before her death, the maiden queen was sorely vexed and deeply tried in the very chapel of this palace by an

uncourtly preacher, named Rudd, actually reminding her, and in his sermon too, that time had "furrowed her face, and sprinkled her hair with its meal."

Thus it will be seen that Richmond Palace has a history. But time has given to the old northern castle its revenge; its gray ruins still have an impressive grandeur, and the stern keep looks defiant as of yore, but Richmond Palace has left but a solitary and unpicturesque gateway to remind us of the ancient regal home. What would the proud Margaret, Countess of Richmond, have done had her astrologer, the "spirit medium" of that day, showed her in vision the almost total destruction of her son's palace? Perhaps, instead of devoting her fortune to found St. John's College, Cambridge, the money might have been appropriated to the support of this palace. The lady was capable, to judge by her words, of a greater sacrifice than that. Some readers may recollect her bold declaration, that if a new crusade could be formed, she "would go with the army as laundress." A dame of "Tudor fire" was she! The dismantling of the palace began under the Commonwealth, when they sold the old tapestry, "727 ells, at £2 10s. per ell, for £1,817 10s.," to a Mr. Grinder, on Thursday, 23d October, 1651. Under a continued system of dilapidation, the once stately pile became "small by degrees;" and the same fate has befallen the ancient Carthusian priory founded by Henry V in the palace park. The king resolved that his monks should not want for fish or wine; he bestowed upon them the Sheen fishery and an annual present of four pipes of Gascony wine. Even the small house of the Observant Friars, founded by the parsimonious Henry VII, is only remembered by "Fryers' Lane."

Thus every adjunct of the palace has passed away, except the old park, now a part of Kew Gardens, and the tilting-ground, now "the village green." Some may, indeed, regard the "maids of honor" cheese-cakes as relics of the days when Richmond was a regal home. These, however, are rather memorials of the royal confectioner who invented them to delight the palate of George II.

But if the palace, the priory, and the Gray Friars' Home are all things of the past, perhaps the church will form the point of union between the Richmond of the nineteenth century and the Sheen of ancient times. There, doubtless, we shall find some worthy monuments of him who may be called the Richmond poet, the author of "The Seasons." To the church, then, we will go. Our first glance at the exterior is enough to show that the architect was

not. troubled by any poetic richness of invention. An old time-worn tower, probably of the fourteenth century, has been joined—in union most unblest—to a tasteless brick building. The old church which stood on this site appears to have had little of architectural beauty; but it must have been somewhat in harmony with the character of the tower. We thought of some picturesque country churches, any one of which would have given a suitable grave for him who wrote of Summer richness and Spring-tide beauty, and could not help regretting that Richmond is his burial-place. But let us enter the church; the interior may, possibly, possess more suggestive power. No; all that can be said is, that the inside of the church is in harmony with the outside. The two rows of wooden pillars, one down each side of the nave, are said to stand on the foundation walls of the old church, and thus enable us to calculate the smallness of the former structure.

If Richmond Church can not expect a place in the history of ecclesiastical architecture, it has a page in the annals of pew battles. The re-pewing of a church has not unfrequently produced a parish fight. This befell Richmond after the extensive repairs and alterations made about 1620. Among the crowd of combatants on pew rights a Mr. George Savage stands pre-eminent as a specimen of parochial pugnacity. This worthy was not satisfied with his freshly allotted seat, and insisted upon another. This was resisted, whereupon the determined parishioner took forcible possession of the coveted pew. The door was then locked, but the man of the Savage family laughed at this, and broke open the door. The congregation could, however, boast of other resolute men ready to do battle on the pew question; and Mr. Savage was summarily ejected by "force and arms" from his chosen corner. A faculty was now obtained by the legal occupants of the pew; but the despiser of locks was also a contemner of faculties. His assaults on the besieged pew still continued, and the case at length took the serious form of "a Star Chamber matter." Even this high and mighty court seems to have been perplexed; and the result was an order to remove the pew altogether. Thus the obstinate Mr. Savage had the grim satisfaction of feeling that, if he had lost the bone of battle, no other dog could rejoice in the possession.

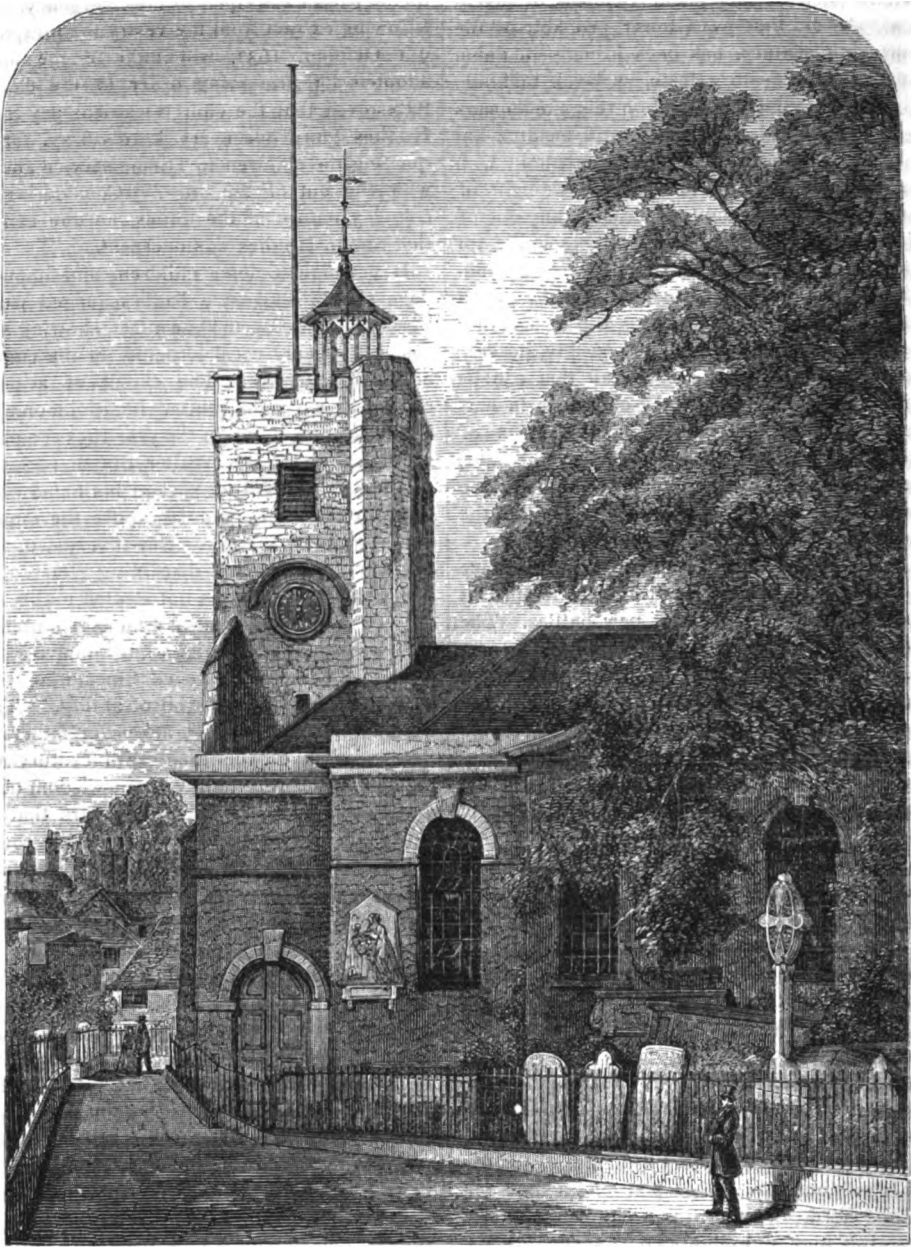
The Richmond congregation had a twofold annoyance to contend with, in the shape of unruly children and misbehaving dogs. So serious did this double nuisance become, that a vestry meeting was called to devise a remedy. All readers will be glad to hear that the wisdom

of the parish was equal to the emergency. The following extract from the vestry minutes, dated 9th October, 1637, will indicate the means adopted for preserving order in the church: "Resolved that the church wardens pay Simon Hughes fourpence every Lord's Day, for the quieting the children in Divine service and the whipping out of the dogs." Considering the complex nature of the duties, no one can say that Simon Hughes was overpaid.

If pew-fights, noisy children, and impudent dogs should suggest a badly managed parish, we beg permission to state a fact, showing some desire to secure vocal harmony in the conduct of Divine service. The choice of a parish clerk was no light matter in Richmond two hundred years ago. In the year 1653 the parish wanted a clerk, and Walter Smyth became a candidate. As Walter spelled his name with a *y*, he doubtless ranked far above the multitudinous "Smith" family. But that was of little avail in the eyes of a discerning vestry. The ambitious candidate was not elected to this high office until he had "made trial of his ability." This was doubtless all right, but we have known clerks in these enlightened times who would have sadly failed in a "trial of ability." Truly we must not always laugh at our forefathers.

The ladies of the nineteenth century will, perhaps, think very lightly of the wisdom of the old Richmond vestry, when they learn that this audacious body actually undertook the control of woman's tongue. Terrible was the penalty enforced by the parish worthies against dames of unbridled speech. The following entry, dated 1572, shows the mode in which a scold, Mrs. Downing, was treated in that year: "Mrs. Downing, wife of W. Downing, grave-maker, was put into the ducking-stool and ducked three times." The records do not show whether this rigorous proceeding secured the future domestic peace of W. Downing; we hope the best, but we fear the worst. The vestry seems to have had an abiding faith in the "ducking," as in 1603 we find a sum of about £1 3s. 4d. paid for a new "stool." The modern officials of St. Mary Magdalene must look back with curiosity on the awful powers of their predecessors.

If we turn from the revelations of the vestry-books to the history told by the monuments in or around the church, we find little to remind us of the former regal splendor of Richmond, or of the troubled current of its bygone life. The church-yard is crowded, and there, perhaps, the pugnacious Mr. Savage and the once scolding Mrs. Downing rest from turmoil, but no epitaph points out their narrow cells. A once famous actor, an industrious and ingenious



RICHMOND CHURCH—BURIAL PLACE OF THE POET THOMSON.

authoress, a political, eccentric, and free-thinking divine, and the poet of "The Seasons" are recalled to our recollection by their monuments. A conspicuous white marble tablet, near the south door, reminds us that here Edmund Kean sleeps after his "splendid race" ended in gloom. Close by is the monument of the poetess and tale-writer, Barbara Hofland, who neither dazzled the understanding nor stirred the deeper

passions of the heart, but satisfied young and quiet minds by her gentle tales, "Emily" and "The Unloved One."

Within the church and close to the pulpit is the monument of Gilbert Wakefield, the grave being in the church-yard east of the chancel. The tablet gives but few hints of the checkered life of him to whose memory it was dedicated. Though the son of a vicar of Kingston and

fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, he describes his ordination as "the most disingenuous action of my whole life, utterly incapable of palliation or apology." He fitted from curacy to curacy, yet read widely; studied not only Hebrew, but Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, Persian, and Ethiopic; acted for a time as head of the Dissenters' Academy or College at Warrington; wrote on ancient church history, and showed his versatility by editing the works of Latin, Greek, and English poets. These subjects not being sufficiently diversified, Mr. Wakefield rushed into politics, was indicted for a libel, and sentenced to imprisonment for two years in Dorchester jail. He appears, however, to have agreed with Colonel Lovelace that "stone walls do not a prison make," and continued his studies and publications to prove that his "soul was free." This good-humored endurance had its reward in the satisfactory and solid form of £5,000 raised by sympathizing friends. His prison doors were opened on the 29th of May, 1801, but Gilbert Wakefield's war with society was soon over; he died in the September of the same year. This monument was erected by his brother, the Vicar of Richmond, and may symbolize to some the hapless fate of incautious talent when at war with the world.

To many the grave of James Thomson will suggest more interesting thoughts than that of Kean, Hoffland, or of Wakefield. It will surprise some to find that the only visible memorial of Richmond's poet is a mean brass plate on the west wall, placed at such a height that a telescope is required in order to read the inscription. The plate was put up by the Earl of Buchan in 1792, and the grave of the poet is immediately underneath. There is a tradition in the parish that the body rests partly within and partly outside the church. This arose from certain alterations in the west end of the building, subsequent to the burial of the poet. With the exception of the small plate, there is nothing to remind a visitor of the author of "The Seasons." This may be a time-honored English custom, but as Thomson lived and died in Richmond, and much of its scenery gives richness and beauty to his finest poetical descriptions, the result is not pleasant. Nor is it altogether a compensation to be told that a conspicuous monument has been raised near his native place in Scotland. We think a bust, at least, might have been placed in Richmond Church. Some memorials of Thomson, however, still remain in the "village." The cottage in which the poet died has been incorporated into what is now called Rosedale House, formerly a residence of Lord Shaftesbury. Thomson's study,

and the table on which many of his works were written, are still preserved, and also the Summer alcove in which he loved to sit. The present house, though much larger than the simple home of the poet, has nothing very attractive about it, but is easily found by walking down Kew Foot Lane, as the name "Rosedale" is painted on the wall near the entrance gate. The trees under which the poet mused are still standing, exhibiting, in all probability, more of luxuriant beauty than in the time of Thomson.

The visitor who wishes to realize the exact appearance and surroundings of the place as it appeared of old, must, in fancy, turn Rosedale House into a simple cottage, and must annihilate the adjacent dwellings, which now banish all notions of a secluded rural home. This unpretending abode just suited the easy and rather self-indulgent temperament of Thomson. The garden was quiet enough for a literary chat in fine weather, and the "parlor" large enough for a Winter evening's party.

Though Thomson's indolence was so notorious as to be the standing joke of his friends, he would nevertheless often start off, even at night, to walk from Richmond to London. On one of these occasions he was robbed of his watch by a highwayman, but comforted his friends with the remark that it had "never been good for any thing." Another, and, probably, the last of these walks, had more serious consequences. He crossed the river in a boat on a cold evening, when heated by exertion, and took a feverish chill, which ended in an illness of which he died, on the 27th of August, 1748, at the age of forty-eight.

Few readers will require the information that James Thomson was born on the 11th of September, 1700, in the manse of Ednam, a village about two miles from Kelso, in the county of Roxburgh. His father was the minister of the place, and wished his son to be "a minister" also; but after studying for two years at the University of Edinburgh, "Jamie" set out in 1725 for London, with some introductory letters, and above all, a poem, his "Winter," stored up in his wallet.

The manuscript, after some time, found a publisher, but few readers and no praise, until friendly critics—Mr. Whately and Aaron Hill—told the public they ought to like it; whereupon the said public took the hint and began to find numerous beauties in the work. Thus encouraged, the poet rapidly produced his "Summer" in 1727, "Spring" in the next year, and completed the seasons, by the publication of "Autumn" in 1730. These and other poems brought him money; active patrons procured

for him sinecure offices under Government, one being the secretaryship of briefs, bestowed by Lord Chancellor Talbot, and another the surveyorship of the Leeward Islands! The poet did not, of course, think of going to these islands, but enjoyed the profits of the office in England.

Thomson's fame will rest upon "The Seasons" and "The Castle of Indolence," published in the last year of his life; but his labored, though cold, poem on "Liberty," and several of his tragedies, were for a time popular.

Both Ednam and Richmond may reasonably rejoice in being associated with a poet who has well described the quiet richness of English scenery, and strengthened his verses by linking them with glowing sympathy for nature and for man. No occasional violations of taste or want of finish can hide the pure beauty of his poetic pictures, or dim his descriptions of "hills and dales, of woods and lawns."

SHAKSPEARE'S OLYMPUS.

SECOND PAPER.

IN the first paper on this subject an estimate was made of the different actors in the play of Julius Cæsar. I proceed now to consider the claim of Cæsar to the highest rank among these demi-gods.

It is maintained by at least one critic that Brutus is the central figure, the hero of the piece which aims to present him as the perfect man, or at least as the perfect Roman.

The first objection to this view is, that with this aim Shakspeare would have called the play Brutus; but this may be got over by replying that the action turns upon Cæsar's assassination, and is named from the leading event rather than from the leading character.

The second difficulty is more grave. Shakspeare alludes to Cæsar in other plays in such ways to show a very high estimate of Cæsar's place on the stage of human life.

For example, in the grave-yard scene in Hamlet, the vanity of human greatness is illustrated by the mortal weakness of Alexander and Cæsar. Thus: "To what base uses may we return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" And,

"Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the Winter's flaw!"

These might be considered very distinct evidence that Shakspeare regarded the governing

genius as the supreme human gift. But it is not alone; in various ways he has taught the same doctrine. I pass by more direct examples, and select this from the play of King Richard III; Gloster is declining the crown:

"Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown
As my ripe revenue and due by birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapor of my glory smothered."

Of course all these men are limited in the play through the conditions imposed upon the dramatist by the Roman story. That requires that Cæsar fall, and also requires that Brutus shall fail; but aside from these fundamental limitations the artist has a very fair field. Now, the manner in which these conditions are met discloses the thought of Shakspeare. The very greatness of Cæsar is the cause of his ruin; it inspires and arms his enemies; it breaks him against the inevitable limitations of human genius.

The failure of Brutus is equally a logical result of his character, but it is a character relatively weaker and narrower than that of Cæsar. Cæsar knows Cassius and despises him; Brutus does not know Cassius and trusts him. Mark again the judgment which Cæsar has displayed in the choice of his most trusted friend. Brutus sees in Antony only a play-goer, loving Cæsar to-day, but ready to follow any other leader to-morrow. But Cæsar has not erred in trusting Antony. He loves with an intense affection, and pleads over the dead body of his master with a terrible eloquence. Brutus is a great, good man, whose judgment is worthless, a cruel lesson but a true one for all that. To brook the mighty sea a man needs a knowledge of man, and an insight into motive and a respect for the power of evil, which is impossible to such a character as Brutus.

It is an epic truth, painful beyond measure, that a knowledge of evil comes to man only through personal sin; it is in this sense that sin makes men as gods, by giving them such an insight into evil motive as the divine intelligence possesses through infinite wisdom. This moral truth, neglected so often by meaner poets, is so finely portrayed in Brutus as to make it one of Shakspeare's best claims to epic genius. Give Brutus the knowledge of evil, and Cassius will not wind him about his finger; Antony will not be suffered to pronounce a eulogy upon Cæsar. In the first case there would have been no conspiracy, and in the other the conspiracy would

have succeeded. It is the ignorance of Brutus that renders it possible; it is the same ignorance that defeats it. I can not conceive that Shakspeare wrote this Olympian play to glorify such a character; but it is easy to see how the illustration of its weaknesses may have been a leading motive. But that is only a negative form of the positive truth that the genius of government is impossible without a knowledge of the power of evil and its motions in human souls.

The wretched logic put into the mouth of Brutus is of set purpose and to the same end. He is a good man who has entered upon an evil path without clearly knowing why. We are left to infer that the flattery of Cassius has, without his consciousness of it, warped his nature. He has been persuaded that his name and personal glory require him to stab Cæsar; but there is no clear proof of Cæsar's ambition. The soliloquy, therefore, is an absurd piece of reasoning ending in the conclusion that as Cæsar may, if he continues to grow, become dangerous, it is best to kill him as we crush a serpent's egg in the shell. This is terribly dangerous political logic, for it would authorize the assassination of any great statesman or ruler.

This soliloquy vindicates Cæsar. There is nothing against him but idle rumor, the envy of smaller men, and apprehensions created by the splendors of his genius for authority.

And at the same time it leaves Brutus under the reproach of acting from insufficient, perhaps even from unknown motives. The moral tempest raised in his mind by his consenting to the conspiracy is an admirable portrait of the effects of a first error. It is the storm of a conscience put to torture by the presence of a wrong purpose, the more admirably sketched by the unconsciousness of the subject.

There is no case against Cæsar in this drama; if it had been designed to glorify Brutus no such fatal omission could have occurred. The conspiracy arises in the envious breast of Cassius, by him it is organized, by him Brutus is enticed into the plot.

The play opens with this disclosure of the spite of Cassius; presently we have Cæsar's wonderfully wise estimate of the lean and hungry-looking conspirator, and are turned next to the seduction of Brutus. The scene on the Lupercal is made ridiculous by a jester's report of it, and the plot moves on to its useless victory, without a hint of an argument outside of the envenomed malice of Cassius.

One must rise from a first perusal of this play, if a knowledge of the history have not

prejudiced him, with a belief that Cæsar deserved death as little as Abraham Lincoln; for there is as much logic in Wilkes Booth's *sic semper tyrannis* as in the speeches of Cassius, and the soliloquy of Brutus is a complete vindication of Cæsar.

There are no limitations in the history which compelled Shakspeare to involve Brutus in an absurdity, to make him a partner in a crime. It was easy to give reasons that would hold him up; easy to make him talk grandly, at least, to give him the serenity of conscious virtue and the peace of an approving conscience. The central fact imposed upon the dramatist the necessity of vindicating Cæsar by showing the folly of the conspirators, and especially of Brutus.

They are all marred, but Brutus most and worst of all, because the case of the conspirators hung mainly on this man's character and patriotism. To stultify Brutus was to leave the plot a nakedly vulgar piece of treason. To vindicate the conspiracy required a show of patriotic motive, and a logical procedure of the conspiracy from the vigilant patriotism of Brutus, and not from the vulgar hate of Cassius.

The reverence of all the great actors in the play for Cæsar is, after all, a conclusive proof of Shakspeare's high esteem. To Cæsar, living or dead, they all bow their heads. He is greatest among them by their own confession. The labored speeches of Cassius to prove him human are an unconscious witness to the celestial dignity which he bore even in the royal mind of Brutus; else why are these incidents, the rescue from the Tiber, the fever in Spain, repeated with such a circumstantial minuteness in the ear of Brutus? They have no appropriateness unless it was needful to remove the reverential awe from Cæsar's character as conceived by Brutus.

This, for example, is utterly out of place in a speech to the greatest Roman:

"T is true, this god did shake:

His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his luster: I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, which bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl."

Notice again that in this same speech Cassius confesses the supreme eminence of Cæsar:

"Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone."

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves."

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great?"

"When went there by an age since the great flood
But it was famed with more than with one man!
When could they say till now that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough
When there is in it but one only man."

Rome used to be pronounced *Room*, which explains the last couplet.

These and other speeches of Cassius to Brutus show the godlike character of Cæsar in the eyes of both of them. His place in popular esteem is shown in the opening scene where Cassius reproaches the populace with their servility and their forgetfulness of Pompey. The funeral scene viewed as a whole teaches the same lesson as the opening passages, and the immense enthusiasm of the Lupercal. A contrary impression might be taken by a careless reader; that is to say, an impression of extreme frivolousness in the popular Roman mind, approving Brutus and carried by the storm of Antony's eloquence. But we must remember that Brutus also has a great place in Roman esteem, and the cause he champions is presumed to be right; therefore they listen respectfully and approve. A good man's story is approved until it is contradicted by the most equable judgments.

But the scene changes when Antony challenges the conspiracy. It is soon apparent that, for some reason, Brutus is on the wrong side. Presently the old state of mind is restored, and Antony has only to recall their old love and reverence for Cæsar:

"You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?"

Thenceforward the oration is a simple recital of incidents selected to develop and concentrate the sense of Cæsar's great nature and vast services to the people. The outcome of the struggle is left to appear to be a result of the inadequacy of the argument of the conspirators with the whole Roman people; Brutus could not make a bad cause triumph; the frivolous Antony is mightier than the noblest Roman in the conspiracy, simply because, in the dance of human fatalities, the weakest man is on the strongest and best side. The development of the conspiracy in the mind of Brutus is a masterpiece of art, as much so in the parts which are left in shadow as in what is told.

Take the first notice of his apprehension that Cæsar may become dangerous. It is nothing but a look or tone in saying, when asked to go and view the procession, "Not I," and

"I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony."

But the something underneath this language has already appeared in his face.

"*Cassius.* I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have."

"*Brutus.* Be not deceived; if I have veiled my look
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. . . .
Nor construe any farther my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men."

So far we can only faintly suspect that this inward war relates to Cæsar; but when the noise of popular shouts strikes his ears the secret bursts from his lips:

"What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king."

To which the wily Cassius, who had fished vainly for that Cæsar, replies:

"Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so."

And in the midst of Cassius's long harangue to prove the mortal infirmities of Cæsar, another shout of the people forces a yet clearer expression of alarm from Brutus:

"I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar."

Thence on Cassius plies the great Roman with a well-chosen variety of arguments to persuade him that this *fear of what may be* imposes a duty of action. Brutus's noble blood, the honorable fame of his ancestors, the general expectation that Brutus will keep Rome clear of tyrants, these on one side; while on the other we have appeals to the vanity—a very noble vanity, it is true—of Brutus:

"Brutus and Cæsar, what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?"

We have no evidence that these appeals touched Brutus. It is a master-stroke of art to leave this in shadow.

For, "who can understand his errors?" How is it possible to penetrate even one's own consciousness deeply enough to see how the noblest of natures is swerved by the unfelt force of a low motive allied to a noble one? The criminality of the conspiracy is powerfully suggested by this doubt whether pure purpose may not be deflected by impure associations:

● "Therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep even with their likes."

The greatness of Cæsar is also taught by the convulsions of nature and society that presage and avenge his fall. What other purpose of enough importance to justify the space of action taken up by it can justify the long recital of the horrors of the night before the assassination, the fires, the gliding ghosts, the open graves, the uncaged lion, men all fire walking up and

down the street? The other purpose which it serves is fully answered in the following Act, when it is merely reported to intensify the fears of the dream-frightened Calpurnia. The meaning of these convulsions of nature Shakspeare expresses by the mouth of Cæsar's wife:

"When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

There are shadows on this scene at Cæsar's home, inexplicable motions of the human soul in the near sight of the last earthly struggle are revealed, and yet left in full possession of their secret. The slight balancings of will affected by invisible hands we see, and an awe of the unseen world comes over us as it came over Cæsar. But with these inevitable human limitations, Cæsar is greater than Brutus in the sanctuary of the domestic affections. He yields to the entreaties of this beloved woman, and is not ashamed to confess to senators that her tears have swerved his mighty will. Cæsar is so high in love! We should have lacked something, if he who had quickened the light nature of Antony with a deathless attachment to his person, who was beloved by and loved Brutus as his angel, who had won the quenchless affection of the lowly, had not given us some great proof of his love for a woman. It is just, too, that this woman is not painted, as Portia is, as the greatest of Roman women. The wealth of his heart seems all the richer when bestowed where there is no conspicuous merit.

Go forward now to the consequences which came of Cæsar's death. The prophecy of Antony, when he is alone with the body of his master, is, whatever be thought of his public speech, a sincere expression of his heart, and it is justified by events. And it precedes the funeral scene in the Forum, as if to guard us against the common belief that Antony was a hypocrite to the core of his nature:

"O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial."

Surely it is the prerogative of the highest greatness to become so necessary to society that wreck and dissolution follow its loss. Nature and man unite to celebrate the death and vindicate the majestic name of Cæsar. The good Brutus, on the wrong side, is a mere straw in the hands of these wrathful forces leagued to avenge the rights of the governing genius.

Briefly now of this sort of greatness:

1. Cæsar is broad; he touches at some point of his nature all classes of men. The food upon which he has grown great is human nature well-learned and well-loved. He has a vivid sympathy with the humble, he is the idol of the legions, he has mastered the keys of all the noble natures around him, and with rare exceptions all love him. Cassius and a few others are mastered by their jealousy, the vice of ignoble souls; but the precise point of Brutus's fear is the universal homage to Cæsar's genius and the wonderful power of Cæsar's intellect.

2. Cæsar is high; he stands alone in the State, because no man has been able to keep him company in the march to eminence. There is no proof in the play that Brutus had a tithe of his State-craft or special skill in controlling other minds. On the contrary, the conspiracy was burdened by Brutus. Its chances of success would have been multiplied if he had committed suicide after his speech in the Forum. What Brutus could not do on a small scale—manage men—Cæsar had easily done on a vast scale. In this lonely elevation above all other men, Shakspeare placed and kept the genius of government.

3. Cæsar is the bond of human society. He maintains it upon his shoulders; it falls into ruin when he falls:

"Then you and I, and all of us fall down,
While bloody treason flourished over us."

This office is essentially the highest in human society. The high and the low, the strong and the weak, alike depend upon its faithful and noble performance. The fall of Cæsar robbed the world of Brutus, of the peerless Portia, of the best blood of Rome. It spread ruin over the fields, and throned anarchy in the city; and in the general ruin all the benefits of civilization were involved. Good government is the essential condition of individual and public prosperity; Cæsar represents it, impersonates it; it dies with him.

I would not disparage goodness. There is no proof in this play that Cæsar lacked it; much on the other side of that question. But in him goodness keeps company with such a crowd of merits that it is less conspicuous than

in Brutus, who is only good. The lesson is that goodness alone is not the full furniture of a great nature. To this there is needful great insight, large experience, successful striving; and all these in perfect balance. If such a union of qualities leads a man to the supreme office in society, and he rules wisely, prudently, over a great people, Brutus can no more be reckoned his superior than an infant can be counted nobler than a man.

I speak, of course, only of the Cæsar of this play; but I incline to believe that the Cæsar of history is not greatly different. The events which followed his taking off go far to show that he was judiciously providing Rome with what it most needed, a reformed and stronger government. Imperialism had become necessary to order in Rome.

THE FASHIONABLE WOMAN OF THE PERIOD.

AMONG the many odd products of a mature civilization the fashionable woman is one of the oddest. She goes to bed at dawn, and does not attempt to rise till about noon. For the most part she breakfasts in bed, and then amuses herself with a cursory glance at the morning paper, if she has sufficient energy for so great a mental exertion; if she has not, she lies for another hour or two in that half-slumberous state which is so destructive to mind and body, weakening both fiber and resolution, both muscle and good principle. At last she rises languidly, to be dressed in time for luncheon and her visitors, if she receives generally; or for the one or two intimates, if she is at home only to the favored. Somewhere about four she dresses again for her drive—for the first part of the day's serious business; for paying visits and leaving cards; for buying jewelry and dresses, and ordering all sorts of unnecessary things at her milliner's; for this grand lady's afternoon tea, and that grand lady's afternoon at home, with music; for her final slow parade in the Park, where she sees her friends as in an open-air drawing-room, makes private appointments, and carries on flirtations, and hears and retails gossip and scandal of a fuller flavor. Then home, to dress again for dinner; to be followed by the opera or a concert, a *soirée*, or perhaps a ball or two; whence she returns toward morning, flushed with excitement or worn out with fatigue, feverish or nervous, as she has had pleasure and success, or disappointment and annoyance.

This is her outside life, and this is no fancy

picture and no exaggeration. After a certain time of such an existence, can we wonder if her complexion fades and her eyes grow dim? and if that inexpressible air of haggard weariness creeps over her, which ages even a young girl, and makes a mature woman substantially an old one? It is then that she has recourse to those foul and fatal expedients of which we have heard more than enough in these latter days. She will not try simplicity of living, natural hours, wholesome occupation, unselfish endeavor, but rushes off for help to paints and cosmetics, to stimulants and drugs, and attempts to restore the tarnished freshness of her beauty by the very means which further corrode it.

Every now and then, for very idleness, she feigns herself sick, and has the favorite physician to attend her. In fact, the funniest thing about her is the ease with which she takes to her bed on the slightest provocation, and the strange pleasure she seems to find in what is a penance to most women. You meet her in a heated, crowded, noisy room, looking just as she always looks, whatever her normal state of health may be; and in answer to your inquiries she tells you she has only two hours ago left her bed to come here, having been confined to her room for a week, or so many days, with Dr. Blank in close attendance. If you are an intimate female friend, she will whisper you the name of her malady, which is sure to be something terrific, and which, if true, would have kept a real invalid for weeks instead of days; but if you are only a man, she will make herself out to have been very ill indeed in a more mysterious way, and leave you to wonder at the extraordinary physique of fashionable women, which enables them to live on the most friendly touch-and-go terms with death, and to overcome mortal maladies by an effort of the will and the delights of a ducal ball.

The physical effects of such a life as this are as bad as the mental, and both are as bad as bad can be. A feverish, overstrained condition of health either prevents the fashionable woman from being a mother at all, or makes her the mother of nervous, sickly children. Many a woman of high rank is at this moment paying bitterly for the disappointment of which she herself, in her illimitable folly, has been and is the sole and only cause. And, whether women like to hear it or not, it is none the less a truth, that part of the reason for their being born at all is that they may in their turn bear children. The unnatural feeling against maternity existing among fashionable women is one of the worst mental signs of their state, as their

frequent inability to be mothers at all is one of the worst physical results. This is a condition of things which no false modesty or timid reserve should keep in the background, for it is a question of national importance, and will soon become one of national disaster unless checked by a healthier current and more natural circumstances.

Dress, dissipation, and flirting make up the questionable lines which inclose the life of the fashionable woman, and which inclose nothing useful, nothing good, nothing deep, or true, or holy. Her piety is a pastime; her art the poorest pretense; her pleasure consists only in hurry and excitement, alternating with debasing sloth, in heartless coquetry, or in lawless indulgence, as nature made her more vain or more sensual. As a wife she fulfills no wifely duty in any grand or loving sense, for the most part regarding her husband only as a banker or an adjunct, according to the terms of her marriage settlement; as a mother she is a stranger to her children, to whom nurse and governess supply her place, and give such poor makeshift for maternal love as they are enabled or inclined. In no domestic relation is she of the smallest value, and of none in any social circumstance besides the mere adorning of a room—if she is pretty—and the help she gives to trade through her expenditure. She lives only in the gaslight, and her nature at last becomes as artificial as her habits.

As years go on, and she changes from the acknowledged belle to the *femme passée*, she goes through a period of frantic endeavor to retain her youth; and even when time has clutched her with too firm a hand to be shaken off, and she begins to feel the infirmities which she still puts out all her strength to conceal, even then she grasps at the departing shadow, and fresh daubs the crumbling ruin, in the belief that the world's eyes are dim, and that stucco may pass for marble for another year or two longer. Or she becomes a Belgravian mother, with daughters to sell to the highest bidder; and then the aim of her life is to secure the purchaser. Her daughters are never objects of real love with the fashionable woman. They are essentially her rivals, and the idea of carrying on her life in theirs, of forgetting herself in them, occurs to her only as a forecast of death. Even from her sons she shrinks, rather than not, as living evidences of the lapse of time which she can not deny, and awkward at fixing dates; and there is not a home presided over by a fashionable woman where the family is more than a mere name, a mere social convention loosely held together by circumstances, not by love.

Closing such a life as this comes the un-honored end, when the miserable made-up old creature totters down into the grave, where paint and padding, and glossy plaits cut from some fresh young head, are of no more avail; and where death, which makes all things real, reduces her life of lies to the nothingness it has been from the beginning. What does she leave behind her? A memory by which her children may order their own lives, in proud assurance that so they will order them best for virtue and for honor? Or a memory which speaks to them of time missed, of duties unfulfilled, of love discarded for pleasure, and of a life-long sacrifice of all things good and pure for selfishness? We all know examples of the worldly old woman clinging to the last, batlike, to the old roofs and rafters; and we all know how heartily we despise her, and how we ridicule her in our hearts, if not by our words. If the reigning queens of fashion, at present young and beautiful, would but remember that they are only that worldly old woman in embryo, and that in a very few years they will be her exact likeness, unhappily repeated for the scorn of the world once more to follow!

This is a time of extraordinary wealth and of corresponding extraordinary luxury, of unparalleled restlessness, which is not the same thing as activity or energy, but which disdains all quiet, all repose, as unendurable stagnation; hence the fashionable woman of the day is one of extremes in her own line also, and the idleness, the heartlessness, the self-indulgence, the want of high morality, and the insolent luxury at all times characteristic of her, were never seen displayed with more cynical effrontery than at present, and never called for more severe condemnation. The fashionable women of Greece and Rome, and of the age of Louis XIV, have left behind them names which the world has made typical of the vices naturally engendered by idleness and luxury. But do we wish that our women should become subjects for an English Juvenal? and that fashion should create a race of Laises and Phrynes out of the stock which once gave us Lucy Hutchinson and Elizabeth Fry?

Once the name of Englishwoman carried with it a grave and noble echo, as the name of women known for their gentle bearing and their blameless honor—of women who loved their husbands, and brought up about their own knees the children they were not reluctant to bear and not ashamed to love. Now, it too often means a girl of the period, a frisky matron, a fashionable woman—a thing of nothing but paints and pads, of artifice and deception.



“THOU KNOWEST, LORD.”

THOU knowest, Lord, how sore cast down we feel,
 Thou knowest, Lord, our secret, anxious fears,
 How cold our spirits when in prayer we kneel,
 How dried the fountain of our contrite tears.

Thou knowest, Lord, that as a mighty stream
 Of purest love, we long to pour our souls,
 To pour them out, until at length we seem
 Borne onward where the Heavenly Ocean rolls.

Thou knowest, Lord, we long to see ascend
 Straight up to Thee the incense of our prayer,
 To watch it with angelic offerings blend,
 Nor blown aside by any earthly air.

But though our hearts are full of sin, and weak,
 Though scarce our lips in supplication move,
 Our inmost, truest hopes we need not speak ;
 We love Thee, Lord—Thou knowest that we love.

REV. LUTHER LEE, D. D.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

LONGFELLOW.

THE readers of the Ladies' Repository have long since become so accustomed to seeing good things in the way of fine engravings of eminent men and women in their favorite magazine that it has become a matter of expectation, and hence surprises are scarcely possible. And yet we venture the remark that thousands of the readers of this number will look upon the engraving which accompanies this sketch with some surprise.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is less forgetful than any other of her illustrious sons and daughters. No other Church can boast of such a long list of heroes. If we should imitate Rome and go into the business of canonizing, the roll of Methodist saints would reach half round the globe. We have generally awarded to other denominations the praise of paying better salaries to the effective men in their ministerial ranks and providing more amply for the disabled; but however this may be we think no one will challenge our truthfulness when we say that we can beat them all on biography! The Methodist Episcopal Church had its origin in a storm. The first movers in the great Wesleyan revival had to lay brick with one hand and hold the spear in the other as they built up our spiritual walls. The atmosphere in which Methodism grew from infancy to manhood was full of danger, and required a self-denial which gave the body an *esprit de corps* which has made Methodism singular through all its history. The recitals of heroism, the most lofty since the days of the apostles, have actually adorned the religious literature of the world. In no age and in no land have such illustrations of courage, perseverance, and triumph been seen, as where the followers of the Wesleys have gone to erect the Gospel standard. These burdens made them strong as burdens always do. Sorrow and toil, privation and persecution are among the instrumentalities which God continually employs to develop in us our better natures.

"Man grows by suffering,
'Tis his Maker's plan:
Each, till he suffers,
Is but half a man."

To the Methodist world the name of Luther Lee has been very extensively known. Twenty-five years ago it was familiarly classed along with those of Bond, Bangs, and their compeers.

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But times have changed greatly; old issues which called forth giants have passed away, lingering only in the minds of the older members of our Church, as smoke lingers in the air when the battle is over. The new generation knows of these times and their contests as matters of history simply, while they think of both the men and their measures as dead. Let all such know that the subject of this brief sketch is not dead, but among the active working men of the times. We will go to the fine little city of Ypsilanti, in the State of Michigan, where Dr. Lee now resides. To reach it we will just take the express train on the Michigan Central Railroad at Detroit, and in a little over an hour we shall find ourselves in the young city named after the famous Greek General. It lies on an elevated plateau of land on a rich soil, and, like Jerusalem, is "beautiful for situation." The town is thrifty and wears an aspect of neatness, which at once commends it to our favor. The Methodist church edifice stands in a conspicuous place on a main street, and near it is the white frame parsonage and its beautiful surroundings. We ring the bell, and soon find ourselves grasping the hand of the right venerable Dr. Luther Lee himself. We meet with a cordial greeting from the pastor and his companion which puts us at perfect ease, and with doffed hat and great-coat we seat ourselves to enjoy the welcome. As we look upon the veteran we can not help feeling a good degree of surprise that he who now occupies the pulpit of this church, among the largest and best in the State, has reached almost the limit of human life—"three-score and ten years."

We have a set purpose in this visit and must not be thwarted. So our proclivity, which belongs to the universal Yankee nation, must be indulged. Quizzing is the order of the day. His face glows with so much of health; he is so compactly built, so full of life, so earnest in his work as a minister, so popular with all, both old and young, that the case quite naturally excites inquiry. Then, too, the Doctor is unsuspecting withal, and if we do draw out of him various answers to our questions he will not suspect that we are "taking notes and going to print them."

Luther Lee was born in the State of New York on the 30th day of November, 1800. It will be seen hence that he verges on seventy years quite closely. His father died when he was only fourteen years old. He was then thrown upon the world, as many another one has been. Since that time, to use his own language, he has "made his own bargains and fought his own battles." His condition as an

orphan in the world, taken in connection with the newness of the country in which his lot was cast, deprived him of all opportunities for an early education. Indeed elementary books for instruction were scarce, and young Luther learned the alphabet from a pine shingle, upon which the letters had been cut with a penknife. Such was the humble beginning of Luther Lee in the road to literature and science. Dr. Lee is, in the highest sense of the word, a self-made man. He was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the year 1820, and very soon was licensed to preach. This was in Delaware county, New York, and within the bounds of the New York Conference. Rev. Eben Smith, who has been released from his labors on earth many years since, was presiding elder and signed his first license to exhort. Young Lee made very rapid progress considering the low point from which he started, and the poor advisers and the small helps within his reach, yet it was not until the year 1827 that he entered the regular work as an itinerant minister. His first appointments were in the Genesee Conference, before that Conference was divided. By that division he fell into the Oneida Conference, and by another division he became a member of the Black River Conference. Mr. Lee was first appointed to Malone circuit in the north-eastern part of the State of New York, and was second preacher under the charge of Rev. Jonathan M. Brooks.

He succeeded Mr. Brooks in charge the second year. The circuit was very large, embracing the whole of Franklin county, and extending into Clinton county on the east, and into St. Lawrence county on the west, with some appointments in Canada on the north. The regular plan of the work required thirty sermons every four weeks, with extensive travel on horseback. Mr. Lee was a married man at the time he was sent to this circuit and had to move over two hundred miles, while all he received for salary was ninety-five dollars! The second year on the same charge he received one hundred dollars! The third and fourth years on Washington circuit he received the sum of two hundred and eighty dollars for two years! Mr. Lee then occupied successively Depeyster, Lowville, Watertown, and Fulton. The last three were the best charges in the Conference at the time. The salary at no time rose above three hundred dollars, with use of parsonage. During these years Mr. Lee made very rapid progress and somewhat distinguished himself as an able and fearless defender of the doctrines and institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which were often rudely

assailed on every side in the unsettled state of religious denominations in those times. Mr. Lee's principal controversies were with the Universalists, who every-where courted debate, but who were generally most thoroughly cured of their pugnacious propensities by a few trials of Luther Lee's debating powers.

In the year 1838 Mr. Lee gave utterance to antislavery sentiments, which produced very great excitement in his congregation and in the community where he lived, which cost him much of his popularity and brought upon him many frowns and cold treatment from former friends and admirers. But those who know Luther Lee can understand very well how this would affect him. All through his life he has acted upon the principle of the motto *Vera pro gratiis*. Instead of discouraging him, it only stirred the lion in his lair, and he hurled back upon the opponents of the cause he had espoused such arguments as gave them to understand that he was in earnest and intent on "carrying the war into Africa." He denounced slavery and exposed its wickedness and corrupting influence with a logical power which could not very well be resisted. The leading men of the Methodist Episcopal Church were doubtless opposed to the spirit of slavery, but its practice had so grown into the very constitution of things that its uprooting seemed a moral impossibility. It was thought by them a less evil than the disintegration of the Republic or the division of the Church. Hence the antislavery advocates, confessedly headed by Luther Lee, came to the conclusion honestly, that they could do more good outside of the Methodist Episcopal Church than in it. It is now too late to hold an inquisition on the motives of these good men and condemn them. Believing that the strong ground which he and others had taken on this question had made him objectionable, and disdaining to occupy a position which he could no longer render available for its legitimate ends, he located from the traveling ranks August 7, 1838, devoting himself wholly to the antislavery cause.

It is due to Dr. Lee here to state that neither he nor his coadjutors had the most distant idea of leaving the Church when they began their assaults on slavery. But the tide of feeling grew so powerful, and men took such stormy grounds against them, that it was apparent that a contest had commenced which could only cease when either one party or the other was vanquished. The antislavery force gathered momentum daily. The "Protestant Methodist Church" had been organized in Baltimore in 1828, but it had not taken any advanced ground

on the slavery question, though it contained within it some spirits kindred to that of Lee. Quite a long list of eminent names in the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Protestant Methodist Church now appeared as Abolitionists, a name most odious then. A convention was called which met in the city of New York in May, 1843, when, after some deliberation, another Methodist Church organization was formed known as the "True Wesleyan Methodist Connection in America." In this organization Mr. Lee took a very prominent part. He subsequently held the position of editor of the denominational paper for the first eight years, which were the most stormy years in the history of the connection, and they were years of trial to the Mother Church. As was natural the press of the old Church bore down heavily on the new organization and its prime movers. But it must be conceded that Dr. Lee defended himself and his cause ably. He made himself felt wherever his columns were read. The readers of that period will recollect that some of the sharpest passages at arms took place between Dr. Lee and Dr. Bond that ever graced a newspaper warfare. Out of the first six General Conferences of the Wesleyan body Dr. Lee was elected to preside over three of them. This at least serves to show how well he was appreciated in his new relation. The other three were presided over successively by Rev. Messrs. Worth, Prindle, and Matlack.

Great changes followed. What were the secret influences which led to these great changes in the polity of the Church and nation? We say the war did away with slavery. Possibly so, but was it not doomed? and was not the war merely the birth throes of the nation's new life? Behind the war there had been agitation, conviction, and martyrdom. God had decreed it in the council chamber of heaven, and on human hearts the Spirit of God wrote convictions that both Church and nation must be purged from this sin. It must be so. Now we sing,

" 'T is done, the great transaction 's done."

Whatever may once have been thought of Luther Lee, one can not help feeling a thrill of admiration at his subsequent course. Slavery was abolished by national action; the rule in the Discipline of our Church was made to conform to the new order, and no sooner was this done than we see Dr. Luther Lee marching up to the gates of the Church, out of which he had gone just thirty years before. With whitened locks he came now, and with the scars of many a battle in a righteous cause upon him. At the session of the Detroit Annual Conference, held

in Saginaw City, in 1867, Rev. Luther Lee, D. D., was received back into the Methodist Episcopal ministry. Having connected himself with the Church previously, he said there was now no further need of an antislavery Church organization, and he felt that the Methodist Episcopal Church was his proper home.

At this Conference he was stationed at Court St. Flint, where he remained two years doing noble service for Christ, winning the hearts of all classes. His next appointment was Ypsilanti, where he now resides.

As a preacher Dr. Lee is one of the clearest in the Church. He is not what you might call ornate in style. His sentences are not masses of shining metal, but crystals with well-defined angles and faces. You know exactly what he is talking about; besides, he never talks about any thing he does not understand. Hence, you get thoughts rather than words. He is eminently systematic. In his hands syllogisms are used as a painter uses his brush or a hunter his rifle. You are carried along from premise to conclusion as you glide down a gentle stream. Some people admire sermons half an hour long and half an inch deep; we advise all such not to select Dr. Lee. His sermons are not much over half an hour long, but they go down into the profound depths of thought, and carry you up into the deep heavens. Such is truth. Like the granite which forms the base of the earth's crust, and has jutted out in mountain peaks reaching to the clouds, truth has all depths, and rises to all altitudes.

Dr. Lee knows how to handle truth in the pulpit, and does it masterly. His logical turn of mind made him a powerful debater, both with pen and on the rostrum. The recent death of Bishop Kingsley calls to mind the celebrated debate between him and Dr. Lee in the year 1844, we believe. Two stronger advocates of emancipation have not existed on the continent; yet at one time there were questions involving the policy of the Church, on which they differed widely enough to justify in their minds a public discussion.

Dr. Lee has written several volumes during his very busy life. His first work was against Universalism, and was published in 1836. He also published a small work on Church government, in which he vindicated what has been called "Layman's Rights." He also wrote a work on the Immortality of the Soul, and one on the Sinfulness of Slavery. His largest work is entitled "Elements of Theology," being an exposition of the doctrines, duties, and institute of Christianity. He also wrote a small volume about the time of the breaking out of

the war, designed to be a vindication of the "Wesleyan Methodist Connection;" but as the results of the war changed the entire face of things, the work has had but little practical effect, and is valuable only as a record of the facts which led to the separation of the Wesleyans from the Methodist Episcopal Church. Though he has faithfully recorded these facts, they are, as he says to the writer, "more painful to none than to myself." His last work is a treatise on Natural Theology.

Dr. Lee has taken the true view of the Wesleyan movement. Several of his brethren have come back with him, and all should do so. There is positively nothing for the Wesleyan organization to do outside of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Let all branches of Methodism unite in one organization, and we may subdue the world.

Dr. Lee received the title of D. D. from Middlebury College, Vermont, in 1858, a title which fits on him admirably, though he would have been just as great had no college ever thus honored itself.

Dr. Lee occupies a proud eminence. We thought hardly of him once when he fought us so terribly, but we have forgiven him. He has lived to see accomplished a work which all thought would not be done in a century, if ever. On the slavery question the whole Methodist Church and the whole nation has come up squarely to the ground on which Luther Lee planted his feet in 1838. Let the name of Luther Lee be written on the scroll of fame along with William L. Garrison.

Dr. Lee has not lived for money. The only treasure he has is in heaven. He has not lived for ease, for his life has been one prolonged battle. He has lived for humanity in its broadest and highest sense, and in the grand summing up his name will be inscribed among those whose lives were given freely in the cause of Christ.

In him the doctrines of the Church have an able defender. He was trained to fight when he was a young man in the ministry, and can even now wield the theological sword with an adroitness that puts Universalism and Unitarianism, and hyper-Calvinism on the defensive at once. The temperance cause lies near his heart. He has seen its steady growth, and can congratulate himself that from the beginning his voice has never ceased to be heard in advocating radical temperance measures.

Dr. Lee has one other trait. He is a most ardent lover of the Sunday-school cause. He is not satisfied with an annual sermon upon it; he goes into the school, teaches, gets up con-

certs, and displays a familiarity with the practical details which puts some of his younger brethren to the blush.

As a man he is simple-hearted, companionable, genial, and spiritual. May he be spared yet many years! We need him. His presence at the Annual Conference makes the whole body appear more dignified and learned. He links the present with the past. His presence is the symbol of a glorious warfare, and victory of the right. He is a prophecy of the conquest of the world to Christ and the binding together of all races in one grand brotherhood. Long live Luther Lee!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER XI.

HOW TO EAT.

"WHAT are you proposing to do with all the dishes you have been cooking up during the past year?" inquires a friend facetiously.

Going to eat them, of course. We have been serving up some of them as we went along, and the rest will receive due attention on general principles.

"Not going to put them all on the table at once, I suppose?"

By no means; because if we are by ourselves we do not need them, and if we were to have ever so large a company I should still think order, harmony, and taste, in the collocation of the dishes, almost as desirable as nicety in their preparation. At least it is by far too important to be overlooked. Profusion may arise from ostentation of resources or of cookery, or—which is doubtless more frequently the case—it may arise from a desire of showing hospitality. It seems to follow, then, that we think that feeding our friend, nay, stuffing him, is the best way of showing him a kindness.

Is this because that some time or other our ancestors have been reduced to such desperate straits that a sufficiency to eat has been their great want, and fear of starvation their constant horror? There are other finger-marks in our social habits that seem to point in the same direction. What an alarm is raised the moment a man declines to eat! "Is he sick?" "Has he any thing on his mind?" O no, nothing, only he is not hungry—a very sufficient reason on physiological grounds, and one that ought to secure him from all further importunity. But he needs not persuade himself that this will be an acceptable reason, unless he can explain that his previous meal was unusually late or

unusually hearty, and even then the remainder of the party will not sit quite at ease while he eats nothing.

Why should it be thought that piling up our boards with far more food than can be comfortably eaten is the best compliment that we can pay to intellectual beings? or that we are poor or niggardly if we do not put upon the table all the varieties we happen to have in the house? A rule like this might have been very excusable in those early days of the New England settlements when a piece of broiled fish was often all they had to offer their guests; but now that the wants of the body are more easily supplied, such a rule and all its corollaries ought to be banished as a relic of barbarism, and a more intellectual arrangement should take its place. If a person is not hungry, no matter from what cause, that is the very best reason why he should not eat; and that reason should be respected, even if we are thus obliged to see our delicately prepared viands entirely neglected.

In addition to all other reasons, the young housekeeper is prone to run into the extreme of profusion, because she has little or no experience in making out harmonious

BILLS OF FARE.

She may have often admired and enjoyed good dinners, where every thing was tasteful and pleasing, without ever having suspected the study that was necessary to secure the unity of effect. I do not accept arbitrary rules in this matter more than in any other. I oppose entirely, here as elsewhere, the frequent assertion that because certain practices have grown into use without our being able to give a satisfactory reason for them, that therefore they must be the result of instinct, and thus all the more binding upon us. Some of the most injurious collocations would hold the strongest rights by this rule, such as baked pork and beans, cheese and apple pie, fried sausages and griddle-cakes.

With the great variety afforded by our fertile land and industrious habits, now practically much increased by the facility of preserving fruits and vegetables for use during any portion of the year, nothing but the most assiduous cultivation of the taste by observation and experiment will enable the provider to harmonize the dishes satisfactorily on all occasions. This, however, is not so very unattainable a grace as some might imagine. The greatest difficulty lies at the commencement, especially if the experimenter fancy that she has no natural taste in that direction. I have known those that fancied themselves the most stupid to attain

such facility of taste as to be rarely mistaken in their judgment of previously untried collocations. This is a quality desirable not only for grand occasions, but still more for the simplest meal. The fewer the dishes, the smaller the opportunity for choice, and the more necessary that all should harmonize. When this is carefully studied it becomes also no small item in economy, for then none of the dishes are sent away uneaten to be wasted.

Proper attention to the science of nutrition will aid us not a little in this respect. In this way we shall avoid, for example, the trashy dinners, composed largely of green vegetables, which we sometimes see put upon the table in the heat of Summer, and of which we are sometimes obliged to make an entire meal if, as often happens, the meat be salt and fat, the bread hard and dry, and the butter soft. But this extreme is not much worse in its results than the opposite one, where the table is mostly destitute of bulky and succulent matter, and feeds us only with constipating and carbonaceous food. Either of these extremes induces such a debilitated state of the alimentary canal as commonly to result in Summer complaints.

Whatever else there may be upon the table, two indispensable tasteful and hygienic requisites at every meal are grains and fruits in some shape. Bread may answer for one of the grains, but it is always better to have more than one, unless the meal is very light, and the bread very inviting. For

BREAKFAST

this might be allowable occasionally, but the rule should be to have also some additional dish of grain, some of the mushes, or cracked grains, or a farinaceous or leguminous soup. And if we use milk dressing with these mushes, our fruits should not be too acidulous to assort with it, as currants, for example, though these may go very well with the soup. Oatmeal in all its preparations will be found to consort best with fruits that are quite sweet. Apples are always admissible, I believe; and if we eat fully of them either fresh, baked, or stewed, and if we do not make our breakfasts a very hearty meal, we need not consider potatoes or any other vegetable indispensable. At

DINNER

one or at most two kinds of vegetables besides potatoes are sufficient, with fruits stewed or fresh, or both. Among the grains and seeds some discretion is required. If we have a bean or a pea soup, we do not wish to repeat that legume at the same meal, even in a green form, though bean pods have not sufficient resem-

blance either in nature or appearance to be accused of much relationship. If we have corn bread, or rye and Indian bread, or samp at the main course, then we will have nothing with corn or corn-meal in it for the dessert, unless it be in some such delicate dish as a green-corn custard. In general, we will avoid having any vegetable or fruit, or grain, excepting wheat, sometimes cooked up in different ways at the same meal, unless, indeed, we are bent on novelty, like the lady who got up a green-corn dinner, every dish of which, from the soup to the dessert, was composed wholly or partly of green corn. It was understood to be an experiment, and it was very far from being a failure. The object, of course, was to show what could be done in the way of variety with a single article of food. Corn was also admitted to be not without its advantages as an ornament, the room being beautifully decorated with its foliage.

But the object of dinners generally is not to furnish a dissertation on the resources of the cook, nor to show off her skill, but to please the taste; and happy is that mistress considered who, by the perfection of her art, is able to secure the desired result without any show of art, but still more happy she who can make her guests contented with themselves, pleased with their entertainment, and nourished with their dinner, with no unpleasant resulting dietetic effects. I know of no higher achievement in this line unless it be to do all that without giving our guests any cause for suspicion that they have eaten any particularly

HEALTHFUL FOOD.

We need not be over-anxious about the appearance of our wholesome dishes, and, above all things, we need not apologize for them unless we are obliged to, and then the best thing to say is, "We are very fond of such and such things here"—an apology which, of course, should never be made unless true, but which will be much better received than for us to say that we eat such things because they are healthful, or because we need them. Such is the perversity of human nature. But, besides this, we are not so likely to get into a discussion of the wholesomeness of foods at the table, a very delicate thing to manage.

I have had experience enough to say with confidence that the most of the wholesome dishes that we have been discussing will be well received if well served, supposing that we have paid a little attention to people's prejudices in the line of the commonest condiments and seasonings. I happened once to be spending some time with friends who became very earn-

estly interested in wholesome cookery, and who went boldly and intelligently into experiments in that direction. While there I received a note from a lady at a distance, who had also been experimenting in wholesome cookery for some time and quite successfully. It contains this remark: "I should find it much easier to prepare wholesome food if I had the courage to present the dishes we use to our faithless friends who visit us. But further than the bread I dare not." I mentioned this to the friends with whom I was staying, and they opened their eyes in amazement, saying that, so far as they had any hesitation, it was with regard to the bread. I know, however, that the bread is a favorite even at first in nine cases out of ten, the great difficulty generally being to get enough of it. These ladies afterward "made a party," and a large proportion of the dishes upon the elegant table were perfectly wholesome. It was no mean triumph of "magic art," as Soyer calls it.

One difficulty about this matter is, that the ladies themselves are prone to think that a touch of health in the dishes they prepare must injure their flavor, and yet nothing is further from the truth. I know it complicates the difficulty of pleasing any taste hitherto accustomed to biting condiments. It certainly demands a higher style of art; but when once the principles are mastered, and a little practice has demonstrated its simplicity, and purity, and desirability in every respect, it imparts to the cooking, ordinarily one of the most burdensome of woman's duties, an unwonted charm, an intellectual, nay, a moral beauty which transforms this woman's drudgery into a perpetual school of thought and of discipline to all the higher faculties. It is a school where, as we have hinted before, she may bring to bear nearly all the branches of science which concern man in his past, his present, and his future. For these all have reference to his moral, mental, and social interests, and so intimate is the connection between soul and body that whatever affects one affects both in all their relations.

SUPPERS

we have disposed of already—in No. VIII—I wish I could say that we had dispensed with them. It is well enough to have three meals a day for those who perform heavy manual labor, but I have a great many reasons for thinking that the literary and the sedentary are much better off with but two. The intervals between the meals should be from five to six hours—breakfast at seven, dinner at one, supper at six; or breakfast at eight, dinner at two, and a game

of ball, croquet, or blind-man's buff at six. But it is not best to make this or any other dietetic change suddenly. An oatmeal cracker and sweet apple, or the latter only, will break the way. And even this will not be needed if there is no appetite for the evening meal. The latter is often the case with nearly or quite the whole family, and yet they insist upon going through the routine of eating, or they would think, and others would say, that they were going to starve or to be sick—another relic of barbarism.

Children may have a light supper. Three times a day is quite enough for them after they are old enough to come to the table. Even in their earliest days they should not take their food more frequently than once in three hours. After they are weaned, or at the age of fifteen or eighteen months, they can readily be taught to live on but three meals a day greatly to their advantage.

EATING BETWEEN MEALS,

for either children or adults, is a most hurtful practice. To be sure, with a good stomach and active habits food can be taken quite frequently in small quantities without immediate apparent hurtful effects. But the stomach, like all other organs, needs rest, and to refuse this is one of the surest ways to destroy its healthfulness. I know Dr. Beaumont says that children and cooks eat between meals with impunity, but a great many people are convinced, for all this, that those children are better off who do not eat between meals. And I may perhaps be pardoned if I assume to know something about cooks in that connection, and I find many others who speak with equal decision. It is very difficult to cook much, and almost impossible to experiment satisfactorily without frequent tasting. A liberal taste, too, is much more decisive than a meager one, and what we thus begin for business we are tempted to continue for our own gratification. There is, however, a way to avoid the difficulty. It is not necessary that we should make gourmands or dyspeptics of ourselves in order to benefit others. We may "taste" as liberally as we choose, but resolutely refuse to swallow a particle. It will require no small degree of firmness, but it is an excellent discipline. This course has its advantages, too, in its influence over our children and domestics, and all the more so over the latter, since it is inculcated in some Romish books of devotion.

SERVING COURSES.

For all home service, which is indeed what we have mostly kept in view in these articles,

we favor putting all the dishes that are to compose the meal upon the table at first. At dinner they might at furthest follow the soup. Where this is not done, some will be sure to eat all they need before arriving at the dessert, and then, if that be particularly inviting, they will over-eat and do themselves an injury. Even the most self-denying are not always proof against such an arrangement, and with others the trespass is frequent. It is not our business as hostess or as cook to tempt a human being to eat more who has already eaten enough. We think highly indeed of our art, but its highest achievement is not to wrest from the partakers an acknowledgment of our ability to please their taste, regardless of their real welfare, but to exalt them, so far as can be done by such means, to their highest physical condition as human beings—to make them enjoy their food while they eat it in order that they may enjoy its more perfect nutrition afterward.

When a formal dinner is served, it will not be so important to observe this direction. Several courses are then expected, and guests are not supposed to devote themselves so much to hearty eating as to social intercourse. It is an easy matter to so listen and so talk as not to be obliged to keep eating all the time, and it is far better to run the risk of eating too little than too much.

Ample time at all our meals, slow eating, and perfect mastication are among the most desirable things in the routine of our common life. To promote these objects somewhat, it is well in families to cultivate the habit of conversation at table. Let each member treasure up for the next meal some bright, cheerful, pleasant thing; some good joke or some witty paragraph from the paper. I once knew a benevolent maiden lady who made it a little study during the day, to think up some pretty personal pleasantry, for one or another member of the family, and the habit of doing this often made the pleasantries come impromptu. These kindly, pleasant habits grow wonderfully with a little cultivation, and they are exceedingly desirable for physical as well as æsthetic and moral reasons. Their direct physical effect is most excellent in the flow of animal spirits and in its influence upon digestion. If nothing else can be found to break the gloomy silence in which some families bury their "victuals," they might have regular readings from Mark Twain, Nasby, Widow Bedott, or Punchinello.

But better, far better than all these studied effects, is the eager, confiding, and friendly intercourse of parents and children about all the pleasant things that concern themselves and

their neighbors, needing, perhaps, the judicious guidance of the elder ones to prevent its becoming too serious, or too rude, or too gossiping.

ADDENDA.

After each meal comes properly a little lounging, or sportiveness, or gentle exercise. The breakfast, however, should not be so hearty as to forbid a somewhat prompt commencement of the duties of the day. After dinner the time for diversion should be more prolonged. In any case gentle exercise is much more promotive of good digestion than perfect stillness. A ramble in a shady garden, a little music, moderate attention to little domestic matters, the washing up of the silver, mending a rip in brother's gloves, tying up sister's vines, playing with the baby—any such little thing answers the purpose fully. It is neither necessary nor desirable, because one has just eaten his dinner, that he should indulge in that proneness of position so repulsively suggestive of an overfed grunter. Sleep is still worse. No adult should sleep for at least two hours after eating, and at night the interval before retiring should be still greater. Violent exercise of any kind is equally to be avoided until the digestive process is well under way, say from forty minutes to an hour, which will be quite sufficient, unless too much food has been taken.

But whatever else you do or omit, give no thought to what has been eaten. If you have done your best to have your food wholesome, and properly served and eaten, dismiss the whole subject from your thoughts unless its results force themselves on your attention. Nature does not require the brain to supervise the process of digestion, but more than that, if she is too closely observed, she becomes embarrassed in her operations. If you have done her great wrong she will send you notification in some way, which please file carefully for future study. Under such circumstances all the vital energy you use for study you detract from the working force, and the process of digestion is impeded.

I confess it seems to me that the spirit in which we partake of our meals might be somewhat elevated from its present indifference and carelessness. We commonly have no impression of doing any thing of importance; no devout thankfulness, except very rarely while we bow our heads for one brief minute at the saying of the grace. Even then we are much more likely to be thinking of what we are going to eat than to be asking for help and guidance that we may eat and drink to the glory of God. This indifference is too nearly akin to the reck-

lessness that cries out, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" while too often, in both cases, the results of such eating and drinking is, that we die, as might be expected.

The difficulties that lie in the way of improvement in our eating are neither few nor small, but the first steps are the greatest, and a little resolution and perseverance there will accomplish wonders. In getting up improved dishes the whole hinderance often lies in the neglect to procure some unaccustomed utensil, as the small tins for the bread, or in providing the coarse wheat, or corn, or oatmeal, the samp, the hominy, or the fruit—matters very small in themselves, though indispensable to success; matters that "can be attended to at any time," and, therefore, very likely to be put off until the interest about them dies away, and they are not attended to at all. By such trifling lack of decision on the part of those who are convinced of the truth of the principles which they ought to reduce to practice, convictions are lost which it needed only a little yielding to confirm; theories are forgotten which it needed only a little practice to impress forever on the memory and make them vital springs of action. In this way great blessings are permitted to go by, the daily sacrifice of health and happiness in the family is continued, till by and by some crisis comes, some loved one is snatched away, and the survivors are left to reflect that with an improved course of dietetics the result might have been different. Then the convictions of truth come back—ah, truth is mighty and it will prevail, to our loss if we neglect it, but if we obey it, to our glorious advantage. A conscientious course of right doing here is all the more difficult, because it concerns matters in which we have been accustomed to think we might innocently do as we please, and because the temptations are so constant and so "small." Nothing helps us so much—especially those of us not driven to carefulness by fear of immediate physical suffering—as the making it a matter of conscience, by reflecting that we are directly responsible to God for the condition in which we keep these bodies, and often for our own ability or inability to serve him efficiently. I do not say or intend to intimate that the path we have been surveying is the only one to be pursued, but that it is incumbent upon us as responsible beings and as Christians to make the truth with regard to these matters the subject of study, reflection, and action.

HE that would reprove the world, must be one whom the world can not reprove.

WORDS: THEIR ORIGIN, IMPORT,
AND POWER.

NUMBER I.

"WORDS," says a beautiful rhetorical writer, "are the *vesture* which thoughts weave for themselves." But they are more than this, for they are the connecting link between the past and the present, by which the processes of mind and the discoveries of ages are made clear to us, and handed down to later generations.

As thought becomes petrified and mechanical, or expands and progresses, the result is manifest in language. Its untold possibilities are waiting to be evoked from the lips of the people, and the great tidal movements which history records are repeated in tidal movements of language. Words are "medals of the mind," and characteristic of a nation's intellect and ethical standard. This is illustrated in the scantily furnished elements of speech among the savages. Moffatt, in his "Scenes of South Africa," tells us of a tribe who are sinking lower and lower into the mire of ignorance and degradation—who once had a word signifying a Supreme Being, but who have so entirely lost it that not one in a thousand remembers of hearing it in his youth, and to such it merely designated a fabulous ghost. Thus not only is the word lost to them, but the spiritual truth also. Two of the principal tribes in Brazil have no word in the least analogous to our "thanks;" and it is stated by travelers that there is an entire absence of a feeling of obligation or gratitude among them.

This proof of debasement is not only manifest in what is lost or lacking in language, but also in those words which are retained or invented. In the native language of Van Dieman's Land there are four words to express the taking of human life, but none to distinguish between to "kill" and to "murder;" and although richly provided with words to denote "hate," any thing to correspond to our "love" is utterly wanting. And is not the fact that the French have no word for "home" richly suggestive of their domestic relations! while the prodigal use of those words which should be reserved to denote the highest mysteries of the spiritual life or the darkest passions of the soul, on light and jesting occasions, as "spirituelle," "perfidé," "malin," etc., is painfully conclusive as to their moral and religious status? Words, then, are a moral barometer, and to study a nation's language is to study them. Words, too, are not infrequently palpable of certain nationalities, eventful periods, and curi-

ous customs. Along the steps of years these words are coined, and remain as monuments to the habits and ideas of generations passed away, or fall into disuse, perchance to be revived by some curious philologist, to float again upon the current of symbolistic speech as suggestive of some idealism, or satirical aphorism, too good to be lost.

It has been said that language is "fossil poetry;" but Trench, in his fine work on "The Study of Words," amends this idea by calling it "fossil history" as well; and, indeed, what historical geological stratum, with its workings and developments, carrying within itself its order of succession, does the speech of nations unfold! By philological power the lost threads of genealogy have been restored, antique nations have been set upon their feet, and Europeans have been tracked to Oriental fountains. Continuing our geological metaphor, if we but take the hammer and shiver the rocky layers that imbed the speech of nations, we shall find the connecting link through all time. Here are deposits, not of stone, chalk, and lime, but Saxon, Norman, Celtic, Danish, and Latin; and one skilled may analyze from these the origin and history of a nation. Single words will suffice us to traverse vast realms of historic lore, and indeed there are cases in which "more knowledge may be conveyed by the history of a word than from the history of a campaign." For example, what a history lies wrapped in the word "church," from the Greek *κυριακή*; also the word "pagan," which primarily signified dwellers in the country, as distinct from the inhabitants of cities! It came into its present use from the fact that those living upon the "heaths"—heathen—and dwelling in "*pagus*"—villages—were slower in coming to the truth than those who in masses were more privileged to hear it.

The word "sacrament" leads us back to a form of the Roman law, *sacramentum*, signifying to them a pledge between plaintiff and defendant, the one losing the suit being obliged to consecrate his pledge to temple purposes. It is next found in use among the Roman soldiers, who by it solemnly engaged not to desert their standards. From this the word was in vogue to attest any solemn oath whatever. These three uses of the word are found before the Church came into existence. She first applied it to any solemn mysteries, as the incarnation, the lifting up of the serpent in the wilderness, the giving of manna, etc. At a later date the Christian Church devoted the word to signify baptism and the Lord's-Supper, tracing in the former an analogy to the plighted troth of

the Roman soldier, wherein we pledge ourselves to fight manfully under Christ's banner, and the latter having reference to the holy mysteries. What a beautiful history has the word "frank," coming down to us as it does with an ethical meaning, as the result of a national one! The Franks were a powerful German tribe, who gave themselves this proud name, signifying *free*; they were honorably distinguished from the Gauls and Romans, being a ruling, conquering people by their independence, love of liberty and truth, and scorn of meanness and tricky dealing. After a time these moral distinctions became as closely associated with the name "frank" as the national ones, and it was applied to any one who possessed these qualities, although for a long time looked for only in men of this stock. Thus now, when we speak of a "frank man," or use the words "franchise" or "enfranchisement," as expressive of civil conditions, our words are the outgrowth of a grand historic fact.

Take note of the origin of the word "religion," as indicative of the status of mind and habits during the early ages of Papal domination. At that period a religious person did not mean one who lived in obedience to the claims of God and his fellow-men, but one who was a member of a monkish order. He who had taken a monastic vow was "religious." A religious household did not mean a Christian household, but a monastery. Religion might not be embraced by husbands and wives, parents and children, who were faithfully walking in God's appointed paths, but only by those who in a cloister followed the rule of some misguided Benedict. What a solemn comment this on the manner in which moral contagion spreads from thought and custom to invade the popular language!

Deep freighted with meaning is the word "ordeal," if traced back to its origin. It had birth from a Saxon custom. Accused persons were subjected to trial—*ordeal*—by hot water and hot iron. The following was the method, as described by an English writer: The accused was forced to plunge his hand as far as the wrist, or his arm as far as the elbow—according to his offense—into a vessel of boiling water, and take from it a piece of iron of a certain weight, and carry it a measured distance before dropping. After three days the hand was inspected to see if "foul" or "clean," and judgment pronounced accordingly. Does not this literally fiery trial give point to the trying ordeals of our lives?

As the imaginations, fancies, and emotions of men have been saved from oblivion by being

bound up in words, and thus preserved forever, language may be justly termed "fossil poetry." The ideism of language is a necessary fact. Words are emblematic, because *things* are emblematic. If we examine those words which embody an idea, they will prove themselves to be the translation of some fact in nature. A single word, resting on some deep analogy between matter and spirit, may be a concentrated poem. He who discovered this analogy and coined the word is indeed a poet. For example, let us look at a few of those words which Trench has before noticed. He who drew from that Greek word, which signifies that which will admit of being held up and tried by the sunlight—its *ethical* significance in the words "sincere," "truthful," or "transparent," had a poet's thought. What an image of detached mason-work must have passed before the mind's eye of that man who first spoke of a "dilapidated fortune;" and many a man must have stood at the jagged mountain ridges of Spain before one thought to call them "sierras" or "saws"—as Sierra Nevada; but that man coined his imagination into a word which shall endure as long as the everlasting hills!

Who has not experienced delight in discovering that a word is not an arbitrary sign, a mere random shot, but bears a real relation to the thing which it expresses? Says one: "In a world of absolute truth this would ever be." With what amusement will a child note the likeness or incongruity between a name and a person! With what delight will he listen when you show him that "abundance" images an overflowing cup; that "umbrage" idealizes a shadow, and "fervor" expresses heat; that "scruple" (of conscience) comes to us from *scrupulus*—meaning little bits of gravel, which troubled the feet of the Romans, in their very open shoes—and "scandal," from the Greek *skandalon*, primarily signifying a trap-spring!

Children are not alone in experiencing pleasure from these analogies. The deep hold which these take upon older minds should be a motive power to elevate popular language, by avoiding all that is unseemly, exaggerated, and incongruous in speech, and choosing such words as are truthful and applicable. Much of the wealth of poetical meaning in words passes from us, either through familiarity or ignorance. Says Montaigne: "'Margaret' has not been to us the 'Pearl,' nor 'Esther' the 'Star,' nor 'Susanna' the 'Lily,' nor 'Stephen' the 'Crown!'" But our dullness does not dim the luster which sheds a halo about those spirit poets, who coined these idealistic names. One might be surprised to be told that he had been

talking poetry all his life; yet speech is full of it. With what reckless prodigality do we pour forth those metaphorical and imaginative words, expressive of beauty, love, longing aspiration, sorrow, and defeat! The copious realm of fancies evokes a ceaseless current of poetical expression, however innocent one may be of poetical intent.

There is a peculiar fitness in the names of places sometimes, arising perhaps from color, as "Albion," meaning the silver-coasted isle—named from the white cliffs seen on approaching from certain directions—sometimes from shape, as in the Greek name of Sicily, "*Trinacria*"—the three-cornered land—or "Morea," so called from its resemblance in shape and incised edges to a platane leaf; "Madeira" Isles, meaning "wooded;" and "Florida," the land of flowers; Port "Natal," so named because discovered on the *dies natalis* of our Lord. Is there a poetry in flowers? How fitting, then, that they should be linked to poesy in name! Here is the daisy, "modest, wee-tipped flower"—meaning eye of day—the intent being to compare its yellow disk to the sun, and the white leaflets which encircle it to the spread rays of the golden orb. Says Chaucer: "What an imagination was here, to suggest a comparison such as this, binding together the smallest and the greatest!" The same poetical thought may be seen in the naming of fishes, beasts, birds, and insects. Architecture, too, has its poetical language, as is seen in the appellation of "rose" to the circular window of stained glass, with its leaf-like compartments; and in the word "flamboyant," expressive of a wavy, flame-like outline.

What a glowing poetical thought is that embodied in the word "attention," from *attentio*, meaning a *stretching-to*! in "Aurora," that "rosy-fingered daughter of the morn;" and "morn," from a Gothic verb, meaning to "dissipate," or "disperse;" "Lethe," another classicism, meaning the "river of forgetfulness," and "coral," which is the Greek for "sea damsel." Who that has felt the biting tooth of "sarcasm" will fail to see the aptness of the original *sarkago*, meaning to "tear the flesh off," to flay! In mourning the "decease" of friends we may be comforted, for it is but a "withdrawal;" and if we follow the loved one to the "cemetery" it only places him in the "sleeping-place," *koimeterion*, or, as the Hebrew has it, "in the house of the living." Again: what a touching thought, lit with immortal hope, hallows the German word *God's-acre*! All may not be aware of the beauties half hidden in the word "tribulation." Its

derivation is from the Latin *tribulum*, which is the name of the instrument with which the Roman farmer separated the corn from the husks, and *tribulatio*, signifying the *act* of separation. Will not my reader admit that the first Latin writer who seized upon and appropriated this word and image to describe and illustrate those processes by which sorrow and anguish are made to bring out the pure gold of character, produced for the benefit of the Christian world a concentrated poem of rare merit? He who first perceived the analogy between the thrashing of wheat and the thrashing of human souls, by which alone they are prepared for heavenly garner, possessed a poetical genius, whether he knew it or not. This spiritual use of the word "tribulation" was unknown to heathen writers, and is proof of what material may be to spirit, and expanded thought to the vehicle of language, under the ennobling influence of Christianity.

Perhaps those who are interested in this word will read with pleasure this gem of purest water, from an old English poet:

"Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So till men's persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much;
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in thrashing they may get;
For till the bruising flail of God's corrections
Have thrashed out of us our vain affections;
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by the sacred Spirit removed from us;
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
The dusty chaff of empty pleasures;
Yea, till his flail upon us he doth lay,
To thrash the husk of this our flesh away,
And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire;
But then we shall, and that is my desire!"

WHAT would classic Greece be to us without the minstrelsy of her Homer, the lofty intellect of her Æschylus, the cultivated taste of her Sophocles, and the impassioned pathos of her Euripides! What, without the vivacity, grace, and lyric beauty of her Anacreon, the bold energy, the vivid imagination, and the fullness of her Pindar! And what would ancient Rome be without her Horace, her Virgil, and her Lucretius? What concentration of interest did the "sweet singer of Israel" impart to the history of the wonderful nation, as with inimitable grace he sweeps his harp-strings beside the sacred river, plaintively lamenting the while his own sins, or the derelictions of his people, and anon celebrating the perfection of Israel's great Deliverer!

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

THREE times has Nisan failed to bring
The longed-for latter rain,
To Carmel's drooping olive leaves
And Sharon's waiting plain.

The breeze from Lebanon stirs not
Esdraelon's withered grain;
The trembling aloes wait to hear
The Kedron's voice in vain.

On Bethel's mountains of perfume
The stately roebuck falls;
On Bethlehem's bare pasture lands
In vain the shepherd calls.

And white the pallid famine came
To homes of rich and poor;
And laid its heavy hand at last
On Ahab's palace door.

And after it, with fearless step,
And eye of kindly flame,
From wilds of Jordan, sought for long,
The regal Tishbite came!

"Art come, that troublest Israel?"
The haughty tyrant said,
"Nay, all her dire misfortunes rest
Upon thy guilty head!"

Lo! on the hills the groves accursed,
Where Baal's altars stand;
The worship of thy father's God
Forgotten in the land!

"Now gather on Mount Carmel, king,
The priests of thy desire;
Let him be God who answereth
The prayer for heavenly fire!"

They crowd thy sacred solitudes,
O mount of sea and land!
At Baal's altars long in vain,
Praying, his legions stand.

The blighted land lay dark beneath,
The sea swept silent by;
There came no voice, or flame of fire,
From land, or sea, or sky!

But at the ninth, the sacred hour—
Sacred in earth and heaven—
The prophet's prayer prevailed with God;
The answering sign was given.

And sea and land were witnesses,
And Baal's host when came,
As in the wilderness of old,
The shining heavenly flame!

"False priests of falsel gods, ye die!
By Kishon's stream to-day,
Who durst from Israel's God to lead
His chosen flock astray!"

And haste, O king! where fair Jezreel
Shines in Esdraelon's plain,
Across the sea's blue flow I hear
The footsteps of the rain!

The types and miracles are past;
On Carmel's brow in vain
The reverent pilgrim seeks the sky
For heavenly sign again.

And far off mountains, beautiful,
Are sanctified by prayer;
And God's own spirit blessings sends
And witness every-where.

Yet holier seem those sacred hills
Where visibly He came,
And signed the record of his truth
With autograph of flame.

DEAD IN THE STREET.

UNDER the lamplights, dead in the street,
Delicate, fair, and only twenty,

There she lies,
Face to the skies,

Starved to death in a city of plenty;
Spurned by all that is pure and sweet,
Hundreds bent upon folly and pleasure,
Hundreds with plenty, and time, and leisure;
Leisure to speed Christ's mission below,
To teach the erring and raise the lowly—
Plenty, in charity's name, to show
That life has something divine and holy.

Boasted charms, classical brow,
Delicate features—look at them now.
Look at her lips: once they could smile;
Eyes—well, never more they shall beguile;
Never more, never more words of hers

A blush shall bring to the saintliest face.
She has found, let us hope and trust,
Peace in a higher and better place;
And yet, despite of all ill, I ween,
Joy of some heart she must have been.

Some fond mother, proud of the task,
Has stooped to finger each dainty curl;
Some vain father has bowed to ask

A blessing for her, his darling girl.
Hard to think, as we look at her there,
Of all the tenderness, love and care,
Lonely watching and sore heart-ache,
All the agony, burning tears,
Joys and sorrows, and hopes and fears,
Breathed and suffered for her sweet sake.

Fancy will picture a home afar,
Out where the life-giving breezes blow,
Far from these sudden streets, fountains and low,
Fancy will picture a lonely hearth,
And an aged couple dead to mirth—
An aged couple broken and gray,
Kneeling beside a bed to pray;
Or lying awake of nights to hark
For a thing that may come in the rain and the dark!

A hollow-eyed woman with weary feet,
Better they never know
She whom they cherished so
Lies this night, lone and low,
Dead in the street.

THE SABBATH.

IN this forceful age the struggle between sin and holiness gathers intensity. Christology is the main battle-ground, but skirmishers are deployed against every Christian institution. Every post of importance is assaulted.

The Sabbath stronghold has been proof against the havoc of revolutionists and the artillery of errorists, but now it is in imminent danger. Not so much from the ordinance of logicians and dogmatists as from the shot and shell of fictionists, essay writers, and journalists; an incongruous rabble, each fighting like the backwoodsman at New Orleans, "on his own hook." There is a clique of light writers in and about Boston, most of them connected with the *Atlantic Monthly*, who, when Christians admit them to their homes, undermine most assiduously the spiritual life of the young. There is not strong thought enough in their stories, essays, and books to affect mature thinkers, but they certainly hurt those whose brain is not yet steady enough to fathom their shallow quibblings. They are racy and readable; attractive from a profusion of metaphors, classical allusions, and merry quips. Indeed, with some of them, as in Holmes's "Guardian Angel," the trick that catches young eyes seems to be to see how near one can skate to the running water—what fantastic capers he can cut, out where sensible people think the ice unsafe, or—dropping the figure—how broadly he can hint the obscene and blasphemous without saying it in plain Saxon. Like a troop of school-boys, who have done the old tricks over and over till there is no more fun in them, they are on the *qui vive* for something that has the relish of daring. Away they rush, for a pell-mell tilt upon orthodoxy, while the unthinking clap hands and cry, "Bravo!"

The Sabbath has come in for a full share of attention from this spirited coterie. There is Bayard Taylor, the lynx-eyed, with his mocking laugh at the incongruities of good people; Hawthorne, who though dead still speaketh, who described his Sunday excursions as complacently as though Sabbath breaking were one of the marks of genius; and Thoreau, who has also gone to stand before the God whom he reviled, whose patient study of nature helped him to the heart-side of the artistic. Listen to him a moment, *en passant*. He was boating upon the Concord River, one Sabbath, and these are some of his reflections: "I am not sure but I should betake myself, in extremities, to the liberal divinities of Greece, rather than to my country's God. Jehovah is not so much

a gentleman among gods, not so gracious and catholic; he does not exert so intimate and genial an influence on nature as many a god of the Greeks." Before he can resume his story he must fill a dozen or more pages with his blasphemous spleen against the New Testament and Christ. Gail Hamilton, too, of sky-rocket popularity, and sieve-like logic—the dash and fearlessness of her evolutions draw the eye of the multitude. Hence, the harm of her careless shots, dancing out as she does from the ranks of the orthodox, and leveling her nimble piece upon any weak place she fancies she sees, be it in the armor of friend or foe. While the young laugh at her quips, and take in, thoughtlessly, her shadowy arguments, the commands of God are robbed of power over them.

While strong thinkers are busy upon discussions which the masses never read, these vendors of metaphysics for the million are poisoning the popular mind. Too many of the heavy artillerists are busy testing from a hill-top the range and capacity of their guns, while the enemy's sharp-shooters are picking off the best men in the plains below. Only the "ping" of a bullet, the crack of a rifle! Yes, but a man goes down! Only a story, nothing but a wordy sketch, mere literary froth! To be sure, but the dole of damnation follows it through the length of the land.

This attack upon the Sabbath may be a reaction from New England over-exactness. To any but an iron-sided, hickory-nerved Puritan the old Sabbath was a mild edition of the stocks. Their strait-laced ways remind one of a little girl who was somewhat alarmed by hearing her mother say that heaven was one eternal Sabbath. After worrying over it some time she said, "Mother, if I'm real good up there, don't you believe God 'll let me go down to hell and play awhile Saturday afternoons?" Quite frequently the sons of old Calvinistic divines handle the Sabbath with ungloved, unwashed hands.

There is only one way in which these writers can do general harm. They create in the public mind a laxity in regard to Sabbath sanctity, and so make us liable to a greater danger. Shiploads of semi-pagan free-thinkers and Papists are pouring over our land. They threaten our free institutions. This is the peril to which I would specially call the attention of American Christians.

Our civilization cost too much to be carelessly endangered. It was born of a religious purpose. It was consecrated by the prayers of saints and the pains of martyrdom. The chrism upon its forehead was of tears and blood. It is

the hope of the oppressed the world over. These hordes of European peasants come to us from the dens and caves of monarchical and priestly tyranny. It is an immense work to bring them up to the level of self-government. We must not let them bring us down to their low, Old World standards. Look at the *morale* of European society. Marriage is dispensed with to an alarming extent, leaving open a sluiceway for all manner of domestic irregularities. The sanctity of the Sabbath is disregarded. In Germany the tradesmen think they concede a great deal to the claims of the Lord of the universe if they close their shops on his day while divine service is being performed. They take down their blinds and hang out their wares as soon as the "amen" echoes through the minster. Sabbath eve, so hallowed in America, so redolent of sacred memories, the mother's prayers, the father's counsel, the holy hush, the hour of worship, giving strength for the week of care, across the water is the most polluted evening of the seven. Then are the gayest *fêtes* in parlor and palace, the greatest rush to the theater and opera, the most brilliant feats at the circus, the most glare, and noise, and sin. Now, will we consent to that state of things in this country? There are thousands of Germans who are as determined to remodel our institutions as they are to make America their home. Witness the Sabbath desecrations of the *Turn Verein* and *Sangerbund*. If they have a high day it's always on Sunday—bands of music, banners, noise, dust, beer drinking, and debauchery. In an address at the *Sanger-fest* in Chicago the work of the German was declared to be one of general reconstruction. He is to counteract, to the extent of his ability, the efforts of the temperance people who so maliciously meddle with a freeman's wine and *lager bier*. He is to overturn the bigotry that fences in the Sabbath, and hinders (?) good foreigners from going upon that day to their *biergartens*, to carouse and dance, get drunk and break each other's heads.

American Christians have only to let things drift in the direction they are now taking, and the Sabbath, the prime support of our national religious life, is wrecked as sure as doom.

The Papists who come here are infinitely more loyal to the ghostly tyrant at Rome than to our free government. Their purpose to Romanize America is not declared, nevertheless it is the corner-stone of their faith. When the Catholic vote is a little heavier we shall see. This freshet of infidels and Papists does seriously threaten our Sabbath. Writers of the Atlantic Monthly type weaken its hold upon

the public mind, and so enhance the danger. To meet this we need to be doctrinally assured of the perpetual obligatory force of the Sabbath. This may be argued from its divine origin, its re-enactment by Christ, and its intrinsic idea.

God's first recorded legislative act was the institution of the Sabbath. After the arranging of the astronomic dial, and the creation of a human observant of the rise and set of planets, and consequent measurement of time, the first day was hallowed to himself. This was according to a fundamental law of consecration, afterward evolved in the Jewish and Christian systems—the first and best of every thing belongs to God. This hallowing of the Sabbath is written not only on the first page of the Statute Book, but upon the consciousness of men universally. Wherever religious thought takes tangible form, and is developed into ever so simple a ritual, one day in seven is sacred to some deity. God re-enacted the Sabbath ordinance at the Exodus, and again upon Sinai. A word here about the Decalogue of which it forms a part. Some Biblical institutions are local and limited, based upon a need that passes away with the people and time. Others are world-wide in application, grounded upon a human want that can know no change. Of the latter class are the duties enjoined by the Decalogue. Principles as immutable as truth, as wide as eternity, as firm as the pillars of Jehovah's throne, underlie each commandment. Traced by the finger of God upon the Sinaitic granite, and "written by the Holy Spirit upon truly awakened hearts" the world over, they can know no abrogation. Stier says of the Decalogue, "It is the original and permanent law for all men." The Savior affirms this of the Sabbath when he re-enacts it. He says to the quibbling, hypocritical Jews, "The Sabbath is made for man;" that is, it is not a distinctively Jewish institution; it belongs to man—the race. "And the Son of man"—the Founder of the New Dispensation that is to embrace all men, every-where—"is Lord also of the Sabbath."

The prime *idea* of the Sabbath is indicated by its name, which means "rest." The reason given for hallowing it, was to commemorate God's rest after the work of creation. We can not comprehend the nature of this rest, nor of that of the sinless pair, after a week of gardening in Paradise, but our utter weariness gives the word strong emphasis. We see no prospect of such a change in the constitution of things as shall do away the sore need of rest. The Sabbath is designed also to meet a higher, a spiritual want, that of worship-communion

with God. He says, "Moreover, also, I gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they may know that I am the Lord, that sanctify them." The Sabbath is a perpetual institution, because based upon perpetual needs.

Christians must not only be doctrinally established in regard to the Sabbath; they must guard it by law. Gail Hamilton, after one of her anti-Sabbath tirades, performs one of her illogical evolutions, by growing quite enthusiastic over the day, as Christ's resurrection day. After some glowing sentences, she asks, "Is this a day to be proscribed by ought, and must, and shall?" Now we would say, its very beauty and utility are a prime reason for fencing it from profane hands. This republic is a paragon among nations, and any of us might wax measurably eloquent over the glory of our institutions, but, quite recently, we were obliged to guard them by an "ought, and must, and shall," emphasized with the thunder of artillery.

If we protect the Sabbath from these foreign innovators, it must be by a stout legal hedge. But how is this to be done? Morals and politics are not supposed to be on speaking terms. Good men have seemed to think they must let politics alone, if they would keep themselves clean, so they have folded their immaculate mantles about them, and let the wreckers, known as "politicians," run the ship on the rocks for the sake of the plunder. I think they begin to see the fallacy of this, and that they must bring politics up, or politics will bring them down. The running of such enormous enginery as our law-making machine, gives rare opportunity for stock-jobbing in votes. The fact that these free-thinkers club for infidel interests, and Papist votes are in the pockets of priests, who *can* be loyal only to the red-handed Church, makes an infinite danger for us. Politicians bid for them by concessions of principle, grants of power. What hope is there left for the Christian voter? If his candidate pledges himself to stand for the right, at any cost, these masses are against him, and his defeat is inevitable. Shall he "throw away his vote?" I would answer yes, if, for the present, it should seem to be throwing it away. It will not be so long; it will tell in due time. Let Christians vote as *Christians*. Let them put the suffrage into *cleaner hands*. Let them vote for men of right principle, who will have respect for the "higher law." Let them write "temperance" and "Sabbath keeping" upon their political *credo*, and God will give them victory. They shall conquer under the war-cry, "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon!"

Not only must Christian men and women believe right and vote right on this Sabbath question; they must make their main effort in *the home*. Here, after all, the civilization has birth. People who have agreed that the Sabbath ought to be kept holy, have differed widely in regard to the *modus operandi*. It requires some skill to steer the craft between the Scylla of Puritanic straightness and the Charybdis of laxity. In the family, I would see to it that the Sabbath is the brightest, happiest, and best day of the seven. Nothing lawful should be spared to make it attractive to the young, and yet the idea of worship should pervade the whole. It would be much more difficult to fill the army with recruits, if the uniforms, music, and dress parades were dispensed with. Now, if these help get men into a trade that means only killing and being killed, why ignore their power over younger minds, and why not use it in better work? I would say, let the children be a little better dressed on Sunday than on weekdays, that with their notions of the day may be associated the pleasure they have in neat fresh clothing. Let there be as little manual labor required of the household as possible. The Sunday meals might be a trifle more palatable than usual, but they ought to be arranged for on Saturday. All business should be laid aside, not to be thought of or mentioned till Monday morning. There would be decided pecuniary gain in this. A man could take up knotty problems with double energy, after twenty-four hours' rest from them. When they are to be had, there should be plenty of flowers about the house upon the Sabbath, and music, too, if possible. We enter the hearts of children oftenest, with our good lessons, by the gate called Beautiful. It should be emphatically a time of worship, not of some stern, distant being, who cares nothing for us, only to catch us being naughty, that he may punish us, but of the blessed, gentle, loving Jesus, the children's very best friend, who loves to make them happy and good. If, in our household, we were usually too foolishly crowded with care to take time at "prayers," for talk about the Bible lesson, and for singing, I would see to it that the Sabbath should not be so cheated. The children's Sabbath-school lesson should be read and explained, and then the melodeon or piano should be opened, and every voice, little and large, join in a hymn of praise. The Sabbath should be a glad, good day, not according to Beecher's super-pagan model, in his Ledger story, a day devoted to the higher virtues, sociality, family love, together with philosophic discourse. I would have the doctrines and

work of Christianity, personal piety, earnest devotion, the themes of cheerful, happy talk, out among the flowers and trees, if one has them; if not, in the best room the house affords. Children and domestics should learn more about the blessed Christ than upon any other day. Trained thus to honor and enjoy the Sabbath, they would be slow to listen to the siren voices of Christless Christians, or heed the sarcasms of illiberal Liberalists. They would be enamored like Achilles, who was invulnerable, all but the heel his mother held him by when she plunged him in the Styx, and that, as Punshon said, is not a part that is exposed in aggressive warfare.

Let the Sabbath be guarded by law, let it be sacred to pure spiritual worship; then shall we look for a race of robust Christians, who shall make ready for the coming Christ.

AN ACT WITH CONSEQUENCES.

"MOTHER wants you to come to supper to-night." These words, uttered in a voice by no means harmonious, roused me from a deep reverie into which I had fallen while sitting alone before a huge fire-place at the close of a Winter day. I turned my eyes toward the owner of the voice—an urchin who had probably seen ten or twelve Winters. I was silently proceeding to make him a study when he said, "I s'pose I shall tell her you will come."

"You may tell her I will come," was my reply. I had learned from experience the futility of attempting to send complimentary messages.

It was not yet dark, and supper would not be ready till some time after dark. I knew that if I went much before supper-time I should be in the way. So I kept my seat and resumed my meditations.

But I have not yet told the reader where I was, and what my employment was. For aught he knows I may have been a patriotic prize-fighter or the secretary of an oil company. In point of fact I was a school-master. I was teaching a district school in Loonville, Massachusetts. I was under an engagement to teach for three calendar months. I was to receive twenty dollars a month and my board. The reader may think it the day of small things so far as wages was concerned; but he should remember that dollars were not as small then as they are now. A dollar would purchase something then.

I had been teaching three weeks when my reverie was disturbed, as stated above. I had earned about fifteen dollars, and had learned a

great many things that are not taught in college.

The school in Loonville was kept in a long, low building, abundantly ventilated—not however by design. I was expected to require its daily occupants to "go over" certain pages of the text-books in arithmetic, English grammar, and geography, to set a certain number of copies, to make and mend a certain number of pens, to do a certain amount of flogging, and, at the close of my term of service, to hold a public examination, at which each pupil was expected to answer questions upon which he had been specially drilled for the occasion.

I have not yet told the reader how I came to be a school-master. It came to pass on this wise. I was a member of the sophomore class in Brightville University. It was then the custom for a majority of the students to teach school for two or three months in Winter. The Winter vacation was a long one.

Early in December the number of students began to diminish, as one after another left to keep school. Nearly all the earnest students left several weeks before the close of the term. The remaining members were not very profitable associates.

One day, about four weeks before the close of the term, a burly citizen called at my room, and contrived to get an invitation to take a seat, which invitation I desired to withhold; for I had just opened Kenilworth.

"I wanted to see Mr. Johnson, your roommate, I believe," said he, in a tone that did not impress me favorably. I suspected that he was a neighboring farmer, whose turkeys or chickens had mysteriously disappeared, and who was in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

"Mr. Johnson has left college to teach school," was my not very gracious reply.

"I'm sorry," said he, "I had counted on getting him to teach our school. He's gone, you say. Can you tell me what I can do?"

"Get somebody else."

"Well, I reckon I shall be obliged to. Do n't you suppose you could teach a good school?"

"Undoubtedly," not looking up from my book.

"What will you teach our school for?"

"Twenty dollars and board," still keeping on reading.

"It's a bargain. We shall want you to begin next Monday. I will come in for you on Saturday."

I closed my book and rose with some manifestations of discomposure. I had not cherished the slightest intention of teaching. There was no pecuniary necessity in the case. I had

answered his question at random. I had named a price which I supposed would cause him to decamp. The average wages received by students was about sixteen dollars. One who has since been a member of the Senate of the United States, received eighteen dollars in consequence of his experience and superior ability. Before I had time to think what I should say, my visitor remarked:

"I take it you are a man to stick to your word."

"Well?" said I, in a tone representing an interrogation point.

"You said you would teach our school for twenty dollars, and I said I would give it; so a bargain has been made."

"I never taught school a day in my life."

"I know that; but you said you could keep a good school, and the president said so too. He is a man that I rely upon."

"And so, knowing that Johnson was gone, you came to set a trap for me?"

"Just about so; and you have put your foot in it, and I've got you safe. The president—he used to preach in our place—said that if I could get you I need not look any further. He advised me to bid as high as twenty dollars: he said you'd be cheap at that, and I never knew him to be wrong."

I saw that my retreat was cut off. I had hoped to escape by stating the circumstances to the president, and asking him not to excuse me.

"You go and see the president. He will tell you that it is all right. He knows me. I'll wait here till you come back."

I went to the president and gave a brief account of the interview narrated above. He smiled, as we loved to see him smile, and said:

"My friend Halsey is a shrewd man. I sent him to you because I thought it would be more for your advantage to teach three months than to remain here. You are in advance of your class in your studies, and it will do you good to have a new kind of mental exercise. Your mind will grow more by teaching than by continuing your studies here under present circumstances."

"I know nothing about teaching."

"You mean to say that you have had no experience in teaching. You will learn to teach by teaching, and you will learn a great many other things."

As I had great respect for the president's opinion I returned to my room not unwilling to complete the arrangement with my shrewd employer. As soon as I opened the door of my

room he rose and said: "You will be ready when I come for you on Saturday."

As uttered, it constituted a declarative rather than an interrogative sentence. I bowed an assent.

"Very well; I shall be here pretty early. Good-by."

Thus the reader knows how I came to be a school-master. He does not yet know how I succeeded in teaching and keeping school during the three weeks previous to the urchin utterance recorded at the head of this article.

My employer brought me to Loonville on Saturday, and placed me with Widow Jones—a boarding place in all respects comfortable. I assumed the air of one who had never done any thing but keep school. I made careless inquiries respecting the acts of my predecessor, and soon succeeded—as I afterward learned—in convincing those that I met with that I was utterly ignorant of every thing pertaining to school-keeping as an art. The first day of service was a tolerably quiet one. I adopted provisionally the classification of my predecessor, and did what seemed to me to be necessary and proper. It was quickly seen that some of the ways of the new master were different from those of the old one. The disposition of the American mind to regard novelty and improvement as synonymous was not without service to me. On the second day there were some signs of insubordination on the part of some of the larger pupils. Applications to "go out" were numerous and loud. At first I granted the desired permission; but I soon found it necessary to refuse. The refusal produced a moment's stillness, when the largest boy in school asked to go out. When I replied in the negative he rose and was proceeding to leave the room, just as though I had said yes instead of no. I asked him:

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes," he replied, "I heard what you said."

I bowed to him as if all was right. He left the room, when I locked the door and put the key in my pocket. As there was no vestibule to the school-room, and as the thermometer was about twenty below the freezing point, a protracted absence from the school-room did not seem desirable. The boy seemed to be of that opinion, for he soon tried the handle of the door. Finding it fast he knocked, and called out to some one to open the door;

"I say, master, do you hear? I want the door open."

"Yes, I hear," was my reply.

I did not stop from my work—that of setting copies. He made some noise at the door, but did not attempt to force it. When he could

no longer stand the cold he went to a grocery not far distant, and remained till school was out. He then came for his hat and went home, but said nothing about the adventures of the morning. The next day he was absent; but the day after he was in his seat and behaved perfectly well. I saw no further signs of insubordination. If I had manifested any discomposure at the incipient rebellion I should probably have had some trouble in establishing my authority. It was to the advantage of the pupils that I was not acquainted with the stereotype mode of conducting schools. Hence I was obliged to consider what I had to do and how to do it. At first the pupils thought their new master had strange ways, and perhaps had some doubts as to his capacity to keep school. But they found themselves interested in having their attention directed to things rather than to words. In reply to the question, "What kind of a school have you this Winter?" a boy replied, "It is a very interesting school, but I do n't know as we learn as much as we did last Winter."

"What is the reason?" was asked.

"Well, the master keeps us doing so many things that are not in the book that we have not gone half so far as we had gone last year at this time."

I have since learned that the lad's method of estimating progress is regarded by numberless parents as the true one.

To return to my invitation to supper. I waited till dark, and then dusting my clothes and hat as well as I could without a brush, and washing my hands in snow, I set out for the residence of Mrs. Reed, the mother who wanted me to come to supper. As I drew near the house I saw that the parlor was lighted, and through the uncurtained window I saw several persons whose appearance indicated that they were not denizens of Loonville. They were introduced to me as "Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and Mary, my niece." I bowed respectfully to Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and rather awkwardly, I fear, to Mary, whom I addressed as Miss Hill.

"You must not call her Miss," said Mrs. Reed; "she is to be one of your scholars."

"I am glad to hear it," I replied. Mary shrunk somewhat in her womanly appearance as this announcement was made. I do not think I appeared to advantage at the tea-table or during the evening. The presence of my new pupil exercised a singular constraint upon me.

I learned from her mother that they resided in a manufacturing town at the East, and that Mary had come to spend the Winter with her aunt and attend school. She wished to study

Latin, and hence must needs attend a school taught by a collegian.

The next morning I found Mary in the school-room with her Latin grammar, dictionary, and Virgil, and with a face somewhat brighter than it was in Mrs. Reed's parlor. I anticipated Bagnett's idea, that discipline must be maintained, and treated her as though I were accustomed to admit quite a number of such girls every day. I think I detected a half-roguish smile on her lips as I assigned her a seat, where she would be directly under my eye.

Mary was well-nigh woman grown, was well dressed, and presented an appearance quite superior to that of any other member of the school. It is not for me to say whether or not she was an object of jealousy and envy. Certain it is, that all my actions in any way relating to her were carefully observed. During the first day of her presence in school I was obliged several times to issue the order "attend to your books," because I saw the majority of the school attending to her. At the close of the school I overheard one, to whom I had administered a personal rebuke, say to her neighbor, "He need n't say any thing; he looked at her himself a great deal more than I did." Perhaps I did, but it must not be forgotten that the young are prone to exaggeration in their statements.

As Mary was the only Latin scholar in the school, and as I had no assistant, it followed that when I was engaged in hearing her all other exercises except that of study were suspended. She was quick to learn, and was very studious. She got very long lessons, and as it required a good deal of time to hear them properly, I was thinking of some way of solving the difficulty, when one day my employer called at the close of school and said, "Master, do n't you think you give that Latin girl more than her part of the school hours?"

"I do," was my reply.

"Well, then, why not alter your course?"

"I mean to."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"All right; good day."

That evening I called on Mary and stated the difficulty, and suggested that I should supplement the school recitations by calling on her in the evening. The objection she urged was that she was unwilling to consume so much of my valuable time. Having satisfied her on that point, she suggested that it would be scarcely necessary for her to come to the school-house, as she could study with less distraction at home. This was giving me more time for my

other pupils than I contemplated when I made the proposal to hear her at night. I could not tell her that I wanted her in the school-room to look at, and that I had changed the position of my desk so that the light would be reflected from her countenance to my eye without awakening the supposition that the eye sought the light. There was no help for it. To her question whether she could not learn more by studying in her quiet room than amid the buzz and varied recitations of the school-room, I was compelled to give an affirmative answer.

The vacant seat was filled by a strapping lass from the back settlement. She would have afforded me some amusement if I had been in a mood to be amused. Though it was not a cloudy day, yet the room seemed dark and gloomy. The furtive whispers were louder and could not be passed over with the pretense that they were not heard. The pupils were more stupid than usual, and father Time moved his carriage more slowly. All these things so affected me that one of the lads, in a spirit of genuine benevolence, whispered to another, "Look out, Jim, or you will catch it before school is out. Master's cross to-day."

The school-room gradually grew lighter as the days wore on, but father Time did not quicken his pace during the day, but made up for his moderation by day by the swiftness with which he hurried on after nightfall.

The president by whose advice and consent I had become a pedagogue, had advised me to visit my pupils at their homes and get acquainted with their parents. "There will be," said he, "several advantages attending such a course. You will see how folks live in the country, and you will please the parents by the interest you show in their children, and will be disposed to take your side in case of discipline; besides, the boys whom you have seen at home with their parents will not easily set themselves against you."

I had, in accordance with this good advice, visited quite a number of my constituents with effect, even greater than I had been led to expect. It was rarely the case that the children whose homes I had visited, did not at once manifest increased interest in matters pertaining to the school.

The necessity of hearing Miss Hill's recitations in the evening put an end, in a great measure, to my laudable and useful plan of visitation. This had a damaging effect on my popularity with the unvisited, and to a report that the master was possessed with the girl from the East, and had lost all interest in the school.

My term of service drew toward a close. I can not say that I looked forward to the closing day without regret. I had learned something about plain people. I had brought myself into closer sympathy with the young, I had got clearer conceptions of elementary truths, and I had formed a very pleasant and profitable acquaintance with Miss Hill.

My closing examination passed off to the satisfaction of the minister and Judge White. The latter was pleased to say that it was not mechanical. The multitude considered the examination as defective, inasmuch as there were failures—a thing which did not occur in former times, since each one was previously informed of the exact questions he was to answer.

I made a short closing address to my pupils after the visitors had retired. I was sorry to observe some restlessness on the part of the pupils. I parted with them with regret. I had really labored to benefit them, and hence had become attached to them. It grieved me that they did not seem to sympathize with me. I was young then. I have since learned not to demand sympathy. I should have known that the joyous feeling in view of a vacation occupied their minds. ●

One quiet, bright-eyed, red-cheeked, fair girl, Miss Phœbe Ann Stearns, wept during my speech. She had always been the most attentive pupil in the school; she never missed a point, but seemed very bashful, and hence I had scarcely spoken to her except in connection with her recitations. I shook hands at parting with my older pupils. She held out her hand timidly, and again the tears welled up in her bright eyes.

I returned to college and found most of my classmates at their posts. Those of us who had been teaching met occasionally to compare notes, and to give account of our adventures. I must confess that the accounts related to the young ladies in the school or the place rather than to efforts to enlighten the youthful mind. It was on this wise that the name of Mary Hill became known in college.

The Summer vacation was approaching. How should it be spent? My home was in the city. The family were at a watering-place which I had no desire to visit. Several of my classmates intended to visit the places where they had taught school. Why should not I go to Loonville? I determined to go to Loonville.

I reached the place at the close of a delightful day in June. After tea I took a walk. I did not perhaps set out with the design of calling anywhere, but I did happen to walk toward Mrs. Reed's residence. On my way I met

Phœbe Ann. I never saw a countenance undergo a more rapid change, and I never saw a countenance put on a more beautiful expression. That welcome alone would more than have paid me for my trouble in coming to Loonville. I offered her my hand, which was timidly taken, and as I said I was glad to see her the tears filled her eyes as of old. I found she was out for a walk, so I turned and walked with her, and conversed with her respecting her studies. I learned that it was the earnest desire of her heart to prepare herself for a teacher. I was sorry that I had not learned that fact during my term of school teaching, as I could have been of material service to her. I told her I purposed to spend the whole vacation in Loonville, and that I would give her lessons daily. She did not accept it as promptly as I could desire. I presumed she had to ask her mother's consent.

We reached her home, a very small house; it was not even dignified with the name of a cottage. She did not ask me to enter, but lingered at the door.

"I will, if you please, go in and see your mother," said I.

She led the way, without speaking, into a very neat but plainly furnished—I might almost say unfurnished—room. Her mother received me with courtesy, but not with cordiality. I remembered I had not called there during my residence as a teacher. Phœbe Ann was silent. Topics of conversation being difficult to find, I said, "Your daughter, I learn, desires to fit herself for a teacher. I shall spend my vacation in the place, and will with pleasure give her such instruction as I may be able to give."

"We are much obliged to you," said she, "but Phœbe will not be able to accept your offer."

I waited in vain for a statement of reasons. When I took my leave Mrs. Stearns did not invite me to call again. I was somewhat piqued at her neglect, but resolved that the daughter should not suffer on account of the pride of the mother. I strolled by the house the next morning early, and found Phœbe at work in the garden. I leaned on the fence and drew her into conversation. At evening I stopped before the open door, and by dint of diplomacy I got an invitation to enter. Conversation flagged, and yet I lingered. I had a sort of intuitive perception that my lingering was agreeable to Phœbe. For her sake I endured the coldness of the mother.

"You were disappointed in not meeting your Latin pupil," said Mrs. Stearns. "She unexpectedly was called away yesterday morning, as I suppose you know."

"Any of her friends ill?" said I.

"I do not know."

I noticed that Phœbe Ann was very attentive to the conversation respecting Miss Hill. I was sorry to think how jealous girls are of one another.

It is not my purpose to keep a daily journal of my proceedings at Loonville. I spent the vacation there, and saw a good deal of Phœbe Ann, to her mother's evident disapprobation. One evening as I called, she told Phœbe to leave the room, as she wished to speak to me alone.

"You are," said she to me, quite abruptly, "wealthy, and know nothing of the troubles of life, and do n't know how to sympathize with the poor, but I believe you have a kind heart and mean to do right. I believe you mean to be kind to my daughter; but —. She has a very decided intellectual taste, and you are the only cultivated person she has met with. I am sure you will see the propriety of discontinuing your visits."

"My dear Mrs. Stearns," I remarked, "your solicitude for your daughter is natural, and I honor you for it. You do me no more than justice when you say I would not injure her. I trust I have not done so. If you think best I will leave the place to-morrow morning."

"I do think it best, and I am happy to know that I have not misjudged you."

"Thanks; you will not object to her taking a short walk with me this evening."

"I would rather not; but I will not object."

Phœbe Ann was called, and we walked out of the village. It was a pleasant moonlight evening, and we kept on walking. In short, we took a very long walk, and was gone a long time. When we returned nearly all the lights of the village were extinguished. As we drew near the home of Phœbe we saw the mother standing at the gate, where she had been standing for hours. Phœbe was hanging on my arm, but left me and ran and threw her arms around her mother's neck, as if to forestall censure by kisses. I entered the house with them and sat down. Mrs. Stearns was silent, and her countenance wore an expression of intense anxiety, not to say agony.

"Mrs. Stearns," said I, "you were pleased to say that you believed me to possess a kind heart, and not to be destitute of principle. Have you confidence enough in me to commit your daughter's happiness to my keeping so far as it depends on man?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Phœbe and I intend to be married in due time, provided you do not withhold your consent."

Phoebe threw her arms around her mother's neck, and bestowed another shower of kisses in order to forestall any objections. Mrs. Stearns rose and retired to her bedroom. Phoebe followed, but soon came back and stayed with me till near daylight.

I did not leave town the next morning, as I had offered to do, not being satisfied that Mrs. Stearns wished it.

I returned to college at the close of the vacation, and gave diligent attention to my studies and to letter-writing. I addressed my letters inside to "my dear Phoebe-bird," thus making a partial change in her name. A more radical change was effected at the close of my professional studies. I have now told you what came of my teaching school in Loonville.

NOT LOST.

THOU art not lost to me !
 The days, and weeks, and years
 Are slowly gathered in ;
 While I, through painful ways and tears,
 Sharp conflicts oft with sin,
 The happy heights sometimes, and victor's song
 Sweet triumph over wrong,
 Still slowly with the years climb on my way.
 Yet though alone my struggling feet press on,
 And day by day
 I miss thee, know that thou art gone,
 Yet still I say,
 Not lost to me !
 Not lost to me !
 I can not see
 Through the thick veil that hides thee from my sight ;
 A steadfast light
 Burns ever for my journeying, but it shines
 Only along the way marked out for me ;
 It sendeth forth no lines
 Piercing the mystery
 Which holds and hides thee from my longing eyes.
 So the suns set and rise—
 But through my good and ill,
 My heart it sayeth still,
 Not lost to me !

Not lost to me !
 My heart so often feels the heavy weight
 Of cares and crosses as I onward go ;
 The path that leads unto that fair estate
 Which thou hast reached, I know
 Must be a path of trial. All the dross
 Must in these furnace fires be purged away ;
 Yet day by day,
 Though so upheld by stronger hand than thine,
 A voice within my heart calls out for thee.
 Thine is the victor's palm, the conflict still is mine ;
 I wait, and waiting, say,
 Not lost to me !

Not lost to me !
 I may not hear thy voice,
 Nor feel the loving pressure of thy hand ;
 Amid the dust, the heat, the jarring noise
 Of the world-ways I stand.
 I would not leave my work undone ;
 Nay, I would run
 With patience all the race He sets for me ;
 I would not be set free
 From heaviest cross His hand hath on me laid ;
 Yet, doth it grieve Him that when I have prayed
 "Thy will be done,"
 An under thought hath run
 Of longing for the end, a thought of thee ?
 For through each day, its comforts or its pain,
 Backward and forward chimes the sweet refrain,
 "Not lost to me !"

Thou art not lost to me !
 I know that thou wouldst say ;
 "Be still, be strong !
 Look ever upward through thy toilsome way,
 It only seemeth long.
 The stony heights but lift thee nearer heaven ;
 Thy trials are but given
 To draw thee out of self and into God ;
 The Master's feet have trod
 Each thorny way he leads his chosen through.
 And I, while thou shalt follow firm and true,
 I am not lost to thee !"

Thank God, not lost !
 Not even Death can build up wall so high,
 Can bar so surely even his iron gates,
 As to make barriers Love can not o'erleap ;
 Not even Death can plunge a gulf so deep
 Out of which Love shall not arise, arise !
 My heart exults and waits—
 Love never dies !
 Death bars his doors, but mightier hand shall shake
 To deep foundation stone his ponderous walls.
 Our human hearts may break,
 May reach out lovingly with yearning calls ;
 To outward sense there cometh no reply ;
 But through our souls there ringeth, "Victory !"
 For love shall live, for God himself is Love,
 And love which is of God shall changeless prove.
 And who in Christ on earth are joined in soul
 Shall still be one while still the ages roll.

NATURE.

O NATURE ! by impassioned hearts alone
 Thy genuine charms are felt. The vulgar mind
 Sees but the shadow of a power unknown ;
 Thy loftier beauties beam not to the blind
 And sensual throng, to groveling hopes resign'd ;
 But they who high and lofty thoughts inspire,
 Adore thee, in celestial glory shrined,
 In that diviner fane, where love's pure fire
 Burns bright, and genius tunes his loud immortal
 lyre.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

LITTLE DORMOUSE'S EXCURSION.

LITTLE CHARLEY DORMOUSE awoke one fine Spring morning from his three months' nap, and after rubbing his sleepy eyes with his furry paws and stretching his little duck-legs, he began to feel unaccountably hungry. Luckily for him his good mother had stored away many treasures from the hazel bough over his head, and some seeds of the hawthorn berries, besides a handful of cherry-stones, which the wasteful birds had thrown away. He could feast at his ease and make his dessert out of barley grains and kernels of corn from the same bountiful stores. Mother Dormouse was a good provider, and knew that her family would be wide awake long before any provisions grew for them.

"But now, Charley dear, you must really go to work and build yourself a house. This little house, sunny as it is, will be quite too small for you all four. Besides, it needs much repairing. The winds and storms have told on its sides. There are many snug hiding-places in this hazel copse, so you need not go far from home, and there 'll always be a crumb for you in mother's cupboard until your own roof is thatched."

Charley had often seen Mother Dormouse weave her leaves and grasses together so handily, and he thought home building the nicest kind of fun. He did not need to be told twice over to use the sharp-edged sward grass for the beams, and joists, and rafters. He did some of the siding with other grasses, but there were enough of them to cut any careless fingers that might try to rob a poor little mouse of the fruits of his labor.

"I would like to see an enemy of mine find this doorway," chuckled Charley as he hung some stout grass over it, and bent them down in such an ingenious way they looked like parts of the woven wall. He tucked himself up in the bottom of his little snugger to see how his nest would suit. Just then a chill March wind soughed through the branches and made little Dormouse shiver and quake in spite of his jacket of finest fur.

"This will never do," thought he; "I must batten the sides of this cottage so the winds can not get in."

So to work he went, laying down a carpet of maple leaves and winding them in and out of

the little meshes in his walls of grass until it was as snug as a ceiled chamber. Now to tell the truth, Charley Dormouse was a regular sleepy-head at his best, and he constructed his home with especial reference to his tastes. He meant this little room to be his sleeping-place all through the long, bright Summer days. When honest folks were abed and asleep he used to sally forth to pick up his living by moonlight and starlight. But as he usually took what others left, he was the most harmless of all kinds of midnight marauders. As for his sleeping so much in the day-time it was just as well, for a dormouse's time is n't much to him.

As the nights grew warmer and shorter, little Charley began to grow restless in the "dull old copse," and declared he would go abroad and visit some of his cousins.

Who could tell what knowledge he might pick up, and what choice seeds and grains he might find if he ventured nearer the haunts of men!

He was duly warned by his prudent mother, but for once, being thoroughly wide awake, he frisked and gamboled about in a very reckless way.

He was n't afraid, not he. The thieving hawks were all asleep. The old owl gave such a loud hoo-hoo before he flew away one could get out of his way. As for the cat, her emerald eyes shone like stars in the darkest night. Had n't he often fled to his nest when he saw her prowling about under the hedge?

So off he started to visit his cousin, the field-mouse, who had built his swinging-cradle from the head of a sturdy thistle. He was wiser than a relation who once hung his airy castle from the stems of the half-ripe wheat; very soon the mowers came and cut away his foundation and made a wreck of his home, built with so much care and pains.

Now if the Dormouse expected to get inside of this habitation he was much mistaken. Tiny, for that was the name of his cousin, was about as big as a thimble, and how ever she went in and out of her home was a mystery no one yet had been able to solve. It was a hollow sphere, with walls so thin you could look inside and see all her housekeeping and nursery arrangements, but how she managed to build it was as wonderful as how the second head was put into the barrel without building the man inside of it.

But there she was snug asleep, and her eight babies were packed around the walls like her-rings in a box. She had supped heartily on four grasshoppers and a half a dozen luckless May flies, and she was not disposed to come out at the call of her burly cousin. So in disgust he whisked away, wondering how people could be so dull as to sleep away such beautiful nights.

While on his tramp he met an acquaintance, who was just returning to his home with a goodly crumb of pound-cake in his mouth. With true hospitality he asked him in to help partake of it.

"There's been a birthday over at the home," he said nodding his head familiarly over one shoulder, "and a number of delicacies were set aside on the store-room shelf for me. Really I could not indulge in another grain, but I thought this was too good to waste, so I would bring it home. My children's teeth are quite too tender yet to eat any thing of the sort. But I want to show you, friend Dormouse, my new home. I flatter myself there is n't another in the country that can equal it."

With great satisfaction the home mouse led his friend through a little winding foot-path up into a curious little cabin, which was as snug and warm as baby-mice could wish. There lay the children, each asleep in a delicious feather-bed tucked up so cozily, with sheets of tow and mattress of finest chopped-up straw.

"Where could you ever find such a supply of beautiful feathers?" asked the Dormouse.

"Ah! that is my secret," chuckled Mrs. Mouse. "Just come with me and I will show you where I get my supplies."

Creeping out from a narrow gallery the two came in full view of a fine Bramah hen, which had been sitting a fortnight on a dozen eggs. Her nest was in a basket, covered with an old sack outside to keep her warm. The children wondered and wondered what made the fine feathers of their pet look so ragged and dragged every time she came off her nest. By the time her chicks were hatched her tail feathers were reduced to stumps, and she made a very odd appearance trudging around with them. Mousey laughed in her sleeve when she heard the children complain of their pet's lost beauty. But her secret was snugly hid away under the basket.

"Well," said the Dormouse, after they had returned again to their quarters, "there are more curious ways of building than ever I thought of. Tiny's house would n't suit me; it is so public; but this is well hidden from all foes."

"Yes, Tiny is a goose for her pains; the

first mower that comes along will spoil her works. But I have known our clan to be just as silly as these two field mice. What should a neighbor of mine, who held her head rather high, do but rummage about in the closet until she found an empty fruit bottle, which just took her fancy! It lay on its side, very convenient, and into it she carted her bed and bedding, without any thought of the consequences of living in a glass house. Of course she was soon discovered and turned over to the cat, with her seven innocent children. "A solemn warning to us all," said the Mouse, crossing her forepaws with a very serious air.

Charley Dormouse was highly delighted with this gossip. Living such a secluded life in the hazel-bushes he seldom heard any news. So his friend went on with some other singular tales, which she averred were perfectly authentic:

"Well, if you will believe it, I will tell you a stranger story than that. We all know how greedy Puss Slyboots was, but we never expected her greediness would lead her to such folly in nest building. The farmer's wife had just baked a bouncing loaf of bread, and the next day, when she went to cut it, there was a singular little hole in the side. She followed it up, and there, in the very heart of the loaf, lay Puss and nine of the tiniest pink mice you ever saw. She had torn up an old copy-book for a bed, but it was a very common-place affair;" and she sniffed contemptuously. "Not at all such a home as I should have provided for my darlings. She, I suppose, intended her children to fall to and eat their bed-clothes, or house-walls, as soon as they were old enough to eat. I am thankful I am not so lazy, but I am willing to work for my family."

The night was wearing on, and Charley Dormouse began to feel one of his drowsy fits coming on; so he hastily took his leave, after many thanks for his entertainment. But what was his dismay to encounter old Emerald Eyes herself as he turned a corner! A fearful chase she gave him over the rough road, and if he had not sprung lightly into a hazel-bush, and so escaped, it would have gone hard with him. He gave her the slip at last, and, though the bats flapped their wings heavily near his dwelling, and the old owl sounded his awful war-whoop on the quiet air, snug in his little dwelling he had nothing to fear. He could drop asleep secure in the midst of danger, for God had taught the little creature wisdom to build his nest securely, though it seemed but a home of straw. Then, when his little day of life was over, some stronger creature picked him up in the way, and, after one short moment of pain,

all was over. Not even memory was left. This sudden, violent death, which, sooner or later, comes to almost all the lower animals, is not the hard thing that it seems. Better a moment of pain than long, weary weeks of suffering from stiffened limbs and starvation, which must be their lot if suffered to live on and die a "natural death." The Creator has planned his world with infinite wisdom, and the more we learn of even the humblest creatures he has made the more we shall see of that wisdom and loving-kindness.

A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

"**J**ACK! Jack! here, sir! lie on!" cried Charlie, flinging his stick far into the pond. Jack did n't want to go; it was n't pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves, that would flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet. So he looked at the stick and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail, as much as to say, "You're a very nice little boy; but there was no need of throwing the stick in the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it."

But Charlie was determined. He found another switch, and, by scolding and whipping, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. He dropped it on the bank, however, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again, until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied at length, and, with Jack at his heels, went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. "It was pretty hard work, mother," he said. "Jack would n't mind at all until I made him; but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you'll see."

"What right have you to expect him to mind you?" asked his mother quietly.

"Right, mother? Why, he is *my* dog! Uncle John gave him to me, and I do everything for him. Did n't I make his kennel my own self, and put nice hay in it? And don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him 'nice old Jack,' and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I've the *best* right in the *world* to have him mind me!"

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charlie had finished; but going on steadily with her work, she said slowly, "I have a little boy. He is my own. He was

given to me by my Heavenly Father. I do every thing for him. I make his clothes, and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons, and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burning him, and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him. I love him. I call him my dear little son. He sits on my lap, and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the 'best right in the world' to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not, unless I *make* him, as I would make a dog."

"O, mother!" cried Charlie, tears starting to his eyes, "I knew it was *wrong* to disobey you; but I never thought before how *mean* it was. *Indeed* I do love you, and I'll try—I really *will* try—to mind you as well as Jack minds me."

"Dear Charlie," said his mother, "there is a great difference between you and Jack. You have a soul. You know what is right, because you have been taught from the Word of God; and you know, too, that the devil and your wicked heart will be always persuading you to do wrong. That is a trouble which Jack can not have; but neither has he the comfort you have; for you can pray to our dear Savior for help, and he will teach you to turn away from Satan, and to love and obey him alone. When you learn to do this, you will not find it difficult to be obedient to me; and where we truly LOVE, it is easy to *obey*."

DO N'T BE TOO POSITIVE.

ALWAYS allow other people their opinions, and do not be too sure you are right. Remember, if you are right in one particular, you may be wrong in others. Do not be defiant, or boldly contradict; but calmly express your reasons, and patiently bear with those whose understanding is less clear, or whose reason is disturbed by passion. Rather than "It is" and "It is n't," "You did" and "You did n't," say "It seems to me," or "I think it is," or "If I mistake not." Avoid all rude and ill-natured expressions; as calling one foolish, obstinate, or provokingly stupid. It often happens that much time is wasted and temper lost in matters of no great consequence: one says the lesson is hard, another says it is not—and there is a fuss. All this shows a wrong spirit, and causes much bitterness, both in words and feelings. While in all cases concerning duty and happiness we are faithful to the right, let us remember to hold to the truth in meekness.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

EXCITEMENT AND SHORT LIFE.—The deadliest foe to man's longevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which can not be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended as rapidly as he deems best. Within certain limits he has a choice, to live fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intensely, to draw his little amount of life over a single space, or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtakes himself, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasure, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his "account with God and man squared up," is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limit which it is possible to attain; while he who lives intensely, who feeds on high-seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory disease, seeks continual excitement, gives loose reign to his passion, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

A CAPABLE PA.—As we passed along the street a few days ago these words arrested us: "Pa gives me every thing I want." First we looked up to see who spoke them, and then we began to think of their meaning. When we saw the "young lady" who said the words we did not doubt they were true; for from head to foot there were flowers—artificial of course—and flaps, and flounces, and ribbons, and all the flippant and fluttering follies of a fashionable lady's wardrobe and toilet. O, she was engrossed with herself!

And then we thought what a capable "pa" she must have, for her wants were many, as one could see, and would often renew themselves. It is true they did not reach high, so we thought, for her "pa" could satisfy them all. They were not spiritual; she had no "wants" of truth or God, or Christ, none of holiness, meekness, humility. Bank bills could compass them all in a milliner's store. And her "pa" could do that, and it seems did do it, *volens volens*. What a fulfillment of parental obligations was there not here! we thought. How this father discharges the solemn duties he owes his child, and what an appreciation she has of her father! And the world

is full of such fathers and such children, the former living to dress and the latter to be dressed, neither having one solemn thought beyond. That "young lady" and her "pa," we said to ourselves, may have an unpleasant coming together at the judgment of Jesus Christ.

AN AFFECTIONATE SPIRIT.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than a scene such as this. A father had better extinguish his son's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in natural scenery, than be robbed of his heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his natural affection? Cherish, then, your heart's best affection. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love—love is of God. Love every body and every thing that is good. Teach your children to love—to love the rose, the robin; and to love their parents, to love their God. Let it be the studied object of domestic culture to give them warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords.

BOYS AND GIRLS.—Boys and girls are not the same. They are born different and show it while they are infants. The boy-baby is restless and uneasy in his mother's arms. He is never still except when asleep, and even then tumbles from side to side in his crib with sudden flings of arms and legs. When he grows beyond babyhood he plays differently. Without ever being told of it, he instinctively turns away from dolls; lays them aside in indifference, and freely donates them to whatever little girl will have them. He demands balls, and bats, and drums; he turns down chairs for horses, lays hold on all the strings of the house for lines, wants all the little sticks made into whips, mounts lounges and drives four in hand; he asks for guns, and wants you to tell him stories of bears, and lions, and tigers, and is amused beyond measure at their leaping upon and eating up cows and oxen. The girl-baby is

gentle, even from the first, and looks quietly out of the blue eyes, or laughingly out of the dark ones. She takes naturally to her dolls, and never wearies of dressing them and arranging the baby-house; she is gentle in her plays, and would be frightened with what would fill her brother with a paroxysm of delight; she loves fairy tales, and will not laugh and ask some absurd question about the babes in the wood, but rather cries over their sorrows. The sister will smooth pussy and hold her lovingly in her lap, while the brother wants to see if the cat can jump, and when she tries to get out of his undesirable company, will detain her by the leg or tail. And these same divergencies of disposition and character perpetuate themselves as the boy or girl grows older. There are exceptions, it is true; some boys have all the tastes and gentleness of a feminine nature, and some girls have much that is masculine. I do not regret seeing it in each. The gentle boy will not make any the less noble man because there was so much that was girl-like in his childhood, nor will the girl that was, in her rudeness, often called a boy, be any the less, but perhaps all the more a true and lovely woman.—*Dr. Aikman's Life at Home.*

HOME—OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.—Bayard Taylor, in speaking of his house planned by himself, says:

"I made two mistakes at the start; the first was, I allowed my thoughts to dwell too much on the outside of the house; fitting the internal arrangements to the external forms, instead of the reverse. The true way of planning is to make the inside first, and then inclose it."

Mr. Taylor thus indicates the cause of many failures in house-building, and the reason why showy mansions are so often uncomfortable homes. Men build not for their own convenience and ease, but for the eyes of their neighbors. They crucify the body and the women in order that the pride of the eye and the vanity of the heart may be gratified. The outside, which is to be seen, controls the inside, which is to be used.

This disposition to sacrifice the useful for the ornamental, the comfort of the family for the "looks" of the thing, is not by any means confined to house-building. It also expresses itself in the life and education of the home-circle. The true idea of home is not a boarding-house, but a private dwelling, wherein father, mother, and children are engaged in the interchange of offices of love, in teaching and learning the lessons of religion, the rules of life, and in forming habits of morality and industry. He who "setteth the solitary in families," designs the home for the place of honor, of love, of authority, of obedience, of the tenderest relations, and of a permanent, beneficent, formative influence. He intended that it should be the surest foundation of national life and the best nursery of individual character. But modern society has "sought out many inventions" whereby to improve on the work of the Creator. God wished men to plan their homes from the inside; they allow their thoughts to dwell too much on the outside, and form the family habits and tastes

not according to the good, the true, and the beautiful, but to meet the requisitions of fashionable life.

DRESS OF CHILDREN.—The chief cause of infantile mortality is not more the weather or foul air than the ignorance and false pride of the mothers. Children are killed by the manner in which they are dressed, and by the food that is given them, as much as by any other causes. Infants of the most tender age, in our changeable and rough climate, are left with bare arms and legs and with low-neck dresses. The mothers, in the same dress, would shiver and suffer with cold, and expect a fit of sickness as the result of their culpable carelessness. And yet the mothers could endure such a treatment with far less danger to health and life than their tender infants.

A moment's reflection will indicate the effects of this mode of dressing, or want of dressing, on the child. The moment the cold air strikes the bare arms and legs of the child, the blood is driven from these extremities to the internal and more vital organs of the body. The result is congestion, to a greater or less extent, of these organs. In warm weather the effect will be congestion of the bowels, causing diarrhea, dysentery, or cholera infantum. We think this mode of dressing must be reckoned as one of the most prominent causes of Summer complaints, so called. In colder weather congestion and inflammation of the lungs, congestion and inflammation of the brain, convulsions, etc., will result. At all seasons congestion, more or less, is caused, the definite effects depending upon the constitution of the child, the weather, and various circumstances.

It is painful, extremely so, to any one who reflects upon the subject, to see children thus decked like victims for sacrifice, to gratify the insane pride of foolish mothers. Our most earnest advice to all mothers is to dress the legs and arms of their children warmly at all events. It would be infinitely less dangerous to life and health to leave their bodies uncovered, than to leave their arms and legs as bare as is the common custom.—*Medical Reporter.*

HUFFY PEOPLE.—One of the oddest things to witness, if not one of the most disagreeable to encounter, is the facility which some people have for taking offense where no offense is meant—"taking huff," as the phrase goes, with reason or without—and making themselves and every one uncomfortable, for nothing deeper than a mood or more than a fancy. Huffy people are to be met with, of all ages and in every station; but we are bound to say that the larger proportion will be found among women, and chiefly among those who are of an uncertain social position, or who are unhappy in their circumstances, not to speak of their tempers. Huffiness, which seems to be self-assertion in what may be called the negative form, and which the possessors thereof classify as high spirit or sensitiveness, according as they are passionate or sullen, is in reality the product of self-distrust. The person who is of an assured social status and of happy private condition, is never apt to take offense.

Many and great are the dangers of action with

huffy people; and sure as you are to flounder into the bog with them, while you are innocently thinking you are walking on the solidest esplanade, the dangers of speech are just as manifold. The dangers of jesting are, above all, great. It may be laid down as an absolute rule, which has no exception anywhere, that no huffy person can bear a joke good humoredly, or take it as it is meant. If you attempt the very simplest form of chaffing, you will soon be made to find out your mistake; and not unfrequently the whole harmony of an evening has been set wrong, because a thin-skinned, huffy person has taken a pleasant jest as a personal affront, and either blazed out or gloomed suddenly, according to his or her individual disposition and direction of the wind at the time. And even chaff, which was not meant to be applied to one more than another of the company—chaff which touched no one and included all—is continually taken as especially designed. Should a chance cap, flung off at random, be felt to fit, it is perfectly useless to proclaim that it was a chance cap, and of random manufacture; your huffed friend, self-hated, will not believe you to her dying day, and will always hold you guilty of having crowned her intentionally with a disfiguring head-gear.

SORROW.—It may seem an anomaly, and yet is most true, that the grief which is at once the heaviest and the easiest to bear is that which must be kept in the depth of the heart, neither asking nor desiring sympathy, counsel, or alleviation. Such things are often the divinest form of sorrow upon earth. For it harms no one, it wounds and wrongs none, and is that solitary agony unto which the angels come and minister—making the nights glorious with the shining of their wings.

But one truth concerning sorrow is simple and clear enough for a child's comprehension, that grief is the most nobly borne which is allowed to weigh the least heavily upon others. Not every one, however, is unselfish enough to perceive this. Many feel a certain pride in putting on, and long retaining their sackcloth and ashes. They conceive that when they have sustained a heavy affliction, that there is a sort of disgrace in not displaying their grief. They can not see that any real wound in a deep, true, loving heart is removed. We may bury our dead out of our sight, or out of our neighbor's sight, which is of more importance; we may cease to miss them from the routine of our daily existence, and learn to name people, things, and places, as calmly as if no pulse had ever throbbed at the merest allusion to them, but they are not forgotten. They have merely passed from the outer to the inner fold of our double life—which lies nearest our hearts.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."—There is much in the *manner* in which religious exercises are conducted in the family. The worship is none the less solemn because familiar. All the surroundings should, therefore, be in keeping with the hour when the family comes into the presence of the great God. Let father and mother sit side by side, let the chil-

dren not be scattered in lounging attitudes round the room and at a distance, but placed near enough to each other to make a group, so that the unity of the worship shall appear as well as exist.

Parents are not as careful as they ought to be of these outward things in a child's religious education. The little one is taught to "say his prayer"—but how? Perhaps with noise of conversation or play about him, he kneels after he has clambered on his bed, and rattles over the set words while he gazes round the room, ready with the "Amen" to burst into a laugh with those that laugh around. It is not at all wonderful that he grows to consider the whole affair as very useless and unmeaning.

Give your child different thoughts. You are doing what the disciples asked the Lord to do, when they said, "Teach us to pray." You are teaching your child to pray, and to pray aright is, as Coleridge said, "the greatest achievement of the Christian's warfare on earth." At this hour of his childish prayer, your boy comes into communion with the Most High, and you should breathe softly, while angels listen. They see a deeper meaning in the act than you can recognize. That infant petition has in it what may touch your heart, if you will think:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Who can keep his soul but God? What a possibility is in that little word "if," a possibility which darts a thrill of anguish through your breast! Into what arms could his soul nestle if not Christ's, if it should go forth from that fair body to-night? Will you not, then, hush the room, and have father and children stand silently by, as with clasped hands and bowed head your child kneels reverently at your knee and solemnly lisps that prayer? Perhaps your face will rest upon his head while your full heart joins in the petition.—*Aikman's Life at Home.*

LITTLE BROTHERS.—Sisters, do not turn off your younger brothers as if they were always in your way, and any service which they might ask of you were a burden. Perhaps the hour may come when, over a coffin that looks strangely longer than you thought, and over a pale brow where often, half unwillingly and perhaps with a petulant push, you parted the hair, you bend with blinding tears and sobs that shake your very soul while remorseful memory is busy with the by-gone hours. You will wish then, that when he came and asked you to help him in his play, or to lift him on your lap because he was tired, or take him out because he wanted to see, you had laid aside your book and made the little heart glad.

CONTENTMENT.—What a beautiful example for all of us is the resolution of the old lady, who from a crabbed and anxious body became quite the opposite! When asked what had induced the change, she replied: "To tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and finally concluded to sit down contented without it."

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON; or, Mount Vernon and its Associations. By Benson J. Lossing. 8vo. Pp. 446. \$3, \$4, and \$7. Hartford: A. S. Hale & Co. Cincinnati: E. Hannaford & Co.

This is really a gem of a book. The name of its author is sufficient at once to secure the confidence of the American people. Mr. Lossing has been devoting his life and his great power both of pen and pencil to the illustration of American history. He has already issued illustrated volumes on the Revolution, The War of 1812, and the History of the United States, all of which have promptly taken their place as standard works. In the present volume he has chosen a unique and interesting field. Every true American will thank him for preserving in this beautiful form the memories of Mount Vernon. There is a most fortunate timeliness, too, in the gathering of the materials for this work. A little longer and it would have been too late. The transferring of the property from the possession of Mr. Custis, the adopted son of Washington, to the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, led to the removal of almost every relic of Washington that remained at his home, and these and many others at Arlington House were still more scattered by the storms of civil war which swept over Virginia. Mr. Lossing's collection of materials and his pencil sketchings were made before these devastations, and here in this beautiful volume they are preserved to perpetuate quite a complete picture of the home-life of the Father of his Country. Mechanically the volume before us is very beautiful, superfine paper, delicately tinted, bound in extra English cloth, beveled edge, and full gilt; the type is large and clear, and the hundred and fifty engravings are original and neatly executed and printed. The volume well deserves the title of a "Superb National Gift-book."

SERMONS PREACHED AT BRIGHTON. By Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. New Edition. Complete. 12mo. Pp. 838. \$2. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Robertson's Sermons are widely known in this country and justly appreciated; the interest of the present new edition lies in the convenience of the form and cheapness of the volume. In a single thick duodecimo we have the contents of four volumes as they originally appeared; the type is also sufficiently large and clear for easy reading. These sermons are well worth the reading, but should be read with care, the young preacher being careful to avoid the faults, mistaking them for excellences, and also to avoid too easily accepting certain doubtful positions held by the author. These are not model sermons for two reasons: first, because they really are not sermons at all, a single discourse in the volume being

the only one really written out and published under the author's eye; the others are not even full notes previously prepared by the author, but are simply "recollections," "sometimes dictated by the preacher himself to the younger members of a family in which he was interested, sometimes written out by himself for them when they were at a distance and unable to attend his ministry;" secondly, because Mr. Robertson was evidently unsettled in his views of some of the vital doctrines of Christianity. He was pre-eminently a doubter, a sad, questioning, but sincere and earnest soul; his mind was in perpetual unrest, while there is no doubt that his heart by a desperate determination of will was clinging to Christ, and cherishing a hope of eternal life through him. Yet the reason of that hope he was unable to give; of the nature and value of the atonement he had no clear views; he was cut loose from the old orthodox statements of these vital doctrines of the Cross, and to his death gave no real evidence of his having surely anchored anywhere. He did not know what to believe, but clung to Christ, hoping that in some way he had the power to save. This unsettled state of mind gives to his style a freedom and looseness of statement, an air of profound and serious struggling which constitutes no small part of its attractiveness, and which equally constitutes a sad delusion to the young preacher who is captivated by them and attempts to imitate them. Read Robertson's sermons, but do not preach them; study his profound, and earnest, and struggling spirit, but do not be captivated by it, but stand firmly on the sure foundation and watch how even a sincere soul is doomed to darkness and sadness when it breaks from its anchorage.

THE OLDEST AND THE NEWEST EMPIRE: China and the United States. By William Speer, D. D. 8vo. Pp. 681. Cincinnati: National Publishing Company.

Dr. Speer, Corresponding Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, and formerly a missionary to China and to the Chinese of California, has had ample opportunity for becoming thoroughly acquainted with the Chinese character and for studying and appreciating the important questions of the future relations of the Chinese people and our own country. We have been for some time expecting some enterprising author and publisher to give us a good book on this live subject. We are glad that the work has fallen into such good hands, both with regard to the author and the publishers. The immigration of multitudes of Chinese into this country is a fixed fact; they are here by the thousands and will continue to come. To the Christian and philanthropist it is a most significant fact, evidently one of those great providential movements to prepare the

earth for the kingdom of the Messiah. Every Christian who can be taught rightly to understand and appreciate the Chinese character we are sure will welcome the Chinaman to our shores. He comes, however, as an element widely different from any hitherto introduced by immigration into our country. He comes from a civilization very different from ours; he comes as a heathen, and brings with him the thoughts, the habits, and the institutions of paganism; he comes from a great empire, as large as our own; from the midst of a population immensely exceeding ours; from a government absolute and arbitrary, and brings with him customs, arts, and methods different from ours and from those of any other foreigners that seek a home among us. It is the duty of our people, and especially of our statesmen; to understand this stranger. Dr. Speer is fully competent to introduce him, and has admirably done it in the volume before us. He treats of the history, character, talents, and capabilities of the Chinese people, and ably discusses the advantages which we may expect to derive from the introduction of many of these people into various departments of labor in all parts of our country. It is a good book, timely, truthful, and reliable in its statements.

FREE RUSSIA. By William Hepworth Dixon, Author of "Free America," "Her Majesty's Tower," etc. 8vo. Pp. 359. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mr. Dixon is a great traveler and an excellent writer; he sees well and describes admirably; he sees below the surface, too, and beyond the mere description of scenes, always gives us very just estimates of the life and character of the people, and of important social and political questions which are agitated among them. The volume before us is a very interesting contribution to our knowledge of the great northern empire in its new *regime* of comparative freedom. Russia was born again by the Crimean war, and it is this new empire which has passed over from Asiatic forms into European, that the author tries to paint. His journeys covered most of the empire, and his sprightly pen vividly paints the living people.

THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN, NILE, RED SEA, AND GENNESARETH, ETC. By J. Macgregor, M. A. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 464. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

"Rob Roy" is the name of a famous canoe in which its intrepid master has made many adventurous and thrilling voyages. In the present volume he describes the scenes and events incident to a voyage in his little craft on the waters of Palestine, Egypt, and Damascus. The method of his journeyings brings him into contact with people and incidents not commonly met by the ordinary traveler, and gives a freshness and vivacity to his book that make it new and interesting, even to those who have read many books of travel through these sacred lands. The volume is copiously illustrated.

SANCTUM SANCTORUM; or, Proof-sheets from an Editor's Table. By Theodore Tilton, Editor of the *Independent*. 12mo. Pp. 325. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Theodore Tilton has been a great man, earnest, philanthropic, broad, and generous; a good writer, ready, vivacious, racy, pointed; a good editor, prompt, timely, quick-seeing, and far-seeing; but, alas! the bright gold has become dim, the earnest man passes over into a zealot, the broad and generous man into a dangerous liberalist. The *Independent* was a glorious paper—it is a very dangerous one; it was a grand leader—it is a dangerous guide in almost every social, political, and religious question of the day. We are glad Theodore Tilton published this book; it is precious because he could never produce such another; it shows what he was; it gives the genuine ring of the old *Independent*; it is valuable, as the picture of the artist becomes valuable when he is struck with blindness, or palsy, or death, and can produce no more. We commend this volume to the many friends of Mr. Tilton, who remember what he was, and regret what he is.

LIFE AT HOME; or, The Family and its Members. By William Aikman, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 249. New York: S. R. Wells.

At a time when the sacredness of the marriage relation is so much called in question, and when the bonds which hold the family together are in danger of being lightly esteemed, any attempt to exalt the family life may be hopeful of good. The failure to reach the highest happiness of married life and the best results of family training are caused, we may believe, not so much by willfulness as by ignorance or inexperience. If at the outset a few cautions and suggestions, founded on mature thought and larger observation, were received, mistakes could be corrected and errors avoided, which too often occasion years of disappointment and sorrow. For such needful cautions and suggestions this is an admirable little book; it is sensible, plain, affectionate, and earnest. We give in our Family Circle some extracts from it, and will give more. We commend it to our readers, and especially to young families.

HOME LIFE; or, How to Make Home Happy. 18mo. Pp. 205. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This is another neat little volume in the same line as the preceding, and is addressed to parents, children, brothers, and sisters. It is the production of an English lady, Marianne Farningham, who has a "happy knack of saying good things and giving good advice without becoming dull or wearisome." We join with the editor in recommending it earnestly to all the members of every Christian household, because it contains hints and practical suggestions which, if heeded, would lead many who now find their chief pleasure in what is called society, to turn their attention to their own hearth-stones, and to make them what God meant they should be—"fair rings of bliss."

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN. *By Rev. J. H. Wilson, M. A.* 16mo. Pp. 326. \$1.25. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

This volume explains and illustrates the Lord's Prayer in a manner adapted to the understanding and feelings of young people.

THE GOLDEN CAP; or, *The Beautiful Legend of Fostedina and Adgillus, and other Stories.* *By Rev. J. De Liefde. Illustrated.* 16mo. Pp. 350. \$1.25.

HERBERT PERCY. *By L. A. Moncrief.* 18mo. Pp. 241. 75 cents. New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

Two excellent and interesting books for young people, of the kind always issued by the Carters.

LINSIDE FARM. *By Mrs. J. F. Moore.* 16mo. Pp. 346.

JESSIE GORDON. *From the English Edition.* 16mo. Pp. 405. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

These are also two excellent books for youth adapted to the family and the Sunday-school. The books published by Henry Hoyt are always safe and good.

THE YOUNG SHETLANDER AND HIS HOME. *By Rev. B. K. Pierce, D. D.* Eleven Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 336. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

About one hundred and twenty miles north-east of Scotland, surrounded by the tempestuous Northern Ocean, are the Shetland Islands. There are more than one hundred of them, but many are very small, and only thirty-four are inhabited. It was on one of these stormy islands that Thomas Edmondston, whose history is here given, was born in 1825. He was a noble youth and grew up to be a noble young man, richly endowed with talents and full of promise as a naturalist, but was most sadly cut down in the midst of a brilliant life at the age of

twenty-one by an accidental shot. His story is most graphically told by Dr. Pierce, and in a method which can not fail to interest and instruct youthful readers.

THE WRITINGS OF ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY. *With Illustrations.* 8vo. Pp. 425. \$2. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

MAN AND WIFE. *By Wilkie Collins. With Illustrations.* 8vo. Pp. 239. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

MISS VAN KORTLAND. *By the Author of "My Daughter Elinor."* 8vo. Pp. 180. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

IN PAPER.

Edinburgh Review, July, 1870, American Edition. *The London Quarterly Review*, July, 1870. *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, June, 1870. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

Centarini Fleming, Henrietta Temple, Venetia. Novels by the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

Bessie Langton. A Story of Fifty-two to Fifty-five. By Hanley Smart. *The Lady of the Ice.* By James de Mille. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

Gwendoline's Harvest. By the Author of "Carlyon's Tear," etc. *Beneath the Wheels.* By the Author of "Olive Varcoe," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. Annual Catalogue and Announcement.

Thirty-first Annual Catalogue of the Oakland Female Seminary, Hillsboro, O., Rev. Joseph M'D. Mathews, D. D., Principal.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

RECREATION.—Six years of unremitting labor in the office of the Repository has made its mark on the editor, and the symptoms plainly indicated the necessity of rest and recreation. But an editor's rest can be but little more than change of occupation after all. Thinking of many places to which we might go for change of air and scenery, we finally settled on the islands of Lake Erie. A ride of ten hours carries us from Cincinnati to Sandusky; another hour of delightful sailing on the lake brings us to Kelley's Island. Here we find a quiet, breezy place which we can recommend to all weary and heat-burdened sufferers who feel compelled to tear themselves away from labor and society. A good,

comfortable hotel, home-like and quiet, stands on the edge of the lake, and offers to the pleasure seeker as well as the invalid, peculiar attractions, not the least of which is the cool, bracing air of the lake. Steamboats running between Sandusky, Detroit, and other points, make ten landings daily at the island, keeping one constantly reminded of the close proximity of life and enterprise.

Kelley's Island is a spot of great interest in many respects. A few years ago it was a barren waste, unknown and uninhabited, described in a celebrated geography as a low, marshy island, covered with rattlesnakes and water-lilies. The geographer had evidently never seen it. It is not low or marshy; it

never was much infested with rattlesnakes, nor was it ever prolific in water-lilies. The description, however, would apply literally to some of the small, low islands of Lake Erie. In fact, Kelley's Island is a mass of solid limestone rock, lifted about twelve feet out of the lake, and rising in some points to an elevation of forty and even fifty feet above the level of the lake. It is an interesting island to the geologist, and presents to him many a hard problem to solve. The soil covers the rock to a depth of twelve to eighteen inches, and is exceedingly rich, being largely composed of disintegrated limestone. Geologically this island consists of successive strata of limestone, rising from the water's edge to a height of fifty feet. At one point we counted sixty successive laminæ; this was at the highest point, near the north side of the island. These laminæ or strata, varying in thickness from two inches to eight, are profusely loaded with fossil shells. They have all been formed in a horizontal position, and have been lifted together into the slight inclination which they now have from the horizontal. What is remarkable, too, is the fact that these fossil remains are all marine, and these huge rocks have been therefore at one time at the bottom of the ocean. What changes have taken place since then, and what ages were involved in the formation of these vast shell-rocks are known only to the Infinite Mind. If any one wishes to try the solution of the problem we will present it to him in the following form: Standing on the lowest table of rock jutting out into the lake on the north side of the island, and looking down upon its flat surface, you will find that surface literally covered with marine shell marks; the rock is in fact a mass of shell *debris*. In one place you may notice the impress of a stem of a species of fern that grew in the ages ago; the fact of its existence is here written in the solid rock. Now lift your eyes to the top stratum of a quarry that has recently been opened on this side of the island, and you see at once that the lowest rock on which you are standing has been covered with fully fifty feet of successive layers of rock deposited in the same way; namely, at the ocean bottom and formed very largely of marine shells, the species often varying in the different strata. Now your problem is, how long was this vast bed of shell-rock in making? When and how was it lifted out of the salt ocean? When and how did the lake cease to be an ocean and become a body of fresh water?

Passing from these questions of the rocks we now come to indications of another kind of life, which also present some problems which human records can not solve. The island was for a long time the home of the Indians, but of what Indians, and when and how long they lived upon it are unknown. The living Indian was never seen upon the island; he had left it long before the white man approached it; he has left only his memorials behind him; his burial places are numerous; his bones are found in great numbers; his stone implements, flint arrow-heads, stone axes and hammers, bone knives and handles are found in abundance, and in his rude pictorial manner he has tried to tell some part of his story by

cutting it into the rock. One of these pictorial inscriptions, now almost effaced by the wearing of the weather and the lashing of the waves, is still an object of interest, on the face of a huge rock lying just at the water's edge, a short distance east of the Island House. It is too much worn to be well made out, though some experts have tried to decipher it.

But the dashing of the waves of the old ocean, and the generations of shell-fish that piled up these rocks, and the wild Indian that first claimed them for human habitation, have all passed into the unknown and undiscoverable history of the past. The island is still here, more beautiful, more rich, more interesting than ever. Instead of barren rocks, the mere sepulchres of dead shell-fish, we have now a beautiful green island, covered with vegetation, and not long ago with forests of cedar and ash; instead of the naked Indian and his rude implements we have now a happy, thriving, busy community of a thousand souls; instead of dependence on the wild products of nature and the chances of the chase, we have now a garden spot enriching its cultivators and supplying tons of luscious grapes to the people. These islands are celebrated for their grape culture. In 1833 the Messrs. Kelley, of Cleveland, purchased and moved on the island bearing their name, finding five or six poor men and their families on the island. Five years later, in 1838, only twelve families were found on the island. The first trade was in stones and cedars; the latter trade has become exhausted, more than \$100,000 worth of cedar having been sold from the island. The stone trade is still a very important one, four immense quarries being opened, and thousands of dollars' worth of stone being shipped annually. In 1840 the Messrs. Kelley began to experiment with the grape, but the first actual trade in grapes began in 1854. In 1846 the grape product of the island amounted to \$5,000. In 1861 the crop from 128 acres yielded \$51,800. In 1869 a thousand acres were in grapes, and the yield averaged three and a half tons per acre, worth from seven to nine cents per pound, amounting to about a half million of dollars. The planting still continues, and the enthusiasm in the culture is as great as ever. The island is now nearly one half in grapes; it is about three miles long, a mile and a half wide, and contains about 2,700 acres. The price of land varies according to the enthusiasm of the planters, from \$100 to \$1,000 per acre. A bad grape season brings it down toward the lower point; but a fine crop of grapes immediately puts it up toward the highest price.

Of course the visitor to Lake Erie must leave Kelley's Island, and by another steamboat ride of about an hour, passing several beautiful islands on the way, must visit Put-in-Bay Island, where he will find an excellent hotel, and a Summer resort which has already become a great favorite to Western people; and deservedly so, too; we have visited but few places that can equal in attractiveness and health-giving qualities this beautiful place of resort. We can safely say the people of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan need not take a tiresome journey of a thousand miles to the East to find pure air, bracing

breezes, excellent bathing, capital fishing, and good society. They are all here near at hand.

Put-in-Bay Island is about twenty-four miles by steamer from Sandusky, about forty from Toledo, and about sixty from Detroit. It derives its name from the fact that Commodore Perry put in here with his fleet after the great naval battle in 1813. Some of his dead heroes are buried just in front of where the hotel now stands. The island is one of the most beautiful of this group of remarkable islands lying on the bosom of the lake. It is about three miles long, contains about 1,700 acres, and has about 800 inhabitants. The Bay itself is a lovely sheet of water, surrounded by a group of islands, all in the highest state of cultivation, being covered with vineyards, fine residences, and flower gardens, and all easily accessible by the row-boat or sail-boat. Just opposite Put-in-Bay Island is "Gibraltar," the Summer residence of Jay Cooke, the great American banker. The island is a precipitous rock, rising about forty feet above the lake. The soil has been largely made by Mr. Cooke, and its ornamentation is that of art rather than nature. It is a beautiful spot, and the residence is a very fine one. Mr. Cooke, we believe, annually invites some ministers to enjoy the hospitalities of this island home. He very carefully, however, we are told, excludes their wives, which in our opinion is a great mistake. If there is any body in the world that needs just such a rest and relief from home and parish duties, and the fresh lake breeze that blows about Gibraltar, it is the weary, worn wife of the preacher. Mr. Cooke's goodness would be more than doubled if he took this fact into consideration.

All these islands are rich in geological interest. The limestone of which they are composed is much softer than that of Kelley's Island, and breaks down readily under the washings of the waves; the result is a very singular, ragged appearance of the rocks where they crop out on the surface, and many strange, fantastic shapes along their borders. On Put-in-Bay Island are found many curious caverns, some of which are quite large, with smooth floors, high walls, and clear and cool miniature lakes. Indeed, for all the purposes of Summer change and rest, we know of nothing better than these delightful islands of Lake Erie.

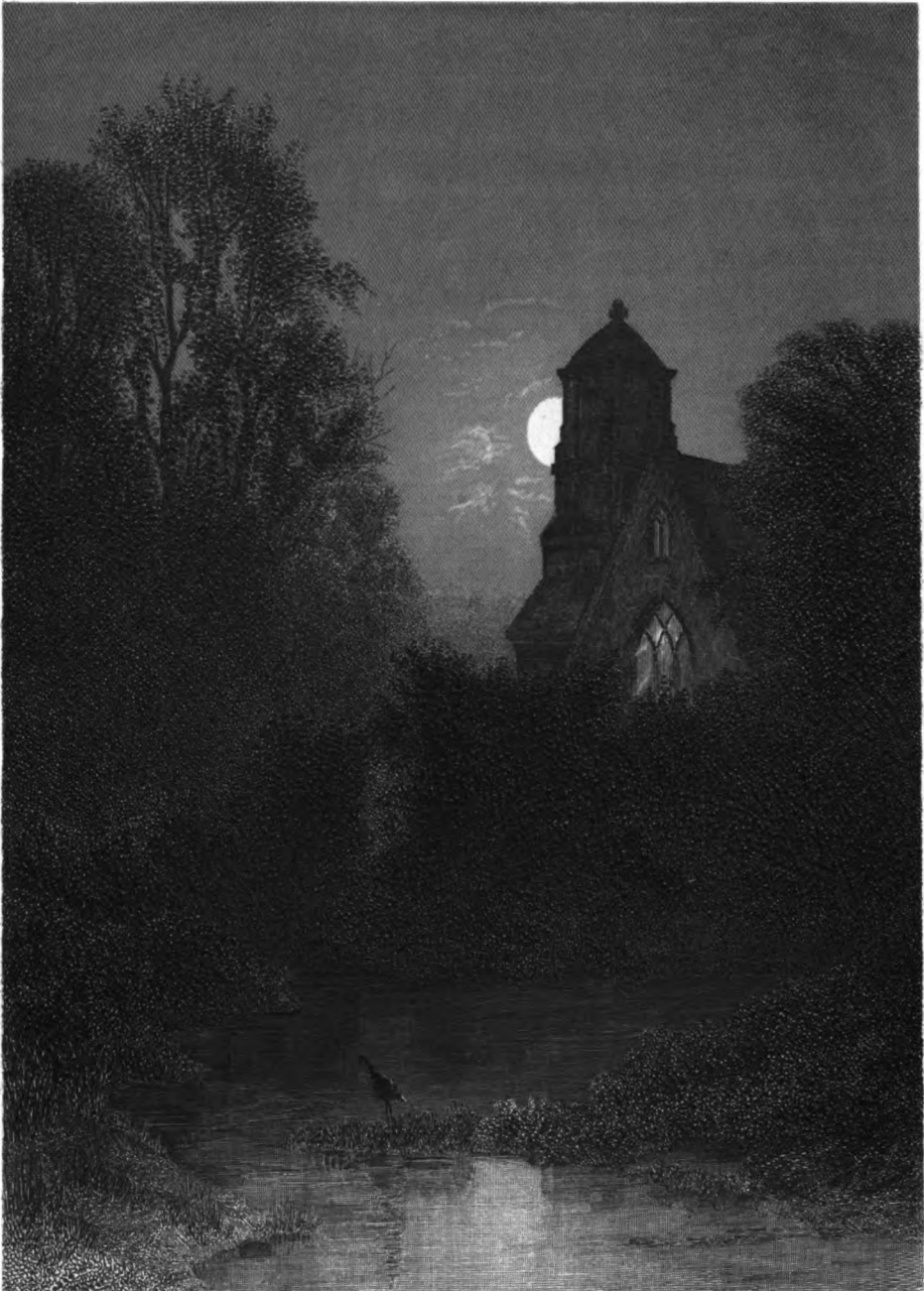
A TEMPERATE MAN.—A correspondent of the *Advance* thus speaks of the drinking habits of the late Charles Dickens: "His liquors were of the choicest kind. Wines of rarest vintage were stored in his cellars. Highly spiced beverages came to be liked, and he was vain of his skill in compounding them. The 'cider cup of Gad's Hill'—a drink composed of cider, limes, brandy, pine-apple, toasted apples, lemon peel and sugar—became famous as a speciality of the place. A friend of mine who spent a day and night at Gad's Hill last year, a gentleman to whom Dickens felt under great personal obligations, and for whom he may therefore have emphasized his hospitality, describes the visit as a continued bibulous festivity from noon till midnight. There

was the cider cup on arriving at half-past twelve, P. M.; sports in the open air till two, when came brandy and water; a long walk through the fields till six, when curacao with other *liqueurs* were served; dress, dinner from seven till ten, with every variety of wines—coffee and cigars, and then pure spirits and various compounds of spirits till bed-time."

After detailing these moderate habits the writer naively adds: "If any one infers from what I have written that Charles Dickens was an intemperate man, in the actual acceptation of the word, whether in this country or in England, he mistakes my meaning. Dickens was never drunk. His intellect was never obfuscated by excess. But he 'enjoyed life.' He lived indeed too fast. This he himself felt, and hence his long walks from six to ten miles a day to counteract the effects of indulgence. For the last twelve months of his life he had been increasing in stoutness. He noticed this, and fearing what it portended, increased his hours of exercise. It would have been better had he begun at the other end."

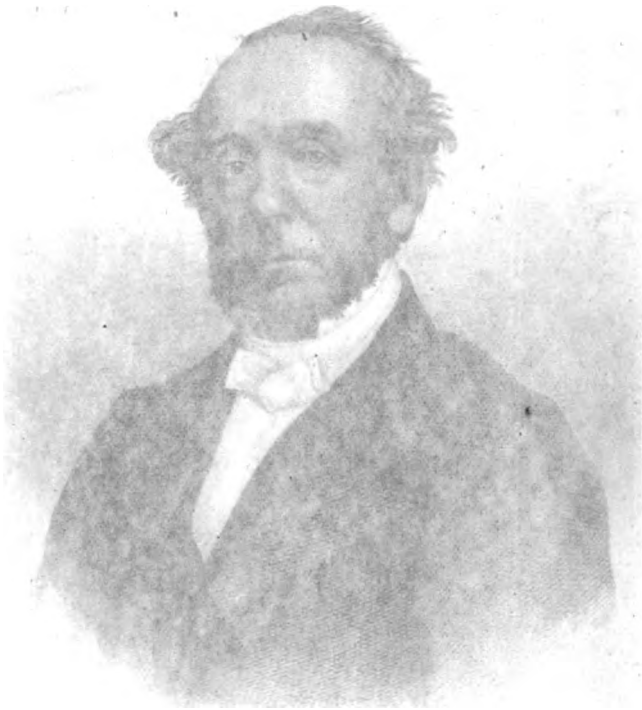
The writer, however, pronounces very sensibly on the mooted question of Mr. Dickens's religious life. "He was not religious. How religion could get into a man who never went to church, never kept Sunday sacred, never read his Bible, never affiliated with religious people, would be as great a mystery as Miss Tabitha Bramble's 'how the thunder could have spoiled the beer when the door was double-locked.'" Yet Mr. Dickens has been called in both English and American pulpits a "Christ-like man!" It is time for Christians to have done with this cheap selling out of Christianity to the mere popularity of men.

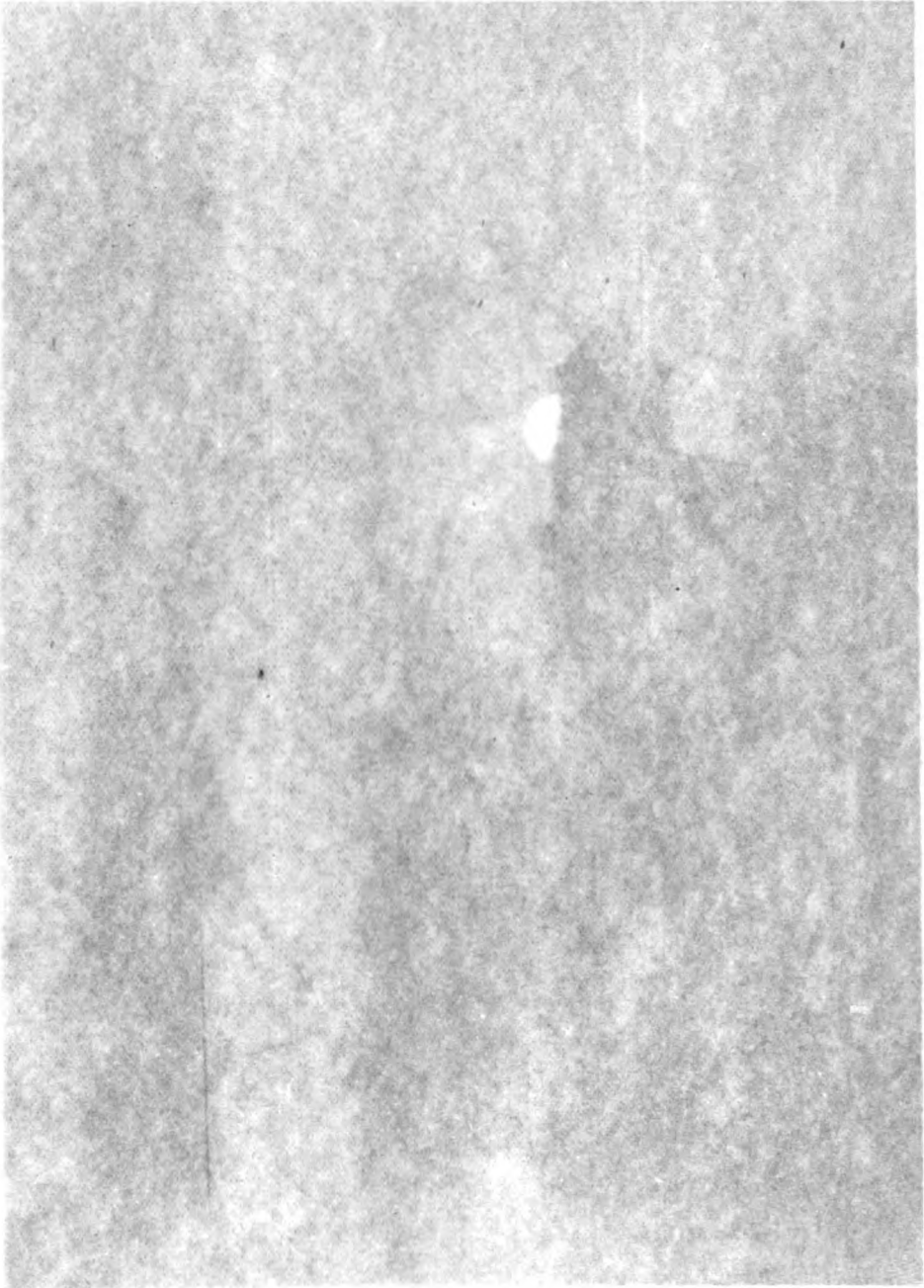
A SOCIAL POISON.—"We advise our preachers to give more heed to the wants and duties of the present, and concern themselves or their people less about the destinies of the future. The good Providence that is taking care of us all in the present life will doubtless continue to do the best for us all in the life to come." Such are the concluding words of a dictatorial and supercilious criticism of a prominent secular paper on the sermon of an earnest preacher uttering words of warning to the impenitent and wicked. The sentiment and tone are quite prevalent in our secular papers, and through them are made to diffuse themselves widely among the people. There is a certain air of philosophy and dash about this style of utterance that pleases the vanity of young editors, and gratifies the irreligion of their readers. The sentiment is simply bold Universalism, or, worse yet, is mere paganism, not a whit more Christian than the exclamation of Confucius two thousand years ago, "Take care of the present world, and let the gods take care of the next." This light and easy tossing off of the mysteries and destinies of the future life, so prevalent in the newspapers and other transient literature of the day, is subtly sapping the foundations of the people's faith in any future at all. Nothing is more needed, indeed, in the pulpit of the times than a clear and certain ring on the judgment to come.



THE CHURCH AT NIGHT

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THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1870.

OCTOBER.

REV. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D. D., LL. D.

DR. M'CLINTOCK was a native of Philadelphia, and was born on the 27th of October, 1814. He ended his life at Drew Theological Seminary on the 4th of March last, as these dates show, at the age of fifty-five. Arrangements are already making for the publication of a complete life of him; until that appears we ask the readers of the Ladies' Repository to be content with the following sketch, which, for substance, is the same with the memorial notice read before the Newark Conference, of which Dr. M'Clintock was a member at the time of his death.

The child of earnest and devout Christian parents, who were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he consecrated himself to Christ early in life; and his whole career, so useful and so eminent, showed how complete that consecration was. Few have done so much in so brief a life. His remarkable intellectual powers disclosed themselves at a very early age, and in a most striking manner. When only seven years of age he was already considered an accomplished grammarian. The proof of this may be seen in a certificate prefixed to one of the early editions of Greenleaf's Grammar, signed by Dr. Wylie, afterward Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Pennsylvania, in which Greenleaf's method is commended, and young M'Clintock is mentioned as the person upon whom the Doctor had seen it tried with such striking success. This singular precocity was the beginning of a life of continuous culture and labor. To the last the tact, skill, and delicacy of the boy were exemplified in the man. He felt that his mission was to work for the Church, and thus for God and for men; and while he worked with out-

ward tendencies, and to influence the world, there went on at the same time another movement of self-culture. These two directions have rarely been better combined in one man than in John M'Clintock.

While a boy, engaged as book-keeper in the Methodist Book-Room in New York, he made a distinct profession of conversion, and in his occupation as clerk secured the means of passing through college. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, taking one of the honors of his class, and in 1835 joined the Philadelphia Annual Conference, and was stationed at Jersey City. During this year he was elected Professor of Mathematics in Dickinson College, where he served thirteen years, the latter part of the time filling the chair of Greek and Latin, and showing himself equally at home here and in his former place. From the time of the division of the Philadelphia Conference he was a member of the New Jersey Conference, and for a few years was its Secretary.

In 1848 he resigned his position in the College to accept the editorship of the Methodist Quarterly Review—a position for which he had singular qualifications. In this place he wrought eight years, during which time he placed the Review in the front-rank of American quarterlies. A large part of his success lay in the breadth of view and in the generous Christian catholicity with which he selected his contributors. He entered the most difficult fields of thought, whether of philosophy or theology, with the utmost boldness, but saw to the safety of truth with a caution and a certainty with which few could explore such dangerous regions. Indeed, Dr. M'Clintock had for the great truths of ecclesiastical orthodoxy an earnest and devoted love; they were a part of his very life; he had tasted them, and was certain

of their verity; nor was he afraid to see them in conflict with any form of error. This indeed was a large part of the steady movement of his whole course of life.

From the Quarterly he passed to the regular work of the ministry, and in 1857 was stationed at St. Paul's, New York, where his ministry met with great favor. He was indeed successful in a high degree, and the people of his flock loved him as much, perhaps, as any people ought to love their pastor. This was partly owing to his preaching, and partly to his character as a man and a Christian. He could deliver his whole message and yet not offend; he could be gentle without dulling the edge of truth. His eloquence was of the gentler sort. A son of consolation, he impressed by beauty and simplicity more than by force; or rather his force was the force of cogency and persuasion more than that of fire and energy. From St. Paul's, in 1860, he went to Paris as the pastor of the "American Chapel" in that city. Besides his pastoral duties, which met with the favor usually following his ministry, he worked nobly and successfully for his country.

From 1861 to 1864, during the war of the rebellion, he was tireless in his efforts to awaken sympathy for the cause of the Union. In Paris his house was a center at which the friends of the Union were wont to gather for consultation. His reputation and address, together with a sort of natural diplomacy, gave him access to almost all descriptions of people. In England he met many of the chief friends of human liberty and of our cause, and both quickened and directed their sympathies so as to make them tell favorably upon the public life. Some of the Americans abroad at that time may have been more demonstrative in their patriotism than Dr. M'Clintock, but it may well be doubted whether any did so much to make the relations of the war to the welfare of humanity understood, or to awaken for it popular enthusiasm. And then, too, he supplemented his labors abroad by his contributions for the religious press at home, from which people of our Church gathered both information and inspiration. In 1864 Doctor M'Clintock returned to his native country, and for another year was stationed at St. Paul's, which place ill health compelled him to abandon. His next field of labor was "Drew Theological Seminary," from which he has just gone to his heavenly rest. This school, founded by the liberality of Daniel Drew, Esq., he organized and successfully conducted up to the time of his death, which most mournful event has left not only his family, but the students and faculty of the Seminary as well, almost

disconsolate. Here, as had been so eminently the case at Dickinson, the institution felt the inspiration of his quick but calm intellect. His bare name was a tower of strength, and his loss is irreparable to the Seminary, as it is to the whole Church of God. His sickness, in one sense, was brief, but in another of great duration. For twenty years, while he worked day and night with unabated ardor, he was struggling with illness. During all this time his recreation and his rest were only changes of labor.

Not long ago he remarked that he had not seen a well day for a score of years. The sickness, however, which proved fatal, was a brief one—of only about ten days. For several days before he died he was unconscious, and his last words about his future prospects were that, whatever might be the event of his sickness, it would be all right! all right! all right! This was said to Dr. Foster.

As we look back upon the career of our brother we see in it one spot of rare interest, of which but little is known by the Church generally. We refer to his trial before the criminal court of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, for the alleged offense of inciting a riot to promote the escape of a fugitive slave. We can not enter fully into this most interesting story—at once a story of persecution, of patient endurance, of favoring providences.

Suffice it to say that Dr. M'Clintock both meant to be a good citizen and to aid the poor fugitive, and that through all the days of that painful trial he was never heard to utter an angry or impatient word. He no doubt felt, and that deeply, the effort to injure him, and though he shut up the wound in a generous and forgiving heart, yet the shock which it gave to his nervous system followed him to the last. In a brief sketch such as this it is impossible fittingly to characterize such a man as Dr. M'Clintock. As a scholar, he was doubtless the first man in Methodism, either in England or America. He was at once broad and exact; it was not his custom to engage in minute disputes; his arguments were for the most part statements so concatenated as to need no elaboration. Indeed, so vast was his knowledge, and so quick and easy his perception of relations, that his mind was impatient of logical processes. He leaped to his conclusions while his interlocutor was working his way to the point in question. The breadth of his culture was a constant temptation to scatter his energies over a wide field; and, although he wrought successfully as an author in the earlier part of his life, yet it was only in the *Cyclopedia* of

Theology and Church History that his mind found the manifoldness which its versatility demanded. The whole sphere of theology lay before him, and great diversities of labor gave him rest. This noble work will be an honor to him, as well as to Methodism, in generations to come.

Dr. M'Clintock's personal Christian character was remarkable for its roundness and for its completeness. In whatever he did he never forgot the Church. His relations to life were multifarious; he came in contact with every public interest; he read all sorts of papers and periodicals as well as books; but in all he was the Christian and Christian minister. He criticised and judged every thing from the Christian point of view. This remarkable breadth showed itself in other forms. For example, he multiplied friendships indefinitely. Not that he aimed to do so, but his very nature did it; the geniality of his spirit, and his freedom from prejudice, were ever open doors; nay, they were inner magnets, both to draw and to hold; and as many friends as he made during life he never seemed to grow cold to one of them—once his, they were his to the end. This quality, too, fitted him in a rare degree to be a mediator between hostile parties. No man lives, perhaps, in the whole Methodist Church, who so completely possesses the confidence of all parties as did John M'Clintock at the time of his death. He might be imposed upon, but his charity and justice never forsook him. He gave all men credit for honest intentions, but made even his whispers such that, if need be, they might be proclaimed upon the house-top. His mastery of his passions seemed absolute; his tempers were chastened to the last degree. Patience had literally its perfect work, and his charity persistently refused to think any evil, even when a vast array of evidence seemed to make a merciful verdict impossible. On the subject of his own Christian experience he said but little—of religion in general a great deal; but his life grandly declared what he declined to speak: it was a beautiful, living, acting, polished reproduction of Christianity, as it were—a poem full of labor and pain in the writing, but also full of sweetest music to the memory.

Do something. Try faith. Test thy conversion. Do not merely wish, and weep, and talk, and try to feel, as if you could draw water from a dry well by heavier exercise at the bucket! Go straight to Christ's service, on his side, and as thy day, so shall thy strength be.

WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT AND MADAME DIEDE.

ON the 16th of July, 1846, a lonely old woman died in a wretched house in the Wilhelmshöhe Alley at Cassel, Germany. She was seventy-five years old, and had gained her subsistence by her own hands, at work, indeed, which was only suitable for young persons of her sex. Her aged and trembling fingers had also made delicate artificial flowers, and from the workshop of this lonely, sorrowing old woman went out the elegant floral ornamentation which laughing youth carried into the gay society of the city. How many tears, how many sighs of recollection may have accompanied this toilsome labor! For the poor creature who was compelled to plait bouquets and wreaths for her daily bread had once been a young girl of perhaps even greater beauty than the wearers of her work; she had also been happy, though but for a brief period. She was a clergyman's daughter, once sweeter and more amiable than many of those who had been praised in fiction and song by the poets of the period of her youth. Through the Vicar of Wakefield, Voss's *Idyl of Louisa*, and even Burger's Pastor of Taubenheim, the minister's daughters had received a poetic nimbus which also charmed Goethe in his *Frederica of Sesenheim*.

The name of the poor old bouquet woman was Charlotte Hildebrand. Her father had been a Hanoverian clergyman in good circumstances, and she had received a careful training and an almost scholarly education. With her nineteenth year she became enthusiastic for "the true, the good, and the beautiful;" read philosophical writings, composed poetry, and longed for some ideal friendship. Her home was in a lovely part of the mountains bordering along the Weser, and the romantic ravines, the green meadows, the towering oaks, and the thatched peasant houses were the familiar, picturesque objects she saw on her excursions. She often wandered to the little hunting seat of Baum, belonging to the Baron of Buckeburg, which was as isolated as a falcon in the green wilderness. Here Herder had lived, the favorite of the general and philosopher William von Schaumburg Lippe, and the friend of his amiable lady—a princely pair whom the old Mendelssohn honored and has described in his writings. A monument was erected over the united graves of this couple, who were bound together in such a happy marriage during life, and this was a place of pilgrimage in those times for prominent poetical and enthusiastic natures.

The minister's lovely daughter, too, fed her youthful imagination with dreams of an ideal marriage, but had not the least presentiment that they would never be realized. The memories connected with the hunting castle of Baum, near Buckeburg, proved to be the pleasantest pictures of her lonely old age. Other beautiful parts of the mountains fringing the Weser were also visited by the young girl, when she was accompanied by her parents, who, in accordance with the custom of the times, paid an annual visit to some of the watering places. It was thus that Charlotte Hildebrand became acquainted with the neighboring Rehburg, with its incomparable fir-forests and meadows; with the lovely Eilsen, which, in the deep ravine, with its red-tile roofs, looked like the outside of a fresh apple amid green leaves; and, finally, with Pymont, then the most fashionable watering place.

Under the linden archway of the Pymont Avenue she once sat with her father upon a bench near the cool fountain, when a youth approached and seated himself beside them. He had a threadbare coat, but gave evidence of good manners; he was homely, but he had an intellectual look. People easily became acquainted with one another in those days at the watering places; they were not so distrustful of each other as they are now, and in a few minutes the beautiful young girl had led her neighbor into a deeply philosophical conversation. She listened to his words as if they came from a better and previously undreamed-of world, and he was pleased with the lovely being who could listen so intelligently and speak so suggestively. The clergyman, who was likewise charmed by the youth, whom he took for a student from Göttingen, invited him to dinner, and they all entered the dining-hall together. It was there discovered that the enthusiastic speaker was in reality a Göttingen student, but a very eminent one, none other than William von Humboldt, of Berlin, the brother of Alexander von Humboldt.

It is well known that at that time, and later, William von Humboldt possessed a very plain-looking exterior; in his best coat he still looked like a tailor—gray, small, and thin; and how must he have appeared in his dusty and worn traveling suit? But his young friend had quickly recognized his mental beauty, and even after the lapse of half a century spoke of the clear repose of his nature, and of the salutary effect of his entertaining conversation, of her deep and ineffaceable impressions, and of the sacred emotions that he had awakened in her.

During three happy days of a free, unem-

ployed life at a watering place, the young girl was frequently thrown into Humboldt's society, and when he took his departure he wrote, according to the custom then prevalent, a pathetic sentence in her album, but did not utter a word expressive of the real feelings of his heart. She herself felt infinitely enriched, mentally, by his conversation, yet she was too modest, too true and feminine, to cherish a hope of a nearer relation with the prominent and intellectually important youth, in whom she already recognized the future celebrity.

This meeting took place on the 16th of June, 1788. Humboldt had expressed his intention of visiting the parsonage in the following Autumn; but he never came, having remained longer than he had expected with Jacobi in Pempelfort, which was then the gathering place of many of the great intellects of the day. How longingly the young girl waited, and, from the small parsonage garden overgrown with rose-trees and shrubs, looked out for Humboldt's visit! She has described somewhere her parental home, and its exquisite situation amid the beauties of nature; a little brook rippled close by the garden hedge, and a shaky stile led into a meadow surrounded by bushes. It was here that the young girl loved to direct her steps when she wished to be alone with her dreams. The Autumn mist would undulate like a veil in the moonlight, and call up Ossianic pictures before the eyes of the dreamer. In the quiet of her own chamber she would read her treasured album leaf:

"A sense for the true, the good, and the beautiful, ennobles the soul and makes the heart happy; but what is even this feeling without a sympathetic soul with whom we can share it?"

WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT.

"Pymont, 1788."

But the "sympathetic soul" never came! Instead of that there came a Doctor Diede, and sued urgently for Charlotte Hildebrand's hand. She would fain have given him a refusal, but her parents found no fault with him, and desired, nay, almost commanded, that she should accept him. In earlier days in Germany, and even now, it was the fashion to marry off the daughters very early; and every German mother considered it a reproach when her daughters remained too long on her hands. How many girlish dreams have thus been dissipated, and how much of human happiness has been destroyed by unwise parental influence in matters of marriage!

Charlotte Hildebrand entered into the union without any inclination on her part; and when

scarcely twenty years of age she removed to Cassel with her husband, and henceforward lived as Madame Diede. The marriage proved an unfortunate one, and after five years they were divorced. She herself narrates this event with sadness: "I was married in the Spring of 1789, lived but five years in this childless union, and never married again." Three years after her own marriage, in 1792, William von Humboldt married a rich heiress, Miss von Dachröden, who, though of large stature, charmed many men by her intellectual acquirements. The marriage was perfectly happy and harmonious. They had three sons and three daughters. William von Humboldt always spoke of her in terms of the highest esteem and love, and his testimony suffices to refute the slanders now whispered and now outspoken which have been made against her.

By her divorce Madame Diede lost her secure position as wife; and in the troublous years under the Napoleonic supremacy she lost her whole fortune. She then lived some time in Brunswick, where the good-hearted Duke promised her compensation for her losses; but he fell at Waterloo, and could not fulfill his good intentions. Totally without means of support, no longer young, sickly and forsaken, Madame Diede was nearly driven to despair, and did not see the slightest prospect of securing aid. One day she read in the newspapers an article eulogizing William von Humboldt, who was then engaged as plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia at the Congress of Vienna. The precious recollection of the three happy days in Pymont gave her courage, in her great need, to apply to the now celebrated and powerful man. She began, with many misgivings and tears, the following letter:

"Not to your Excellency, not to the Royal Prussian Minister—no, I write to the still unforgotten and unforgettable friend of my youth, whose image I have cherished in my mind for many, many years; who never heard again from the young girl whom he once met, with whom he spent three happy days, the memory of which still elevates me and makes me happy. The name upon which the world looks with such great expectations, the position in which you, through your intellectual capacity, have been placed, made it not difficult for me to hear of you frequently, and to accompany you with my thoughts. I have preserved the dear little album-leaf more carefully than any of the little holy relics of youth, as the only pledge and seal of the purest, and, at the same time, the only joy of life which fate awarded me. This leaf, which I beg of you to return, will call up to

your Excellency an acquaintance which the great pictures and events of your life will long ago have erased. In feminine natures such impressions are deeper and less mutable than they can ever be with others, the more so when they—what scruples could withhold me, after twenty-six years, from giving you this proof of veneration?—were the first unrecognized emotions of awakening intellectual love. For the feminine youth and the development of her character, the object to which the earliest feelings are attached is of the highest importance. Feelings change with time, but the cherished image once deeply engraved within us never fades away. On this loved image, which appeared my ideal of manliness and greatness, I rested. Here I reposed when I was well-nigh sinking under the weight of my hard life; here my courage rose when my faith in humanity was shaken. Believe me, ever-dear friend, I have ripened amid great tribulation—not dishonored, nor profaned by unworthy feelings."

Thus did the poor soul admit the veneration and love which had made her once happy in beautiful Pymont, and which she had concealed for a quarter of a century.

The Prussian Minister replied to her letter on the same day upon which he received it. He was deeply touched and surprised by this recollection of youth, and a certain regret might have passed for a moment through his soul, that the once lovely creature had withered unknown and unthought of by him. He felt at the same time the duty of aiding the unfortunate being who trusted in him so implicitly. He wrote to her a letter full of most heart-felt sympathy and the noblest delicacy; he persuaded her to rely solely on his care; and really compelled her to accept a sum of money to alleviate her most pressing necessity. Her pride, however, allowed her this only so long as her sickness continued. At Humboldt's express wish she went to Gottingen, having been previously in Cassel. She followed his advice to take care of her own health, but when she recovered her strength she removed back to Cassel, and began her toilsome labor in making bouquets and wreaths. It was only when Humboldt pleaded urgently, that she concluded to accept a small pension from him, which, being paid regularly, greatly assisted her in obtaining her daily bread. But there was another gift of her friend Humboldt which furnished her real comfort and imperishable food for her mind—the letters which he wrote to her uninterruptedly during a period of twenty years, and which have since become the property of the educated world, and serve as a book of consolation for all isolated ones.

Who does not know William von Humboldt's *Letters to a Female Friend*? The aged Minister wrote with the noblest tenderness of feeling and affecting gallantry, comforting her, yea, more than that, giving her joy, for he incited her to intellectual activity, communicating to her all that came within the scope of his own writing and observation.

The negative spirit of the times has often tried to ridicule the noble letter-writer on account of his giving himself up to a poor old woman. The motive is easily explained, when we remember that nothing attaches a man so firmly to another as the consciousness of making a soul happy. This consciousness Humboldt could have, in the fullest measure, in regard to his old friend; his intellectual connection with her constituted the only ray of light of her otherwise dark life.

Humboldt saw his old friend twice again in life; the two aged hearts enjoyed in sadness together the faded recollections of their youth; and after this their correspondence was even of a more intimate character than before. Nobody ever thought that the celebrated Humboldt had ever sought out the lonely, miserable dwelling of the poor, forgotten, and once despised Madame Diède; and even the few friends which she possessed in Cassel never heard about the occurrence. She retained the treasured correspondence just as sacredly; and it was not till after Humboldt died that she made it known, believing it to be her duty then to give the rich intellectual treasure for the benefit of her fellow-men and posterity, and not selfishly to keep it all to herself. She entered with zeal into the publishing of Humboldt's letters, first overlooking them, almost too anxiously, for fear that a possible indiscretion in judgment should escape. A young literary person of that period, Theresa von Bacharach, assisted her in this work, and received the letters as a kind of present in return for support she had earlier given to the poor old creature.

Theresa von Bacharach had become acquainted with Madame Diède as teacher, and had become enthusiastic for the intellectual and uncomplaining sufferer, who, in her joy at her young admirer, sent Humboldt a very flattering description of her. Madame Diède lived more than ten years longer than her friend and benefactor, but she had afterward the needed comfort in her old age of receiving from Alexander von Humboldt the pension secured to her by his brother William, and which was punctually paid to the day of her death. Few literary friendships have had so romantic a beginning, so faithful a continuance, and so happy a close.

UNDER THE RAIN-DROPS.

DRIP, drip, pour, pour, patter, patter, splash, splash! the same old sounds again; the drip, drip of the eaves upon the edge of the porch; the slender yet constant pouring of the stream of water as it flowed into the cistern; the patter, patter of the incessant rain-drops upon the roof of the wood-shed; the steady splash, splash as each successive drop swelled the already extensive pools and puddles that had been formed in the soft soil of the garden paths! It was trying; two days already since those remorseless drops had commenced their patter; two days, and this the morning of the third brings with it still the same dismal prospect.

Thoughts something like these flitted through the brain of Mrs. Mason as she opened her eyes on that dismal Tuesday morning, and it was not strange that she gave vent to them by a prolonged sigh and an impatient ejaculation.

"No clothes-drying to-day," she said aloud, sitting up in bed and gazing drearily out the window. "There they hang on the line, switching, switching, all awry and dripping, until, indeed, they appear to me as forlorn as the tattered sails of a wrecked and stranded ship. What in the world shall I do with them? O, if it only would clear off! and, worse than all, I am engaged to Mrs. Bersole to tea this very afternoon; it is so long since I have been there, and so seldom that I feel at liberty to go, that it does seem hard to have it rain so constantly on this day of all others."

Gloomily and slowly Mrs. Mason performed her simple toilet, and then going to the window looked out, pressing her face close against the pane that she might catch a sight of the only little patch of western sky that could be seen from that window; but the sight gave her no encouragement; nothing but the cold, gray, unchanging sky, looking hard and chilling as some rocky substance; not even a filmy, dun-colored cloud scudding across the heavens—no evidence of any thing like "breaking away;" all dull, and still, and fixed, as though the sky had hidden forever its melting blue, its fleecy, snowy clouds, its banks of pearl, its chains of shifting, varying beauty.

"There is no charm about the sky this morning," said Mrs. Mason aloud. "It is like my life now, the same, the same; every-where monotony. Mrs. Loring said the other day to me that the sky was her dearest friend, always teaching her some sweet lesson, always wrapped in a garment of loveliness. I wish I could see her this morning. I am sure even her beauty-

discerning eyes could discover none in yonder un pitying sky."

She turned away from the window, and soon, with the help of her faithful though often blundering "maid-of-all-work," the family breakfast was smoking upon the table. The meal was a silent one, for the gloomy atmosphere that hung like a mantle over Nature's form, seemed also to have rustled its spirits even over the spirits of the usually joyous children. Little was eaten and much less said, and ere many minutes had passed Mr. Mason, beneath the shelter of his ample umbrella, left the gloomy room for the gloomier street and the still gloomier office.

The morning wore away, the dishes were washed, the beds made, the sweeping mastered, the pies baked, and sent forth their delicious odors as they stood cooling on the pantry shelves, yet neither busy action nor a cessation of work had dispelled Mrs. Mason's unhappy mood.

She was standing by the window, gazing moodily at the week's washing, and inwardly sighing regretfully over its disarranged and forlorn appearance. "Every garment will have to be rinsed over," she was saying to herself, when she heard a knock at the street door.

"Why, who can that be?" she said aloud. "I should not think any one would be out in this rain if they could find a roof beneath which to shelter themselves. Ellen, do hasten to the door."

A moment after the sitting-room door opened, revealing the bright face of Mrs. Loring.

"Good morning; is n't this weather a curiosity for June?" and she rippled out a silvery, joyous laugh.

"Dear me, Mrs. Loring, I am so glad to see you here; sit by the fire; let me take your wraps; well, I should think this weather is a curiosity, but I am in no great anxiety to have it become any less so."

Again came that silvery laugh.

"O, but I am enjoying it exceedingly. I expected you would be having a fit of the terribles, so I came over to spend the day, and frighten them away by my fearful presence."

"Say, rather, to charm them away; but indeed you are brave, and I can not help wondering how you have passed through such a storm without even so much as an odor of dampness about you."

"O, my skirts are short, my boots substantial, my umbrella thick and large, and, therefore, the rain could not affect me."

"I almost believe you could pass through the storm unprotected without getting a wetting, for you are so full of sunshine that you

would scatter the rain-drops as they came near you."

Again Mrs. Loring laughed merrily: "What a funny idea; but I have one just as bright: as I did not need any of the superfluous sunshine, which you seem to think I possess, to drive away rain-drops, I will pour it out now upon you, for, indeed, your face makes me think of a funeral procession."

"Well, indeed, Mrs. Loring, how can I help it? Only look out of the window at those drenched clothes; some of them, too, have blown down in the tall grass, and of course they will all need rinsing over again; and, worse than all, no sign of blue sky yet. When will our ironing be done?"

"Well, Mrs. Mason, my clothes are in a worse plight than yours; in consequence of James not pinning them tightly to the line they all blew down last night, not upon the sweet, clean grass, mark you, but upon the ground; and now nothing remains for us but to wash them all over, as well as rinse them; yet why should such slight mishaps as these cast a gloomy hue over our souls? O, indeed, Mrs. Mason, life is too short to be spent in idle mourning over such grievances. I thought this morning, when I saw my poor clothes, that were last night as spotless as lilies, lying prone and soiled, and draggled in the sand, that they were like some people who, fretting and chafing beneath the duties and tasks that bind them to one unchanging position, strive and struggle to be free, and in gaining that freedom lose—O every thing—peace, purity, happiness. How much better to wait, to keep faithfully at the labor given us, until the sun of God's smile, the breezes of life's lessons, have absorbed from our souls the damp unhealthy tempers that marred their fair proportions! Then, when God sees fit, when our spirits have begun to learn the beauty that he would have us wear, we shall find in his heavenly mansions that rest for which we have so long fondly yearned."

Mrs. Mason was silent; the tired, fretted expression left her face, and a look of peace and subdued joy stole across eyes, cheek, and lip. At length she said, turning her eyes toward the window:

"You have said that you can always find some beauty in the sky. Is there any there? If so, show me how to discover it. I only see the cold gray color that chills me as I gaze."

"But where else, my dear Mrs. Mason, have you seen so delicate a gray, so *nameless* a color; it is not a gray, nor a dun, nor yet lead-color, but a combination of all three."

"To me," said Mrs. Mason, "it seems as if

a huge rock had been smoothed and leveled off, and inverted over the globe."

"Ah! no, say rather it is like a silken canopy of gray, which our Father has graciously spread out to screen from our earth-weakened eyes the glories of those heavenly realms. I love to look at it, even unchanging and void of beauty though you call it. To me it teaches sweet lessons, for I know that even beyond it the sun is shining still, even beyond it God's angels sing; and thus, even when the trials, the crosses, the perplexities of life threaten to shroud our souls in gloom, we know that God's love and God's care is over us all the while; and even though the days bring no change, no relaxation, what matters it? If we but learn bravely 'to do our duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call us,' a sweet sense of peace will fill our souls, a subdued rejoicing, which will one day swell into that glorious song which we shall sing before the throne of the great I Am."

COFFEE, ITS HISTORY AND USES.

A FRENCH gastronomic writer of 1810 has left us a eulogy on coffee, which only a real lover of the berry could have penned. "It is," he writes, "a beverage eminently agreeable, inspiring, and wholesome; it is at once a stimulant, a cephalic, a febrifuge, a digestive, and an anti-soporific; it chases away sleep, which is the enemy of labor; it invokes the imagination, without which there can be no happy inspirations; it expels the gout, that enemy of pleasure, although to pleasure gout owes its birth; it facilitates digestion, without which there can be no true happiness; it disposes to gayety, without which there is neither pleasure nor enjoyment; it gives wit to those who already have it, and it even provides wit—for some hours at least—to those who usually have it not. Thank Heaven for coffee! for see how many blessings are concentrated in the infusion of a small berry! What other beverage in the world can we compare to it? Coffee at once a pleasure and a medicine—coffee which nourishes at the same moment the mind, body, and imagination! Hail to thee, inspirer of men of letters, best digestive of the gourmand—nectar of all men!"

When wondering what Frenchmen did before coffee was introduced, we must remember that tea in England, and coffee in France, only superseded long-established and long-venerated herb drinks and ptisanes, also in their way refreshing, restoring, and anti-narcotic—just as tobacco only superseded, by its superior

potency and excellence, herbs long before smoked, or taken as snuff, in Europe.

The old Arabian legend of coffee runs thus. Some centuries before the Norman Conquest a certain Arab shepherd watching his sheep on one of the green hills near Mocha, a port on the Red Sea near the heights of Babelmandeb, which slope down toward the yellow desert, being wakeful for fear of the lions, observed that those of his sheep that fed on the shiny leaves and brown split berries of a certain bush, also remained all night wakeful, lively, and alert. The shepherd, watching again and again, and always observing the same effect, steeped some of the berries in water, and found they had the same effect upon him. Gradually—the laws of patents being then rather unsettled—the secret spread into the desert, and the new drink, cavy or cavey, became popular in the black tents of the wandering Ishmaelite.

In time, much as tea had been first used to drive away wicked sleep from the eyes of Chinese hermits, coffee became used by the holy men of Arabia and Egypt. There also arose a very hot and disagreeable controversy in the mosques, whether coffee came under the ban pronounced by Mohammed against certain liquors, especially wine. The Cairo Mullahs fell a wrangling about this point of doctrine; and on one occasion, after an anti-coffee sermon, the pro-coffeeites and the anti-coffeeites fell to blows, turbans were knocked off, teeth were violently extracted, central tufts of hair were ruthlessly torn away, and many severe kicks and blows with turned up slippers were administered to the less active of the followers of the true prophet. But eventually the fanatical haters of the infusion of the Mocha berry died out, or were bought over by sacks of the sinful fruit, and the East gave in, with one voice, its allegiance to the new beverage.

But many antiquaries contend, and apparently justly, that coffee—first generally used in Persia—was not in great repute in Arabia until the reign of Henry the Sixth. Thence it passed to Egypt and Syria, and in 1511 to Constantinople, where public coffee-houses were first opened in 1554—reign of Mary. Lord Bacon, whose learning was so varied that he seemed to be "not one but all mankind's epitome," mentions coffee in his *Sylva Sylvarum* as a Turkish drink, black as soot, and of a strong scent, to be taken when beaten into powder, in very hot water. The Turks, he says, drink it in their coffee-houses, which resemble our taverns. Burton also mentions it later, in King James's reign; and no doubt Levant travelers had then begun to talk and write about coffee

as a pleasant and refreshing beverage after food or after fatigue. In 1641 a young Cretan gentleman entered himself as student at Balliol College, Oxford, and introduced the new Turkish drink among his begowned colleagues.

In 1650, the year after Oliver became Protector, and grew more powerful than any crowned king then in Europe, one Jacobs, a Jew, opened a coffee shop at the Angel, in the parish of St. Peter in the East, Oxford. Two years later Pasqua Rosee, a Dalmatian, from Ragusa on the Adriatic, coachman to Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant who had brought him from Smyrna, opened a coffee-house—the first in England—by his master's wish, in St. Michael's alley, Cornhill. Pasqua Rosee's first hand-bill, headed "The Virtue of the Coffee Drink," claims for the new beverage—drunk generally throughout all the Grand Seigneur's dominions—all the virtues of a quack panacea; it corrected crudities—this was the medical jargon of the day; the hand-bill was, no doubt, written for Rosee by some half-starved apothecary—"it dried the system without heating or inflaming it; it fortified the inward heat and helped digestion; it quickened the spirits and made the heart lightsome; its steam was good for sore eyes; it suppressed inward fumes, therefore cured headaches, and dispersed defluxions and rheums that distilled upon the lungs. It dried up dropsy, gout, and scurvy, it was beneficial to people in years and children with the king's evil. It was a great remedy against the spleen and hypochondriac winds. It prevented drowsiness and made one fit for business. It was neither laxative nor astringent, and it made the skin clear and white." Such were the bold assertions of Pasqua Rosee, the Ragusan coachman.

The vintners and tavern-keepers, and the men about town, who liked their fiery Canary and their strong French wines, were very angry at the new beverage. And the wits launched their pen-darts at Rosee hotly and sharply.

The Grub-street poet wrote some rough-hammered verses, which began :

"A coachman was the first (here) coffee made,
And ever since the rest drive on the trade.
'Me no good Engalash,' and sure enough,
He played the quack to salve his poison stuff.
'Ver boone for de stomach, de cough, de pthisic,'
And I believe him, for it looks like physic.
Coffee, a crust is charred into a coal,
The smell and taste of the mock china bowl,
Where huff and puff they labor out their lungs,
Lest, Dives like, they should bewail their tongues.
And yet they tell you that it will not burn,
Though, on the skin, the blisters do return,
Whose furious heat does make the water rise
And still through the alembics of your eyes.

And now, alas! the French have credit got,
And he 's no gentleman that drinks it not."

There can be no doubt that there was at first a good deal of quackery and nonsense talked about coffee, and that what with the absurd injunctions to drink it scalding hot, and the ridiculous practice of holding the head in the steam to benefit weak eyes, the satirist and cynic must have had fair scope for their bitterness and sourness in the Cornhill coffee-house, over whose door hung a representation of the brown visage of Pasqua Rosee.

A penny at the bar, and twopence a cup—newspapers and lights included—were the early coffee-house charges. Some old rules in verse for a coffee-house wall are still preserved. They enjoin a fine of twelpence for swearing, and a forfeit of a dish of coffee all round for beginning a quarrel or for toasting a friend in coffee. No wagers were allowed to exceed five shillings.

The second coffee-house, according to authority, was the Rainbow, by the Inner Temple gate, kept by James Farr, a barber. His neighbors grew jealous, and in 1657 he was "presented" as a nuisance for having annoyed his neighbors by the smell of scorched coffee, and having set his chimney and chamber on fire, to the "general danger and affrightment." In 1660 the returned cavaliers were severe on the rival of wine, and a duty of fourpence was levied on every gallon sold. An act of 1663 directed all coffee-houses to be licensed; in 1675 there was a short-lived proclamation closing the coffee-houses as seminaries of sedition.

The enemies of the new Turkish drink accused it of the most horrible and baneful results. The old men lamented Ben Jonson's times, when men were men, and tossed off Canary. A lampooner of 1663 writes bitterly:

"These less than coffee's self, these coffee men,
The sons of nothing that can hardly make
Their broth for laughing how the jest does take;
Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
A loathsome potion—not yet understood,
Sirup of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Dasht with diurnals or the book of news!"

What moral lessons to the Chinese these struggles of new customs are! Were nectar introduced to-morrow to supersede tea, the same old story would be repeated.

Coffee was not introduced into France until twelve years after its first use in England. In 1662 Thevenot, the Asiatic traveler, brought it to Paris, then heedless of its good fortune. It soon spread among the gay natives, but it had its enemies—the friends of beer, wine, and old customs. Delightful Madame de Sévigné, who

died in 1696, used to predict that Racine and coffee would both soon be forgotten; but coffee "avait les racines trop profonds et tout le monde sait le profondeur de Racine."

In spite of the venerable Arabian goat story, the real inventor of coffee was the great creature who first thought of roasting the berry. It is this process of carbonization that develops the aroma and generates the oil. To make good coffee the operator must act—however unconsciously—on three grand principles of medicine and chemistry.

He must first learn that exact moment in roasting, when the odoriferous principle shall be at its climax, lest a livelier heat dissipate it forever. He must obtain the liquid so concentrated that it contains unimpaired all that aroma which is its life and soul. He must carry on his manufacture, so that all the final principles of the berry, the harsh and astringent properties, shall remain undeveloped and unmixed with its finer essence.

These are great chemical principles which require a theoretical knowledge and a learned experience not to be expected from a mere hireling cook. Endless experiments have been made with coffee, to extract its full power and yet repress its baser properties. All sorts of finings have been used, beginning with sole-skins. It has been made without roasting the berry—without crushing the berry—with cold water—it has been made by boiling for three-quarters of an hour, etc. As the Japanese differ from us in grinding their tea—a very great economy—so the Turks differ from us in pounding their coffee. They do not use a grinding-mill, but wooden mortars and wooden pestles, and the drier these instruments are, and the more impregnated with the aroma, the more valuable they are considered. Those of our readers who have gone up the Nile will remember that dull continuous thump which used to rouse them from their narrow beds, at that early hour when the long files of cranes and wild geese on the low sandy shore, drawn up as if for inspection by the king of the birds, all looked like flamingoes in the rosy light of day-break, that turned the pyramids long left behind to little triangles of pale ruby. If they then peeped out at the front cabin door they will remember that while half the crew were in the Nile up to their black chins, shoving the dahabeeah off one of the incessant sand-banks, Achmed, the ship's boy, a great lubberly, stalwart fellow of seventeen, was sitting cross-legged in the head of the boat, with a wooden mortar between his knees, and that he held in his dusky hands a small tree five feet long,

rounded to a club at one end, with which he was pounding the close-grained berries.

Brillat-Savarin tried the Turkish plan of pounding coffee, and found the result far preferable to coffee which had been ground. To illustrate the strange and unaccountable effects of different modes of chemical manipulation, he tells, in his suggestive way, an anecdote.

Napoleon—the great Napoleon—like most Frenchmen, was fond of *eau sucrée*—sugar water. "Monsieur," he said one day, to the celebrated chemist Laplace, "how is it that a glass of water in which I melt a lump of sugar, seems to me so much better than that in which I have put the same quantity of crushed sugar?" "Sire," replied the savant, "there are three substances of which the bases are exactly the same—sugar, gum, and amidon. They only differ in certain conditions, the secret of which is reserved by nature. I think it is possible that in the collision of the crusher some portions of sugar pass to the condition of gum, and cause the difference which you have observed."

Crushing coffee in the same way may produce some slight but beneficial change—may expel some element, or call forth some essence, which the grinding-wheel does not affect.

Brillat-Savarin, after trying many ways of making coffee, settled down on a sort of percolator, the Dubelloy. His principle was to pour boiling water through coffee lightly placed in a porcelain or silver vessel pierced with fine holes. The first decoction was then heated to ebullition, passed again through the coffee, and a clear and rich brown liquid obtained with as full an aroma, and as near perfection as possible.

Dr. Forbes's plan—patronized by Mr. Walker, of the Original—was not very dissimilar. He first selected coffee imported in small parcels, coffee in bulk often heating and becoming impaired. Coffee should always be roasted and ground on the day when it is used, and when that is not possible it should be kept in a glass bottle with a ground stopper. The best mode of roasting is in a frying-pan over the fire, or in an earthen basin placed in an open oven; the berries to be frequently stirred. The flavor of the coffee roasted in this exposed way is said to be finer than that of coffee roasted in a closed cylinder. Dr. Forbes used a biggin with two cylinders—the one above the filter, the other below the receptacle. It was first rinsed with hot water, then the coffee powder was put in—a full ounce for every two cups. The measured boiling water was poured lightly in through a movable colander. As soon as it had run through, the clear, bright coffee was ready.

The French heat their coffee, when filtered, to boiling point, then fine it with fish-skins. The water they use is generally first mixed with coffee grounds and boiled; otherwise it remains raw and the infusion is not perfect. It is attention to these thoughtful refinements that makes French coffee so good; it is a stupid neglect of them that makes ours so bad. The rude process of making tea, the mere splashing in of water, too often half-warm, on a handful or two of sloe-leaves and dust, suits our peculiar attribute; a barbaric indifference to the intellectual gratification of the appetite and digestion.

The old French way of making coffee, before 1805, was to put the powder in boiling water, to warm it over the fire to boiling point, then to take it off and let it settle, clarifying it with isinglass or fish-skins, and decanting it before serving. *Café à la Grecque* was passed through a pointed bag. But a certain wise man, M. de Belloy, nephew of the venerable Cardinal, who, in 1805, was Archbishop of Paris and the Nestor of the Gallican Church, at last discovered that the old plan was a bad plan. He found that coffee lost in the various boilings its aroma, force, and spirit. The ebullition carried away further virtues, and the fish-skin and bag gave it a foreign taint unpleasant and injurious. Belloy took the matter seriously to heart, and in a moment of inspiration devised the percolator. He also took care never to let the coffee-roaster burn his coffee-berries, for even one burnt berry rendered several pounds of coffee bitter and acrid. He never allowed him to roast it till it was black, and chose a golden blonde color rather than brown as his ideal. The *Café sans Ebullition* was patronized by M. Foulquier, proprietor of the *Café des Etrangers* in the Palais Royal, and soon became popular, thanks to the zeal of Dr. Gastaldy, an enlightened physician and profound gourmet of those days.

Ude, the great chef at Crockford's, used to allow one cup of coffee powder to make two good cups of liquid. He poured boiling water into the biggin on the coffee, considering it equally infused when it began to bubble on the surface. He then placed the bottom of the biggin in a bain-marie, or vessel with boiling water, to keep the coffee hot. He used as a filter a bag of thick flannel, as being better than tammy. His one rule was a true French one. He says:

"Coffee can never be too strong, and may always be diluted with boiled cream. Weak coffee is never worth drinking."

Ude could make coffee—as he used to do by request before Count d'Orsay, Lord Vernon,

Lord Allen, etc.—better and quicker than any one, notwithstanding, as he writes pathetically, "the contradictions that I have experienced in the St. James's Club from some noblemen who have certainly made a vow never to be pleased, however well they may be served."

In 1805 French medical men strongly denounced the fondness of the ladies of Paris for *café au lait* for breakfast. It made them sallow and heated their blood; it was supposed by the faculty to be eminently bilious, and as unwholesome as *café à l'eau* was beneficial.

It was about 1810 that it began to be observed that coffee was becoming a great article of consumption in France, especially in Paris; about that time it had already supplanted the *vin ordinaire* at the usual breakfast of the artisans, ouvriers, and even the mere street laborers. Those burly women of the Halle—the retailers of herbs, fruits, vegetables, and fish, who had once followed the drums to Versailles—now began to be seen between the pillars of the Rue de la Tonnellerie at an early hour, with great saucers full of hot coffee, in which they soaked great chunks of bread.

The amount of coffee supply, which had been found sufficient for thirty years before this, had now become quite inadequate. In Germany, and all through the north of Europe, chicory root began to be openly sold. In Flanders vast fields of this plant were grown, to be dried, roasted, and mixed with coffee. In some Flemish villages more than a million of francs was annually realized by this. It began to be known in Paris about 1790, and it was found that two-thirds of the swindling powder could be mixed with good coffee without fear of detection. The root, at all events, is harmless, and should be avowedly mixed with coffee, to lower its price; if secretly mixed, a paternal government like Turkey would not hesitate a moment in nailing the rascally retailer's ear to his own door-post. The cheat of chicory did one good thing: the grocers ceased to mix roasted rye with their coffee, and substituted the Flemish plant.

Before the Revolution the French used to be fond of a pinch of vanilla in their coffee; but in the First Consulate time the great European wars prevented the fruit capsules of the precious orchis from reaching France by way of Spain. Some shrewd energetic epicures of a practical tendency soon found a substitute for vanilla. They took a handful of oats, and boiled them for five minutes in rice water. This water was then removed, the oats were boiled again for half an hour, and the decoction was then strained through a bag of thin muslin. This water, used for coffee-making, gave the beverage

a vanilla flavor. This was the discovery of M. du Moulin, maître d'hôtel of the Count de Barruel de Beauvert. The vanilla coffee was found to cheer the mind, and to fatten without heating the body. Owing to the war vanilla husks were at this time, in Paris, two hundred francs the pound.

In 1810 two Parisian chemists invented a conserve de café, an essence of coffee. Two spoonfuls made a four-ounce cup—ordinary size—it merely required to be mixed with boiling water and sugar. Coffee was then from five to six francs a pound. The essence was thought inferior to good Levant or Martinique coffee, but better than the inferior sorts. One of these discoverers, M. Lamerque, a Bordelais of the Rue de Bac, also extracted from coffee an essential oil, balsamic and cephalic; he invented, too, a liqueur, which he called The Cream of Mocha Coffee, and coffee bon-bons, which were white, and of a tonic quality. Coffee was at this time much used by the Parisians to flavor creams, ices, and sorbets.

"Original" Walker, writing in 1835, strongly upheld the superiority of tea to coffee when traveling. Tea allays fever and thirst, he says, and coffee causes both. Coffee increases the natural fever of travel. The French, he observed, drank it at breakfast drowned in hot milk, and after dinner took it *black*, but in a very small quantity. If an Englishman call for coffee in a French or Italian night journey he wants a whole soup-basin full. He likes a draught such as he would have taken of tea at home. There is no doubt, however, that our workmen begin to prefer coffee to tea, and find it stimulates the circulation and nourishes more than the infusion of rank Congo, or of that dark woody Assam that is now much used for adulterating and strengthening inferior teas. After all do let us think of this: two breakfast cups of tea or coffee represent a pint of hot water poured into the ever-receptive and long-suffering organ.

Brillat Savarin, who, if he had not been a great gourmet, would have been an eminent psychologist, has most ably summed up the peculiar effect of coffee on the powers of the brain. The effect is sometimes modified by habit, but there are many persons in whom excitement is always produced. Some persons are not kept awake by coffee, and yet require its influence to keep them from sleep during the day; being sleepy all the afternoon if they do not have their usual morning coffee.

The sleeplessness caused by coffee is not painful; it consists merely in the perceptions being very clear, and there being no desire to

sleep. One is neither agitated nor miserable, as when sleeplessness comes from any other cause; but that does not, nevertheless, prevent the unseasonable excitement from being eventually hurtful. Savarin recounts a special occasion when coffee had an extraordinary effect upon his brain and nerves. A certain duke, then minister of justice, had given him some work to do, which required great care. There was little time to do it in, for the duke wanted it next day. Savarin, therefore, resolved to work all night. In order to fortify himself against the desire to sleep, he finished his dinner with two large cups of strong and excellent coffee. He returned home at seven o'clock to receive the papers he had expected, but found, instead, a letter which informed that, owing to some absurd formality of the bureau, he could not receive them before next day. Thus disappointed, Brillat Savarin returned to the house where he had dined, and joined a party at piquet: not without inquietude as to how he should pass the night. He retired to rest at his usual hour, thinking that even if he did not sleep well he might get a doze of four or five hours, which would help him quietly on to the morrow; but he was deceived; hour after hour brought fresh mental agitation, until his brain seemed like a mill whose wheels work without having any thing to grind. At last he got up, and, to pass the time, began throwing into verse a short English story he had lately read. As sleep still refused to come, he began another translation, but all in vain; the mine was exhausted, and had to be left. He passed the night without sleep, and rose and spent the day in the same condition, neither food nor occupation bringing any change. Finally when he went to bed at his accustomed time he calculated that he had not closed his eyes for full forty hours.

This great epicure closes his remarks on coffee by speaking of its strength. A man with a good constitution, he says, might live long, even when taking two bottles of wine a day, but if he dared to venture on the same allowance of coffee he would soon become imbecile, or waste into a consumption. He warns parents against giving it to young children, and mentions a man he saw in London "sur la Place de Leicester," who had become crippled by his immoderate use of coffee, but who had come down again to five or six cups a day.

The quantity of coffee imported into England in 1843 was 29,979,404 pounds; in 1850, 31,166,358 pounds; in 1857, 34,367,484 pounds; and in 1859, 34,492,947 pounds.

There can be no doubt that as our poorer

classes learn to study cooking, and become convinced that good cooking leads to good appetite, and good appetite to good health, they will attend more to those refinements which remove coffee from the category of brown soup, and place it high among the most favored beverages of the world.

LONELINESS OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

IT is related that a prince once grew up in fairy-land, of brilliant promise beyond all his ethereal race, but arriving at years of maturity he developed the most alarming capabilities of inventing and executing all sorts of malicious mischief. He mocked at the misfortunes of the poor and wretched, extinguished the few smoldering embers on the widow's hearth, or set fire to the thatch of the peasant, laughing in impish glee to see him rush forth with his wife and little ones, houseless, into the Winter night.

Again and again the queen mother tearfully admonished her recreant son, but her precepts and entreaties were alike unheeded. At last there came a day when, Brutus like, she hushed the natural yearnings of her heart, and summoned the offender before the high court of her realm. There he was doomed to exchange his dazzling beauty for the repulsive form of a crawling ant, whose task it should be to remove, grain by grain, the mass of a lofty mountain. The sentence held a single possibility of remission. Whenever he should find two sand-grains of equal weight the criminal should be permitted to resume his own form, and a second probation should be granted him among his peers. But alas for the poor fairy prince! Ages have passed since then—so runs the fable—and still the toiling insect struggles up and down the scarcely lessened slope with the burden of his long-dead hope added to the weight of the unequal grains he bears.

Not less hopeless is the task of the man who undertakes to weigh the character and motives of his fellows in the scales of his own private judgment, or expects to find any thing like absolute similarity in all the circle of human nature.

Doubtless the great law of compensation is here, as elsewhere, in force. A defect on this side is balanced by greater fullness and perfection on that. Nature, the great mother, ever "so careful of the type," has made us all sufficiently alike for loving sympathy, but not for carping judgment.

In this age of the boasted mastery of mind over matter, it is almost humiliating to reflect how largely the moods and habits of our inner life are determined by the mere accidents of flesh and blood. Herein lies a fruitful source of human loneliness. It seems impossible for persons of opposite physical constitutions to understand each other. The man whose quick blood tingles in electric flow to his very finger ends, and whose nerves, thrilling to every impression, drive him to constant activity, can have no adequate comprehension of the languid temperament, which expresses itself in slow and measured motion, with frequent relapses to inglorious rest. The man of large physical courage, plunging into battle in fine frenzy of daring, can not appreciate the superior bravery and matchless self-control with which his pale and trembling comrade advances to meet the foe.

He whose happy, hopeful views of life answer to the healthy workings of his bodily organism, can not sympathize with the "spiritual dyspepsia" of his bilious brother, or understand that fancied ills may be quite as hard to bear as real ones, and even more impervious to argument or exorcism.

"You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato," said Scrooge to Marley's ghost, and yet how utterly his waggish philosophy succumbed before the awful rattling of the chain, and the sight of the bandage loosened from the spectral jaw!

What a dark record of happiness blighted, and warm affections chilled, might be traced back to the recoil of sensitive natures misjudged and misunderstood! The reader of Alger's late work on "Solitude" can not fail to be painfully impressed by the bitter misanthropy and loneliness of some of those great men of all ages, whom he has selected as typical "solitary characters"—a loneliness caused not so much by their own loftier altitude of thought and vision, as by the distrustful refusal of those whom they sought to raise and strengthen to follow them to the heights. The world's seers and prophets may go, like Elijah, forty days and forty nights, in the strength of a sublime enthusiasm, but the time will come when, afar off in some cave of the wilderness, the solitary heart voices its yearning for human presence and companionship in the sorrowful cry, "I, even I only, am left!" Alas! then, for the soul, if standing with its face wrapped in the mantle of its own sorrow, it hear not the still, small voice which speaks amid the lingering echoes of the storm-wind and the earthquake.

It is sad, indeed, that the very differences of

constitution which should furnish the strongest reasons for mutual forbearance and Christian charity, so often become incentives to an opposite disposition.

Religion does not make people alike ; it imparts no new faculties of mind or body. It is simply a mode of life whose aim is to reduce the old ones to their normal relations and workings, and so build up beautiful and symmetrical characters, varying like the many parts of a great cathedral rising gradually through the centuries, but all bearing the unmistakable impress of one controlling plan. Touched with seraphic fire, the lips of one Christian may pour forth in burning utterances the love that glows in his heart, while another, less emotional but equally true to his Master, and brave for the right, may speak to the world's heart only with the silent eloquence of a stainless, self-sacrificing life.

No man can be the keeper of another's conscience. No Ecumenical Council, with its decrees of infallibility, can stay the march of Christian progress.

Once only has the world seen the ideal of excellence. The nearer that the growth of Christian character shall approximate to that great type of moral beauty, which blossomed eighteen hundred years ago beside the Sea of Galilee, the more shall lesser differences be forgotten, and the incense of faith working by love make the earth fragrant as a garden of the Lord.

— EVEN-TIDE. —

SOLEMNLY walking, with footsteps weary,
Down where the day grows dim,
Stream the white plumes of a veteran army,
Singing their evening hymn ;
Gazing anon over death's dark river,
Viewing life's glorious shore,
Waiting the call of their skillful pilot,
And the ferryman's friendly oar.

Varied their pathways of toil and shadows,
Pilgrims o'er life's rough way,
Sowing the good seed at morn and evening
Far in the twilight gray ;
Causing the barren and desert places
To break into moral bloom,
Rich in the wealth of the heart's sweet blossoms,
Meet for a heavenly home.

Sometimes imperil'd by grievous conflicts,
Urged by a tempting foe,
Hours of gloom where the soul's deep harp-chords
Wailed to the notes of woe ;
But grace in triumph wrought faith's rich harvest,
Laden with fruitful cheer,

Balm for the heart-wounds soft and healing,
Joy for each mournful tear.

Faithful in bearing the Gospel armor,
Bravely you've kept it bright,
Bowing your forms to the year's sad burdens
Once robed in beauty's light ;
Strew'd all the way from your cradle-dreamings,
Watch'd by a mother's love,
Are the turf-beds of your fond ones sleeping
Heedless of the sighs above.

Ye are the relics, belov'd and honor'd,
Saved from the grand old past ;
Soft on your brow sit the gems of wisdom
Gracefully unto the last ;
As the gentle flowers of the pall cold Autumn,
Bright 'mid the past dews bloom,
So thrive the plants of your kindlier feelings
Greenest near the lone chill tomb.

Back in review lies the long, long journey,
Winding through thorns and care,
Brightly enwoven with God's rich mercies,
Oases of beauty rare ;
And as the bow on the dark cloud resting
Tells you the storm is o'er,
So on the past gleam your hopes eternal,
Reaching unto heaven's door.

O amid bowers wreath'd in fadeless roses,
Just where life's waters flow,
All overhung with the trees immortal,
Tremulous with praises low ;
Waiting you there are the angel brethren,
They who in days gone by
Left you in tears, and with smiles seraphic
Entered through the gates on high.

Oft when the spirit grew sad to fainting,
Bearing earth clogs and pain,
There, far away in the soul-bright regions,
Heard you not an Eden strain ?
Well 't was their lutes breaking softest numbers,
Soothing thy troubled breast ;
O, weary saints, soon ye'll join their anthems,
Ringing through the land of rest.

Who would not die for your crown of glory
By love and labor won ?
Who would not covet the Savior's welcome,
Servants of God well done !
Enter ye into my Father's mansions,
For you so long prepared,
Joint-heirs with me in his glorious riches
Who hath my sufferings shared ?

Gratefully Time, on his fairest record,
Shall your memorials trace
Deeds luminous with sublime reflections
Centuries can ne'er efface ;
And as ye go, leaving farewell blessings
Under each household tree,
Heaven will gain in its priceless treasures,
Earth will the poorer be.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

THIRD PAPER.

THE question of caste has an immense influence in the marriage arrangement of the Hindoos, and its discriminations against women are particularly mean and insulting to her nature; while the compromises constantly occurring show how the cupidity of the legislators, and of the violators of the code, outrage the professed inflexibility of their regulations.

For instance, the Institutes ordain: "Men of the twice-born classes, who, through weakness of intellect or irregularity, marry women of the lowest class very soon degrade their families and progeny to the state of Sudras. A Brahman, if he take a Sudra as his first wife, sinks to the region of torment; if he have a child by her he loses even his priestly rank. For the crime of him who thus illegally drinks the moisture of a Sudra's lips, who is tainted with her breath, . . . the law declares no expiation."

No matter how good, or beautiful, or exalted the lady may be, if she possess not this accident of equal caste, this unmanly and villainous legislation decrees her touch to be contamination and the penalty of wedlock with her perdition.

The reason given is, "His sacrifices to the gods, his oblation to the manes, and his hospitable attention to strangers must be supplied principally by her; but the gods and manes will not eat such offerings, nor can heaven be attained by such hospitality." (Chap. III, Secs. 15-19.)

In their absurd mythology the deities and the souls of their ancestors are represented as suffering from hunger, which can only be appeased by human attention, the cooking and presentation of which is part of the wife's duty. The regular and frequent fulfillment of the service is considered to merit heaven. But these dainty deities and transmigrated folk are too fastidious to touch the offering, hungry though they be, unless proffered by high-caste hands. The result is that the lady of low rank can never rise in India, while the favored few of high caste, with all their peculiar immunities, are sacredly reserved for themselves by these sacerdotal legislators.

Yet, where it serves a certain end, the law can be circumvented and strained. The very same code decrees: "The ceremony of joining hands is appointed for those who marry women of their own class; but with women of a different class the following nuptial ceremonies are to be observed: By a Chatriya, on her marriage with a Brahman, an arrow must be held in her

hand—by a Vaisya woman, with a bridegroom of the sacerdotal or military class, a whip—and by a Sudra bride, marrying a priest, a soldier, or a merchant, must be held the skirt of a mantle." (Chap. III, Sec. 44.)

The head of a family, a shade higher in caste, will not give his son in marriage to a daughter of a family a shade lower on equal terms. But he will do it on receiving a sum of money in proportion to the means of that family. And this bargain and sale of sons and daughters prevails more or less through all India society, and has noticeable examples among its very highest classes. For instance, the Powar Rajahs of Oude—the mission field of the Methodist Episcopal Church—are considered a shade lower in caste than the reigning Rajah of Rewa, in Rajpootana. Some time ago they gave 100,000 rupees—\$50,000 gold—with one daughter to the only son of the Rewah Rajah, as the sole condition on which he would take her. Afterward Gholab Singh, of Pertubghur, gave 50,000 more with a daughter to the same youth, and then followed Rajah Hunmunt, of Dharoopoor, who went to Rewah to propose a union of his daughter with the same son of the Rajah. A large sum was demanded, but he pleaded inability, and at last induced Rewah to consent to accept 50,000 rupees down, and 75,000 at the last ceremony of the *barat*—bringing home the bride. When all was ready for this final ceremony the Rajah of Rewah pleaded the heat of the weather, rendering it inconvenient for his son to come to take away his bride. But Hunmunt was not to be refused. Collecting a hundred resolute Brahmans he proceeded with them to Rewah, where they sat *dhurna* at the Rajah's door to compel him to fulfill his engagement. *Dhurna* is a custom in which an aggrieved party deliberately sits down at your door with the solemn vow to die there of starvation if you do not yield his demands, his death, in that event, resting upon you and yours as a malediction forever. The curse is trebled where a Brahman thus perishes.

Hunmunt's men declared that they would all die there unless the marriage was consummated. The distressed Rajah did every thing he could, aided by his people, to get rid of them; but they held on to the third day, when individuals of them seemed to be sinking, and the Rajah, yielding to fear that some of them would really die, relented, and agreed that his son should go and bring his bride, if, however, Hunmunt would pay down 25,000 rupees more, in addition to the 75,000, to defray the cost of the procession. The coveted honor was considered cheap even at this fresh demand. The money was paid,

and the young lady taken off in due form, to occupy a place in a zenana where there were already five other wives before her.

Such is the value put upon one-sixth of a heart where the alliance secures a single step of caste rank. Yet the entire sum that the Rewah Rajah received with the six young ladies would not induce the Rajpoot families, a shade higher than he is, to take one of his daughters as wife to one of their sons.

April and May are favorite months for the marriage ceremony among the Hindoos, though the rite takes place earlier in the year. But no father will have a marriage in his house during June, July, August, and September, the universal belief being that the deity is then, during the whole rainy season, down on a visit to the celebrated Rajah Bull, and is consequently unable to bless the rite with his presence.

The ceremonies of marriage in India are too well known to need repetition here. Often, when traveling at night in my palanquin, I have been roused from sleep by my bearers catching sight of an approaching marriage procession, with its torches, music, and shouting; falling in with the enthusiasm of each event, they would cry out that "the bridegroom cometh." Sitting up and throwing open the door, I would order them to one side, so that the procession might pass unobstructed. First would come the torch bearers—Mussals—their torches made of cotton cloths wrapped round a short stick, held upright in the left hand, while with a vessel of oil in the right hand they fed the flame every ten minutes, and gave light to the party. Behind the Mussals came the band of music, rude and rough enough. Then the bridegroom would make his appearance, mounted on a fine horse, splendidly caparisoned—his own or borrowed for the occasion—and wearing a grand coat, decked out in tinsel and gold thread, with the matrimonial crown on his head, and his richly embroidered slippers, all very fine, his friends shouting and dancing along-side of him; and, of course, as he passes, we make our salaam and wish him joy.

Right behind the bridegroom's horse comes the palanquin of the bride, but no sight of her blesses our longing eyes; she is veiled, and the Venetians are closely shut, and on the little lady is borne to a home which she never saw before, to surrender herself into the hands of one who has neither wooed nor won her; a bride without a choice, with no voice in her own destiny; married without preference; handed over, by those who assumed to do all the thinking for her, to a fate where the feelings of her heart were never consulted in the most im-

portant transaction of her existence; beginning her married life under circumstances which preclude the possibility of her being sustained by the affection which is founded upon esteem.

Close following her palanquin comes the procession of coolies bearing her outfit—her "gift and dowry"—upon their heads; her bed and bedding, cooking utensils, clothing, etc. The coolies are not very heavily loaded now. The music, and the lights, and the shouting bring people to their doors; and as they inquire, "Whose wedding is that?" the friends reply, and the eye of the inquirer runs along the line of burden bearers, and he withdraws within his dwelling, meditating upon the extensive marriage portion which his neighbor has conferred upon his daughter.

When the procession has come within hailing distance of his home the watching friends go forth to meet the bridegroom, the bride enters her apartments, the door is shut, and the guests are entertained in other parts of the establishment.

Let us now consider her life as a married lady in her own home, surrounded by the cruel prejudices and customs which meet her at the threshold and subject her to their sway. What they are may be gathered from a few statements.

When I sit down at a table in this land, spread with Heaven's bounty for the family and friends, and look at the Christian woman who so sweetly presides at the board, and whose blessed presence sheds such light and gladness on the scene, I often sigh to think that no such sight as this is enjoyed in India; for that land is cursed by the iron rule of a system which denies to her the joys and charities of social life. So no lady in India sits at the head of her own table; no stranger can share her presence in hospitality; her healing word or hand can not be extended to the sick or to the whole. Woman's gentle, blessed ministries have no exercise in India. Her services are all selfishly reserved for him whom now she is taught to regard as lord and master, and on whom she is henceforth to wait in a state of abject submission and obedience that has no parallel in any other system in this world.

She is not in any sense an equal in her home, and is denied by law those rights that might seem to imply such a position. How much is involved in the two words with which we describe her present state and relation when we say that no wife in India is permitted to eat with her husband or to walk by his side! If there be any mitigation of this—and I do not know that there is—it is because humanity is not as vile as Hindoo philosophy and legislation

would make it in regard to woman. But what the law of her life and condition is let the following atrocious citations show:

My lady readers will bear in mind that these conditions are all realized within the four walls of the "compound" which inclose the home of the Hindoo lady. That compound is the woman's world in India. In it she lives, and seldom leaves it till she is carried out a corpse. And while she inhabits it, as Wm. Arthur has truly remarked, she has "jealousy for her jailer, and suspicion as her spy;" and fain would her husband draw all these bonds tighter when he is obliged to trust her in his absence. Thus saith the Shaster: "If a man goes on a journey his wife shall not divert herself by play, nor shall see any public show, nor shall laugh, nor shall dress herself in jewels or fine clothes, nor hear music, nor shall sit at the window, nor shall behold any thing choice and rare, but shall fasten well the house door, and remain private, and shall not eat any dainty food, and shall not blacken her eyes with powder, and shall not view her face in a mirror; she shall never amuse herself in any such agreeable employment during the absence of her husband."

This suspicion of woman's faith and honor is openly avowed by Munn; and in his Institutes (Sec. 219) he makes it obligatory on a king to exercise daily vigilance upon the inmates of his harem in this very regard. He says: "Let his females, well tried and attentive, their dress and ornaments having been examined lest some weapon should be concealed in them, do him humble service, with fans, water, and perfumes."

The whole of this abominable legislation goes upon the assumption that woman, as such, is man's natural inferior, and that her sex even is evidence of previous depravity, so that they can justly cast those slurs upon her character, denying her natural rank, and declaring her unworthy of honorable trust. Hear the unblushing language of the Code: "It is the nature of woman in this world to cause the seduction of men; for which reason the wise are never unguarded in the company of females. A female, indeed, is able to draw from the right path in this life not a fool only, but even a sage, and can lead him in subjection to desire or to wrath."

This is followed by an abominable caution, which we must omit. But we show the animus of his principles further when we quote the 150th section, in which the lawgiver ordains: "At the time of consultation let him—the magistrate—remove the stupid, the dumb, the blind, the deaf, talking birds, decrepit old men,

women, and infidels, the diseased and the maimed; since those who are disgraced in this life by reason of sins formerly committed are apt to betray secret council; so are talking birds, and so, above all, are women. Them he must, for that reason, diligently remove."

Was there any insult ever offered to a lady's nature equal to that which this law has laid down when it enjoins the Brahman to suspend his reading of the Veda to his disciples, should a woman happen to come in sight while he was so employed, and directs him not to resume the utterance of the holy texts until she has passed beyond the possibility of hearing them? Her ear is not pure enough to hear what the vilest male thief or sensualist in the Bazaar may listen to freely! Woman's religious knowledge must not rise higher than the Shasters. The "holy" Vedas are reserved for men, and for them alone.

These old laws were in existence when the New Testament was written, and in the provisions of that Christianity which threw its blessed protection over woman's nature and rights did not the Holy Spirit glance at these wrongs, and provide the principles of their final overthrow when he said: "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus"—one in the freedom, and equality, and privilege to which Heaven's impartial mercy was to raise the pariah, the woman, and the slave from the degradation to which heathenism, in its pride of power, had reduced those over whom it could thus safely tyrannize.

But we return, for the sad story which describes the married life of India's daughters is not yet half told.

The "obsequious honor" which the Code demands from a married lady is rigorously exacted. Christianity moderates a husband's demands, and sanctions his gentle sway, while it sweetly inclines the wife, who obeys because she loves, to yield all that is right and reasonable to his wishes, and thus leads both in the bonds of an affection that increasingly blesses them. But this Code says nothing, because it knows nothing of love. It is all law, duty, obligation; whether he is worthy, or she feels like it or not, it must be rendered by her. Hear its exactions. Was ever such deference, and absolute and degrading subordination demanded of a wife, or can brutality itself ask for more authority than is given in the following rules?

"By a girl, or by a young woman, or by a woman advanced in years, nothing must be done, even in her own dwelling-place, according to her mere pleasure. In childhood must a female be dependent upon her father; in youth

on her husband; her lord being dead, on her sons; if she have no sons, on the near kinsman of her husband; if he left no kinsman, on those of her father; if she have no paternal kinsman, on the sovereign. A woman must never seek independence." "Him to whom her father gave her, or her brother, with the paternal consent, let her obsequiously honor while he lives, and when he dies let her never neglect him." "Day and night must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence; but in lawful and innocent recreations, though rather addicted to them, they may be left at their own disposal." "She must always live with a cheerful temper, with good management in the affairs of the house, with great care of the household furniture, and with a frugal hand in all her expenses." (Institutes, sections 148-151.)

The Shaster renders her duty more definite, as follows: "When in the presence of her husband a woman must keep her eyes upon her master, and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks, she must be quiet and listen to nothing else besides. When he calls she must leave every thing else and attend upon him alone. A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all good works that she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion. Though he be aged, infirm, dissipated, a drunkard or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her god. She must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, spying no defects in his character, and giving him no cause for disquiet. If he laughs, she must also laugh; if he weeps, she must also weep; if he sings, she must be in an ecstasy."

Another Shaster says: "The supreme duty of a wife is to obey the mandate of her husband. Let the wife who wishes to perform sacred ablution, wash the feet of her lord and drink the water; for the husband is to the wife greater than Vishnoo"—the preserver of the universe. Wild and disgusting as are these Shaster obligations, which have so long crushed out self-respect from the soul of woman in India, they are all authorized by the supreme law of her faith, for Menu declares, "Though inob-servant of approved usages, [the services of their religion,] or enamored of another woman, or devoid of good qualities, yet a husband must constantly be *revered as a god* by a virtuous wife." (Institutes, sec. 154.)

As showing that the popular sentiment is not better than the law even to-day, after these long ages of helpless woman's subordination and

suffering, I may mention the fact that Moon-shees like to illustrate these texts by referring to the recorded case of a wife whose husband was a leper, and whose sense of duty to the law carried her so far that when eating the rice left on his plate and finding therein the end of one of his fingers which had dropped off, she still showed no repugnance, but continued her repast to the end!

To leave no motive untried to complete woman's subordination, they have added the consideration of a future existence, and made her happy transmigration to depend upon her life-long fidelity to this hateful code, and putting her soul and her future in the power of her husband. This terrible assumption is thus presented in the Institutes: "When the husband has performed the nuptial rites with texts of the Veda, he gives bliss continually to his wife here below, and he will give her happiness in the next world. No sacrifice is allowed to women apart from their husbands, no religious rite, no fasting; as far only as a wife honors her lord, so far is she exalted in heaven. A faithful wife who wishes to attain in heaven the mansion of her husband, must do nothing unkind to him, be he living or dead." (Secs. 153-156.)

A prisoner all her married life, this woman, put in the abstract on a level with the slave and the child, can not hold property, for Menu ordains, "Three persons, a wife, a son, and a slave, are declared by law to have in general no wealth exclusively their own; the wealth which they earn is regularly acquired for the man to whom they belong." (Sec. 16.) She waits upon her lord, who is "her god, her guru, and her religion," as the Shaster phrases it. She lulls him to rest by the soft shampooing of his feet, and is at once his slave and stewardess. Her worth is well summed up by one of their poets, who describes the best condition she can know, when her bereaved husband thus laments her:

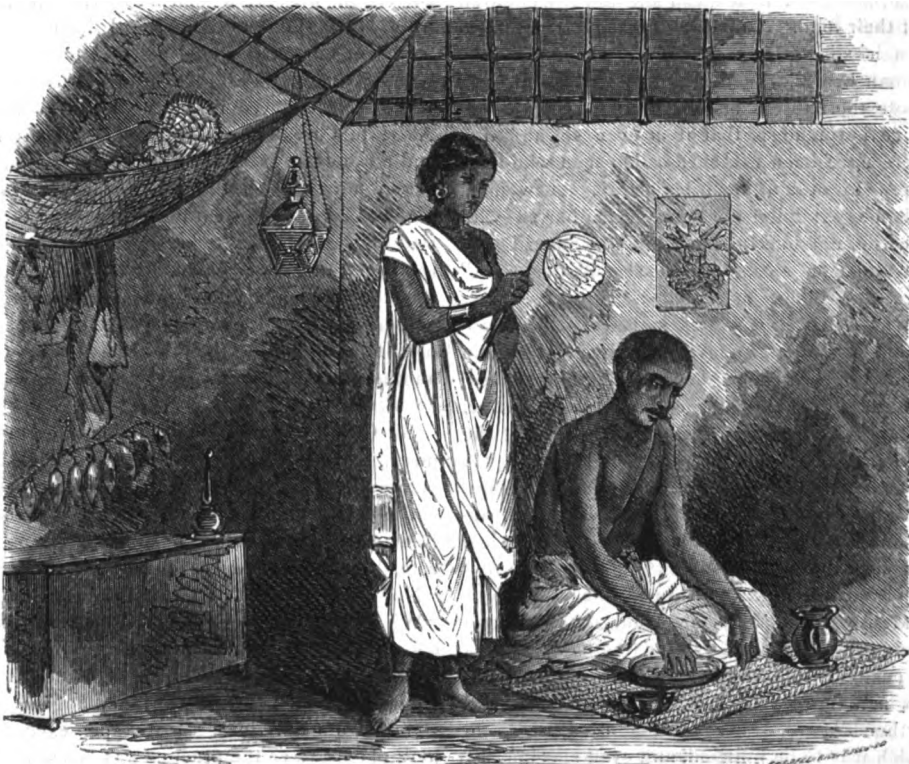
"Dost thou depart, who didst prepare
My savory food with skillful care?
On whom alone of woman kind
In ceaseless love I fix'd my mind?
Whose palms so softly rubbed my feet,
Till charm'd I lay in slumbers sweet?
Who tendedst me with wakeful eyes,
The last to sleep, the first to rise?
Now weary night denies repose:
My eyelids never more shall close."

Yet while living she might not walk by his side even in the marriage procession; she may not even call him by his name nor directly address him, nor can a friend so far notice her existence as to inquire for her welfare; for the *Sacotala* lays it down as a rule of social life, that "it is against good manners to inquire

concerning the wife of another man." The face of any man, save her husband and father, and her own and husband's brothers, she must never see at the risk of compromising her character. So inveterate is the prejudice of their education and customs, that many of them have sacrificed their lives sooner than violate the rule. The writer heard in India of a case which sadly illustrates this. In the detachment which Major Broadfoot had to take from Loodiana to Cabul, in 1841, there were many wives of native officers, and the Major, in the performance of his troublesome duty, had them each provided for their long journey with a howdah fixed on a camel's back. During the march one of these came to the ground suddenly, and there was a general halt, for the native lady had got entangled in the frame-work and had swung round beneath. An English officer seeing her danger, sprang from his horse to rescue her. But his action was arrested by the other ladies, who saw his intention as well as the lady's peril, and from behind their curtains cried out that he must not approach her, as he could not save her unless by touching her person and lifting the veil that enveloped her. The astonished officer would have done it nevertheless had it not been that the poor lady

herself implored him not to approach her—she would rather risk death. Her struggle to escape was in vain; the terrified and unwieldy beast actually trampled her to death before their eyes!

Look into the home where we left the young bride, and see her as she begins the duties for which she has been trained. She rises to prepare her husband's food, and when all is ready laid out upon the mat—for they ignore such aids as chairs and tables, knives or forks, and take their meals with the hand, sitting on the floor—she then announces to her lord that his meal is ready. He enters and sits down and finds all duly prepared by her care. Why does she still stand? why not sink down, too, and share with her husband the good things she has got ready? She dares not! He would not allow it—the law of her religion forbids it. She must stand and *wait* upon him. He "eats his morsel alone" truly. No wife in India can legally eat with her husband unless she becomes a Christian. She can do so then, for the religion of Jesus takes the timid creature whom heathenism has wronged and leads her to the sacramental table, to the love-feast refreshment, and to the daily meal, to share with her husband in "gladness and singleness of heart, praising God."



HINDOO WOMAN AND HER HUSBAND.

The foregoing wood-cut, taken from a picture of a Hindoo home, shows the situation of affairs generally. It is substantially the same, whether the person be wealthier or poorer than the one here represented. The higher classes use more indulgencies. The weather is warm and a fan is needed, or a fly-flapper is required, for he considers he can not use his curry-stained fingers to drive the flies away or cool himself; so the duty in either case devolves upon the wife.

The fan is made of a fragrant grass called *khush-khus*; a basin of water is at her feet, and she dips the fan into it occasionally, shaking off the heavy drops, and cools her lord and master, who enjoys as he eats the fragrant evaporation. Or the mosquitoes may be troublesome, and provision is made also for this. The tail of the *yak*, or snow-cow of Thibet, white and bushy, inserted into an ornamental shaft, is ready at hand, and with it the lady whisks him around, and saves him from the slightest inconvenience.

The duty is patiently performed, and when he has fully satisfied himself she removes what remains to another apartment—for her religion not only forbids her eating with him, but also prohibits her from eating even what he may leave in the same room where he dines—and then, and not till then, can she and her children eat their food. This unnatural and selfish custom is so contrary to the promptings of the human heart in such relations that we need to quote the express language of the law to convince our readers that it is even so, and that there have been wretches called men who have dared to ordain such legislation for woman. Menu says: "Let the husband neither eat with his wife, nor look at her eating, or sneezing, or yawning, or sitting carelessly at her ease." (Sec. 43.) The Shaster adds: "She must never eat until her husband is satisfied. If he abstains, she must also fast; and she must abstain from whatever food her husband dislikes." While another Shaster enforces the doctrine, and provides a very gracious relaxation of the rule in a certain contingency! It says: "A woman shall never go out of the house without the consent of her husband, and shall act according to the orders of her husband, and shall not eat until she has served him—though if it be physic she may take it before he eats!"

Men who can act as here indicated of course can go further. Cruelty to a wife must be akin to customs like these; and this wicked code has actually provided for her punishment and further degraded her by the associations in which it is to be inflicted, and even specified its horrible nature beyond the grave.

Says the law: "A wife, a son, a servant, a pupil, and a younger brother may be corrected, when they commit faults, with a rope or the small shoot of a cane, but on the back part only of their bodies, and not on a noble part by any means." (Sec. 300.) Again: "For women, children, persons of crazy intellect, the old, the poor, and the infirm the king shall order punishment with a whip, a twig, or a rope." (239.) And in section 335 he makes it an obligation upon the magistrate to inflict it, declaring that a wife and the parties named "must not be left unpunished if they adhere not with firmness to their duty."

For greater crimes Menu has ordained the following barbarous enactment: "Should a wife actually violate the duty which she owes to her lord, let the king condemn her to be devoured by dogs in a place much frequented." (Sec. 391.) And for the "crime" of marrying again when her husband is dead, he declares she brings infamy upon herself in this life, and in the next shall enter the womb of a jackal, or be afflicted with elephantiasis, and other diseases that punish crimes."

Woman is absolutely and without redress in the power of her husband. As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, she must submit to his correction without a murmur. In our flight from Nynce Tal to Almorah I have seen a native of our party strike his wife to the earth with his heavy walking-stick, only because she was a little delayed in having his meal ready. Alas! this treatment is of hourly occurrence, and no one can interfere when it stops short of actual murder. In the western provinces of India this reckless treatment of woman is carried to its greatest extreme. Before British rule interfered there was positively no limit to their cruelty. One of those monsters has been known to hold up a woman guilty or suspected of infidelity by the hair of her head, while another hewed her to pieces for him with a sword.

Sir Charles Napier, on assuming the government, had to resort to the severest measures before he could convince the Beluchi that he had no right to commit murder in this manner. A man having been condemned for killing his wife, his chief sued the governor for pardon. "No," replied Sir Charles, "I will hang him." "What! you will hang a man for only killing his wife?" "Yes; she had done no wrong." "Wrong! no, but he was angry! Why should he not kill her?" "Well, I am angry; why should I not kill him?" Many such executions took place before the practice was arrested; but the resolute Governor succeeded at length.

Twenty years have not passed since similar conduct might have been witnessed in the kingdom of Oude, before the introduction of British rule there threw the protection of the law of Christ over woman's life, so far as it can reach her secluded existence. An extract from a reliable work, "The Private Life of an Eastern King," will illustrate this. The writer says, speaking of Nussir-u-Deed, the late King of Oude: "Being irritated the King retired into the female apartment and we returned to our tents. Heaven help the poor woman who has the misfortune at such a moment to displease or disgust an irritated despot! An accidental sneeze, a louder cough than usual, nay, even an ungraceful movement, may bring down punishment terrible to think of—torture, perhaps, at the bare mention of which the English wife, or mother, or daughter would shudder. Such things take place but too often in the Hindoo zenanas of India. Magistrates know that such things often take place, but they are helpless to punish or prevent. But the zenana and the harem are sacred; and the female slave that revealed their horrid mysteries would suffer a lingering and excruciating death at the hands of the very woman whom her revelations might be intended to protect. The chief and the wealthy man who is disposed to be cruel, can act despotically, tyrannically enough; but the king, with unquestioned power of life or death in his hands, if once infuriated or enraged, can torture or kill without question. 'My wife is about to be confined,' said a savage Hindoo Rajah to his European friend, a solicitor, 'and if she does not make me the father of a son, I will whip her to death with my hunting-whip.' The child was born; it was a daughter; the woman's body was burnt two days after. How she died no one out of the zenana certainly knew. The fact of the threat only transpired long afterward, where it was the interest of the solicitor, to whom the remark had been made, to prove the Rajah mad in his later days in order to set aside a will."

The discrimination is against woman as such. Menu and his commentators decree no equivalent punishment upon male violators of their law or customs, and he actually shields from all penalty the whole sacerdotal class who formed these laws, no matter how many or flagrant their crimes may be. No such "class legislation" was ever enacted as is exhibited in the following sections of the code: "Never shall the king slay a Brahman, though convicted of all possible crimes; let him banish the offender from his realm, but with all his property secure and his body unhurt. No greater crime is

known on earth than slaying a Brahman, and the king, therefore, must not even form in his mind an idea of killing a priest." (Sec. 380.)

When General Havelock, in 1857, laid his hands upon these dainty and pampered Brahmans, and finding them guilty of mutiny or murder, tried and convicted them like common men, and ordered them for punishment or execution, some of the poor benighted people whom they had thus deluded thought that the earth would surely quake or the heavens fall. But in defiance of this unjust code they were strung up, and the earth was still, and the sun rolled on in its course indifferent to their fate, and the spell of Brahmanical inviolability was broken forever after the long imposition and cruel falsehood of its claim. But in the breaking of that spell woman in India had more interest and gained more advantage than in any event of the past generation. She knows it not yet, but it is nevertheless true that Havelock's grand march and Christian soldiery and justice snapped the first link of that heavy chain that has so long encircled her mind and body.

Notwithstanding the inhumanity and deep injustice of Hindoo legislation for the ladies of that land, their married lives are not without honor and influence, nor their persons unsupplied with gorgeous clothing and ornaments. On the contrary, the law repeatedly requires these things to be supplied to them in abundance. But let the whole truth, as to the expressed design and motive of this generosity be candidly stated, and then let the reader judge what is the value of this magnanimity to the heart of any noble woman. Is it for her sake, as true love would prompt, or is it for the gratification and interest of him who confers it all? The reply to this painful question I place before the reader.

Let it be remembered as explanatory that in India a woman's curse is considered to blast the person, the property, or the home against which it is uttered. Men stand in fear of it, for prosperity is impossible when it impends. The legislator has affirmed its liability with the duty of marital liberality as a motive of prevention. Also let it be borne in mind that a husband's passion for sons, in view of the relation of his male offspring to his shraad and happy transmigration—as previously explained—is such that all considerations are expected to bow to this desire.

As to the first motive, Menu says: "Married women must be honored and adorned by their fathers and brethren, by their husbands, and by the brothers of their husbands, if they seek abundant prosperity. Where females are hon-

ored then the deities are pleased; but where they are dishonored there all religious acts become fruitless. Where female relations are made miserable the family of him who makes them so very soon wholly perishes; but where they are not unhappy the family always increases. On whatever houses the women of a family, not being duly honored, pronounce an imprecation, those houses, with all that belong to them, utterly perish, as if destroyed by a sacrifice for the death of an enemy. Let those women, therefore, be continually supplied with ornaments, apparel and food, at festivals and at jubilees, by men desirous of wealth." (Institutes, Secs. 55-59.)

As to the other motive, the code declares that if the wife be not elegantly attired, she will not attract her husband, and, lacking personal attraction, offspring will not be produced.

Not then for her own dear sake alone, as Christian manhood confers its gifts of love, but from motives merely personal and selfish does the heathen husband extend his liberality to his wife.

All this is worthy and consistent to a law which actually teaches a husband in an emergency to sacrifice every thing to his own precious self, in the following language: "Against misfortune, let him preserve his wealth; at the expense of his wealth, let him preserve his wife; but let him, at all events, preserve himself, even at the hazard of his wife and riches."

How little can such a religion or such a law know of disinterested affection, or of that devotion which would risk every thing for the safety and happiness of its beloved object!

What an era of light and joy for the sex dawned upon the world when the Lord Jesus was born of a woman! She needed and she receives the larger portion of these "glad tidings of great joy." He came to deliver this creature, so long and so cruelly wronged, "from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God;" to rebuke and repress all this invective, these deprivations and cruelties, and to lift her up to man's high level of excellence, in man's highest intellectual and moral elevation, both for time and for eternity.

And not in theory only has the divine Author of the Christian Institutes shown his deep interest in woman's welfare. He has left to Christian manhood the high example it should follow, and made his own love for his Church—in giving himself for it, and dying that she might live—the very model of that devotion and pure affection which, with all its freedom and confidence, surrounds the honored wives who adorn the happy homes of Christianity.

It is some relief to feel assured that all this wealth of love and joy shall yet be shared by the wives of India in that glad day when the good and gentle laws of Christ shall have forever superseded the Institutes of Menu in the land of the Veda.

One paper more on the later life of the Hindoo lady will conclude this subject.

THE CHILD LIFE OF JESUS.

THE manger of Bethlehem supplied the universe with a cradle memory. It was in David's town that the Lord Christ was born, in accordance with ancient prophecy. That event, the center of the concentric circle of human history, has a meaning. The song that broke upon the shepherds was but a repetition of the acclaim of joy which filled heaven with the Christmas carol. How the angels sang "Glory to God in the highest!" How they beat the air with their wings as they declared, "Unto you," not unto us, but "unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, who is Christ the Lord!" Notice the fact. For you Christ turned his back on heaven when he turned his face earthward. Heaven was impoverished that earth might be enriched.

It is said that the father of Sesostrius, the mightiest conqueror of the olden time, and the most celebrated of Egyptian kings, having determined that his son should become lord of the whole earth, formed the design of adopting all the children born throughout Egypt on the same day with his son, to be educated with him, and caused them to be trained alike in the same rigid discipline of the public schools, that they might compose a band of companions attached to his person and qualified to fill the first civil and military departments of the State.

It is easy to imagine what must have been the influence exerted upon their minds and hearts. They were about to become the associates of a king. They studied the same books, looked forward to the same work, and were stimulated by the same hopes. Is it not possible that the Infinite Father has furnished us with this child life of Jesus, with the record of his birth, his growth, his education, that parents and teachers in every age of the world may train their children with the child Jesus, and fit them as best they can, to be his companions in toil here and in glory hereafter? The influence of this life is familiar to all. We recall the pleasure experienced when we learned that Jesus came as a child, and permitted the tendrils of our love to entwine about him as the child

Jesus led us forth from the cradle, as the man Christ Jesus conducted us to the cross. How the mind loves to brood in fancy over the influences of our child life, which never die! They come back to us in court and camp, in the whirl of business and in the solitudes of life, now like some forgotten strain of music, which has for days been haunting the chambers of the soul, and now like the songs of angels trooping down the sky.

The aged, as they descend into the valley, think of the scenes and pleasures of the morning, when the sky was all aglow with hope. They think of the faces that loved them, of the forms that bent over them, of the eyes that brightened at their coming and in the parting grew sad, of the hands that rested upon their heads, now covered with the mold of the tomb. These memories come to all. If irradiated by love light, if they take us to Jesus, to the society of Christians, to the homes of virtue, they are a perpetual joy; if to scenes of dissipation and to the paths of sin, they are a source of sorrow.

There are those who ignore child life and the responsibilities linked therewith. They care not for a child's happiness, and never deny themselves to enrich a child's memory with a deed of love. They deem it of no practical importance how children live, what they read, or with whom they associate. Such are ruled by mistaken views. Success is not the result of chance, but the ripened fruit of early sowing. "The child is father of the man." "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." These proverbs are no more old than true. It is noticeable that trees which never bear fruit lift their branches proudly upward, while fruit-bearing trees bend their boughs earthward. So it is with great and noble natures, loved by the world and honored by the race. They have bent lovingly to childhood. Those who scorn the delights of home and are glad to seem indifferent to children may have forms of beauty, but they will lack that enriching grace which will cause children to pronounce their names with pleasure, or induce the young to minister unto them when old age becomes a burden, and the path lies amid the snows of Winter, far away from the flowers of Spring. Confucius, Plato, and Socrates are enthroned in the memories of mankind because they opened their hearts to children and devoted their lives to the instruction of youth. It is the infinite tenderness of God toward children that makes us all debtors to the grace which places the child life of Jesus before us. The significance of the truth is best understood when the bright sunny locks are brushed back from the brow,

and the eye, with a wondrous expectancy, looks into yours as the lips exclaim, "Please tell me another story about the baby Jesus." How every part of this story fits, like the cogs of a wheel, into the grooves of childish imaginings! Bethlehem means "the house of bread." Jesus, born there, is called "the bread of life." Every child can understand how the body needs bread, and so he can perceive how the soul needs Jesus.

Jesus is called the Lamb of God. Every child understands the sweet innocence and sportiveness of lamb life. The very fact that Christ was an infant helps us to appreciate the three kinds of infancy—physical, mental, and spiritual. As infancy physical needs food, so does infancy mental require study or thought, and infancy spiritual demands an acquaintance with Christ. The three states can grow together. Hence a child can become a Christian. As Jesus was God before his birth, and was born a child to reach us, so, though we are sinners before birth, we are born again to reach God, and come forth into the sunlight of his love with this pure child nature, which characterized the child life of Jesus. As Christ came to this world a child so that divinity might with shaded eye first look on sin, so we came as children into the spiritual world to look with shaded eye on the glories which can only be dimly foreshadowed to the natural eye. The child life of Jesus is the contribution of heaven to earth. How it has blessed the race we may not be able fully to describe, but intimations may be given which will uncover the hidden truth, and give to its voice a trumpet tone.

Jesus came not in Winter storm and sleet, but in that soft season of the year when Eastern shepherds lodge in the fields all night. Imagine a party of these humble peasants on Judean hills, sitting around their watch-fires, listening to the wolf's long howl creeping up from the dark valley. Suddenly a light flames about them, mysterious and strange. Daylight is round them, and a shining form before them. They were terrified, for they knew not that it was an angel. But he said, "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to men.' O, it was exquisite, that burst of seraphic melody! and as it "lapped the listeners round and round, it

seemed to sever them from all sin ; it brought God so near, and filled the spirit with such peace, that the soul could easily have been beguiled out of the body ; and as its liquid whisper brought them back and laid them on the earth again, they held their breath in hope that the chorus might once more burst forth. But the guard of honor was going home." The light, the music gathered up itself, and as the pearly portals closed the air fell dark and dead. God had spoken. Heaven had declared itself concerning the child.

The influence was not lost upon the shepherds. "Let us go to Bethlehem," say they, "and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us." And they came with haste. See their eager look. Listen to the footfall of their hurried steps as they pass along Bethlehem's quiet streets, guided by the star hanging over the stable in which Christ was born. To Joseph and Mary they present themselves, impatient to see the child. And the babe was lying in the manger. And that was Christ the Lord. That infant is the Savior—Heaven's gift and costly benediction. Imagine them telling Joseph and Mary what brought them here, and describing the heavenly splendor, the angelic song, and the uttered speech. All was for this child. Mary drank in their words. Prophecy was fulfilled, and she pondered all these things in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them, and so from that time Christ's birthday has been a day of song.

Look again. There are some venerable-looking men, with long robes and white beards, and turbans on their heads and parcels in their hands. The innkeeper thinks there is room for such as they, but they look not in that direction. They pass toward the stable, and when they saw the babe they worshiped Him, and made presents of gold, and silver, and frankincense, and myrrh. Then and there was planted the seedling of the Christmas-tree, whose branches cast their blessed shadow upon all lands, and whose fruits make millions of hearts joyous and glad.

The child proved to be a blessing to them, for the gold given to Mary for his sake defrayed their expenses into Egypt when the king of Judea conspired to seek the life of the young child to destroy him.

There are no accidents with God. The infancy of Christ has a mission unfulfilled, and yet fulfilling more and more as the ages run on. It has borne abundant fruit, but gives promise of still greater harvests. An acquaintance with

the history of the world, and with the views cherished by the majority of mankind regarding children when Christ was born, impresses upon the mind the conviction that Christ Jesus as a child had a mission as specific and as distinct as was the mission of the man Christ Jesus. The child life of Jesus consecrates the child life of humanity. Regarded as a revelation of the Divine purpose concerning our duties to the young, the lessons inculcated deserve to be pondered, and the pictures framed and hung up in the Gospels, so unique, so beautiful, are calculated to awaken profound interest.

Hitherto a child had been regarded as a bundle of possibilities. Jesus was a fact. The shepherds beheld glory to God and peace to the world calmly sleeping in that cradle. It was not what Jesus was to be, it was what he was that thrilled the heart of Simeon and Anna. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." By making them pure in heart God fitted them for seeing Christ ; for the same Holy Spirit who awakened in them the longing for Christ's day told them that Christ was come. All this was revealed to the meek faith and penetrating eye of these heaven-taught worthies ; and however long or short they tarried after this, Simeon and Anna trod the streets of Jerusalem with a consciousness which its proudest citizen might envy. They had seen the great salvation. They had seen the Christ of God. The child had come. His name is Immanuel, God with us, and Simeon, holding the child in his arms, is ready to depart.

Ponder this lesson. Something is meant by it. *The child born was God.* The youngest can understand it. Said a little girl upon whose sweet face the sunlight of three Summers had played : "I don't know God ; he is so great I can't know him ; but I know Jesus Christ, 'cause he was a baby—a little baby born in a manger—so I love Jesus Christ."

When the rumor went abroad that Christ was born, and when the wise men from the East came to gaze upon the wonder, and beheld his condition, the Persic version declares "they stuck at it"—they could not credit their senses, or believe the testimony. To the Greeks it was foolishness, to the Jews a stumbling-block, but to babes and sucklings it is the power of God. From the fact that infancy is a mystery, that a child is the most helpless product of the animal creation, we are not surprised at the wise men.

Involuntarily we speak of a young child as of a thing, and call the thing *it*. Helpless as are infants in general, Christ left to Mary's care, and the angels gone back to heaven, seems most helpless of the infantile world. His mother

was among strangers, and filled with a vague fear, and knew not what way to look for protection and support. The babe is threatened with death. The mother flies to distant Egypt. Every thing about the child seems inexplicable when you think that this is the King Eternal come to establish his kingdom; and yet, from this story, as read and repeated in nursery and in cabin, in school-room and in sanctuary, there is an influence streaming forth which changes the heart of the race, binds to itself the confidences of childhood, stirs up our brooding fancies, and calls forth such expressions of love and gratitude as were never before known. Now if a babe could be God, then a child can be a Christian. A child with Christ within is just as much a Christian as is a man; and, though wise men may "stick at it," we are to accept it as a truth.

A practical question arises here. Do we not ignore this fresh experience of Christian childhood, or of the child life of Jesus in the soul, more than we should? Surely the hearts of God's own children are impressed by nothing so much as by these sweet and innocent expressions, this lisping forth of praises, this warbling of childhood.

A little child claimed to have found Jesus. She was very small and very young. She stood among the aged deacons as Samuel rested at the knee of Eli. "Let us know your evidence, child—what makes you think that you are a Christian?" "Cause," said this birdling of Jesus, "before my conversion I found something in my heart always saying, 'Do n't mind Jesus, do n't mind mother, do n't be good to sister;' but since Jesus washed my sins away, something bids me do what Jesus says, and I love to make all happy at home." When asked why she wished to be baptized, she replied, "Because Jesus set the example, and tells me to follow on to fulfill all righteousness." Every heart was touched, and every head bowed before the little teacher. A little child shall stand forth as a fulfilled prophecy from God, sang Isaiah. "And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord, and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord."

That prophecy has been fulfilled in many a redeemed child. God takes possession of a child's soul, and is wisdom, and power, and might within him.

It becomes us to recognize this truth, and employ it for the glory of God and the good of men. A little encouragement in this direction

secures important results. A boy of some eleven years of age came to his pastor one day and said, "Pastor, I want to do something for Jesus." "What do you wish to do, my son?" "To speak to a man, and tell him to give his heart to God." "Do it," was the injunction. That evening, as this man was going out of church, the lad touched his hand. Pausing and looking into the face of the child, he saw depicted in the full eye and tremulous lip a world of interest, and listening, caught the words, "Will you not stop and give your heart to Jesus?" The arrow, shot at a venture, pierced the joints of the harness of the King's enemy, wherefore, at the urgent invitation, he came forward, saying, "I am wounded." The man who had withstood the appeal of the preacher and of conscience bent before the touch, and melted at the tender look of a little boy. "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth; who hast set thy glory above the heavens! Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and avenger."

It is like the great and infinite God to use children to carry forward his work. Samuel voiced his rebuke to Eli. David slew the giant that defied all Israel. Daniel, as a boy, glorified God by abstinence, by faith and prayer won a proud place in Babylonish history. Jesus recognized the truth that much was hidden from the so-called wise and prudent, and was revealed unto babes. It is not the instrument that is great, but he who wields it to accomplish great purposes. Children should take heart, and believe that as the great Jehovah once took the form of a little child, so a little child may represent him now in the services of love and worship.

Let them also remember, that as flowers blooming among trees, and lambs skipping among the flocks whitening the hill-side, so children are beautiful in the Church of God. They fill the sanctuary with a home look. Teach them to sing and to pray that the thought may blossom into blessed experience,

"The Lord is my shepherd. He makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall unfold me,
And when I walk through the dark valley of death
His rod and his staff will uphold me."

In the faith reposed in this child Jesus we discover another lesson. Rome lifts Mary into prominence, and the child becomes an incident.

The Gospel lifts the child into notice, and Mary and Joseph stand aside and fall into the background of the picture. The fact deserves a moment's consideration. Simeon was an old man, living in Jerusalem, and constantly affirming, "God has told me that I shall see the Lord's Christ before I die." Years had come and gone. One day he saunters into the temple as Joseph and Mary with the child climb Mount Moriah. They enter the temple. Simeon beholds the child. The Spirit whispers, "That is the Lord's Christ." If for a moment Simeon expected an imperial presence, a crowned head and a sceptered hand, his agile faith was not taken aback, and he betrayed no disappointment at the lovely babe, but took Him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." It was a wonderful moment in human history. Simeon believed in the boy, and so declared to Mary, saying, "Behold this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against." And there was Anna, a prophetess, a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day. And she, coming in that instant, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spoke of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.

How dear must Simeon and Anna have been to the angels and to God! That child was the loveliest object in the universe of God. The lamb lay in the arms of Simeon whose blood was for the healing of the nations. We know what it is to have a friend to love our child, or praise the babe whose presence fills the house. These had done more than praised Jesus. They had recognized his parentage, his mission, and his work. They had welcomed the Lord's Christ and worshiped him.

There is but a thin veil intervening between the what is and the what might have been. It is an action or the lack of it that makes or un-makes us all. God never tells us what it is, no more than he whispered in some Bethlehemish ear, "The mother of Jesus is at the door," but he bids us watch, and commands us to improve every opportunity for usefulness offered, with the assurance that failure is then impossible. What an opportunity for fame was thrown away in Bethlehem! We know not who was in the inn. We know there was no place for the tired Mary. Ah, had some one welcomed her, as we should have thought they gladly would, how the benefactor's name would have lived, linked to the memory of Christ! Such occasions for

lasting remembrance come to all of us. Duties discharged for God's humble ones bind us to God, for whosoever giveth a cup of cold water to a tired disciple may feel that he recognizes in the thirsty one the Lord's Christ.

Neglect is perilous. Bethlehem neglected Mary and was neglected. No angel appeared to them, and they heard not the song that broke over the distant hills where shepherds bivouacked. Simeon's confession of Christ and Anna's recognition of her Lord in the child made their names immortal, for whosoever confesseth Christ shall be remembered.

Let us not lose the incidental lesson taught by this simple story. Faith in childhood is a duty and it is a power. Each of us remembers some one who, in our tender years, whispered, "I believe in you," or who expressed faith in our future. This faith is a potential force when exercised by a parent or a teacher. Men there are who have grown great and rich who yet find their chiefest joy in ministering to the comfort of those who believed in them when life was just commencing. Churches have been built, institutions of learning endowed, and legacies left because of the recollections and the influences of child life upon the subsequent life of the individual.

The child life of Jesus underlies the literature, the worship, and the purposes of the Church, as subterranean rivers flowing beneath the sands of India underlie the fertility of her pasture fields. It is this which fills the air of the sanctuary and of home with warblings of our Christmas carol. The kingly and the Divine nature of Christ shone forth in nothing more than in his fidelity as a child when a child, and in his remembrance of and love for children after he had revealed himself to the world as "God manifest in the flesh." The boy that used Joseph's tools, and read the Scriptures at Mary's feet, when he became the *Wonderful* and *Counselor* took little children in his arms and blessed them. Let that spirit irradiate our hearts and bless our lives. The roots of life are in the heart, the fruits are the actions. The child life of Jesus contains the garnered seed with which God desires to sow the hearts of children. Let us not thrust it aside for wordy fictions or fables of man's devising, but believing that these thoughts, and words, and deeds of Christ, if welcomed to the soul, will re-appear as pictures on the walls of those mansions our Master has gone to prepare, let us give them welcome, assured that the washed and forgiven here will gather with God's little ones there, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE CANARY.

THREE centuries have elapsed since the Canary bird first left its native isles to become a citizen of the world, and now who could recognize in our beautiful golden little favorite the wild green species from which it is descended? The change reminds us of the difference sometimes observable between two brothers, one of whom has experienced all the advantages of society and cultivation, while the other has remained in his rustic, but perhaps happier position. It is to Bolle we are indebted

for the first reliable history of the Canary in its wild state, as until his time we were only acquainted with the tamed species. The writers of former times have given us many examples of this bird, but their accounts have bordered somewhat upon the marvelous. They were even mistaken as to its original haunts. The naturalists of the last century were somewhat better informed; but even Buffon has assisted in the spread of erroneous ideas concerning its history. "Goldfinches and citronfinches," says Bolle, "must be contented to descend from the position they have hitherto occupied as sup-



THE WILD CANARY.

posed progenitors of the Canary. Humboldt was the first who could speak with any authority as having seen the Canary in its wild state, having become acquainted with it in 1799, during his residence in Teneriffe." More modern ornithologists have been far from giving this bird the praise it deserves, and we have to thank Bolle alone for so beautiful and exhaustive a description of its life and habits that nothing more remains to be desired. The following account is drawn from his work:

The writer we quote found this species occu-

pying the seven wooded islands called the Canaries, and even some parts of Madeira; the latter fact leading him to suppose that this bird may have lived upon all these islands before their trees were cut down. It is principally to be met with in such places as are covered with wood or shrubs, and are situated near springs of water in the interior, which in Summer form brooks, margined during the entire year by a border of delicate plants; it is also found in the gardens and houses of the inhabitants, and is quite as numerous in crowded towns as in

the quietest nooks—indeed, it is seen in all parts, even at an altitude of 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, except in the thick damp forests formed by laurel and holly trees, beyond the borders of which Bolle never observed it to settle. It may be also frequently met with in the vineyards, or in fir plantations that cover rocky declivities. It is at present uncertain whether this bird occupies the high ground during the Winter, but it has been found at an altitude of 4,000 feet late in the Autumn. The wild Canary, which, even in its native woods, is called "Canario," both by the Spaniards and Portuguese, is considerably smaller, and usually more slender than these we see tamed. Those, on the contrary, which are kept in a state of captivity in the Canary Islands have completely retained their original dimensions by mating with birds newly taken from their wild state. The adult male wild Canary is greenish yellow upon the back, with blackish streaks upon the shafts of the feathers, which are so broadly bordered with bright ashy gray that the latter might almost be described as the principal color. The hinder part of the body is yellowish green, the upper tail-coverts excepted, which are green, edged with ash-gray; the head and neck feathers are yellowish green, with narrow gray borders; the forehead and two long stripes which run in a circular form over the eyes to the neck are of a greenish-gold color, and the throat, upper part of the breast, and sides of the neck are, on the contrary, of an ash-gray. The lower portion of the breast is of a paler yellowish tint, the belly and under tail-coverts whitish, the shoulders a beautiful siskin-green, bordered with pale black and green, the blackish wing quill-feathers are edged with green, and the blackish-gray tail-feathers sprinkled with white; the eyes are brown, the beak and feet a brownish flesh color.

Bolle is of opinion that the plumage above described is only acquired at the end of the second year. The female is brownish-gray upon the back, with broad black lines along the shafts of the feathers; the neck and top of the head are similarly colored, but the ground color of the feathers is green. The cheek-stripes are gray, the forehead green, and the cheeks partly greenish yellow and partly a bluish ash-gray. The neck is encircled by a line that is yellowish green in front, merging into bluish ash-gray at the back; this ring, however, is not very distinct. The shoulders and small upper wing-feathers are a light yellowish green, the whitish-gray borders of which are broader, but not so beautiful as in those of the old male bird. The

lower part of the breast and belly are white, and the feathers at the sides of the body brown, with dark lines at the shafts. The plumage of the young birds is brownish, shading into yellow upon the breast, with a few touches of lemon-yellow upon the cheeks and throat. The colors are extremely difficult to describe, owing to the delicacy with which the different shades are blended, and we may therefore add that the plumage is almost the same as that with which we are familiar in what we call our tame green or gray Canaries.

The food of these birds consists principally of green herbs, small seeds, and delicate juicy fruits—a ripe fig, for instance, with its soft, juicy flesh and small kernels, is eagerly sought for and enjoyed, as soon as the too ripe fruit has burst its violet or yellowish-green mantle, for until this happy time arrives their small and delicate beak is quite powerless to penetrate the distended skin. A fig-tree, when its fruit has reached this point of ripeness, is indeed a beautiful sight for those who have been fortunate enough to see it literally covered by the various singing birds that are tempted to rob its branches. Blackbirds, greenfinches, tomtits, and many others, come in variegated confusion to share the dainty in common with our friend the Canary. Water is essential to its welfare, as it drinks much, and is fond of bathing very frequently.

These birds pair and begin to construct their nest about the end of March, never, as far as we have been able to ascertain, fixing upon a spot that is less than eight feet from the ground, preferring trees with slender stems, either evergreens or such as don their foliage early in the Spring. Among their favorite trees pears and pomegranates hold the first place. The orange-tree is not often selected, on account of its bushy crown, and the fig-tree is never employed for this purpose. The nest is always built in a retired spot, but is easily discovered on account of the constant coming and going of the male bird. The first that we saw was found toward the end of March, in a deserted garden of Villa Arotava, upon a box-tree about twelve feet in height, that stood above a myrtle hedge. The nest merely rested upon the tree, being built between the forked portions of a branch, and was beautifully constructed. It was broad at the base, and very narrow at the top, with a tiny little entrance. The walls were formed throughout of snow-white wool, woven together with a few blades of grass. The first egg was laid upon the first of March, and one was added daily till there were five in all, this appearing to be the usual

number of a brood, though from time to time we have found but three or four in a nest. The eggs are of a pale sea-green, spotted with reddish brown, but are sometimes of a uniform color; they exactly resemble those of the tame bird, and the time during which the female sits upon them is the same in both cases. The young remain in the nest until fully fledged, and for some time after are tended by both parents, and fed from the crop with great care. The Canary breeds usually four times in the year, but occasionally only three times. In July the molting season commences, after which no more eggs are laid.

During the period of incubation the male bird perches upon a tree near his mate, and from thence delights her with his song of encouragement and sympathy. It is a real pleasure to listen to this pretty songster, as it inflates its throat and pours forth its lay, turning, as it sings, from one side to another, as though to bathe its glowing breast in the flood of bright sunlight. All at once it hears the call of its little companion, and darts with responsive tenderness to perch at her side—indeed, in our opinion this modestly attired bird, as it sits surrounded by all the varied and delicious blossoms of its native trees, is a far more attractive spectacle than its more brightly colored and elegant brother, with whose appearance in captivity we are all so familiar. We do not deny that the beauty of the objects that surrounded these Canaries had much to do with the admiration with which they inspired us, and many a time they have caused us for a moment to forget that we were sojourning in a strange land, their song exactly recalling the voices of the warblers we had heard at home.

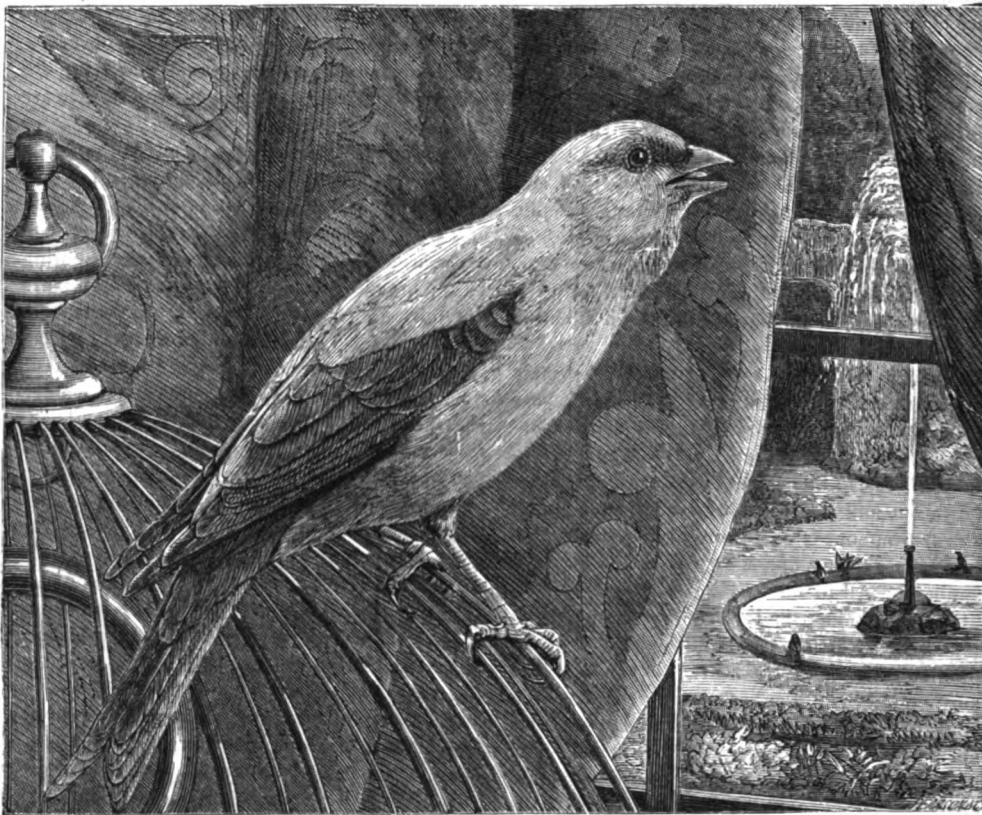
Much has been said, and very varied opinions expressed, as to the relative merits of the song of these birds when free or in captivity, and for our part we consider that such as have been tamed in no way surpass their brethren of the woods, either in skill or beauty of tone. Whatever trifling modifications may be noticed, either as regards greater purity of sound or more artistic performance, the song is unchanged, and proves that though the language of a country may be entirely lost, yet the notes of these feathered songsters remain ever the same. We fully admit that our tame Canaries are at a great disadvantage when compared with their brothers of the groves, for that which sounds delightful in a dusty room, gains unquestionably a thousand fold by being heard in a spot where the singer has God's heaven above him, and masses of roses and jessamine at his feet. We would, however, by no means lead the reader to sup-

pose that all wild Canaries are equally gifted; with them, as with all other singing birds, many degrees of skill and beauty may be observed, and some we have heard would well stand the test of comparing their notes with the heart-stirring tones of the nightingale.

The flight of the Canary resembles that of the linnet, being somewhat undulating. In their passage from tree to tree the various members of a party fly at some little distance from each other, uttering their call-note while on the wing. In the breeding season these birds live in pairs, but during the rest of the year they associate in very large flocks, often, however, dividing into smaller parties, and passing most of their time upon a chosen spot, spending a considerable portion of the day upon the ground, and re-assembling after sunset to pass the night perched in the branches of their favorite trees.

The capture of these birds is, owing to their great sociability, unattended with any difficulty, and even nestlings will run at the call of a decoy. In the Canary Islands we have seen linnets or goldfinches employed for this purpose with success. The snaring of this species should be carried on very early in the morning, in such spots as are well watered and rich in fine trees. On these occasions we have always found much interest in observing, from some place of concealment, the various movements and lively gestures of the unwary little victims as they run to meet their fate, and have ourselves seen from sixteen to twenty birds caught during a few hours; of these the unfledged young formed the larger proportion. The Canary is a restless creature, and must pass some time in captivity before it can be taught to lay aside its wild habits. The birds we have kept began to molt at the latter end of August, and some of them had not entirely resumed their plumage by the month of December. These latter we imagined to be the youngest members of the party, and the yellow color in all cases was first visible upon their breasts.

As regards the habits of the Canary when tamed we quote Lenz, a naturalist well qualified to furnish all the particulars that could possibly be desired: "In order to ascertain where the finest specimens could be obtained, I sought throughout the whole of Germany and its surrounding countries, not omitting to place myself in correspondence with various distant portions of the world, and am now fully persuaded that the choicest birds are to be procured at Andreasdorf, in the Hartz Mountains, and the neighboring villages. In the above-mentioned place almost every house has its breeding-room set apart for their cultivation. Many families live



THE TAME CANARY.

entirely by this means, and we were told by an official belonging to the place that Canaries are sold to the value of 12,000 rix-dollars during the course of the year from this village alone. It is quite unknown when this business was first established in the Hartz Mountains, but that locality affords in plenty three great requisites for its success: wood in such profusion that the cost of warming the Canaries' apartments throughout the year is very trifling, abundance of rape-seed and white bread, the corn for which is grown with ease in the beautiful meadows that surround the villages. The songs of the birds reared on this spot are very various, but in no case have we heard a really bad singer, while many possess voices of unusual power and sweetness."

In Andreasdorf a bird of uniform pale yellow plumage, and without a crest, is much preferred, because those that are uniformly tinted can not be spoiled by irregular markings, and because the male nestling of this species is easily recognized on account of its tints about the eyes and region of the beak; even after the young have left the nest this distinguishing feature is for

some time observable, and the sexes may be thus readily ascertained. The superfluous female birds are sent early in the Summer upon their travels through the world in the care of an itinerant salesman, and hundreds of the males are taken in October and November to be sold by wholesale dealers in large cities, or exported to Russia and America. The Canaries reared in other neighboring districts can not equal those of Andreasdorf in their song, though they are very superior to such as are obtained elsewhere.

The following hints may perhaps be useful to our readers in the choice of a tame specimen: First, entirely green birds, or such as are brightly marked with green, are usually very strong, and, in consequence, their voice is often disagreeably loud; secondly, such as are of a yellowish brown or dark yellow are weakly, and seldom breed; thirdly, the variegated kinds do not often have prettily marked young; fourthly, such as have red eyes are weak; and, fifthly, should birds with a crest be preferred, the purchaser must be careful that there are no bare spots on it. In order to insure a good singing

Canary, it is necessary to procure such as have parents gifted in that respect, and during the course of instruction the bird should not be allowed to hear the song of finches, larks, and nightingales, as the notes which it would thus acquire would be unnatural, and, therefore, soon forgotten. In Andreasdorf the people are most careful only to allow the young to copy the notes of such male singers as are experts in the art; and should the little pupil, even when four years of age, hear a bad singer it is pretty sure to imitate all its faults, and even in old age will sometimes retain this tiresome trick.

The Canary will learn tunes played upon an organ with little difficulty, but after a time often perform them inaccurately. We have tried the experiment of placing the pupil with two old males, and have always found it prefer to imitate the bird whose song gives it the least trouble, and thus it acquires shakes and trilling notes with much greater ease than the flute-like tones, or deep-rolling song of the nightingale. A Canary belonging to an artist residing at Bordeaux, possesses the remarkable faculty of singing whenever it feels disposed with the beak closely shut, producing its song, which is very clear, apparently from the top of its throat, and giving the effect, as in ventriloquism, of a voice proceeding, not from its owner, but from some distance.

The cage of a bird under tuition must be placed in such a position that it can be constantly visited and instructed, and at such a distance from the window as will prevent its being disturbed, in which case it is liable to become irritated, and learn to scream or sing in a very disjointed manner. The diet should consist entirely of rape-seed and white bread steeped in water, so that the food being simple, the pupil may not be distracted from its song by the daintiness of its fare. Green stuff or fruit should not be given to it, as producing the same result. The wires of the cage should be so close together that the bird can not stretch its neck between them and look round, and should it appear inclined to try to peck at such things as bits of paper, thread, etc., these should be removed and four oats given to it daily, thus affording exercise for its beak. If the Canary has been always in the habit of living alone it should not be allowed to see another of its kind, or it will immediately begin to scream instead of singing gently; but if more convenient to place it with other males, the cages should be hung close together so as to enable them to be constantly aware of each other's presence.

When a young bird has been trained in this manner for two years, it may be considered to

have learned all that it is capable of acquiring. As regards the cage, great care should be taken that it has no brass or paint about it; the floor should be strewed with sand, and the bird furnished with some atoms of clay or crushed egg or snail-shells. The perches are best when made from the wood of the lime-tree. Great precautions are necessary to prevent the entrance of vermin into the cage, and should they be detected both cage and bird must immediately be washed with linseed or rape-seed oil. Except during the breeding season, the females may all be kept together in a large cage, that is, if they will live in peace, which is not always the case. The place in which the cage hangs ought to be kept tolerably warm, but should the bird be exposed to a hot sun a screen should be provided. In Winter the females may be kept without injury in a room in which the temperature is below freezing-point, but the male under such circumstances refuses to sing; many experiments have proved to us that these birds can endure extreme cold if only well fed, and provided with snow to drink instead of water. Canaries should be screened from draughts. Some perfumes are very injurious to them; one evening we placed a blooming *orchis bifolia* in a room occupied by three of these delicate creatures, and in the morning found the two females dead, and the male so overcome that he was only saved by prompt attention. The use of the common kind of lamp oil blackens the feathers, but does not in other respects injure the bird.

As to the most suitable food, we can only refer to the treatment adopted by the inhabitants of Andreasdorf, of which we gave a detailed account in a previous page. The average age attained by the Canary in Malaga is sixteen years, but we have heard of cases where by great attention they have lived to the age of twenty. Should it be desired to render a favorite very tame, no food should be given in the cage, the bird being thus compelled to take all from the hand. The Canary is well known to be a most docile pupil, and will learn to exhibit its skill by spelling words that are repeated to it, selecting the letters in proper order from an alphabet laid before it; will find the required pieces of cloth from among several others; and has been taught to add up, multiply, or divide figures by the assistance of numbers given it to choose from. Others will sing when commanded, pretend to fall dead when a pistol is fired, then allow themselves to be laid on a little car to be carried to the grave by two other Canaries, and when the journey is accomplished will jump up and sing a lively song. All these

tricks are taught as with dogs or horses, by keeping them without food until the order has been obeyed.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or, of the Eternal, co-eternal beam;
May I express thee unblamed? since God is Light."

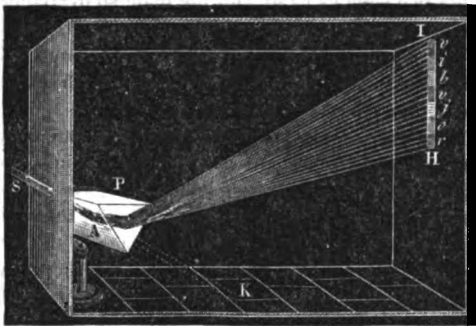
MILTON.

"It is the oldest of all words; the first word ever recorded to have been pronounced. It is the Hebrew word for light (AOR)."

SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL.

PROFESSOR YOUNG says that "beyond all comparison the most brilliant and startling conquest which the human mind has yet made over the domain of Nature, consists in that group of discoveries which is described by the term *Spectrum Analysis*. It provokes amazement in every respect. In the first place the developments have been made with a rapidity that is almost astounding—the whole thing having been done in ten years."

We design in this paper to give a brief résumé of the origin and achievements of this newest of the sciences. The first step in these discoveries was that of Sir Isaac Newton in the year 1701; namely, the discovery of the power of the prism to decompose light. This



PRISMATIC SPECTRUM.

consists in the fact that a ray of white light, when passed through a transparent prism, is separated into the various colors of the spectrum; namely, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. It is thus shown that the white ray is compound, and that the prism decomposes this ray into the variously colored constituent rays. If we compare the white ray to a closed fan, the opening of the fan will represent the effect of the prism in spreading out and exhibiting separately the constituent rays. We shall suppose the fan to consist of seven ribs or sections, representing the seven primitive colors; when the fan is shut these colors are not visible, but when it is opened it repre-

sents the spectrum of white light. Or it may be compared to a rope made up of strands of the various colors of the spectrum, and the prism serves by refraction to open up the rope and present the strands separately. The position of the various colors in the spectrum is perfectly fixed; the fan may be opened more or less, but the relative positions of the ribs or colors are always the same. In case any other colored ray of light than white be passed through the prism, the spectrum gives only the primitive colors necessary to make up the given color. If, for example, yellow is wanting, the spectrum will give a black band instead of a yellow one. If, on the other hand, the color transmitted through the prism be an elementary color, there will be only one band—as in the case of a yellow flame produced by sodium; all the other colors are wanting, and only one yellow band is given; the flame in which lithium is diffused gives only two bands—yellow and red.

Optical science was long satisfied with this glance into the interior constitution of light, occupying itself with the phenomena of the prismatic colors and theorizing on the nature of white light. The later researches of Young and Fresnel in double refraction and polarization have no direct connection with our subject, and may be passed over. In 1802 Dr. Wollaston, an English philosopher, discovered that by using a narrow slit instead of a round hole, through which to admit the light upon the prism, the resulting spectrum was no longer continuous, but was divided at intervals by dark lines extending across it in a direction parallel to the edge of the prism. Dr. Wollaston only mapped two dark lines; these attracted considerable attention at the time, but their meaning was not understood.

When a ray of light passes through a hole say an eighth of an inch in diameter, and is decomposed by the prism, the spectrum so produced is imperfect, inasmuch as an infinite number of spectra are thus superposed, and for this reason, that the rays of light entering on the right side of the aperture will give a spectrum falling in a different place from that formed by the rays entering on the left. In order, therefore, to diminish the confusion caused by the superposition of a number of spectra, the aperture ought to be reduced to a narrow slit. When the thin slice of light passing through the slit is decomposed by the prism we find that the purity of the color is greatly increased, and the lines in question make their appearance more or less in all parts of the colored bands.

In 1815, Fraunhofer, an optician of Munich, turned his attention to the subject, which Wol-

laston had dropped; investigated the spectrum with great care, and made a map of some five hundred and ninety of these dark lines. Eight of the most conspicuous of these lines are designated by the first eight letters of the alphabet—their position being as follows:

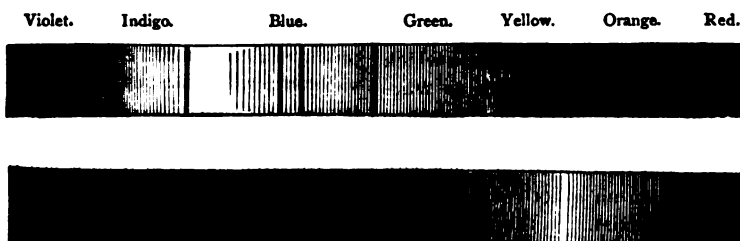
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|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| A. Beginning of red. | E. Middle of green. |
| B. Middle of red. | F. Beginning of blue. |
| C. Beginning of orange. | G. Middle of indigo. |
| D. Middle of yellow. | H. Middle of violet. |

The designation of these lines has been retained to the present day, and they have been named after the Munich philosopher, being known as Fraunhofer's lines. There are thousands of these lines, and every new refinement in observation detects additional ones.

After Fraunhofer, Sir David Brewster prepared another map, which comprehended more than two thousand of these lines; and we are

told by his biographer that some portions of this map were executed with such extraordinary precaution that the observer used a telescope lined with black velvet to stifle any reflected light, *and washed the cornea of his eye to cleanse the lubricating fluid.* These lines are very unequally distributed, some being crowded together in masses, while others are extremely faint, and are separated by large intervals. An imaginary chart of these would resemble the railing of a park stretching for hundreds of yards, with the palisades varying in breadth from that of a straw to a two-foot board, and inserted at all kinds of intervals, in a perfectly upright posture, but in such an eccentric way that while the designer intended to keep out all intruders at certain places, he did not care what gaps he left at others.

These dark lines have long been an enigma



SPECTRA, SHOWING THE DARK LINES.

to physicists. It was plain that they indicated that some of the rays were somewhere absorbed or obstructed. Was there some defect in the solar light itself? or did every golden beam that reached us from the sun carry no less than two thousand blemishes? or were portions of the ray absorbed or arrested in their passage through the atmosphere of the sun, on the one hand, or of the earth on the other? Possibly they might arise from the interference of certain waves of light which, neutralizing each other, as waves of light are known to do in various phenomena, would produce unilluminated intervals. But to all these questions no satisfactory reply could be given; and the black lines, which are, as we shall presently see, wonderfully significant, were then the curious and apparently insoluble puzzle in optics. But they were there in the solar spectrum, and meant something, and the facts must be investigated, the truth hidden here in a ray of light must be illuminated.

The sun is not a monopolist in the matter of light; other spectra may be produced by terrestrial light, and a comparison of these might perhaps serve to clear up the mystery, or at least suggest some meaning in these enigmat-

ical lines. In prosecuting these experiments there were found to be three distinct classes of spectra:

1st. When the light of a solid or liquid body, as iron raised to a white heat, is passed through a prism the spectrum is continuous, and consists of a series of distinct colors, varying from red on one side to violet on the other.

2d. If the light of a burning gas, containing any volatilized substance, be passed through a prism, the spectrum is not continuous, but consists of a few bright bands, separated by dark intervals, varying with the substance used—sodium giving two yellow lines, strontia a red one, silver two beautiful green ones. Each element produces a definite series, which can be readily recognized as its test.

3d. If a light of the first kind be passed through one of the second the spectrum will be found to be crossed by *dark lines*. Thus if the white light of a burning match be passed through a flame containing sodium, instead of the vivid yellow lines, so characteristic of that metal, two black lines will exactly occupy their place—"a gaseous flame absorbs the rays of the same color that it emits."

Now, in all these cases, whatever species of

spectrum a given substance in a given state may affect, its characteristics are invariable, and its lines, whether bright or dark, make their appearance at the same part of the field, and at the same relative distance, with a precision which is infallible.

Again. On collating the spectra afforded by sundry artificial flames with the spectrum exhibited by the sun, it was perceived that numerous correspondences existed. Sodium, when burned, gave a double line in the spectrum, exactly corresponding to the line lettered D in the solar alphabet. Then, as no other substance was found to yield the same signature, and sodium persisted, in all experiments, whether in large or small quantities, in maintaining this cognizance, it was the conclusion of Kirchoff that this metal existed in the sun itself. He also ascertained that not in this instance only, but in several, there was a complete coincidence between certain sets of lines exhibited in the solar spectrum and those which characterize sundry substances, such as magnesium, chromium, potassium, nickel, and iron—the latter, for instance, when vaporized, yields about 460 lines; and on comparing these with the prismatic sunbeam an exact corresponding system was found to exist. In the progress of the inquiry a very important fact was developed. It was this: when a spectrum of the first class, above, was produced, it could be changed to the second class by means of an electrical current, or by raising it to a state of incandescent vapor. It was a magical change. A number of bright lines would start into existence, colored according to their position in the spectral field, separated by obscure intervals, as if the greater part of the prismatic image had been suppressed, and a dark background substituted, for the purpose of displaying those tinted stripes to the utmost advantage. These facts had a wonderful meaning; for if a body situate at a distance of millions of miles should, when prismatically examined, deliver its light in the first form, we must pronounce it a solid or liquid mass; whereas, if the light came to us in the second form, we must pronounce it the product of incandescent gas. This great law of the spectrum enabled us to determine beyond doubt what had long been a matter of theory in astronomy, that the fixed stars were similar in character to our sun.

It was now the third class of spectra that presented the puzzle; and we return to this class.

It was evident, as above stated, that since the tinted bands produced by sundry chemical elements, such as sodium, lithium, magnesium,

chromium, nickel, iron, etc., were found to be represented by black bars in the solar beam, that some agency existed which suppressed the light precisely at the point where it might be expected to appear. Amid further researches it was found that when the light from any highly heated solid traversed a gas or vapor, those very lines which it was its function to produce were stricken out. In a word, it was ascertained as a great law "that a gaseous flame absorbs the rays of the same color that it emits." Thus, when sodium has written its character, the double line known as D in the yellow, and light from an intensely heated solid like lime is sent through it, and then dispersed by the prism, that double line will be changed from yellow into a deep black. Why does this erasure take place? It was suggested by Dr. Balfour Stewart, of England, that it is one of the laws of heat that "bodies are always radiating caloric to each other till an equilibrium is produced; and that, consequently, any given substance which wishes to maintain a constant temperature must receive back as much as it disburses."

Prof. Roscoe gives it as a law of light upon this same principle: "An incandescent gas, which is giving off only certain kinds of light, . . . must have the power of absorbing those kinds of light, and those kinds only. This is what we find to be the case with the luminous sodium vapor: It has a very high power of emission for the D rays, and it has a proportionate high power of absorption for that kind of light, but for that kind only; and we see that every substance, which emits at a given temperature certain kinds of light, must possess the power at that same temperature of absorbing the same kinds of light."

Let us see now what laws we have ascertained:

First. Each chemical element where volatilized, and in a luminous condition, exhibits certain bright lines, or combination of bright lines, in the spectrum; these we call its autograph or trade mark. No two chemical elements, so far as is known at present, give any line identical.

If chemical elements are mechanically mixed or compounded, when burned in the same flame each element will force its way into the prismatic field, and, however small the quantity, will write its own autograph. Thus a single grain of lithium, vaporized in conjunction with thousands of lithium, will give its own red and yellow as accurately as the lithium. The same experiment with brass will show it to be compounded of zinc and copper, the zinc giving its red and blue lines, the copper giving its own brilliant green.

Second. We have ascertained also that great law stated above in our definition of the third class of spectra; namely, a gaseous flame absorbs the rays of the same color that it emits.

Third. We also have a test by which we can ascertain beyond a doubt whether a body yielding light, whatever the distance, is in a solid or gaseous condition.

Such are the resources placed at our disposal by spectrum analysis. A totally new mode of chemical analysis was thus hit upon, far surpassing the re-agents of the laboratory, a method which is styled "a revelator of the constitution of the universe."

"Chemistry," says Youman, "was fused with astronomy, and the universal agent of light became the powerful servant of the laboratory. At the very first step several new elements were discovered, the existence of which had never before been suspected."

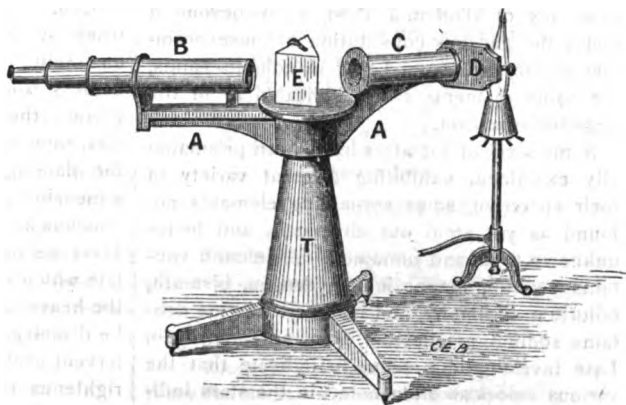
Examining with the spectrum the ash of some mineral waters, Professor Bunsen thought he saw some lines which did not belong to substances already known. He then boiled down forty-four tons of Durkheim spring water, and got a couple of hundred grains of residue, from which he extracted two new metals, cæsium and rubidium, which resemble potassium. The rubidium has been found in the ash of oak, of beet-root, of tobacco, coffee, tea, and cocoa.

The spectrum analysis is not a mere instrument of chemical research; it has a practical applicability. "The Bessamer process, as it is called, is a method of converting cast-iron directly into steel. Cast-iron contains more carbon than steel, and it is converted into steel by burning this carbon of the molten white hot mass by a blast of atmospheric air. In this operation five tons of cast-iron are converted, in twenty minutes, into five tons of cast-steel. But the success of the process depends upon being able to stop it at just the right time. If continued ten seconds too long, or stopped ten seconds too quickly, the batch is spoiled. The flame, of course, is an index of the advance of the combustion, and by watching it with the spectroscope the appearance and disappearance of the lines indicate the exact moment at which the operation is to be arrested."

"The spectroscope promises to become a very valuable instrument in medico-legal investigations into the evidences of criminality. Blood stains may be detected with extreme delicacy, also the presence of poisons. Mr.

Serby has shown that the one-thousandth part of a grain of the red coloring matter of a blood stain may be detected with the greatest certainty."

The Spectroscope.—This instrument consists of two small telescopes with a prism mounted between their object-glasses, in the manner shown in the cut. The rays of light enter through a narrow slit at D, and are rendered parallel by the object-glass; they then pass through the prisms at E, are separated into the different colors, and entering the second tele-



THE SPECTROSCOPE.

scope B fall upon the eye at F. A third telescope is attached in such a way as to reflect a minutely accurate scale upon the prism for measuring the distances of the lines. A mirror may throw in a ray of sunlight or starlight at one side of the slit, so that we can compare the spectrum of the sunbeam with that of any flame we desire.

The greatest achievement of this new science is in its celestial applications. The constitution of the heavenly bodies had hitherto been a matter of pure conjecture; now it is definite and positive knowledge. Our sun and the fixed stars are now known to be bodies constructed upon a general plan, consisting of a solid or liquid nucleus, heated to the temperature of the brightest whiteness, surrounded by an atmosphere of somewhat lower temperature. We have detected in the sun's atmosphere sixteen of the chemical elements which abound in our planet; namely, sodium, calcium, barium, magnesium, iron, chromium, nickel, copper, zinc, strontium, cadmium, cobalt, hydrogen, manganese, aluminum, titanium.

If the solar light came from the photosphere of the sun, the spectrum would exhibit bright bands, and the body of the sun, shielded by some intermediate envelope, might be an inhabitable body; but the spectrum indicating a

body beyond the solar atmosphere so intensely hot as to vaporize such metals as iron, copper, and zinc, consequently reporting a world that can not be inhabited by creatures having any form of existence resembling ourselves or of any earthly type.

The author of "The Sun our Heaven," would find neither water nor moisture for "the river of water of life," and no gold for the "gold-paved streets."

The observations taken upon the sun's rose-colored prominences during the total eclipses, especially of 1868 and 1869, show beyond a doubt the gaseous constitution of these prominences, the spectrum being in colored bands, the same elements being indicated as in the negative spectrum.

Some sixty of the stars have been prismatically examined, exhibiting a great variety in their spectrum, some containing elements not found as yet amid our chemicals, and hence unknown to us and unnamed. Aldebaran contains sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. Sirius contains sodium, magnesium, iron, and hydrogen. Late investigations seem to indicate that the various colors so often noted in the stars indicate a difference in the chemical elements of which they are composed.

"The double star B Cygni is a very beautiful example of the distribution of color between two members of a stellar group. One star shows a strong spectrum with the blue and violet portions almost totally blotted out, while its companion is similarly circumstanced with respect to the yellow and orange portions of its spectrum. The color of one is consequently orange, the other a delicate blue." If these stars are the principal members of a system, the alternation of blue and orange days must present a singular phenomenon to those who inhabit their satellites.

In May, 1866, in the Corona Borealis, a small star, perhaps of the tenth or twelfth magnitude, suddenly blazed up into a luminary of the second magnitude. It gradually declined for about one month, till it appeared no larger than aforetime. In about two months it began to blaze up again, but did not reach its magnitude of May and June, and again it waned till, in a few weeks, it was of its former insignificance. This object was eagerly observed by Dr. Miller and Mr. Huggins, who found, to their astonishment, that it yielded two spectra; the one imposed upon the other, though obviously independent. There was the prismatic ribbon crossed by dark lines which belongs to the sun and stars generally; and there was another superimposed in which

four bright lines appeared, and these, according to known laws, indicated that some luminous gas or gases was sending forth its light from the surface of that orb. As these four lines were brighter than the rest of the spectrum, the source from which they came must have been more intensely heated than the underlying photosphere from which the stellar light proceeded. Two of the bright lines were hydrogen lines; the other two unknown. As the star had suddenly flamed up, the supposition was that it had become inwrapped in burning hydrogen, which had been liberated in large quantities by some convulsions of that orb, and combining with other elements had set this hapless world on fire. In this fierce conflagration the combustible gas, it is supposed, was soon consumed, and, therefore, gradually the flaming world would pale into its usual dimensions, subject, of course, to other convulsions and conflagrations as it afterward had. Have we beheld in our day* a world meet the fate which Peter depicts for our globe—"When the heavens—or atmosphere—being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat?" Let the wicked fear, but let the righteous rejoice in that "there shall be new heavens and a new earth." Viewed in the light of modern science, a similar conflagration is by no means an impossible thing to our own globe.

The spectrum of the planets is only a paler solar spectrum, their light being reflected light. There are strong indications, however, of an atmosphere in the planets, and here we await the progress of science.

But what says the spectroscope of comets? The Ettrick shepherd wrote a poem some years ago in which he embodied the fancied views of some theologians of the day, representing comets as worlds whose inhabitants had sinned out their allotted days, and which were stricken from their orbits and sent wandering through space with their damned inhabitants. The poem was not wanting in real merit, and will be recalled by those who read the Ladies' Repository some twenty years ago, where it is quoted nearly entire. The spectroscope, however, when brought to bear upon comets, shows them to be composed of a self-luminous gas. The comets are being observed closely in their irregular visits, and future investigations will reveal to us the gases of which they are composed.

A few moments of spectroscopic observation

* So immense is the distance of a star of the twelfth magnitude that it takes light, according to the calculation of Mr. Struve, about 4,000 years to reach the earth; so that this conflagration may have taken place before the days of Abraham.

of the nebulae gave us more information concerning their constitution than a century of speculation. They gave bright instead of dark lines in the spectrum; they were therefore gaseous, glowing in a self-luminous condition. As far as the character of their gases is known in the present state of the science, it is impossible to determine whether these collections of gaseous matter are in sufficient variety and quantity to cool and condense into solid bodies like the stars. The most probable theory is that such is the case, and that we behold in a nebula "an infant world."

The spectroscope has been testing the character of the Aurora Borealis, and the Zodiacal light, and the August and November meteors. The results of these investigations we have not space to give in this paper. So rapid has been the progress of this new science, and so wonderful its revelations, that it is with diffidence we attempt to sum up these items. Acknowledging our indebtedness to Roscoe's Spectrum Analysis, and to the author of "Other Worlds than Ours, or the Plurality of Worlds from a Scientific Basis," we bid you good-night.

ROBING THE CHILD FOR THE DAY.

How many hours have you bent to-day,
Patient one, over the white array,
Robing the little child?
I know how warmly the fingers trill,
The gentle pulses, with love's best skill;
I know thy heart the while

Is welling over, a living spring
Of tenderness; but sharp questioning
Is trembling on my lip:

I know thy robings are pure and white,
But such that they very faintly type
The unseen workmanship.

Clothing the body so well! and yet
Are all the needs of the fair child met?
Didst think of fine warp laid
In the deep silence, and thou must know
The mystic woof thy own hand must throw,
As pattern of life is made.

O, the deep silence! O, solemn thought!
The robes for the spirit so still are wrought,
Never the shuttle doth rest.
Weaving some pattern! but for life's web
The choice is golden, or coarse, dark web;
Hast thou, dear one, the best?

How many hours did you linger there,
With tender touch on the wavy hair,
That ran through your hand like gold?
How many times did you lay aside
The dainty robe ere 't was clasped to hide
White dimples in softest fold?

From beautiful curl to clasped shoe,
How many hours did you linger thro'
You did not note, nor guess,
But all the while have you worked and thought
Of robes for the spirit that must be wrought
By mother-skill no less?

Little by little and silently,
God hath appointed this work should be
Wrought; and the tears you shed
Shall gleam like pearls; with a joy untold,
O, fashion the robes that wax not old,
Lay carefully each thread

That passes beneath thy weary hand.
O, mother-heart, when thy child shall stand
In robes all white and pure,
Thou wilt forget all the toil and tears,
And all the darkness and all the fears;
O, patient one, be sure!

THE NEW LIFE.

I LOVE the silent time
Of midnight, when no sound disturbs the ear,
Save the old clock's soft tick or solemn chime,
Or, dearer still, the sleepers breathing near.

I love the op'ning dawn,
When the bright songster trills her earliest lay;
When Nature puts her dewy glories on,
And breathes a fragrant incense to the day.

I love the full-orbed day,
Its noontide brightness and its genial beams;
I love them all, and e'en the faintest ray
Of the bright sun that o'er my pathway gleams.

I love the evening calm,
The day's departing glory, when the west
Unveils her beauties every eye to charm,
While Sol retires in regal state to rest.

I love the fair young Spring,
Her showers and sunshine, and her murmuring rills,
The breezy freshness of her balmy wings,
And soft bird-music that the wild-wood fills.

I love the Summer's glow,
Her fruits and flowers, her shady walks and groves,
The Autumn's gorgeous hues and Winter's snow,
All nature's beauties and all seasons' love.

They tell me of a change
That comes to man, a something more than death,
A spirit's freedom wonderfully strange,
A better life born with our latest breath.

They speak to me of life,
When fleeting things shall all have passed away,
A being far beyond all care and strife,
A better home and one unending day.

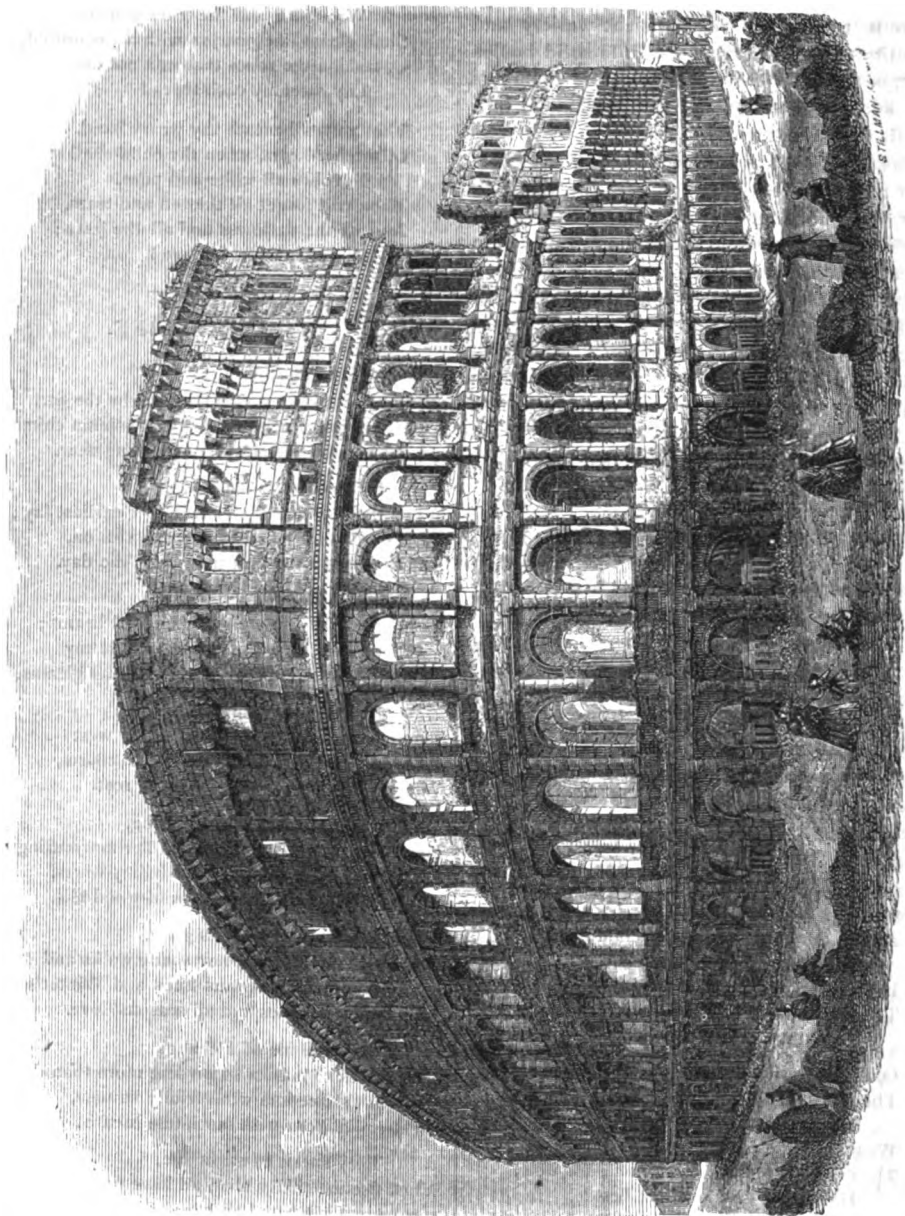
And though I love this earth,
And all God's hand hath made, yet more I love
The changeless seasons, the immortal birth,
And fadeless flowers in that world above.

THE COLISEUM.

IF, in the following wood-cut of one of the grandest ruins of ancient Rome, we present our readers with something with which they are already familiar, we hope they will pardon us, for the view itself is one of the most perfect,

and the cut a master-piece of artistic finish. Even yet the history of this amphitheater, as splendid in its ruins as in the fullness of its original grandeur, is one of interest.

It was begun by Vespasian, from whose family it derived the title of *Flavian Amphitheater*, in the year A. D. 72, and was designed as a



THE COLISEUM.

monument of the might and power of the Rome of that day. Twelve thousand Jewish captives were set to work on this building, whose completion Vespasian did not live to see, but which was at last, after being dedicated by Titus in

the eighth year of his consulate, A. D. 80, accomplished under Domitian. The name Coliseum was not given it until the eighth century, and this arose from the fact of its colossal dimensions.

In form the amphitheater is elliptical; the superficial area is nearly six acres; the height of the outer wall is one hundred and fifty-seven English feet; the major axis is five hundred and eighty-four feet, and the minor axis four hundred and sixty-eight feet. It could hold eighty-six thousand spectators. The outer elevation is composed of four stories, each of the three lower tiers containing eighty arches, the first of the Doric, the second of the Ionic, and the third of the Corinthian order. The fourth story is also Corinthian, above which is an entablature and the consoles, which projected to support the awning. The amphitheater is built almost entirely of travertine, a white, concretionary limestone, with here and there large masses of brick-work. Around the building, on the interior, ran four tiers of seats. The floor of the arena rested upon rows of cells, in which the wild beasts were confined. Not only the contemplation of the immensity and grandeur of this amphitheater strikes the beholder with awe and wonderment, but the remembrance of the martyrs who here gave up their lives for our common faith, makes it an object of reverential interest to every Christian.

During the depredations of the barbarians the southern and western sides of the amphitheater are supposed to have been destroyed. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries it served as a fortress, and during the plague was converted into a hospital. In 1332 it was again the scene of a bull-fight and show of wild beasts, the last of the kind there of which we have record. After portions of the ruin had begun to fall, it supplied material for the building of the Venetian, Farnese, and Barberini palaces. Pius VII built the wall which now supports the south-western angle, a masterpiece of modern masonry. Whoever visits Rome should not fail to see the Coliseum by night, where, in the white, silver moonlight, softening

"Down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation,"

the beholder yields himself to waking dreams of the far-off past.

WITH all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes, without previous effort, but, having struggled and crowned the slow years with trial, seeing no such result as effort seems to warrant; nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, this is greatness, whether achieved by men or women.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

AS the eyes of all the world are now directed to the Emperor of the French, a short sketch of his life can not fail to possess an interest to intelligent readers. The task, however, of condensing into a brief magazine article the romantic and stirring incidents of this remarkable life, is one of difficulty, and must preclude any extended analysis of his character and his motives, or any speculations as to the issue of his policy.

In January, 1802, Louis Bonaparte, the third brother of the first Napoleon, was married to Hortense, daughter of Josephine by her first husband, the Viscount de Beauharnais. Both parties were bitterly averse to the marriage, Louis having repeatedly refused the alliance. It is boldly asserted, and has always been generally believed, that Hortense was at this time pregnant by the Emperor. Even if this particular charge is not true, no injustice is done to the mother of Louis Napoleon, who is known to have spent her whole life in a series of *liaisons*, and the Count de Morny, one of her illegitimate sons, is a favorite with the French Emperor. All accounts unite in pronouncing Hortense a very remarkable woman, possessing beauty, wit, great vivacity, high intellectual powers, a courage amounting to heroism, united with generosity, tenderness, and fidelity in friendships.

Four years after her marriage her husband was appointed by his brother King of Holland; though the crown had been refused by Louis. Both King and Queen were very popular with their Dutch subjects, to whose interests Louis seemed conscientiously devoted, to a degree which occasioned a rupture with his powerful brother.

The Queen of Holland's family consisted of three sons: Napoleon Louis Charles, who died at the age of five years; Napoleon Louis, whose death occurred in 1831; and Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French. It is gravely asserted by writers of importance that not a drop of Bonaparte blood flows in the veins of this sovereign; that he is the son of the favorite lover of Queen Hortense, a Dutch nobleman, Admiral Verhuel, connected with her husband's court while King of Holland. This, her third and only surviving son, was born some months after the final separation of his parents, who never pretended to entertain the slightest affection for each other, and who never resided, from the period of their marriage, more than four months together. Louis Napoleon is said to possess not the slightest

resemblance to the Bonaparte family, but a very strong likeness to the courtly and accomplished Dutch Admiral. Added to this, the French Emperor has such a temperament as no Frenchman ever possessed—a peculiarly apathetic Dutch temperament.

Louis Napoleon resided with his mother, in Paris, until 1814, being, with his brother, an object of deep interest to the Emperor Napoleon. With the disasters which befell Napoleon after the Russian expedition, Hortense and her two sons entered upon that period of exile and misfortune and persecution, which continued until the death of the ex-queen, and for her son until after the downfall of the "money-bag-king," Louis Philippe. There was a brief passage of happiness and glory when Napoleon returned from Elba, and Hortense, in the absence of Maria Louisa, was called to do the honors of the Imperial Court. After the battle of Waterloo, she was ordered by the Allies to leave Paris in two days. After being exposed to demonstrations of popular hatred, and to a series of mean and petty persecutions from sovereigns and states that could have afforded to be generous, and after various wanderings, seemingly outcasts from every clime and country in Europe, Hortense and Louis Napoleon settled in Thurgovia, purchasing, for sixty thousand francs, the manor of Arenemburg, where she enjoyed some years of happiness in superintending the education of her son, Louis Napoleon—the father having, by a decree of court, been awarded the guardianship of the elder brother. Louis is represented as being, even in childhood, taciturn, reflective, rather slow with his studies. At seventeen he finished his studies in the College of Augsburg, and then commenced his military studies and exercises with a Baden regiment, garrisoned at Constance. He also was engaged in the pursuit of physics and chemistry. Some writers speak of his personal activity and martial bearing, and of his fondness for artillery-practice and martial exercises, while others declare there was little of the war-hero in him. At the fall of the Bourbons, in the Revolution of July, 1830, Louis Napoleon cherished a hope of being permitted to return to his native country, but in this he was disappointed. The revolution in France extending to Italy, the two young Napoleons joined the insurgents against the tyranny of Austria. The Papal troops were repeatedly defeated, the Vatican was filled with terror, when Austria came to the relief of the government forces, and the insurgents were forced to retire. The elder brother died on the retreat, from exposure, and Louis Napoleon

was attacked by small-pox, but was rescued by the care of his mother, who had hastened to him. These two escaped to Paris. There the Prince addressed a letter to Louis Philippe, asking permission to enter the French army as a private soldier, while Hortense asked an audience of the King. They were both well received; but some demonstrations from the multitude in favor of the fugitives, which were ended by discharges of water from fire-engines, instead of by grape-shot, excited the fears and jealousy of the King. The Bonapartes were again banished from French territory, and they embarked for England, where they were treated with some consideration. Returning to Switzerland, Louis Napoleon was met by a deputation of Poles from Warsaw, with the invitation to place himself at the head of their revolutionary movement, with the throne of Jagellons in prospect. He enthusiastically accepted the mission, and started for the Polish frontier; but he had not progressed far on his journey before the news reached him of the fall of Warsaw.

With the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, Louis Napoleon's importance in European politics became magnified. He was now the direct heir of the Napoleonic dynasty, inasmuch as Joseph Bonaparte had no male children, and Lucien Bonaparte's family had been expressly excluded by the will of the Emperor himself and by the provisions of the *Plebiscite*. Talleyrand, on behalf of Louis Philippe, sent a secret emissary to reside permanently near Arenemburg. The castle was secretly surrounded by vigilant agents of many uneasy kings, who unobtrusively, but intently, scrutinized the conduct of the Prince, who was quietly pursuing his literary studies, convinced that the time for action had not yet arrived. In 1832 he published *Reveries Politiques*, which, considering the age of the author—twenty-four—indicates ability. It was designed to win the confidence of the French people, and to show to the world that he could write and think. A year later he published a second work, which discussed with ability the various constitutions of the Swiss Cantons, and which attracted much attention in diplomatic circles throughout Europe. It was referred to in the sessions of the Helvetic Diet as a remarkable work, and that body decreed to the author the honorable epithet of citizen of the Swiss Republic—an honor which had been bestowed on but two others before him, Marshal Ney and Prince Metternich.

About this time the young and beautiful Donna Maria being elevated to the throne of

Portugal, Louis Napoleon was proposed as an appropriate match for her. She acquiesced, but the Prince declined, saying that he would not interfere with the aspirations of his cousin, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the son of Eugene, who desired the alliance for himself. The Duke and the Queen were married, but he dying soon after the marriage the same proposition was repeated to Louis Napoleon. Again he declined the alliance, concluding his vindication of his course with these words: "This hope of one day serving France, as a citizen and a soldier, is, in my eyes, worth all the thrones in the world."

Up to this period the Prince had lived in a simple, frugal manner, lodging in a rude pavilion adjoining his mother's castle, devoting himself to literary pursuits and amusements to develop his physique. In proof of his diligence he published, in 1835, a third volume, "Manual of Artillery for the use of Artillery Officers of the Helvetic Republic." It is a valuable and discriminating work, which made the Prince well known in military circles in Europe.

And this brings us to one of the most anomalous scenes in history, the *escapade* of Strasburg. By means of Madame Gordon, a daughter of a captain in the first Napoleon's army, and who had sought out the Prince and declared her devotion to his person and cause, Louis Napoleon opened communications with the officers of the regiment stationed in Strasburg. Vaudry, a commanding officer of artillery, was gained over. By declaring that a revolution had broken out in Paris, and the King had been deposed, Vaudry persuaded his gunners to recognize the Prince as Napoleon II. Then he made prisoners of the Prefect and Gen. Voirol, commanding the garrison. He was presuming on the attachment to the Bonaparte name. The Prince's endeavor to bring over the captive general was repulsed. Louis was then introduced to the Forty-Sixth Regiment as their Emperor. Though dressed like the hero of Austerlitz, and endeavoring to look like his illustrious uncle, the soldiers, so says Kinglake, beheld a young man with the air and countenance of a weaver, oppressed by long hours of monotonous in-door work, which makes the body stoop and keeps the eye downcast. He had not the power to awaken the enthusiasm of the troops. Talandier, the Colonel of the regiment, becoming acquainted with what was going on, entered the yard. He ordered the gates to be closed, and then angry, fierce, scornful, went straight to the spot where the "Emperor" and his "imperial staff" were standing. Though this is what the Prince should have expected,

and should have been prepared to combat, it seemed to come upon him with crushing power. According to some writers he immediately succumbed. Talandier stripped off the Prince's decorations, and trampled his epaulets and his grand cordon of the Legion of Honor under foot, and then he and his decorated followers were locked up. The Prince was banished to America by the good-natured sovereign whom he had attempted to dethrone.

There have been different opinions in reference to the affair at Strasburg. The prevalent sentiment throughout Europe has been one of contempt and ridicule. It has been described as the absurd attempt of an obscure boy to imitate the triumphant return of Napoleon from Elba. The best apology that can be urged is, that Louis had been deceived as to the condition of French sentiment, believing that Louis Philippe was tottering on his throne, and that the whole nation was ready to support the pretensions of the great Napoleon's successor.

It has been asserted that his life in the United States was that of an abandoned debauchee; that he was sometimes in want, and borrowed money which he never returned; that he was arrested for debt, and confined in the Tombs or the Debtor's Prison in Eldridge-street, New York. These stories are perhaps exaggerated, but there is no question that his life was unworthy of his character and his hopes. A letter from the dying Hortense recalled him to Arenenberg, where he took up his residence. Louis Philippe demanded that the Swiss Government should expel the Prince from their territory, on the ground that he had violated his obligation to remain ten years in America, and that he was plotting against the French Government. The Swiss refused. The French King ordered an armed demonstration to be made on the frontier to overawe the Cantons. The latter soon assembled twenty thousand men to defend the integrity and freedom of their country. Louis Napoleon prevented the effusion of blood by voluntarily withdrawing from the Swiss territory, having gained importance in the eyes of the whole world by this impolitic course of the French King. He went to London, where, although occasionally admitted to the highest society, he led the life of a dissipated adventurer, spending days and nights in drunken, licentious, and boisterous orgies. During the first year of his abode in England he, however, devoted some time to study, and published his "Thoughts on Napoleonism."

In London the Prince planned the affair of Boulogne, which was infinitely worse managed

than that of Strasburg, and resulted most disastrously to the reputation and prospects of the Prince, and led to his being condemned to imprisonment for life in the Fortress of Ham. His apartments here were wretched, and his treatment so rigorous that he drew up a protest to the French Government by which his condition was rendered more tolerable. He published several works while in this prison. When he had been in captivity five years his dying father, the ex-king of Holland, requested that his son might be permitted to join him. The request was granted on the condition that the Prince should confess his faults, and renounce all claims to the throne of France. This he refused to do, and there his resolution was taken to make his escape from prison.

The escape was admirably planned. The Prince pretended to be ill, keeping his bed for several days, while one of his fellow-captives, Dr. Conneau, exercised his anatomical ingenuity in fabricating a false prince. Three keepers had immediate surveillance of his person, two of whom were always stationed at the bottom of the stairs, the immediate outlet to his apartments. One of these keepers, early in the morning, was usually absent for a quarter of an hour to procure the daily newspapers. No person was allowed to enter the fortress, and the utmost scrutiny was exercised over all passing out. A complete disguise was the only means by which the Prince could hope to escape. He proposed to assume the garb of the workmen then repairing the fortress, and to pass out with them. On the 25th of May, 1846, the plan was put into execution. Shortly after five in the morning the draw-bridge was lowered, and the workmen entered between two files of soldiers. They were not as numerous as usual, and there were no joiners among them, and it was the garb of a joiner that the prisoner had assumed. His height had been increased four inches by high-heeled boots in his wooden shoes, the trousers concealing the deception. His mustache was cut off; over his usual dress gray pantaloons were drawn, a coarse linen shirt cut at the waist, and a blouse which had been purposely soiled. An old blue linen apron was over these, while he wore a wig of long black hair and a soiled cap, his hands and face being stained red. With one of the long shelves of his library hoisted on his shoulder, the Prince descended the stairs, accompanied by his *valet* Thélín. The latter drew one of the keepers aside on the pretense of speaking privately; the other keeper drew back to avoid the Prince's plank. In the court-yard the prisoner met soldiers and workmen who eyed him closely. At

the great gate the keeper's attention was diverted by Thélín's boisterous play with Ham, the Prince's dog, which he led in a leash. The bolt was drawn, the prisoner passed through the gate, and it was closed behind him. After a few minutes of conversation with the keeper, Thélín also passed out. The delays of one and another character which the fugitives encountered must certainly have led to their capture had the escape been discovered at Ham. But Dr. Conneau, by means of the stuffed figure, and a report of the Prince's illness, contrived that this should not transpire until the evening.

Louis Napoleon, instead of joining his dying father, went to England, where he remained for a year and a half, during which time he published his *Mélanges Politiques*, and during which time Louis Philippe lost his throne, having occupied it seventeen years. During a like period Napoleon I was supreme; seventeen years the restored Bourbons reigned, and seventeen years, it is predicted, will be the period allotted to the restored dynasty of the Bonapartes.

It is curious that the excitement occasioned by the sudden French Revolution pervaded England, and that the Government enlisted several special constables to put down the disturbance, and that Louis Napoleon was one of these. The Prince soon went to Paris and announced himself by letter to the Provisional Government, and expressed his sympathy with their cause. A proposition was made to arrest him and confine him again at Ham, but Lamartine opposed this as persecution and as impolitic. After some hesitation as to his course, he concluded to withdraw to England. But he left in France agents to organize a Napoleonic party in the very heart of the young republic. By every conceivable means they diffused their sentiments and swelled their party. Pierre Napoleon and Prince Napoleon were elected as representatives of the people in the Assembly, as was another of the house, Prince Lucien Murat. Louis Napoleon was invited to become a candidate, but he refused until the decree which banished the Bonaparte family from France was formally abrogated. On the 3d of June this Prince's star began its sure ascent. He was elected a representative of the people in four departments at once, and one of these, that of the Seine, included the city of Paris. This election terrified the Government. They determined that he should not sit in the Assembly; orders were issued for his arrest should he appear on French territory. The most violent debates occurred in the Assembly, but they did not dare disregard the will of so many depart-

ments, and the election was finally declared valid. The excitement was intense, and Louis Napoleon sent a letter in haste from London, resigning his place as representative. He was again elected with increased majorities, and took his place in the Assembly after thirty-three years of persecution and exile.

We next find him elected to the Presidency by an overwhelming majority, having received seven million and a half of votes. The ceremonies attending the inauguration of the first President of the Republic were few and simple. It was five in the afternoon; the immense hall was growing obscure, and the chandeliers were lowered and lighted. At a signal from M. Marrast a door opened at the right, and a mandressed in black and wearing on his breast the Cross of the Legion of Honor entered and rapidly ascended the tribune. The whole Assembly gazed at him with intense interest. His face was pale and care-worn, his manner hurried and confused, his attitude timid and anxious. He was still young, though his person bore the marks of time and suffering. Such was Louis Napoleon.

The President of the Assembly read in a loud and calm voice this oath: "In the presence of God, and before the French people represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfill all the duties imposed on me by the Constitution." Louis Napoleon, facing the Assembly, responded in a loud and firm tone, "I swear it." The President read his inaugural, which was brief and pointed, and descended from the tribune amid general and prolonged applause. He was then conducted to the door of the Elysée Palace, which had been appointed as his residence, passing between two lines of the National Guards until they reached the carriages provided to convey them to the "Legislative Palace."

Though the son of Hortense was called the President of the Republic, there was in reality no republic. The French nation was a political chaos of more than a half dozen factions. There is no doubt that from the moment of his election to the Presidency he began to plot against the Republic. To corrupt the army, to purchase partisans in every rank and class, and thus gradually to concentrate all power and empire in himself, this was Napoleonism—this his professed destiny. It would be impossible in this article to name the numerous plots, and conspiracies, and factious workings of the divided, excitable French people. Through the whole of it Louis Napoleon kept his destiny ever in view, the absorption to himself of the

imperial power. At length the decisive moment of action arrived, though the President never lost an occasion from the day of his election of vowing that he harbored no schemes against the Constitution.

On Monday evening, December 1, 1851, the President gave his weekly reception to the fashionable world of Paris. Viegna, Chief of Staff of the National Guard, was present, and undertook that the Guard should not beat to arms that night, and fulfilled his task by causing the drums to be mutilated. At eleven o'clock but three guests remained—the President's half-brother, Morny, who had previously shown himself at the theaters; Maupas, Prefect of Police, and St. Arnaud, Minister of War. These, with Col. Belville, an orderly of the President, accompanied Napoleon to his cabinet. They were soon informed that a battalion of gendarmerie had been moved, without exciting remark, to the streets surrounding the printing-office, and thus the plotters had passed to action. From that moment all the printers were close prisoners. Col. Belville came with a packet of manuscripts, which were ordered to be put into type. Each compositor stood, while working, between two policemen, and as the manuscript was cut into pieces, no one could make out the sense of what he was printing. These were the President's proclamations, asserting that the Assembly was a hot-bed of plots, declaring it dissolved; pronouncing for universal suffrage; proposing a new constitution; vowing anew his duty to maintain the Republic; and placing Paris and the twelve surrounding departments under martial law. Then there was an appeal to the army and an endeavor to whet its enmity against civilians by reminding it of the defeats inflicted on the troops in 1830 and 1848. The Chief of Police, M. de Maupas, distributed a proclamation of his own, calling on all good citizens to aid in preserving order, and declaring that every violation of peace should be rigorously punished. Brigades of troops quietly entered the capital from all directions, and were stationed at various important points; a number of commissaries had each received separate instructions to make the arrest of some important personage; accordingly at one moment seventy-eight captures were executed, eighteen of which were of influential members of the Assembly, so that the morning found the Assembly without the machinery necessary for convoking it, and the army without generals inclined to observe the law, for the most famous generals of France were lodged in the prison called *Masas*. Soldiers took possession of the Hall of National

Assembly, arresting the questors in attendance. Morny took possession of the Home Office, and began to telegraph to forty thousand communes of the enthusiasm with which the changes had been received.

But though the gates of the Assembly were closed and guarded, the Deputies assembled in the Chambers in large numbers, passed a decree charging Louis Napoleon with high treason, and voting his deposition. They were interrupted by an arrival of troops, and on refusing to disperse were arrested, the number amounting to two hundred and twenty. On Wednesday, the 3d of December, Louis Napoleon rode with several attendants along the principal streets, and in the evening his palace was thrown open and a general reception took place. The success of the *coup d'état* was regarded as certain, as was evidenced by the large number of prominent persons who, on that occasion, tendered their services and allegiance to the President. The theaters were all crowded that evening, and a brilliant audience assembled at the Italian Opera. The capital never seemed gayer or more unconcerned.

About the slaughter and carnage of the next day there is great variety of opinion, and it is impossible that we should enter upon the controversy. Until this day there had been but little opposition to the Bonapartists; but some parties, among them Victor Hugo, were by this time resolved that France should not be surrendered without a struggle. Early in the morning barricades had been erected in many of the streets, and during the night long, almost endless lines of soldiers were drawn up on both sides of the Boulevards and on all the great thoroughfares. The conduct of affairs had been intrusted to Gen. Magnan, and the troops were quietly demolishing the barricades. Toward the middle of the day the excitement throughout the capital was rapidly increasing, and the streets began to fill with tumultuous people. At two a general order was given that all the troops should advance simultaneously and clear the streets. Some reports say that the division that marched along the Boulevards was fired upon from a roof or window; others declare that the first shot came from a soldier near the center of one of the battalions who fired straight up into the air. But all agree as to what followed: The troops at the head of the column faced about to the south and opened fire, some aiming at the mass of spectators on the foot-pavements, while others fired into the gay, crowded windows and balconies. The contagion for firing spread from man to man until a column of sixteen thousand men formed into

an order of battle, and were firing into the midst of helpless men, women, and children. The impulse to shoot people, which was sudden and spread like a panic, was not momentary. The soldiers most industriously loaded and reloaded, and hastened to kill and kill as though their lives depended on the number they could dispatch in a given time. The slaughter was continued for twenty minutes, for when there was no longer a crowd to fire into, the soldiers would aim carefully at a single fugitive, or they broke into houses and hunted and slaughtered the inmates. The Sallandrouz carpet warehouse was thus entered, and fourteen helpless beings, shrinking for safety behind the piles of carpet, were shot while crouching. Even artillery was brought to bear on some houses on the Boulevards. Some writer says the streets here and in some other places were "perfect shambles." The blood drained down in the hollows about the trees in the Boulevards and lay there at twelve the next day. In many places the foot-pavements were so red and wet that, except with care, one could not pass without gathering blood.

But, worse than any of this, Paris came to believe, upon grounds which we can not discuss, that on the nights of the 4th and 5th of December prisoners were shot in batches and thrown into pits. Though the Imperialists have denied the charge, they have never disproved it, and this they might have done.

Before the morning of the 5th the armed insurrection had ceased. As to the number of the slaughtered reports are conflicting; some place the number of killed at about two hundred and twenty-five, and the wounded at four hundred, while other authorities claim that there were thousands. One colonel stated that his regiment alone had killed two thousand and four hundred, and there were between thirty and forty regiments engaged.

The wildest excitement spread through the country, but by the close of the week all France was quieted. Says an English historian: "The benefit which Prince Louis derived from the massacre was not transitory. It is a maxim of French politics that, happen what may, a man seeking to be a ruler of France must not be ridiculous. From 1836 to 1848 Prince Louis had never ceased to be obscure except by bringing upon himself the laughter of the world; and his election into the chair of the Presidency had only served to bring upon him a more constant outpouring of the scorn and sarcasm which Paris knows how to bestow. Even the suddenness and perfect success of the blow struck between the 1st and 2d of De-

ember had failed to make Paris think of him with gravity. But it was otherwise after three o'clock of December 4th; and it happened that the most strenuous adversaries of this oddly fated Prince were those who, in one respect, best served his cause; for the more they strove to show that he, and he alone, of his own design and malice, had planned and ordered the massacre, the more completely they relieved him from the disqualification which had hitherto made it impossible for him to become the supreme ruler of France. Before the night closed in on the 4th of December he was sheltered safe from ridicule by the ghastly heaps on the Boulevard.

Though Louis Napoleon's proclamation called for the election of a President for ten years, and guaranteed a vote to every Frenchman, yet the voting was strictly superintended, so that very few votes were cast against him. In one year, during which his agents had employed every means to aid and advance his interests, he proclaimed the Empire. And when all the necessary steps had been taken to convince the nation of the benefits of the re-instated Empire, and the uselessness of resisting it, a decree was issued commanding the people to declare their sentiments on the subject at the ballot-box. Again was the election controlled, and, as every body expected, the Empire was restored in the person of Louis Napoleon, and the imperial diadem was placed on the brow of the son of Hortense, and that by the ballot of the people.

The utmost exertions were now made to crush out the enemies of the Empire, and hundreds of the Emperor's active opponents were banished to Algiers and Cayenne.

Proposals were made by Napoleon's ambassadors to several courts of Europe for the purpose of negotiating a marriage; but for reasons which are not clearly understood, these were in every instance unsuccessful. Finally he married the Countess de Teba, a beautiful and wealthy woman belonging to one of the noblest families of Spain.

The Crimean war followed close upon the imperial nuptials. The incidents and result of this war are generally known. Sevastopol fell after a year of siege, and after a hundred thousand men had perished about her walls.

In 1856 an armistice was concluded, and a few weeks later the plenipotentiaries of Austria, Russia, France, Great Britain, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled in Paris to arrange a treaty, which was to give permanent peace to a vexed continent. Only one point of this treaty I shall mention. The Emperor Alexander II solemnly declared that he renounced, sincerely and com-

pletely, the traditional policy of Peter the Great and of Catharine II, as regarded the extension of the Russian Empire in the East.

As the Empress had expressed a desire to preserve the quill with which the treaty was executed, an eagle's quill was selected, and was elegantly mounted in gold and gems, and with this each party signed the treaty, whose ratification was proclaimed to the capital by one hundred and one guns. It was signed on the anniversary of a great event. Forty-two years before was fought the battle of Paris, and on the following day the Russians entered the French capital, and dictated terms of peace where now their ambassadors came to ask for it.

At the close of the Crimean war, the English press was frantic in praises of the French Emperor. He was declared a man of prodigious abilities, of great worth and dignity of character, of noble and lofty sentiments, the savior and benignant genius of France, and his elevation to the imperial throne was characterized as the most propitious event which had befallen France for many generations. And yet, but a short time before, he had been stigmatized in the vilest language as a despicable *parvenu*, a worthless debauchee, a stupid and silly adventurer, devoid of talent and force or dignity of character, and his election to the Presidency was pronounced an eternal and indelible disgrace to the French people.

In 1859 Louis Napoleon again appeared on the theater of war. On this occasion his ally was Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, and his declared object was the expelling of the Austrian tyrants from Italy. In every engagement, though the Austrians fought with desperate resolution and bravery, the Allies came off victors.

Again does the Emperor of the French take the field. The result we anxiously await.

THE INTERRUPTED SERMON.

ONE evening I was chatting with my friend, the minister, in his study. My attention was turned to a beautifully embroidered text, which was suspended on the wall. It was the passage in 1 Peter i, 24, 25:

"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth forever."

"What an exquisite piece of needle-work this is!" I said. "It is quite wonderful."

"It is," he answered; "but more wonderful

still were the remarkable leadings of God of which this picture is a remembrance."

"Really!" I rejoined. "And would it be indiscreet—"

"O, I shall be delighted to tell you the story," he interrupted kindly. "It takes me back some twenty-five years, when as yet I was a young preacher. I think that I am justified in saying that I tried to preach the Gospel to the best of my knowledge, but I must add that my knowledge was sadly limited. I thought that, to be useful, I ought, above all things, to exercise myself in the rhetoric art and in the elegant forms of eloquence. Now, certainly nobody will assert that rhetoric and eloquence are arts which a preacher of the Gospel should neglect. Robert Hall, for instance, was no less a preacher of truth because he clothed his thoughts in oratorical language; but I overdid the thing. As my vanity was well pleased when I saw numbers, and especially of the higher and wealthier class, attracted to me by the beauties of my style and the power of my elocution, I selected those subjects which afforded more scope for display, and devoted almost all my time during the week to my sermons, which, after having been carefully 'planned and polished,' were, word for word, committed to memory. The consequence was that the contents of my sermons became very poor and shallow; and the plain truths of the Gospel, which speak of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, if introduced at all, were all but buried under the artificial flowers of oratory.

"My dear," my good wife would sometimes say, 'I am afraid you are making more admirers of yourself than followers of Jesus.'

"How so, dear?" I would ask testily; 'did n't you like my sermon this morning?'

"Well," the answer would be, 'I can not but say that you preached beautifully, and that all you said was quite true so far as it went; but there are many other precious and important truths which you seldom or never preach about, and which yet we are greatly in need of.'

"And so she would often in her closet commit the matter to God, and pray him to teach me to lead those who are dead in trespasses and sins to a living, loving, and life-giving Christ.

"It pleased the Lord to hear that prayer of my excellent wife. One Sunday morning I preached as usual to a crowded congregation, chiefly composed of the principal inhabitants of the neighborhood. I was just then engaged in giving my audience a picturesque description of a sunset on the Sea of Galilee, when all on a sudden, owing to the close atmosphere, a little

girl fell into a fainting fit. The disturbances which it created, though only short and comparatively insignificant, yet so much put me out that I became altogether confused. The rest of my sermon all at once vanished from my memory. I could not possibly recollect one word of it. In my perplexity I cried to God for help. While looking down on my Bible, which was lying open before me, my eye fell upon the text of Peter which you see yonder suspended on the wall. Yielding, as it were, to an instinctive impulse, I read it to my hearers, and began preaching from it an improvised sermon just as it came up in my heart. And here, having lost my oratorical flower basket, I could not help laying bare the truths of God's Word in all their simplicity and startling reality. Connecting the text with my previous description, I compared the glory of man to the setting sun, which was never to rise again. I spoke of the utter vanity of every thing human, of the certainty of the destruction of this world, and of our everlasting condemnation if we were to die in the midst of our sins. In a word, I 'shunned not to declare to them all the counsel of God,' proclaiming death and destruction as it is in Adam, and life and salvation as it is in Jesus.

"On walking home after service my wife almost wept for joy. Never in her life, she said, had she heard such a heart-searching sermon. But I was in an almost desponding mood of mind, and quite ashamed of myself, 'for the people must have noticed my confusion,' I said; 'and what a gossip will it be all over the place that the minister broke down in the middle of his sermon! Surely,' I added, 'this was the worst sermon ever preached from a pulpit.'

"We had scarcely got home, however, when a lady desired to speak to me. The impression which her appearance made upon me was not very agreeable. She was gaudily dressed, and carried a flourish of trinkets, lace, and finery about her which created a most unfavorable impression.

"Sir," she said, while her lip quivered, 'could you permit me to speak to you in confidence?'

"Certainly, ma'am."

"I am a lost woman," she said, while tears burst from her eyes; 'but you, sir, can perhaps tell me whether there is still salvation for me who have so long lived a careless life.'

"She then briefly told me her history. She was a person held in high esteem in the society in which she moved. But she was living without God and without Christ in the world, and was entirely given up to pleasure and love of

of dress and display. Church or chapel she seldom or never visited. The places which she frequented were the theater and the ball-room. But on this Sunday morning, having gone out for a walk, her attention was struck by the singing which reached her ears from my chapel. The thought occurred to her that she might as well step in and sit down with the congregation. But here she found that she had come just in time to learn what the glory of man was. My sermon went like a two-edged sword through her heart. She saw that with all her beauty she was but a withering flower, dead, lost, helpless, and hopeless. And she now besought me to tell her more about that Savior whom I had spoken of as the only One who was able to save from ruin.

"I need not tell you," my friend continued, "how gladly I told her of Christ. Her eyes were opened to the glory of his holiness. It was not long before she became a member of my Church, and on that occasion she presented me with this picture."

"And what became of your sermons?" I asked archly.

"Well," he answered with a smile, "the Lord had taught me this great lesson, which I hope I have never forgotten since; namely, that oratory, rhetoric, etc., may be excellent things in a pulpit, but that without the eloquence of the Holy Spirit, which tells us of the love of Him who died for our sins, they will never lead a lost sinner to the fold of the only Good Shepherd.

CHILD AT PRAYER.

A FEW weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer *Isaac Newton*, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths; some, pulling off their boots and coats, laying themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as his comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on deck a fine-looking boy, of about six years of age, following round a man evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance,

and from under his German cap fell chestnut hair, and thick, clustering curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head to protect his curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his young, happy heart always rested there. This done I looked for him to seek his resting-place; but instead of this he quietly kneeled down upon the floor, put his little hands together so beautifully child-like and simple, and resting his arms upon the lower berth, against which he knelt, he began his vesper prayer.

The father sat by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. There were men around him—Christian men—retiring to rest without prayer; or, if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in the steam-boat's cabin, and before strangers acknowledge the goodness of God, to ask his protection and love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hands been laid on the sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayer.

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer, in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He alone, of this worldly multitude, draws nigh to heaven. I thank the parental love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether Catholic or Protestant, dead or living, whether far off or nigh. I could scarcely refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of the steam-boat's cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him in his berth for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him.



SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

O forth ! though weeping, bearing precious seed ;
 Still sow in faith, though not a blade is seen.
 Go forth ! the Lamb himself the way will lead,
 The everlasting Arms are o'er thee spread,
 And grain shall ripen where thy tears have been.

Take up thy burden, bear it joyfully ;
 Fear not sin's darkest cave to enter in.
 Though fierce thy foe, yet Israel's Lord is nigh,
 And o'er thy fellow-men He hears thee sigh,
 Seeking for him thou lovest a soul to win.

Go forth ! there is no shadow on thy brow,
 No tear that rises, no swift cry to bless
 The seed thou bearest, but He heedeth. Thou
 Shalt soon rejoice—light breaketh even now ;
 On to the mark of thy high calling press.

The pastures of the wilderness may mock
 Thine earnest labors. Look thou to the hills :
 God shall the chambers of his dew unlock,
 Till living water from the smitten rock
 With fertilizing streams each furrow fills.

Fret not for sheaves : a holy patience keep ;
 Look for the early and the latter rain,
For all that faith hath scattered love shall reap.
Gladness is sown : thy Lord may let thee weep,
But not one prayer of thine shall be in vain.

'T is thy Beloved gently beckons on ;
His love illumines for thee each passing cloud.

When yon fair land of light at last is won,
And seed time o'er, and harvest work begun,
He'll own the fruit that shadows now enshroud.

Behold! the Master standeth at the door!
Cry for Sabaoth's Lord! raise thou thy voice!
Short hour of labor, soon shall it be o'er:
The dawn is breaking, night shall be no more;
Then with thy harvest, Lord, thou shalt rejoice.

WORDS: THEIR ORIGIN, IMPORT, AND POWER.

NUMBER II.

IF the reader but possess the ability and inclination to investigate the original import of words, and bring up to mind the visual image of the object used for a symbol, or that idea chosen for a synonym, much that is vague and uncertain would at once become clear and forcible. Ah, what a fragrance may be exhaled from dry roots even! In speaking of the ethical import of words, Bishop Hutchinson says: "Words are the judges of our thoughts, the landmarks of all interests, and the wheels of our human world are turned by them. They move interests that are greater than mountains, and many a time have subdued kingdoms." Riches and poverty, love and hatred, life and death, are in the power of the tongue, and where these effects are least they are yet indicative of the mind and character of him who speaks them. It is no mean study to trace the development of conscience and morals in the use of words. "Marvelous are these vestiges of the spiritual history of man!" Language bears the impress of the fall in many ways. One says truly, "What dark and somber threads man must have woven into the tissue of his life before we could trace those threads of an equal darkness which run through the tissue of his language!" What facts of wickedness and woe must have existed ere there could be such words to designate them! How indelible is the stamp of language upon man's glory and his shame, his greatness and his degradation! Some one has suggested that we need but to open a dictionary and begin with the "a's" to find abundant evidence of sin and sorrow, words expressive of agony, both mental and physical, and of every passion of the soul that allies it to the prince of darkness. Is it not painful to note that the vocabulary of words describing sins is much more extensive than those of virtues. What a comment on the fact that each word must have its correlative in an idea! Then, too, how many words there are which seldom, if ever, find their way into books, and yet

are in daily use to soil the lips of him who utters them, and the ears of him who hears. Likewise many are the words, which originally were sound and good in their meaning, which have acquired a harmful import. The words "crafty" and "cunning" did not at first imply what they denote to us, but simply "skill" and "knowledge;" "knave" was the name for "lad," "boor" for a "farmer," "villain" a "peasant," and "menial" one of the household. "Moody" did not imply "gloom," and "officious" meant "offices of kindness;" "tinsel" denoted not that which is specious and tawdry, but simply "glistening." "Volatile" was apropos to our "fluent," and "time-server" denoted an honorable "serving the times." "Animosity" meant no more than "spiritedness," and "resentment," from "resenter," indicated a requital as much of "benefits" as of "injuries;" but because the heart of man sooner remembers to return injuries than benefits, it has sunk to its present use.

But if philology is a moral barometer, indicative of the sin and sorrow of the race, it also denotes with unerring precision the advance of that "ethical conscience" which purifies and ennobles a multitude of words, once expressive of mere earthly good, to a spiritual and heavenly import. I am fain to make use of a few of those words which Trench has signalized as illustrations of the progress of words. "Angels" were once merely earthly "messengers;" "paradise" was a royal "garden of delights" until the Jew exalted it to signify the abode of Adam and Eve, and Jesus honored it as the waiting place of the "faithful dead." The Greeks speak of the earth's "regeneration" in Spring-time—of the "regeneration" of political conditions—of "martyrs," but not for God's truth—"evangelists," but not of the kingdom of heaven—"advocates," but not with the Father. "Humility" meant to the Greek and Roman "meanness of spirit" only, while it describes to us one of the fairest of the Christian virtues.

How exceedingly forcible and appropriate must appear that consenting voice of the people who agreed in applying the word "miser," meaning "miserable," to one addicted to covetousness! What a testimony to the consciousness of human nature as to what constitutes misery! Apropos to this, let us notice that the Greek word signifying "wickedness" takes its root in one meaning "labor," thus agreeing with that Scripture which speaks of sinners as wearying themselves to commit iniquity. What lessons pregnant with meaning and rife with warning lie in a single word! Ah! not a dead letter are these living statutes, but glowing and palpitating, and

rich with pathos and feeling, or dark with passion and sin, and laden with the tragedy of souls! Using the word "passion" reminds me that its primary meaning is "suffering." We speak of the victim of passion as one of strong though ungoverned will; but according to its actual import a man or a child in a passion is a sufferer—for the time being impotent, without will, and suffering under the blind rule of his own evil nature—a curious combination of violence and weakness. It might be of profit to ponder the lesson of fellowship and brotherhood conveyed in the word "kind." The words "kind," a "kind" person, and "mankind," are derived from the same word, signifying *kindred*—one of kin—one who acknowledges his kinship with other men as offering a debt of love. Says Channing, "Seeing that this relationship in a race now so widely scattered can only be through a common head, we do, in fact, every time we use the word 'kind,' declare our faith in the one common descent of the whole race of man." How much more beautiful does the word appear when we apprehend the root from which it grew, it being the acknowledgment in loving deeds of our kinship with the whole human family.

It is curious to note the transition which some words have undergone. The word "silly" originally meant "blessed," and later denoted "harmlessness" and "innocence." What a strange metamorphose of the moral sense before it could have been applied as an epithet of contempt. "Happy" is derived from "hap," meaning chance. How unworthy this of its present significance! A late philological work, illustrating the moral tendencies of words, notes the use of "hands wanted," as though the hands hired had neither heads nor hearts—in strange contrast to Bible phraseology, where it says, "The same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."

The downward moral tendency of words is best noted in the mischievous habit of cloaking immoralities with an honorable name, thus decking deformities in the robes of beauty and goodness. Is it not a question of serious import how far individualism may be able to check this tide of sinful custom? How fitting that there should be an ugly name for an ugly thing. If things were always called by their right names, instead of putting sweet for bitter, and light for darkness, many a soul might escape its blind and hopeless drifting upon the seas of guilt and ruin. Look at the word which arose in high life in Italy as a cloak for death by poisoning, *ai-retata*, meaning "death assisted;" and again, in France, at the name given a subtle poison which was to remove troublesome

relatives who stood in the way of an inheritance, "*poudre de succession*;" at the term "mistress," as designating an unnameable woman; "*paramour*," one who is loved very affectionately; and again at "*chevalier d'industrie*," the French for our "blackleg" and "sharper;" and the phrase, "*eau de vie*," to designate that fiery poison which the Indian, with truer instinct, terms "fire-water." The Italian calls a man accomplished in the arts the "virtuous," *virtuoso*, and names one who is a guide a "Cicerone," (would Cicero be honored?) thus degrading men and virtues by improper names.

Much of the frivolous use of earnest words grows out of a habit of exaggeration, as well as inadequate ideas of the moral fitness of language. Do we pause to think what we mean when we "stigmatize"—brand like a slave—men and things as a "pest" or "plague?" We vent our displeasure on many a harmless affair by naming it a "nuisance," which from the French *nuire*, "to harm," implies positive injury; and our daily "annoyances," from the Norman origin, become actual "hurts." Our "repugnance" denotes a "fighting against," and "reluctance" tells of a "death struggle." That which we often term "stupendous" is scarce impressive enough to put one in a "stupor with awe;" and is it so, that when we are "astonished" we are struck with *tonnerre*?—thunder.

As we view our absurdities, extravagancies, and immoralities in words, what solemn import has that voice Divine who utters, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned!"

It is a matter of curious interest, and educational profit to children and youth, to discover what a record of inventions is preserved in the names of many articles, of the place from which they came, or the person by whom invented. Thus, "calico," from Calicut, and "muslin," from Mosul, a city in Turkey; "sherry" is sent from Xeres; the "pheasant" came from the banks of the Phasis; the "cherry" from Cerasus, a city in Pontus; the "peach" from Persia, and "spaniels" from Spain; "damask" and "damson," from Damascus; "dimity," from Damiatta; "cordwain," from Cordova; "currants," from Corinth; "sarcenet," from Saracen; "cambrics," from Cambray; "crape," from Cyprus; "indigo," from India, and "agates" from a Sicilian river, named Achates.

The importance of conveying truthful ideas in correct speech can not be too rigidly inculcated. So great is the influence of words, in educating the intellect and elevating the moral standard, that when we embody an idea

in an erroneous word, we corrupt the very springs of truth and knowledge. The word "Gothic," as applied to a certain style of architecture, is clearly a misnomer, as it belonged not to the Goths, but to many Germanic tribes, and was given long after such a people as the Goths had ceased to be. The name was given in contradistinction from the Grecian and Italian styles, in contempt, and as simply barbarous. Who can but smile at the absurd contradiction existing in the word "dunce," unless indeed he be ignorant of its superior origin. The word, singularly enough, arose from *Duns* Scotus, the great teacher of the Franciscan order. An old writer says, "Whoso surpasseth others in caviling, sophistry, or subtle philosophy, is related to John Scot, and is henceforth named a 'Duns!'" Thus it seems that this deep-thinker and subtle-minded man has given us a word which, through the debris of years, has come to be used in irony and contempt. Might not the offended spirit of the wise "Duns" justly be indignant?

But more mischievous than these are those inaccurate words having reference to religious truths, as "Unitarian," which in *name* claims to assert the unity of the Godhead, and "Catholic," in connection with Romanism. Is this not in *name* giving up all that is at issue between us?

There is a curious class of idioms and popular phrases, which might be called by some mere idle words; but so significant are they of thoughts and fancies; seemingly impossible to convey in any other way, I can scarce class them as such. The "dickens!" for instance, or the "deuce!" And what lights and shades of meaning dance attendance upon the interjectional "whew!" Reader, can you supply a sensible word, nay, a whole retinue of them, which will express the sentiment, surprise, chagrin, and amusement, each and all combined, that is wrapped in that one little word? My sainted father was a Presbyterian minister, and probably as correct and cautious as most of that staid body of men—Presbyterian clergymen—usually are; but when he was especially amused, startled, or vexed, he would occasionally make use of the phrase, "My stars!" Being a man who invariably lived as one who must "give account," I assure you that the interjection was not without force.

If the reader is not altogether wearied, will he look yet a little longer at the import of a few words, gathered helter-skelter, and yet demanding a notice in this article. Words denoting the senses, and the ideas of which they are the outgrowth, make a large and curious

donation to language. What subtle threads these to connect the spiritual and the sensual! "Sensual" and "sense" come down to us with different import, though from the same origin—the former implying a devotion of all the powers to the enjoyment of the senses, as Goethe has depicted with fearful force in his *Mephistophiles*, and the latter meaning "feeling," thus denoting that only a man of *feeling* is a man of "sense." Our "disgust" is simply "distaste;" "crudity" implies that which is "uncooked;" "premature," ripe too "early;" "caustic," "burning;" "piquant," "stinging;" "sawcy," "salted;" "savory" and "insipid" from one root, *sapere*, to taste; while the high eulogy we pronounce upon a man in calling him a "sapient" man, is merely a man of "taste." The word "relish," from *relacher*, implies—O fastidious reader—to *lick the lips*! Such words as "fancy," "phantom," "phenomena," "theory," "speculate," "envy," "intuition," "providence," and many others, have been coined from ideas produced by sight. The word "candor," from *candidus*, meaning "shining white," receives additional beauty from this significance; and "eccentric" indicates a departure from the center—a "flying off in a tangent."

The word "stipulation," from *stipula*, a straw, has its origin in a Roman custom of breaking a straw between parties that would make a mutual engagement. In the word "library" we preserve the fact that books were once written on the bark of trees—*liber*—and in "paper" we are reminded of the Egyptian "papyrus," which furnished the material for writing. The word "chap" is an abbreviation of "chapman," meaning "customer." Thus the phrases, "a queer chap," a "queer customer"—the latter being shortened more innocently than at first might be supposed to be a "queer cuss!" Apropos of epithets, "scamp" and "scoundrel" are of military birth—the former from *ex campo*, a "deserter," and the latter from the Italian *sconderi ruolo*, to abscond at roll-call.

The appellatives, "Jack," "Jacke fool," "boot-jack," "kitchen jack," etc., originated in applying the word "Jack" to an object of contempt and slight; but Tyrwhitt makes the word a curious mixture of fancy and opprobrium when he says, "Most nations give the name of their favorite dish to their most facetious attendant on every mountebank." Thus the French call him "*Jean Potage*," the Germans "*Hans Wurst*," that is, Jack sausage; and the English signify him with the title of "Jack pudding;" by the Dutch he is called "Pickle Herring," and the Italians name him "Macaroni." Foot-boys, who were kept to turn spits

and pull boots, were usually called "Jacks," so when machines were invented for the same purposes they received the same appellation.

It is not uncommon to speak of a man who is gloomy or morose as "saturnine," or of a light-hearted temperament as "mercurial," or of one that is "jovial," as having been born under the planet Jupiter, that having the credit of being the joyfiest star of all. The origin of such words is plain; but the reader may not have at hand the interpretation of the word "sardonic." It is not "Satanic," as some have supposed. Palm's Greek Lexicon calls it the "Sardinian laugh," and says it was caused by eating a plant in Sardinia, of which they who ate did die laughing.

There is a curious little bit of history hanging by the word "emolument." The old Romans called that tithe of the grist which went to the miller his "*emolumentum*," hence our present use of the word; and the word "salary" is from *salarium*, which primarily meant "money for salt," the Roman soldiers receiving a part of their pay in salt.

But this dissertation on words is leading me, whither? One of those subtle threads of which we have spoken fastens my eye upon the page of an antique book before me, from which I would quote in closing, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

UNREASONABLE DEMANDS.

THAT human nature is human nature all the world over is a self-evident truth; and that human nature is not ægelic nature is no less plain. Whatever pretensions, it may set forth, and however unctuous lips may flatter it, it will, when closely scrutinized, exhibit the same unchanging characteristics—weakness, fallibility, imperfection—all tending to the confirmation of that great anthropologic doctrine, the innate depravity of men.

But what is this depravity about which doughty knights are always running tilt in theological tournaments?

Some understand by it that every man is as bad as he possibly can be. While I totally disclaim this view, it is enough for my object to say that by depravity I mean the lapse of man from his original good estate. There is a perfect standard of the true and the right, and from that man has fallen; not *one* man, not men in distinction from women, but mankind—the whole race.

To expect absolute perfection, therefore, is simply to expect the impossible. Why, then, is

it looked for in a minister's wife? Is she not included in the race? Does she not belong to mankind?

It may do as a matter of poetry and gallantry to explain "the weaker vessel" as meaning that she is made of finer material. But when we come to the prose, the real gist of the question, it is another thing. Even if we could be oblivious of the Sacred Record, man's frequent and pointed allusions would totally preclude ignorance that the tempter

"Inse fraud

Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe."

Now, since the minister's wife is a lineal descendant from our great grandmother, why is it that just here is sought the unattainable? Yet, from their own showing, you are forced to the conclusion that there are those who believe that a veritable angel should be let down from paradise for the special purpose of officiating as madam of their parish.

A doctor's wife has no responsibility in respect to her husband's patients; a lawyer's wife has none in respect to her husband's clients; but the minister's wife is regarded as owing special and important duties to all and to each of her husband's parishioners. This has but little application, of course, to the city; and there are, doubtless, country societies without number which may also be excepted; societies which are very far from expecting in their minister's wife the character of an angel, or seeking from her the work of an archangel. Let nobody put on the cap whom the cap does not fit.

But it can not be gainsaid that there are multitudes who consider themselves entitled to find in this piece of humanity a combination of all the virtues in the calendar. With vigor of body and mind, and with soundness of head and heart, she must possess unfaltering courage, unexampled humility, untiring patience, unswerving fidelity, unflagging zeal, unflinching prudence, and unexhausted and inexhaustible sweetness of temper. She must be at once a model of liberality and a model of frugality. She must be endowed with that tact which never gives offense, and with that *faculty*—"the Yankee term for *savoir faire*,"—which can make a great deal out of little, and much out of nothing, and which no kind or amount of difficulties can possibly baffle.

She must be an accomplished lady, always on hand for parlor company, and an efficient drudge, always on hand for kitchen operations. She and her household must always be clad in fine scarlet—never too fine, or woe betide her—though to accomplish this she is not unfe-

quently obliged to resort to a brain full of contrivance and a purse full of emptiness.

She may be young and inexperienced; but for all that she must preside in the prayer-meetings, in the sewing circles, and in all the benevolent associations. She may have a flock of little ones to tie her at home, yet she must always be visiting the sick, and always looking after the well. She may be the teacher of her children, besides making and mending every one of their garments, yet she must hospitably entertain all the angels, alias agents, who may travel that way, and whom the doctors, the "squires," and the brethren in general, do not find it quite convenient to accommodate. She must do this, too, without running a farthing into debt. With general courtesy to all, she may yet desire to be on terms of more intimate acquaintance with some two or three families. But this must not be thought of for a single moment; for it would never do for the minister's wife to prefer one before another.

She must fill up all the short-comings of her husband, atone for all his offenses, and be the scape-goat for the greater part of his blunders. In brief, she must do every thing in the right place, at the right time, and in the right manner. And if there be any excellence I have failed to enumerate, that excellence she must by no means fail to possess. Moreover, her children must be little specimens of the same immaculate character—perfect patterns of childish propriety—walking miniatures of herself. In fact, they, too, must be let down from paradise, as a special example to the parish juveniles.

The following advertisement is a poetic summary of what is often looked for:

"Wanted—a perfect lady,
Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person,
And every endowment of mind;
Fitted by early culture
To move in fashionable life,
And shine a gem in the parlor:
Wanted—a minister's wife!

Wanted—a thorough-bred worker,
Who well to her household looks—
Shall we see *our* money wasted
By extravagant Irish cooks?
Who cuts the daily expenses
With economy sharp as a knife,
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen:
Wanted—a minister's wife!

A 'very domestic person';
To callers she must not be out;
It has such a bad appearance
For *her* to be gadding about;
Only to visit the parish
Every year of her life,
And attend the funerals and weddings:
Wanted—a minister's wife."

Consider the mountain weight of responsibility which these requisitions throw upon the

minister! He may meet with one whose beauty and grace strike his fancy, and whose modest virtues are fitted to win his heart. But he must not fall in love like other men. Before the smallest ripple of affection is suffered to agitate his being he must ascertain whether she would prove an efficient manager of a Dorcas society. He should not seek a wife to sympathize in his tastes and charm his weary hours, but one who can preside with equanimity in a social meeting. It might shorten his trial were the lady elect, before he is fully committed to her, to spend a month on probation among his people.

But it may be asked what claims the society has upon the minister's wife? That must depend upon the compact between her and them. What salary do they pay her? If they make a certain appropriation, with the understanding that they are to be requited by value received in her labors among them, she is under manifest obligation to meet this requisition. If they make no such appropriation she is legally free from all responsibility.

Do you ask again, what then *does* the minister's wife owe her husband's people? Most emphatically I answer, *nothing*. Legally, she is as free from all obligation to the society as if she lived in Beloochistan.

But there is a higher view. From sympathy with her husband in his ministerial work—the noblest ever given man to do—she owes his people any such labors as she can give them consistently with those home-duties which are primal and always paramount. She owes them exactly what every other Christian woman in the parish owes them, the influence of her character and example in favor of all that is noble, and good, and true.

But whatever services she may render them, either directly or indirectly, they are not to be regarded as in the least degree professional or official services. Her influence is the same as that of any other woman; although, from her husband's position, that influence is more widely extended. Brought into frequent contact with all grades of society, her lines of influence are indefinitely multiplied, and all the womanly excellence wrought into her life is thus more widely mirrored forth. The beautiful example, as a wife and mother, which we so admire in Victoria, derived its peculiar potency, not from her being queen, but from the fact that, as queen, the luster of her character in these private relations shines forth upon the whole world.

If the family duties of a minister's wife are such as to make it inconsistent for her to be prominent in society matters, she ought not to

attempt it. She is then bound to save her strength for home use, especially for cheering and sustaining her husband in his arduous toils. From the best of motives, she may sometimes urge herself to more than this, but in that case you may be sure there is something morbid about her conscience. The fact that the parsonage income is generally very limited, often constitutes an imperative reason for her devoting more time to her own family than many others.

Of course there are emergencies, such as we passed through in the war of the rebellion, when every patriotic woman, were she a hundred-fold wife or mother, is called to special duties and sacrifices. When our country needs our services in the great struggle for right and freedom, it is no time to hesitate between conflicting claims.

There are also seasons of unusual religious interest, which bring their unusual demands. If at such times, by some word of counsel to the perplexed, and of comfort to the troubled heart, she can assist in leading sinners to Christ, the faithful minister's wife will seek out such opportunities as one of her highest privileges. Thus from love to her Master and sympathy with her husband, she freely *gives* the flock a service which they could not *require*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER XII.

DIGESTION.

IT had not been our intention to follow our cooked dishes, systematically, beyond the point of losing their identity. But when, in our last, we were discussing the best manner of disposing of them, so many reasons for our opinions came along asking to be said, that we have concluded to say some of them. And, after all, is not that the only satisfactory way of taking such things; that is, with their reasons, when such reasons can be given? For example, in our last we urged the importance of

EATING SLOWLY,

a fact that has been uttered, and repeated, and iterated, and reiterated till almost every one is familiar with it. And yet men who use their brains to some purpose on other subjects, such men as most of all need such admonitions, go on "bolting" their food just as usual, till suddenly brought up in such a way that they are obliged to think on this subject. Indeed, such is our ignorance of physiology that it is of very little use to give mere directions to most people

until loss of health compels them to think. But the attention of many would doubtless be arrested if they could observe the process of digestion; if, for example, they could sit beside Dr. Beaumont and peer into the stomach of St. Martin.

And if we could do that, our first observation would be that the inner surface of the stomach lies in folds or rugæ, and that when empty its sides collapse and meet each other. When a portion of food is introduced the rugæ close upon it, and by a gentle muscular motion diffuse it throughout the cavity, mingling it thoroughly with the gastric juice that is continually exuding from little vessels which have their infinitesimal orifices all over the mucous membrane. This action continues from fifty to eighty seconds, and then the coats relax and are ready to receive another portion, upon which they act in the same manner. This gives us a pretty exact indication of the time that ought to elapse between the swallowing of the several mouthfuls—about a minute at least, and in order to be quite safe, a minute and a half.

Even liquid foods require the same amount of time. But how many of us allow a whole minute to elapse between our separate mouthfuls of soup? or of bread and milk? The large quantity of liquid which thus forces its way along must necessarily drown this action to some extent; and then the larger pieces of bread usually washed down would present a difficult material for ready diffusion. But mush and milk, as some folks eat it, must be worse still. We may not be able to say positively how much it gets masticated; but judging from appearances it must go down in pretty much the same condition in which it is taken into the mouth. And veterans at that business would probably greet us with a hearty guffaw if we should ask them how much they chew their mush and milk. But now imagine the rugæ of a stomach distended with liquid trying in vain to close upon the floating masses of mush which yet demand more than ordinarily vigorous action. A similar difficulty occurs when food is washed down with drinks of any kind.

All these fluids are absorbed, to a certain extent, before gastric digestion takes place. The common consistency to which fluid foods are reduced is about the same as that of any other kind of food after proper mastication and insalivation. The food when thus prepared for deglutition does not need any drink to wash it down or to prepare it for gastric action.

We find in this style of gastric action also the grounds of our criticisms on mushes as foods, even when eaten with other trimmings

than milk, and the reason for making them so stiff that they will demand mastication, and also for the direction to eat bread with them. Here also lie the reasons for some of our objections to griddle-cakes. Their usual trimmings make them slip down readily, while their texture does not favor a speedy diffusion. Hence the oppressive, almost choking sensation after a rapid meal on griddle-cakes.

SATISFACTION.

It is supposed that the quantity of gastric juice which the stomach is able to secrete at each meal is exactly adapted to the wants of the system, and that if the food is introduced with proper deliberation the two will be mingled at once in proportions suitable for perfect digestion. When the solvent is all taken up the fact is made known by a feeling of satisfaction communicated to the brain, and if the latter is ready to recognize it, the announcement is, "You have eaten enough." If the man stops then, the feeling of satisfaction continues. If his digestive apparatus is in fair condition, and his food wholesome and well assorted, he is in a happy condition; and after a brief play-spell he need give no further thoughts to the matter. This feeling of satisfaction is a very delicate and yet a very definite sensation; but it is one which very few people ever experience, either through lack of compliance with the conditions for securing it, or through lack of observation. If the subject pays no attention to this admonition a feeling of

SATIETY

ensues, and the next telegram is, "You have eaten too much." In case of too rapid deglutition this last is likely to be the first and the only message sent, for the gastric juice, not having an opportunity to measure itself exactly with the food as it entered, could not decide just when there was "enough." The results are, not that the system is taxed to supply more gastric juice for the digestion of this superabundant quantity, but that the latter must be imperfectly digested. Those portions of food which, on account of their greater comminution or more deliberate introduction, were most fully incorporated with the gastric juice, pass duly out of the pyloric orifice as chyme, to go on through the stages of intestinal digestion, enter the blood and nourish the system. But the remaining portion, not digested or but very imperfectly acted upon, is largely left to the chemical changes consequent upon the high temperature of the liquid mass; in other words it begins to decay. After a few hours, the time

depending on the amount of excess, the health of the stomach, etc., this state of things manifests itself by the feeling of oppression, the generation of gases, and the acidified eructations. If the digestive organs are strong, the whole of the offending mass may be thrown up. This is the least hurtful disposition to be made of it, and the movement may be assisted by liberal draughts of warm water. If the stomach is not equal to this, the mass will probably be run off in a diarrhea. If the quantity was not greatly in excess of the demand, and gentle exercise is kept up for a long while, it may be worked off with less violence, but never without injury, whether recognized or not.

Overeating is almost a universal fault, and its prevalence is greatly increased by the use of stimulants and condiments of various kinds, and by a too free use of flesh meat, all of which, by exciting the stomach to over-exertion, help to deliver it sometimes of its load; but they do not help to its proper digestion and appropriation as nourishment for the system. If any one doubt this prevalence of over-eating let him try to see how often he can succeed in recognizing the right moment to stop, and in obeying it promptly, and how many other people he can find to do the same.

But there is another cause for acidity of the stomach which ought to be noticed, and that is the introduction of any indigestible substance, or of any digestible substance in pieces too large for the action of the gastric juice. This will rarely happen if the directions already given for mastication be carefully observed. Otherwise large pieces of meat, or of any tough or hard substance, but especially vegetables, such as beets, carrots, or even potatoes, will become rancid and cause much disturbance in the stomach. After some time they are usually permitted to pass into the intestines, but even there the mischief is continued, and they may even be voided in an undigested state, as is often noticed in the case of children. It is always indicative of something wrong and should be corrected. Children that have not teeth enough, or sufficient judgment to chew their food properly, should not be taxed with articles demanding careful mastication. Perhaps it would be right to say that they should not be fed with either vegetables or meats, and such food as is given them should be capable of ready mastication, and their mothers should see to it that they acquire proper habits in that respect. Nothing but ignorance, and slavery to a most perverse habit, can account for our gluttonous haste in deglutition. Certainly it is not for real enjoyment in the act of eating or in

its results. The gratification of the taste depends not upon the quantity we swallow, but upon its presence, and even its continued presence in the mouth. The true epicure eats slowly; the man who has any rational care for his health eats slowly; and the Christian who has a proper feeling of responsibility to his Maker for the welfare of soul or body eats slowly. If we have but ten minutes in which to eat, it is better even then to eat slowly; for, as we have said before, the benefit we derive from our food depends not so much on the quantity we eat as upon its thorough digestion.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE STOMACH

has much to do with the rapidity of gastric action. One hundred degrees Fahrenheit is the normal internal heat, and this is not increased by the process of healthy digestion. To secure this temperature there is no necessity for resorting to any affirmative measures, no extra wrappings, no testing with thermometers, or any such nonsense. Nature will attend to that well enough if we do not interfere with her.

"And who does interfere with her in this respect?"

We might reply that we all do, more or less, and not be far out of the way in saying so; but if we should especially accuse the most "temperate," doubtless they would feel aggrieved. "Cold water," "cold water," has been so besung and bepraised that a man is almost tested for his virtue by the amount of cold water that he drinks. On the other side we shall hear the use of cold water denounced and avoided. Men will drink water infused with tea and coffee, ale, lager beer, and wine, and even wine and water mixed, but never water alone; that would be too gross. Now all this is thoughtless, not to call it by any harsher name. The truth lies between the two. We do not believe that nature ever intended us for such thirsty creatures as we are. This comes mostly of our eating too largely of condiments—including sugar and salt—and too little fruit. However, let us not be misunderstood. If we must have "something to drink," nothing is better than water, acidulated sometimes in hot weather with the freshest and purest fruit juices. Water is the best possible diluent for all the condiments with which we burn up or pickle down our tissues. But it should not be taken with our food. It diminishes the flow from the salivary glands, and, as we have seen, interferes with the gastrifying of our food. It is no worse, however, in this respect than any other liquid taken in the same quantity, and it is negatively better than most others, since, if perfectly pure,

and, therefore, perfectly soft, it contains no poisons.

But one of the most hurtful results of water drinking arises from the fact that we commonly insist on having it very cold. The temperature of the stomach is necessarily reduced by a drink of ice water, and if food be in the stomach at the time, the process of digestion is stopped, gradually to be resumed as the rest of the system is able to impart sufficient warmth to restore the normal temperature. Even when there is no food in the stomach, ice water is not wholesome. The shock is too great from the introduction of much cold fluid immediately into the center of the system. Ice is safer, because it takes more time to dissolve it, and to diffuse its coldness. The unwholesomeness of ice water is plainly indicated by the craving with which we come to desire it. I once knew a person of literary pursuits who happened to fall into the habit of taking a glass of ice water at about a stated hour each day. He soon came to experience a wretchedly uncomfortable feeling when this was omitted. Did he therefore argue that his idiosyncrasy demanded that glass of ice water? No, the latter was promptly recognized as a hurtful stimulant, and as promptly renounced. In a short time the craving ceased, and the man was no longer a slave to a glass of ice water.

Hot drinks are debilitating, though inducing habits quite as tyrannical as the cold. Our soups and puddings are often taken too hot, and when alternated with ice water the effect on the teeth, as well as upon the stomach, is injurious.

HUNGER.

In the observations that have been made on the peculiarities of the gastric cavity we find one that is very significant. In a febrile state of the system, and, indeed, in many other conditions of illness, no gastric juice is secreted. Turn over this fact as we may, the inevitable consequence is apparent, no food can be digested. What then? Why, of course, that no food should be eaten. Dr. Beaumont says, "No solvent can be secreted under these circumstances, and food is as insoluble in the stomach as lead would be under ordinary circumstances."

What we are able to digest, what is needed and can be used by the system, will be called for, the call being recognized as hunger. Physiologists have not yet been able to account for this feeling definitely, but as it co-exists with a supply of the gastric juice, it is supposed to be in some way dependent thereupon. One thing, however, is certain—if we are not hungry we

should not eat any thing, for we can not digest it. Sick people are often importuned to say what they would like, and what they think they can eat, and food is brought and urged upon them, when perhaps the stomach, nay, the whole being, revolts at the mention of food. It is not necessary for a sick man to eat regularly and constantly to prevent his starving to death. The vital powers are busy elsewhere, and, as we have seen, they will not digest the food if we put it in. It often happens, especially in case of fevers, that the patient goes without eating for days. The system, to be sure, wastes away, but every attempt to prevent it by eating is a failure, and worse than a failure. Often, if the patient goes entirely without food on the first attack of indisposition, nature will effect a speedy restoration, not by virtue of the curative power of abstinence, but because not interfered with by a call to digest food. Instead, then, of tempting, or even asking the patient to eat, we may safely wait until his hunger prompts him to call for something to eat. But in that case, as in all cases after fasting, the amount given should be small at first, as the stomach is weak from inaction. It should perhaps be a little oftener repeated than in health, but this habit of giving food once an hour is not physiological. Unless in extreme cases, once in three hours is often enough, and then food that requires some mastication is better than soups and gruels.

There is, in some kinds of dyspepsia, an uneasy feeling in the stomach which suggests the idea of hunger. It may be distinguished from true hunger by its inappeasability. Of course this can not be used as a guide. While generally the supply of food may be regulated by the demands of hunger, if the food be taken in a proper manner, yet the converse is much more invariable, that nothing should be taken when hunger does not demand it. This rule is constantly and grossly violated every day. Some are too lazy to eat; that is, they have not been engaged in sufficiently active exercise to create an appetite; they have not used up the food already taken. They should eat positively nothing until the time for the next meal. Some are too tired to eat; what they need then is rest. They say it rests them to eat, but in fact it exhausts them far more than it would to let the muscles or the brains recover partially through appropriation of the nourishment already in the blood, thus giving the vital powers a chance for the manufacture of gastric juice for the coming meal. After a half hour's rest they will be far better able to eat with safety to the digestive organs. This exhaustion, excepting in cases of prolonged fasting, is due not so

much to the lack of food as to lack of opportunity to assimilate nutrition from the blood, where it exists for a long time after it has been derived from the food. And the faintness that is often experienced from lack of an accustomed meal is more frequently due to nervous disorder, or to a craving for stimulus than to real inanition.

REGULARITY IN EATING.

The stomach is greatly governed by habit in preparing the supply of the gastric juice; it commonly is ready to do its part against the hour when we have taught it to expect its food; and as the food and the gastric juice must meet, this furnishes one of the strongest of arguments for regularity in the preparation of meals. A whole volume of dissertation on men, order, and housewifely propriety, would not have the force of this one fact, duly considered with reference to its influence upon the health and happiness of the household. The hours for eating, then, should be intelligently fixed, well known to all the members of the family, and scarcely ever deviated from. Even the absence of some loved one, or the tardiness of guests, should not keep the meal waiting above a few minutes, except on occasions so extraordinary as to excuse the inevitable sacrifice of health. A guest who is carelessly late should be taught better manners, and one who is unavoidably so will only be the more pained and embarrassed if he has kept the others waiting. But for the housekeeper to break up this regularity to suit the convenience of her work, or her visiting, is quite inexcusable, except upon the score of ignorance. We can not suppose that she is aware how unfavorably it will tell upon the health of all who are subject to such careless caprices.

People who allow themselves to be worked up into a great hurry should never eat while in that condition. The vital powers are all enlisted in the matters that have been under consideration, and they are not ready to supply the indispensable gastric juice. So those who are about starting on a journey often have no appetite, though very likely they think they must lay in a supply of food for future use, and perhaps, too, an extra supply, and take it a little before the regular hour, if "train time" demands it. Now this is all wrong. It is much better to start on an empty stomach than to do any of these things, and take the "extra supply" in an extra satchel or lunch basket. The latter article should be a standard piece of furniture in every family, and always used, if practicable, on a journey; then the travelers can control their own hours and leisure for eating

and commonly get better food than at way-side restaurants. If the traveling necessitates violent physical exercise, nearly full justice may be done to the resulting keen appetite; but if it is simple car-riding, a little less than the ordinary rations will be advisable. Withal it is even more desirable to avoid the obnoxious eating between meals than at home. It is full as hurtful, and much more venturesome. I am not aware that the stomach secretes gastric juice any more frequently on a journey than at other times, and yet some people are constantly nibbling at something while traveling. I am certain that they can not do so for the sake of the elegance or the refinement of such a practice, any more than for its healthfulness.

BRAIN WORK

should not be continued during the process of digestion, any more than manual labor. If the morning is to be devoted to mental labor the breakfast should be very light, and if the time be well employed, as it will then be likely to be, sufficient mental labor, at least of any one kind, can be performed before dinner—at 2 o'clock—to allow relaxation in some lighter pursuit afterward. In that case the morning's subject of thought should be entirely laid aside, and some light manual exercise be taken up, accompanied, if possible, by mental diversion, as singing or conversation, for fifteen or twenty minutes before eating. These directions, as well as the continuation of mental rest after eating, are based upon precisely the same grounds as those for the cessation from physical labor. The greatest difference between them is that in the one case the vital forces are expended mostly on the muscles, and in the other mostly on the brain, and when fully used in either place they can not, of course, at the same time manufacture gastric juice for the digestion of food.

I have very little sympathy with the hue and cry about the severity of mental labor, as if that were the cause of an unnatural strain upon the human being, and were killing off the race incalculably. The truth is that man is not only formed of body and mind, but the body was originally just as well fitted for the healthy residence of that mind, and could give scope and instrument for all its highest flights and widest powers as perfectly as any of the lower animals can exercise the functions for which they were created.

Man is a being of wonderful adaptabilities, which, however, he has woefully abused, and that not through the over-use of his mental powers, but through the gratification of his animal appetites. This strain involves the health

of both body and mind, but with variable results, so that often, while the body seems in health, the mind is inactive, and then again the mind will blaze forth with wonderful brilliance in spite of the physical infirmities that are dragging the body down to the very tomb.

To what extent the race has suffered mentally from its fearful physical degeneracy it is impossible to ascertain; but recent investigations showing the terrible results of intemperance in drinking upon our mental powers are keenly suggestive of what we may be suffering as the results of the bad eating of many generations of gluttonous and self-indulgent ancestors. The sins of parents in these respects are, with frightful literalness, visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations. But, without turning our eyes from these dark linings and fearful facts, we need not yet despair, for the stronger the proofs of our mental and physical degeneracy through these instrumentalities, the higher the hopes that we may build upon the results of right living, the greater the confidence we may repose on the elevating effects of a practical recognition of the Divine laws of our physical organization.

EVIL-SPEAKING.

"YOU do n't say so? Well now, I wouldn't have believed it! If ever there was a Christian I thought Mrs. Meeklin was one. Dear me, how easy it is to be mistaken!"

The speaker paused in her rapid work and seemed to be in deep meditation.

"I tell you, she's no better than she ought to be," said the neighbor addressed in an impressive stage whisper, meant to be very confidential.

"Well, well, I must say I am sorry to hear it"—there was real sympathy in the voice—"this very morning I meant to have sent her over a basket of these specked apples; you see there's more of 'em than I'll get used any way before they're entirely spoiled, and she might just as well have had 'em; howsomever, I do n't believe in countenancing them sort of people."

"You'd be doin' very wrong if you did, Matilda Bender, mark my words; you'd be partakin' of her sin. Many's the little knickknack I've sent her, too, but she's got all she'll get from me. To my thinkin' she's nothin' like as poor as she lets on to be."

"I did n't know she ever complained"—it was a low voice from the corner of the kitchen where the sewing-machine stood. The speaker had paused in her wearisome tread and regarded

the two women in the pantry near her with astonishment.

"La's now, Miss Melinda, I would n't have believed you could have heard our talkin', with that thing clickin' away like a young saw-mill. You need n't say any thing about what you've heerd, though. Let folks find her out for themselves, as I did. As you say, she never complained right out; she's too smart for that—a sigh, and a shake of the head, and a moan every now and then about the hard times, teches folks' hearts more than a fine made-up story. She knows how to do all them things—Mrs. Meeklin does. Why, I would n't believe that soft-faced woman if she was to put her hand on the Bible when she was tellin' me; she's as artful as a serpent, and as knowin'."

"Well, Mrs. Tattle, you know the Bible says we are to be wise as serpents but harmless as doves; I'm sure she is the last, and if by your own showing she is the first, she comes fairly up to the Bible standard; and what dare we say against her?"

"Well, Miss Melinda, if you choose to take up her cause you're welcome, but I know one thing, Mrs. Bender, I'll not let a daughter of mine go there to ruin her reputation. But I must be goin', for Jacob comes home precisely at twelve, and if dinner is n't ready he's as cross as our Towser when another dog steals his bone. If you have n't any objection though, Mrs. Bender, I would n't mind takin' a basket of them specked apples off your hands. As you're not agoin' now to send 'em down there, it's a pity, as you say, to let 'em spile."

"I'm sure you're welcome, Mrs. Tattle; I would n't have thought of offering you these poor things, though," heaping up a basket with the best of the apples she had just been sorting; and so Mrs. Tattle marched off with her spoils, chuckling at the cuteness which had got them transferred from "that detestable Mrs. Meeklin" to herself.

"I'm real sorry you gave her those apples, mother."

"Why now, child, you need n't begrudge her them specked things; it's more than likely the pigs would have got them any way."

"Well, better that than to encourage her in this habit of evil-speaking. I believe Mrs. Meeklin to be just as pure as Mrs. Tattle, and three times purer, for that matter; and to prove I think so I shall go down to see Eva Meeklin this very evening. I know Mrs. Tattle will stand at the gate till she sees where I'm going."

"O, daughter, I would n't do that; you might get a bad name too; wait till we can see for ourselves."

"No, mother, she should be treated as pure till we have positive proof she is not. Suppose we stand aloof from her, and another, and another, until finally the whole village, under Mrs. Tattle's judicious administration, do the same, her heart might be broken before any proofs could be presented—that would be satisfactory to our minds—that she was innocent. It would be a poor consolation to stand over her new-made grave and lay this salve to our conscience, 'We only meant to test her, not to kill her.'"

"Well, child, I really do n't know what to say—but look at the clock; it's too late for a regular cooked dinner; won't you make some fritters, you make better ones than I do, and I'll set the table and make some coffee right quick."

So both set to work, and Mr. Bender, when he came in from the store, had no idea that his favorite dish was of such hasty planning. In the midst of the confusion incident to dinner-getting, Mrs. Tattle and her scandal were forgotten; but in the afternoon, when the kitchen was all in order and Melinda had gone to her own room to rest and change her calico wrapper for her pink delaine, the whole thing came back to her, and her lip curled scornfully when she recalled Mrs. Tattle's flushed face and eager look as she had invaded their cozy kitchen that morning. It was evident from the first she had something to tell, and it was equally evident that it was a precious piece of slander; for Mrs. Tattle never looked just so except when she had heard something to the damage of some neighbor. She had brought her knitting ostensibly to spend a leisure hour, but Melinda could see she was very fidgety till Mrs. Bender's going to the pantry gave her an opportunity to follow, saying as she did so,

"La's now, Mrs. Bender, jest you go on with your work, I did n't come in to hinder you; I'll jest bring my chair in here, and then you can sort them apples and I'll knit."

The truth was, she was rather afraid of Melinda Bender, and could n't feel quite free to retail her morsels of gossip when she felt that those large gray eyes were upon her. Indeed, she had said to Mr. Tattle when he came in to dinner,

"If there's any one thing I hate it's Lindy Bender's eyes; she seems to look right through a body—regular cat eyes; do n't see what the young beaux see in them to go crazy over; and they're here, there, and every-where, just where you do n't want 'em to be."

Now, if there was one thing which Melinda Bender cared less for than another it was Mrs. Tattle's opinion; and that amiable lady had

some faint suspicion of the same, and it was a bitter drop in her cup. True to her purpose Melinda walked down to Meeklin's as soon as tea was over. Mrs. Tattle saw her and bit her lips.

"I'll see if that girl is going to despise her betters."

So saying she tied on her hood and, with a malicious smile, went out to make some calls and sow the seed of distrust; and so well did she do her work that when Sunday came not a family in the village but had heard the story and stood aloof from the Meeklins. At first they thought it mere accident that no one greeted them, but as Sunday after Sunday they went to their little chapel and returned without being spoken to by any one save Melinda Bender, they saw some terrible thing must have happened, and instead of trying to investigate they only remained more closely at home, and felt rather than talked about the slight. Had this been all they might have borne it, but, alas! they belonged to that hard-working and poorly paid class, sewing women; and now their former patrons drew off, one by one, until no work was to be had, and starvation stared them in the face. Mrs. Meeklin, at best an invalid, was obliged to take to her bed altogether, and Eva was left to fight the famine wolf and care for the loved one alone. Day after day she started out to seek employment, and as surely was turned away coldly. Each evening she came home disheartened, and would often have gone to bed supperless had it not been for Linda Bender, who remained her stanch friend despite her mother's timidly expressed fears that she too would lose caste. Mrs. Bender was naturally a kind woman but easily influenced, and the knowledge that Mrs. Tattle had more than once intimated that "Lindy" went "to them Meeklins' for no good" dismayed her.

"I do wish," she said, when Linda had returned from one of these evening visits, "that you would not go there so much. I'll send their supper down every evening by one of the little boys if you will stay at home."

"Mother!"

The young girl looked up from her sewing, on which she had seemed very intent since coming in, but in which in reality she had not taken a stitch; she was too busy thinking of the sad fate of the Meeklins. There was surprise and rebuke in her tones, and Mrs. Bender's eyes drooped, for she was a very timid woman.

"Can you think me so cruel as to desert Eva when I am the only friend she has left? This scandal is most outrageous. After all what

does it amount to?—a few hints thrown out by Mrs. Tattle of Captain Benson's visits at what seemed to her ladyship unreasonable hours, and then many shrugs of the shoulders and shakes of the head, and ominous whispers that Mrs. Meeklin 'is n't what she ought to be,' and that is all there is of it if it were sifted. I know very well I have not escaped Mrs. Tattle's insinuations. . . She would glory in bringing me down as low as she has brought Mrs. Meeklin and Eva, but, thank my stars, I am 'strong-minded,' as the villagers call me, and she'll never do it, never. Mother, it may be wicked in me," pausing in a rapid walk before the table where her mother was cutting out garments for the little ones, "but I do think I should love to see that woman, Mrs. Tattle, tortured on the rack awhile. For what is bodily suffering compared with the torture her victims have to undergo?—their characters torn to fragments as with the beak and claws of a vulture—their sensitive souls subjected to her stinging tongue till every nerve is aquiver with pain—a slow, wearing, gnawing death; her victims groan out while she walks about free. But her time will come! The measure she has meted shall be measured to her. After all I am glad the Bible says, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' I felt to-night when I saw poor Eva and her mother so heart-broken I should like to scorch her a little myself; but I have no doubt his Satanic majesty will have her in time enough to give her a full share."

"Linda! Linda!"

"Do n't hold up the warning finger, wife!—It's no use; Lindy's fairly started now, and you might as well try to catch our colt Fanny, as to stop her." Mr. Bender laid down his paper and laughed. "After all," said he musingly, "I do n't know but the girl's about right. It's one thing sartin, there's a deal too much use made of the tongue. People have no right to say things they've heard about others till they're sure it's truth, and even then the fair thing to do would be to see if they can't help these poor creatures into a better way of living before they take up the story and hand it round. Many a one has been driven off the track by just such a course as we've pursued with these Meeklins. I sha' n't interfere with you, Lindy, though it may be you're wrong. The truth will come to light some time. But it's a very serious thing to injure one's character without reason. I guess, mother, we need n't worry about Linda; she's always had sense enough to keep out of the fire."

He resumed his paper and the subject was dropped.

Linda continued to be a ministering angel in the little cottage of the Meeklins; and, in spite of the re-assertions of Mrs. Tattle, whose story increased a little every time it was told, until poor Mrs. Meeklin's crime grew to be of enormous magnitude, in spite of all this, Mrs. Bender had many a qualm of conscience when alone, and even had gone so far as to remonstrate with Mrs. Tattle, and suggest they might be wrong; but that lady overwhelmed her with a torrent of words, and Mrs. Bender submitted.

Weeks passed on, and one day all the matrons of Tellerton village had been invited to tea at Mrs. Tattle's—a rather unusual event—but that lady had gathered a larger bundle of gossip than usual, and was aching to unroll it; but just in the midst of it, when Mrs. Tattle had her favorite position, with every eye fixed on her, and every ear drinking in her subtle poison, Melinda Bender rushed into the room with a white face and blazing eye. Mrs. Bender, who sat meekly in one corner, uttered a faint little cry, but Melinda took no notice; her eye was fixed on Mrs. Tattle, and that worthy melted under its gaze. It seemed to scorch her, for she moved further back, as if to escape the blaze. In vain—Melinda came closer, until she could feel her hot breath, and a torrent of words, like molten lava, fell over her—

"Madam, I have probed your foul scandal to the bottom. I went over to Millville myself, ten miles and back, to-day, just to see the captain's wife, and tell her how you dared to bandy her husband's name from lip to lip."

"You surely did n't tell his wife!" she gasped.

"Yes I did, and showed up your mean, cowardly spirit, in its full magnitude to her. They were so far away you thought this scandal could not reach them, and so you could wreak your petty malice on innocent people undisturbed—people whom you hated because they were superior to yourself in refinement and virtue. But, ladies"—turning for the first time to the assembled company—"I can explain the whole matter to you. Captain Benson and his wife have known Mrs. Meeklin from childhood, and testify to her perfect purity of character. They were married and settled in life when she left her native place to become the bride of a man every way worthy of her. Neither heard any thing of the other until, years afterward, the captain while on business in Tellerton met her as she was carrying home some work. He immediately took his wife to see her, and, although she was glad to see them, she was embarrassed that they should meet under such circumstances, for she had been raised in luxury; and

to all their offers of help, put as delicately as possible, she would reply she could get along very well; it was kind, but she did not need. So they saw if they would not pain her they must help her secretly. Accordingly, on the three several occasions when Capt. Benson was there after dark, they had driven around by a back street, and the captain's wife held the horse while he carried a huge bundle up through the garden, and, slipping it just inside the kitchen door, 'ran for life'—as you have often said, in describing his exit, Mrs. Tattle—lest he should be seen. I am surprised you did not watch faithfully enough to see that his wife was waiting for him at the foot of the garden."

Linda's lip curled with scorn.

"But here are my informants; they can give you any particulars which I in my haste may have omitted;" and Linda swung back the door by which she had entered, disclosing the forms of Capt. Benson and wife.

Had a bomb-shell alighted in the center of the group the excitement could scarcely have been eclipsed. Some shrieked, one fainted, and poor little Mrs. Bender burst out crying; but Mrs. Tattle sat erect, evidently trying to keep up her dignity, though shaking in every limb. There was no help for it; the only way to come out with any honor was to acknowledge her wrong. She saw that clearly. But for once it was hard for Mrs. Tattle to get her voice; her mouth was parched and stiff, and the tongue, which had always been so voluble, this time refused to do her bidding. But she *must* speak; and so at length the words rolled slowly out, like drops of lead:

"I'm real sorry I made this mistake, and I'm willin' to say the same to Mrs. Meeklin."

"That you'll *never* do, Mrs. Tattle," said Linda, ruthlessly: "*Mrs. Meeklin is dead, and you killed her!*"

There was no tea got at Mrs. Tattle's that night, for she went into hysterics, and the ladies dispersed.

Shortly after the Tattles moved away from Tellerton; not, however, till Mrs. Tattle had seen another victim of her venom expire; for poor Eva had been too much bowed by the terrible strain upon her to recover, despite the kind care of the Benders, who took her to their own home. It pleased her to see the honor of her mother vindicated, and she was grateful for the attention shown her by the villagers, who contested with each other who could do her most service; but she was never known to smile, and in a few months was buried beside her mother. Whether this terrible lesson was a sufficient warning to Mrs. Tattle or not we

can not say, but fear not, for the habit of slandering seemed to have grown with her advancing years, till it had become inveterate, if not incurable. We can not hope to reclaim any of the numerous Mrs. Tattles of the social world; but we send forth this little sketch, hoping it may be of use to those who are only *beginning* to indulge that most despicable and dangerous vice—*evil-speaking*.

SPARE WELL, SPEND WELL.

ELLA'S and Lucy's husbands were each hard-working men, and had about the same income, but the difference in their home comforts was very marked. If a friend called to take tea with Ella she was always thrown into the greatest consternation and trouble. In private she opened her mind to her husband in no measured terms.

"She had nothing fit to set out a table with. The only decent table-cloth was in the wash; she had n't a clean napkin; her dishes were cracked and chipped, and not half enough of them; the coffee-pot leaked; she had n't a slice of cake in the house;" and so on indefinitely. If a guest came to stay over night her troubles were multiplied tenfold.

Now Lucy had none of these perplexities. Though her stores were simple and plain, they were sufficient and always in readiness. The cause of the difference lay in the fact that Lucy had learned the art of spending well. It is a greater art even than that of earning money. She made every dime tell.

"What are you going to trim your Spring dress with, Lucy?" asked her neighbor, running in one afternoon with her sewing, as she often did.

"O, some simple trimming made of the material," said Lucy indifferently. "I mean to cover buttons for it out of a scrap of silk I happen to have which matches nicely."

"Now I would be a Quaker in earnest. Are you not going to flounce it?"

"O, no, I like a plain skirt quite as well. The flouncing would cost an extra dollar, which I prefer putting into a nice covered dish I am coveting for my table. It will give me twice as much pleasure there."

"Well, I expect to put two flounces on mine, and a row of beautiful trimming above each flounce. I paid three dollars for the trimming, but would n't have Ned know it for any thing. He would think it extravagant."

"He would n't miss it much, would he, Ella? Now I can think of a dozen things I should

prefer to three dollars' worth of trimming for my dress. You could buy a nice table-cloth, with a set of respectable napkins with it, or a new rocking-chair, or four nice pear-trees, which would soon furnish you with an abundance of delicious fruit, or two nice calico dresses, or any number of small permanent comforts and conveniences about the house. You don't know how many nice things I have bought just by saving up my milk pennies—that glass sugar bowl and cream cup, covered butter dish, dessert dish, set of best cups and saucers, preserve saucers—and I have almost enough now to buy me a half dozen soup plates; we have taken our soap in saucers quite as long as I like."

"Why, you will need a china closet soon to hold your dishes," said Ella, looking at the nice shelf full with a half-envious feeling.

"I should like one, but this pantry shelf must answer for the present. Fred has one planned for rainy days' work. I have tacked this little white curtain so it hangs down over the shelf, and keeps out flies and dust."

"Well, I should never have thought of that; but it makes little difference. All my dishes are in constant use, and have no chance to get dusty. Did Fred make those nice drawers below the lower shelves?"

"Yes, this one is for table linen, and this for kitchen towels and tea towels," and she drew them out as she spoke.

"Dear me, what a supply you have! I do n't know how you could afford it."

"Believe me, Ella, they did not cost half what you spend on trifles that never show for themselves afterward. Money put into substantial gives us tenfold the real satisfaction that it does in fancy articles, which no one cares for but ourselves or scarcely notices. It was an old maxim of my father's to 'spare well and spend well.' He had no idea of hoarding his money, but he taught us from childhood to spend our pennies in something that would show where the money went. He always encouraged us when very little to buy pretty toys rather than candies, and when we grew older to get books and periodicals, which would please and instruct us all through the year, rather than toys."

"I wish I had been trained in a similar way; but it is too late now," said the other with a sigh.

"No, no, Ella," said her friend earnestly, "it is never too late to mend bad habits. Indeed, you are at just the time of life to take a new start, now you have a dear little home of your own to beautify. Indeed, I think this habit, of all others, is a very easy one to change,

when one really has a motive strong enough set before her. I remember reading of a young man who had squandered all of his fine estates by his dissipation, setting out at last to win them all back again. He resolved to take the first work that offered, which chanced to be unloading coals. He saved the small sum he obtained, and ate the lunch of cold meat and bread given him as a gratuity. So he saved up every penny he received, when it could be done, and at last won back not only his large estates, but died a noted, wealthy miser. This is an extreme case, but it shows how one can completely turn about in the matter of expenditure. I knew a small family who, before the war, used to spend about three thousand a year, having every luxury of the season lavishly provided for their table. But when every one grew straitened their habits changed most remarkably. The cake in their silver basket was cut in boarding-school slices. One chop was made to serve as the family breakfast. The small garden-plot was cultivated to the highest degree, affording nearly all the Summer vegetables for the family. They moved in the same fashionable circle as before, but within the home the most rigid economy was observed. If this family could turn about so thoroughly any body can. Now take a motive strong enough, Ella, and see if you do not surprise yourself. Do n't spend a dollar without making yourself give an account of it. Ned is a good provider, I know, and you can make your home just what you please if you will only exercise prudence and economy."

"Well, I will try in earnest, Lucy. A sight of your nice pantry and drawers of linen has just stirred up my ambition. Who is that stopping at your gate, Lucy?" she added, looking out of the window.

"Why, that is the weaver with my new-carpet; he is here sooner than I expected; but Fred left the money with me for it a week ago."

"I do n't see how you could ever make such a roll as this," said Ella, when the man had gone; and the two unrolled a yard or so of the fabric to see how it looked. "How many yards are there of it?"

"Twenty-one; just enough for my sitting room. It was all made up of odds and ends. I have been saving up scraps for it, and sewing a ball when I could this long time. I had a large bag full sewed when I was married."

"That's just like you. But I do n't believe I have got enough rags about the house to make a yard. I sold all the old clothes we had to an old china man, and my husband has n't mislaid an article since but what he says he

do n't doubt but that old china man has it. The scraps I sell for old tin, but I never get enough for them to pay for saving."

"And you never will, Ella; but you can make them into excellent common carpets. I never missed the time I spent over this; but now it is done, and I am very, very glad of it," and she looked at it with as much pleasure as a house mistress ever did her rich rolls of Brussels or Axminster.

Ella went home that day quite thoughtful, and with a new purpose in her mind. She turned over the trimming she had liked so well, and somehow it seemed to have lost half its luster.

"I wonder if the store-keeper would take it back," she thought. "It was the last of a piece, and he did not have to cut it. I will try at least," and putting on her hat once more she was soon at the counter. Ella was a good cash customer, so the smiling shop-keeper was very ready to oblige. Instead of a little package of trimming she could clasp in her hand, she took home a large parcel containing two good substantial table-cloths. How delighted she was with her purchase! She had hemmed them both before she went to rest, and taken a last pleased glance at them as they lay neatly folded in a bureau drawer. She had begun to taste the pleasure of spending well.

Edward had given her money for a new hat some time before, but now she determined to see what could be done with the pretty one she wore last year. The result was another handsome saving, which was speedily invested in some pantry stores she greatly needed. She was almost surprised at finding herself the possessor of so many new household comforts, and thoroughly believed in her friend's philosophy. It was easier to mend her bad early habits than she had supposed, and the result was in the highest degree satisfactory.

Let any skeptical young housekeeper, who finds herself in constant straits for needfuls for home comfort, try a similar experiment.

BEFORE GOD AND MAN.

HE that does as well in private, between God and his own soul, as in public, in pulpits and market places, hath given himself a good testimony that his purposes are full of honesty, nobleness, and integrity. For what Elkanah said to the mother of Samuel, "Am not I better to thee than ten sons?" is most certainly verified concerning God, that he who is to be our judge is better than ten thousand witnesses.

AUTUMN EVE.

ALL nature's life and king of grace
Hangs calmly in the western skies ;
Perpetual love shines on his face,
Eternal fires beam from his eyes.

His golden light and royal blue
Give robes of glory to the scene ;
On either hand, of gorgeous hue,
Grand palaces of cloud are seen.

Man's cup of life with bliss he fills,
Then, darting glances of his grace,
Kisses the verdure, trees, and hills,
And, laughing, hides his blushing face.

He clothes his queen with silver'd light,
And bids the stars to fill her train,
Crowns her to rule the solemn night
Till he shall break the morn again.

Our chariot world flies on its course
A hundred miles as quick as thought ;
Held by his great magnetic force
No fear to human hearts is brought.

Good mothers, with love's many cares,
Enjoy the sweet relief of night ;
With baths for children and their pray'rs,
They kiss "good-by" till morning light.

The merchants gladly close the store,
And, weary with the pains of trade,
Delight to watch rich Autumn pour
Her glories on the evening shade.

The sunburnt tiller of the soil
Reclines beside his cottage door,
And smiles to see the fruit of toil
Abundant for his Winter's store.

Mechanics from their work have ceased,
And find at home, with children fair,
The faithful wife, and supper feast
On what the farmer "had to spare."

Boys from a prison-life in mills
Stroll off to find the apples fair ;
With pockets full from plain or hills
They with the pale-faced maidens share

While most are resting in the scene,
This is the artist's hour of care ;
His skillful hands display the sheen
The God of nature makes her wear.

The thousand bells with gentle call
Speak out upon the evening air
In winsome tones, "Come one and all
To spend an hour with God in prayer."

Such quiet reigns no leaflet stirs,
You hear the breathing of the herds,
The frighten'd partridge as it whirs ;
Your thoughts are almost living words !

The forests of a thousand hues,
Made grand with God's own pencil ray,

Grow darker by the falling dews
While waning light now faints away.

The birds we love are in their nests,
Which they were taught to build of yore,
The glassy lake sleeps on the breasts
It laves—the ever-tranquil shore.

Here, nature's Summer work is o'er,
There, with the ever-beaming sun,
She quick applies her hands to more ;
Her "woman's work is never done."

Upon the deep and swelling seas,
Becalmed, a thousand sailors come,
All anxious for the hast'ning breeze
To waft them to the longed-for "home."

We sit upon our rolling world
Serene as angels float in light,
And thro' the shaded space are hurled
While heav'n's wonders greet the sight.

Earth turns her face without a care
To the dark wall of night for rest ;
To sleep on God's great lap of air
While we repose upon her breast.

Each watching star mounts to its place ;
With love they ceaseless vigils keep ;
Smiles just enough of light and grace,
That all may see to dream and sleep.

Dream of the rich and sweet delights
To all earth's creatures freely given,
And of the grander, rapturous sights
To greet each holy soul in heaven.

Let Autumn's snowy frosts appear ;
Old Winter's march of death may roll,
For there shall spring another year
Of endless Summer for the soul.

ONE NOTE WRONG.

BLUE bends the sky above—
Blue runs the stream below—
Earth quiet as a dove ;
Would that my heart were so !

Nor leaf nor shadow falls
On all the green hill-side :
Even to the cuckoo's calls,
Echo but half replied.

So lazy goes the hour,
The very dragon-fly,
Perched on the dosing flower,
Moves neither wing nor eye.

Bird, blossom, branch, and stream
All quiet as the air ;
And, lying as in a dream,
Earth seemeth passing fair.

O, what a hymn divine
Breathes from this golden noon ;
Only this heart of mine
Is beating out of tune !

READING.

WHY *should I read?* Because you were made to read. You might as well ask why you should eat bread and drink water. You were made to eat and drink, that your body may grow to be strong to do the work it was designed to do. You were made to read that your mind may grow and be strong to do the work it was designed to do. Reading is a means of mental culture, and an important means. Every one should employ it aright.

You should read in order to acquire knowledge—facts. There are classes of facts, and these have come to be pretty numerous, that all persons having any claim to intelligence are expected to know. These facts are, for the most part, to be found in books. They can be acquired only by reading.

Mere facts are not the most important of all things, but they are important. Some facts are more valuable than others, but none are altogether valueless. They constitute a portion of our knowledge, and there is no kind of knowledge which may not at some time be useful as an aid in acquiring further knowledge, or in directing action.

Facts are valuable only when they are clearly perceived and accurately remembered. Some men's minds seem to be filled with half-perceived and half-remembered facts. They know nothing as they ought.

Do not read books and expect facts to adhere to your mind, as moist snow adheres to the ball that the boy rolls. Give attention to each important fact, that you may see it clearly, and thus be prepared to remember it.

But to acquire facts is not the only reason why you should read. The mind, as you know, grows by exercise, and there are very valuable mental exercises in connection with reading. There is the exercise of attention, and of clear perception. The habits that may thus be formed may be of much greater value to you than the facts acquired.

Again: Reading gives one an opportunity for exercising discrimination and judgment. The reader, when reading, should stop and ponder what he has read. Is it true? is it right? is it beautiful? are questions which should be asked in regard to many of the things read. This is what is meant when you are told you must think when you read. Reading furnishes material for thinking. The more one reads the more he has to think about. Thinking makes a man. The greater a man's capacity for thinking the greater his influence with his fellow-men. To read without think-

ing is a waste of time, and a damage to the mind. He who keeps on reading without thinking will form a habit of not thinking. When this habit is formed it will be difficult to correct it.

The reason why some men derive more advantage from reading than others is that they think of what they read. Perhaps they read but comparatively little. They think a great deal.

I am not sure that the great increase of books is not an evil. When there were but few books thoughtful persons read the few within their reach very thoughtfully. The best men of a former generation are not a whit inferior to the best men of the present day. They had fewer books, and hence had to think more. Thinking made them men.

2. What shall I read? Useful books. There are useful books in every department. Read historical works. There are certain historical facts that every reader is supposed to know. Allusions are constantly made to them by writers and speakers. Such are the facts relating to the leading events and leading men of Greece and of Rome. Books containing those facts must be read, or the frequent allusions to them will be unintelligible.

Read good biographies—lives of men who attained excellence in some department of action or of literature, and served their generation by the will of God. Models of excellence will thus be placed before the mind. You will be stimulated to rise above the commonplace and vulgar.

Books giving an account of men who rose by their own efforts from obscurity to eminence are especially worthy of being read. Many a young man has been strengthened to contend with difficulties and stimulated to higher effort by perusing the life of Henry Kirke White.

Read essays written by the leading minds in English literature. Every one should know who Bacon was, and Johnson, and Addison, and Goldsmith. Some portion of their works should be read by every one.

Select some first-rate author or authors as your constant companions. You become like those with whom you intimately associate. We judge of a man's tastes by the company he keeps. We know that he must resemble his companions. It is a law of mind that our minds become assimilated to those with whom we come in frequent contact. We not only insensibly imitate their manners; we acquire their habits of thought and feeling.

So with books. We commune with the minds of authors through their books. If we thus

hold frequent communion with a pure and lofty mind, our minds will catch something of their spirit and power.

Read the works of the best poets. There are few minds who do not, in early life at least, enjoy poetry. Many regarding it as a mere luxury cast it aside, and seek for what they call useful reading. Poetry may be very useful reading. Men were not made to be coarse and vulgar beings. They have no right to be coarse and vulgar. They are under obligation to subject themselves to refining, elevating influences. The works of the true poet furnish this influence.

Read good works of fiction. The imagination was made to be exercised, and it may receive a healthful exercise in reading works of imagination produced by first-class minds. This rule should be rigidly adhered to. In other departments of literature, especially those which deal with matters of fact, the productions of second-rate minds may often be read with advantage; but not so in the department of fiction. The production of an inferior mind can not be read without injury. There is not merely the waste of time; there is a slackening of all the mental energies.

The great majority of the works of fiction, well-nigh as numerous as the frogs of Egypt, are the product of inferior minds, and should be avoided altogether.

Read the book of books, the Bible. It contains truths more grand and elevating than are to be found in any of the works of man. It alone is able to make us wise unto salvation. But aside from the great end for which it was given, it is the most profitable book in the world. It makes us familiar with truths whose educating force is greater than the truths of science. If a man had no other object in view than intellectual improvement, and he could have but one, that book should be the Bible.

When shall I read? When you have time. "But," says one, "I have no time." You mean that you have not hours of unbroken leisure each day. You have some spare moments each day. The late Hon. Abbot Lawrence, when a clerk, kept a book in the dining-room of his boarding-house. Sometimes he had to wait a few moments for breakfast. He spent that time in reading. He thought over what he read while walking to the store in which he was a clerk.

The above is a specimen of the way in which he redeemed the time. He became one of the best-informed men of his day.

"Try," says the late James Hamilton, "what you can make of the broken fragments of time.

Glean up its golden dust; those raspings and parings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. And thus, if you be a miser of moments, if you be frugal and hoard up odd minutes, and half-hours, and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings may eke out a long and useful life, and you may die at last richer in existence than multitudes whose time is all their own."

OUR COMMON GARDEN FLOWERS.

COMMON flowers! And why are they common? Why have the same familiar blossoms been treasured for centuries as household favorites, and reared, watched, trained, tended, with jealous care, but because of their beauty and fragrance? "Common in old country gardens" may be found appended to some description, couched in the terse language of science, in learned botanical works; and the flower described will be some time-honored floral friend, which has greeted generations of men with its pleasant odors. The sounding Latin or Greek of its authorized baptismal name lies obsolete in the pages of science, known only to those skilled in the pedigrees of the vegetable families; while some cheery, familiar, pet name is ready on our lips, and has been ennobled by poetry and romance. The Dandelion is only a common flower. Only! Why, if the *Taraxacum Dens-leonis* was a Japanese novelty, it would be sought after by florists as a rare beauty, and gardeners would grow it at prices which would enrich the poor women who now laboriously carry their Spring crops from door to door. By the way, the origin of the common name is curious. The leaves of the plant are cut into broad, triangular teeth, and the old French name was *dents de lion*, that is, lion's teeth, which, in its anglicized pronunciation, has become dandelion.

But we should not, in our love for common names, despise the nomenclature of science. Many are apt to attach an idea of pedantry to a use of those terms which are employed in the more recondite treatises on objects in nature. This is a mistake. In times past, when botany was scientifically understood but by a few, when the familiar books which are now so common were unknown, the people—the unfettered people especially—gave their own vernacular names to the flowers which they culled in their Summer rambles. But we see that nowadays some of our most familiar blooms are as familiarly known by their scientific names

as others which have come down to us from olden times with fanciful, even superstitious names. The Verbenas, with their brilliant scarlet heads, the Portulaccas, with their flaming eyes, the Wistaria, with its purple pendent bunches, the Gladiolus, with its many-colored erect spikes—all these are known to us by no other names than those which are current in sedate science. Even such an almost pronounceable and unspellable name as *Eschscholtzia* has received as yet none more simple for its beautiful orange-yellow delicate flowers. Let us not, then, discard the Latin and Greek baptisms; for while Daisy and Marguerite are only known to their English and French gatherers, *Bellis* and *Leucanthemum* find acquaintances over the whole world among the freemasonry of science.

How beautiful they are, these common flowers! No strange new-comer can ever outvie the Rose—the old Cinnamon Rose, the Sweet-Brier, with its deliciously fragrant leaves, the Moss-Rose, which is a variety of the Cabbage-Rose, with the sepals copiously fringed, and the White Rose, which never outgrows its sweet blush when it first unfolds its virgin leaves. Nothing more splendid in color has yet eclipsed the Tiger-Lily; and, for purity and fragrance combined, the White Lily stands among the best beloved. In glancing over the well-known flowers which have been for centuries the decoration of the poorest cottage as well as the most luxurious villa, it is surprising to see how many have retained their hold, in spite of the insatiate thirst for novelty which has stocked our gardens and greenhouses with hosts of new-comers. The Woodbine, so fragrant and so suggestive of romance and poetry, is cherished as fondly now as ever. The English name seems not to have been adopted freely in this country. We generally call it the Sweet Honeysuckle. The Violet, which was once so very common, has given way to the Pansy, which is only a largely developed form. This name is a corruption of the French pet name *Pensée*, meaning a thought. The fragrant little blue Violet, which is sold in bunches in the Spring, is another species. The Flower-de-luce of old gardens still rears its sword-like leaves overtopped with its pearly heads. This name, so common to our grandmothers, is a corruption of *Fleur-de-lis*, and has given way to Iris. Every body may not know that the Orris-root of the stores is another corruption of Iris-root, and that it is furnished by an Italian species, kindred to our garden form. The Lilac, or Laylock, as the old people used to call it, is as welcome as ever when it hangs out its

fragrant bunches of bloom among the earliest of Spring's blossoms. The Four-o'clocks open their crimson tubes with as much beauty as when, years ago, they formed the staple of the little border, a foot or two wide, which was called "the garden" in our boyish days. Nothing has a more spicy odor now than the Gilliflower—Jellyflower, as we used to call it—a corruption of July Flower, and possibly an Anglicized change of *Giroflée*, the French name. Nothing is more brilliant than the Peony, the Piny of the country folks, with its great crimson and white masses of petals. Who would suppose that those redundant heads of color were all the result of garden culture, and that the original plant displayed but five of those hundred or more closely packed leaves! This is true of many of our commonest flowers. The Dahlia, which shows such a dense array of incurved leaves of every hue, had originally only five flat leaves. We have given it no pet name, and certainly its set, formal, stiff beauty will never win it one. When we luxuriate in the intoxicating beauty and perfume of our beds of Hyacinths, we should scarcely imagine that the wild plant was a little spike of a few single, simple bells. The tender, loving care of man has magnified it into those heavy, closely packed cones of gorgeous beauty. But none the less do we love the delicate little Lily of the Valley, with its tiny, snow-white cups, and an aroma which has never lost its wild-wood association. We could never account for the celebrity of the Tulip. Gorgeous it certainly is, but it is stiff, and gaudy, and flaring. And yet there is probably no single flower which has so delighted florists in times past. The Dutch at one time had a veritable Tulip mania, and paid fabulous sums for a single bulb. But all feel a sort of affection for the little Snow-drop, the first of all Spring's offspring. We have seen its graceful white blossoms, even in this cold climate, long before February was over. And scarcely less welcome is the Crocus when its party-colored little balloon-like flowers peep out from some sunny bank where the early Spring sun has awakened it from Winter sleep sooner than its fellows. Then later comes another favorite, not beautiful, but redolent of sweetness, the Mignonnette, grown in every garden, grown in pots, in boxes, every-where up to the poor work-girl's attic, where it is field, garden, and grove to her, as the heated city air wafts its fragrance into her close, wretched abode. Here is a pet name. *Mignon* in the French for "darling," and the added *ette* makes it tenderer still, as this is the diminutive of the language, and signifies Little Darling.

Then comes a whole family, beloved by all, that has no enemies, and is welcome to queens as well as peasants—Pinks. Their brilliant colors, the delicate fringing of their many rows of petals, and their almost overpowering wealth of odor, keep them among the most precious of our floral treasures. The Clove-Pink is the parent of the beautiful varieties so prized under the name of Carnation and Picotees. The little, low, mottled species, Pheasant's Eye, is most common in gardens, and forms the staple of the inclined boxes of our corner stores which offer garden-stuff to Spring purchasers. The Sweet-William—how did such a name ever originate?—is about as common. If any one will examine the single flowers which unite to form its dense cluster, he will be struck with the exquisite markings it will show, and perhaps wonder he never noticed it before. Quite in another style is a flower which was so very common that it ceased to be common until florists took hold of it and turned its few petals into many—the Hollyhock. Its large rosy eyes and soft foliage and stately port were necessary to a garden not many years ago; then people said, "It is so common!" and they left it out. But latterly the gardeners have exerted on it a force which, working on the plastic tendencies of all organic structures, has Darwinized it, and now the tall spikes are covered with great double masses glowing with color, and it has again become an established ornament. Statelier still is the Sunflower, which is the giant of our annuals. We used to see its broad disk expanding, set round with diverging rays, and mark the little knobby protuberances of its swelling seeds. But those innovating gardeners again, ever ready to alter Nature as they find her, have taken the old-fashioned Sunflower in hand, and now we see a gigantic disk, as big as a dinner-plate, set with crisped yellow leaves thousands in number. We may be old foggyish; but give us the familiar friend. Moore wrote a most beautiful simile when he told of its "turning to her God," etc.; but, like many poetic fancies, it was not strictly founded on truth. One may see sunflowers looking in all directions, quite regardless of the god of day. The heavy head does, however, sometimes change its position, owing probably to the desiccation of the cells of the flower base, under the scorching heat of the sun, and the consequent drooping of the flower in their direction. The Marigolds have always been established favorites every-where. In every country garden, where there is a border ever so narrow, may be found the golden heads of the Pot Marigold, and the dense bunches of the so-called African Marigold, which comes from South

America. These have been greatly increased in size of later years, and form one of the most striking ornaments of the Fall months. The French Marigold has smaller flowers; but their rich dark maroon and yellow colors are very handsome, and they blossom without cessation till the hard frosts kill the plants. Equally familiar is the Bee Larkspur, which is so named from the close resemblance which the bearded, folded petals, in the center of the flower, have to a bee half buried in it. Not quite so common is another species, with shining deeply cut leaves and a loose spike of flowers of a deep, rich blue. Then there is the little annual, Field Larkspur, with its finely cut foliage, and spikes of flowers of mingling pink, blue, and purple. At about the same time comes the Monk's-hood; and what child that ever played in a garden has not been shown its curious flowers, so well named? The two petals, which are partly developed, stand like two little delicate pot-hooks together, concealed by the large hollowed upper sepal, which covers them like a monk's hood. It is very poisonous, and furnishes the aconite of physicians, now so extensively employed by homœopathsists. Balsams are among the best known of flowers, and these have been wonderfully improved by culture. We used to have the single blossoms hanging loosely under the radiate crown of leaves; now they have been made double, and grow in a dense mass around the pellucid stem. The seed-vessel cracks and curls with an instantaneous snap when pressed. This curious habit is probably due to a difference in the distention of the outer and inner cells. So long as the upper and lower ends of the divisions of the seed-vessels are held extended by their mutual pressure, they retain their elongated form; but when this mutual support is destroyed, the greater turgidity of the outer cells forces the inner to contract, which they do instantaneously. Hence their familiar name, Touch-me-nots. The Crown Imperial is one of the greatest ornaments of Spring. Its rich, rapid growth, its coronal of pure green, beneath which hang the red, tulip-like bells, make it one of the pleasantest new-comers of the early season. With it comes the Daffodil, or Daffy, as it is commonly called, with its bright yellow cups, generally double, and long, slender leaves; and the Jonquil, with short cups, equally bright and very fragrant; and the Poet's Narcissus, with pure white petals and a short, stiff cup, beautifully bordered with crimson and yellow, and very sweet-scented. A fragrant, lovely flower is a thing of joy and beauty, and it requires no study to enjoy the glories of the floral world.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

LITTLE EDDIE'S FAITH.

"If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it. John xiv, 14."

"PLEASE, dear Lord Jesus, give us another baby." I think that some good angel must have come down from his far-off radiant home, and dropped the thought into the sorrowful heart of the little boy, for the tiny tear-stained face, that was lifted heavenward from the dear mother's lap by which he had been kneeling, was beaming with the light of a new and beautiful hope; and the soft little voice, although still husky with sobs, was glad and tremulous from some sweet and new-born joy.

That day a great sorrow had come into little Eddie's heart and home, for little Frankie, the youngest, and the pet and darling of that happy household band, had gone to dwell with the angels. All the long Winter he had been ailing. Whether the winds that swept down from the snowy bosom of glorious old Mt. Hood were too bleak and chill for the tender lamb I know not, but every day he grew thinner and whiter, and would turn away with a sickly, plaintive moan, instead of breaking out into a merry laugh as he was wont to do, whenever his brothers "bo-peeped" at him, or played horse around the room. And just when the first sweet days of Spring began to smile, and the snows to melt, and go dancing in laughing rivulets down the steep old mountain side, and the robins were trilling their song among the orchard trees, and they were hoping that the winds which were beginning to blow so softly and warmly from the south, would bring the roses back to those little white cheeks, and impart freshness and vigor to that little faded form, he suddenly closed his eyes and ears to all earthly sights and sounds, and, clasped close to the bosom of the Good Shepherd, went up to dwell in "green pastures and beside the still waters."

O, what a sorrowful day it was to them all when the light went out of those sweet, dark eyes forever on earth, and the patter of those busy feet grew still, and the music of that merry, prattling tongue was hushed by the cold, stern mandate of Death; and it was with an aching heart that little Eddie knelt at his mother's knee to say his evening prayer. After he had repeated "Our Father," and, "Now I lay me," he proceeded in his usual way to ask the good God to "bless dear papa and mamma," and

brother "Willie and Freddie, and dear little baby Frankie," he was about to say, but remembering just then the little pale, cold, white-robed sleeper in the parlor, for whom no prayers might now avail, and who, on the morrow, would be hidden away forever from their sight and love in this life, and, burying his face in his mother's lap, he wept long and convulsively. Then it was that some good angel, flying about on his errands of love and mercy, beholding and pitying him, dropped the sweet hope into his heart which sent the bright smile to his face, and called forth from his lips that earnest and loving petition, "Please, dear Lord Jesus, give us another baby."

The next day "baby Frankie" was laid away beneath the cold, damp valley sods, and Eddie wept, as well he might, for the loss of that dear little brother who had been such a source of delight to their happy home; but it was not with the same degree of bitterness that had marked his grief the night before, for that same sweet hope that had come to him then was still making glad music in his heart, and that night the same fervent, hopeful petition was again breathed into the listening ear of the Father of mercies, and the next night, and every night for a whole long year, at the end of which time the faith that had never for a moment wavered during that long and weary waiting, was at last triumphant, for the dear Lord Jesus did, indeed, send another baby—a darling little dimpled thing, with the bluest and brightest eyes, and the softest and plumpest cheeks, and the tiniest hands and feet that the delighted eyes of the little brothers had ever gazed upon—a sister, too, and the very first they had ever called by that loving name. It was beautiful, it was almost holy, to witness the delight of little Eddie when he was told to go into his mamma's room and see his new baby sister.

Softly approaching the crib where the little one lay sleeping, he bent down and touched the soft, warm cheek with the tip of his finger, as if to assure himself that there was no deception about the matter, and that it was a real *bona fide* flesh and blood baby. Upon receiving the glad assurance he sprang up with his eyes sparkling like stars, and his face radiant with pleasure, and flinging his arms around his brother Willie's neck exclaimed, in an ecstasy of rapture, "O, I knew He would do it; yes, I

knew He would do it. Did n't I say God would do it, Willie? Did n't I tell you he would?" And when the tiny sleeper stirred as if about to awake, he whispered softly, "Come; let us go away, Willie, for fear we might disturb her, for she must be so very tired, you know, coming down so far, and in the night too."

I had almost forgotten to say that Willie had, too, made that loving petition the burden of his prayers for a few times, but, thinking the blessing was too long delayed, had become discouraged, and ceased asking for it long before, although urged by Eddie to persevere, as God's promises were most sure.

At his prayers that night Eddie began as usual, "Please, dear Lord Jesus, give—" but just then remembering the great joy that had that day come into their hearts and home, he checked himself, and then, with a beaming face, broke out again with, "O, I thank the good God for giving us the dear baby; and now, dear Lord Jesus, please let us keep her."

I think that the little boy's prayer in that respect is just as likely to be answered as in the other, for the last intelligence I had from the baby sister was, that she was fast growing up into a healthy, beautiful, and happy-hearted girl, to whom her brothers were devoted, and particularly Eddie, who regards her with the most tender care and affection as one to whom he has especial claims for—did he not ask the good God for her?

And now I must tell you of my introduction to little Eddie. Sitting by my side, on that pleasant vine-wreathed porch, that fair, sweet Summer day, where the mother of little Eddie was relating to me the story of her dear boy's love and faith, was my little friend Georgie, of five brief Summers, eagerly drinking in every word of the beautiful story, told as only a mother, and a Christian mother, could tell it, with quivering lip and tear-dimmed eyes.

The next morning little Georgie and I were rambling over the beautiful grounds which surrounded his father's mansion, when, turning to look, at the click of the gate, I beheld approaching us a little boy with a wonderfully sweet, pale face, and large, dark, loving-looking eyes. Just then little Georgie, who had wandered off to a distant part of the grounds, came running toward me as fast as his nimble little feet would carry him, exclaiming, all breathless with excitement, "Mrs. T., this is the little boy that kept on praying for the baby."

As I took his hand in acknowledging the introduction, I could not refrain from printing a kiss on that fair and noble brow, breathing a prayer meanwhile that that faith might be kept

strong and pure in that loving little heart through all the ills of life, until, bearing him safely over Death's dark and troubled sea, at last he should stand high on the hills of God.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

CHILDREN very often become attached to dogs as playmates and companions, and sometimes prefer enjoying their society to that of boys or girls of their acquaintance. Their pets have a good time if the master or mistress happen to be in a good humor; they are fondled, caressed, patted, and coaxed affectionately, and are not altogether forgotten when the hour comes for breakfast, dinner, or supper. But alas for poor Carlo, Watch, Fido, or Neptune, whatever the name may be, if his master loses his temper, for it is more than probable that he will suffer, and receive a kick, cuff, or a blow, or perhaps go supperless to sleep, having had no notice taken of his many affectionate demonstrations. Poor creatures! they bear it all with mute and patient silence and appealing looks, while you are comfortably eating and satisfying your own appetite, regardless of the wants of the dumb animal by your side, who wistfully watches every mouthful that is swallowed, but who never dares to evince his hunger or anger at the neglect, or ill usage; for a bark or snap, or worse yet, a bite, would banish them from the household as surly, dangerous animals, or it might be said, "That dog is sick; he is going mad." And consequently he may expect to be shot or knocked in the head, or come to some other untimely end shortly.

The story that will be related here is a true one, and we hope, if the children read or hear it, that it may be remembered, when they feel impatient and disposed to treat with harshness any dog who has never displayed any thing but kind feeling and affection toward its owner; for the following story shows that a dog can be a true and faithful friend.

A little boy named Theodore came home from boarding-school one Winter to spend his Christmas holidays. He was a bright, cheerful, affectionate fellow; all of his friends loved him dearly, his parents idolized him, and Rollo, a great, black Newfoundland dog, with white paws and one white ear, welcomed him with as much joy and delight as any one else; and though he could not speak of his affection in words, he testified it in a great many rough ways that Theodore understood and appreciated very much indeed. He jumped about his young master in a very awkward, uncouth style, but Theodore

knew what he wished to express, and hugged his shaggy head, and shook hands with his coarse paws, and never grew tired of Rollo, who followed him closely when he went out to walk, and always ran after the carriage when he was driving, and in the house would lie down at Theodore's feet, where he slept soundly until his master made a move, then Rollo would start up, stretch his great body, shake himself, and be quite willing and ready for any expedition—it seemed as if he could not bear to have his master out of sight.

One bright, clear Winter day in Christmas week Theodore brought out his skates, and sharpened them carefully, thinking he would try them on a pond not far from his house.

Rollo was at his side as usual, looking up in his face intelligently, and wagging his bushy tail as if he knew all about the expedition, and was ready to accompany his master anywhere. So when the skates were sharp enough and strapped over his shoulder, they started off together, Rollo bounding along through the woods, dashing aside the snow from the narrow path, and barking and looking back every other moment in order to see if his master was safely following.

"Theodore," said his mother before he came out, "do n't venture on the ice unless it be very safe and thick."

He promised that he would be very careful, and now when he reached the pond he looked anxiously over its treacherous white surface as it lay stretched out before him, in its icy, motionless Winter slumbers.

"It looks safe enough," he thought, as he paused near the edge. Rollo wagged his tail; he stood still by his side, not daring to venture on the pond before his master.

"I'll just try the edge first, and see if it is n't safe, old fellow," said Theodore, patting Rollo's head kindly.

He unstrapped his skates, and leaving them on the bank, stepped cautiously on the ice; as it did not crack or tremble beneath his weight, he thought certainly if it could bear him there it must be thicker toward the middle.

Little dreamed he of the danger ahead. He did not know that, the day before, the men had been working there, and made an opening in the ice, over which a very thin crust was frozen, that would not stand his slight weight. He gained more confidence as he walked on at every step, when suddenly, without any warning, and before he had time to prevent it, the ice gave way, and in a moment he was struggling in the cruel dark water, which drew him rapidly under the thickest ice. In vain he

grasped and clutched the thin crust which had broken under his weight. Wherever he touched it it broke off in small pieces in his fingers, and, shivering and exhausted, the icy, deceitful current drew him under, and his body disappeared.

Rollo barked frantically; the woods echoed with his cries, but no one was in sight, no assistance came, no sound was heard but the echoing of poor Rollo's call for help. He ran round and round the dark hole where he had seen his master disappear, and then his dismal bark resounded again through the silent woods. But useless as before, no one obeyed, no one understood his distress. Rollo was the only witness of the accident.

Half an hour after, Theodore's mother heard Rollo's well-known bark; it was loud and furious, and she supposed at first that Theodore had returned with him, but when it continued, and became louder and more excited, her curiosity induced her to go to the window, and there she saw faithful Rollo without his master, but with his skates in his mouth. He held them for a moment, then dropping them he recommenced his frantic, dismal bark, telling, as plainly as it was possible for him, that some unfortunate accident had overtaken his young master.

The family were alarmed, and summoning assistance hastened to the pond, led by Rollo, who appeared overjoyed at his success, running ahead and showing them by unmistakable signs where the accident had occurred.

When they reached the pond the dark hole in the ice told its own story; the surrounding ice was quickly broken, and after much delay Theodore's body was recovered, but, alas! too late to restore his life; he had ceased to breathe, and though every means was long and at first hopefully used, they were of no avail; the spirit had fled.

If the hole made in the ice had been larger Rollo would have rescued him from this cruel death by dragging him out of the water before he left the spot to give the alarm to his friends. As it was the dog did all that he could, and could not at first understand, when the body was recovered, why his dear master could not notice and return his demonstrations of delight, as he followed the sorrowing and afflicted family home.

He appeared to comprehend the sad misfortune the next day, when he missed his playmate and companion, and the family found that he had crept softly to the door of the room where Theodore's body was lying. There he remained, stretched out in silence, refusing all food and sustenance when offered, and con-

tinuing there until he was forcibly removed, and locked up the day his young master was buried. His friends mourned and sorrowed for the bright little boy who made home cheerful, and of all his old playmates and companions, none testified greater sorrow for his loss than his faithful Rollo. He was listless and quiet for a long time afterward, and if he had known where Theodore was he perhaps would have gone to his grave and lain down there and died, for dogs have been known to do this when they have been very fond of their owners.

"Old dog Tray 's ever faithful,
Grief can not drive him away;
He is gentle, he is kind;
I 'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray,"

THE DRUNKARD'S SON.

A LITTLE boy stood in the door of a dilapidated house in the suburbs of a country village. His threadbare dress was of finer texture than seemed appropriate to such a lowly dwelling, and there was an easy gracefulness in the child's manner that bespoke an early training more refined than the children of poverty usually receive.

Eight Summers only had the boy seen; but there was an unnatural thoughtfulness on his brow, and as he stood absorbed in the contemplation of a subject evidently painful, his eye gleamed with a strange light, his bosom heaved, the blue veins in his fair young brow grew swollen and rigid, and the deep flush of anger spread over those beautiful features.

"Mother," exclaimed he, turning suddenly toward a pale woman who sat busily plying her needle, "I shall run away. I can't live in this old house and be half starved, and see you work day and night—and all because my father will get drunk. Yesterday the boys got angry with me, and called me the 'son of a drunkard.' I can't bear it, mother; I will run away."

The mother gazed on her boy as he stood there with clinched fists and gleaming eye, and the hot tears rained down her cheeks, for she knew how it must be for her sensitive boy to meet the cold scorn of the world. "And leave your mother?" was her only answer. It was enough.

"I will never leave my poor mother," said the boy, as he threw himself sobbing on her bosom. "They may call names, if they will; and, mother, if we starve, we will starve together," he added, sinking his voice almost to a whisper.

"We shall not starve, my son," said the

mother, kissing him fondly. "He who said, 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows,' will take care of us." "Can you trust God, my child?"

"Yes, mother—and I will never leave my dear, good mother." And the child forgot alike his anger and its cause, and with a light heart bounded away to join his playmates.

Day after day passed, and the high spirit of the boy was often chafed by the scorn and taunts of his companions. The cruelty of an inebriate father, and the wretchedness of a drunkard's home, imparted no healing balm, no soothing influence. Yet he loved his mother; for her sake he was willing to endure; and the strong restraints of her love kept him from the vices to which he was constantly and fearfully exposed.

We can not tell his heart struggles—can not tell how those aspirations to be and to do, rising, as they do, in every noble soul, did often gild his future with their radiance, only to be shrouded in darkness. Hard indeed is the heart of a drunkard. But we can tell how nobly he clung to that mother in all those years, and how honorably and successfully he fills one of the best pulpits in the land, aided in every good work by that wise, loving, and pious mother.

GO TO SLEEP EARLY.

MANY children, instead of being plump and fresh as a peach, are as withered and wrinkled as last year's apples; because they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that the bones grow only during sleep. This I can not say, certainly; but I do know that those little folks who sit up late at nights are usually nervous, weak, small, sickly. The reason you need more sleep than your parents is, because you have to grow, and they do not. They can use up the food they eat in thinking, talking, and working, while you should save some of yours for growing. You ought to sleep a great deal; if you do not, you will in actively consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with. Very few smart children excel, or even equal, other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, if not their bodies, are kept too busy; so that they can not sleep, rest, and grow strong in body and brain. Now, when your mother says, Susie or Georgia, or whatever your name may be, it is time to go to bed, do not worry her by begging to sit up "just a little longer." But hurry off to your chamber, remembering that you have a great deal of sleeping and growing to do to make you a healthy, happy, useful man or woman.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A LAY SERMON TO YOUNG LADIES—DR. DIO LEWIS.—Now, ladies, I will preach to you just a little sermon, about an inch long. I do n't often preach, but in this case nothing but a sermon will do.

Firstly—You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creations. In the Continental galleries I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wondrous beauty of a woman's body.

Now stand with me at my office window and see a lady pass. There goes one! now is n't that a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big lumps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of hair or bark piled on the top of her head, surmounted by a little flat, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc. The shop windows tell us, all day long, of the paddings, whalebones, and steel springs which occupy most of the space within that outside rig.

In the name of the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask, how is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound, double and twisted, touch-me-not artificiality, as you see in that wriggling curiosity?

Secondly—With that wasp waist, squeezing your lungs, stomach, liver, and vital organs, into one-half their natural size, and with that long tail dragging on the ground, how can any man of sense who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work, how can he take such a partner? He must be desperate indeed, to unite himself for life with such a fettered, half-breathing ornament!

Thirdly—Your bad dress and lack of exercise lead to bad health, and men wisely fear that instead of a helpmate, they would get an invalid to take care of. This bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind as well as the body fuddled and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism! I know you giggle freely and use big adjectives, such as "splendid," "awful," but then this does n't deceive us: we see through it all. You are superficial, affected, silly; you have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to man. Why, you have become so childish and weak-minded, that you refuse to wear decent names even, and insist upon baby names. Instead of Helen, Margaret, and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie, and Lizzie.

When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobby, Dicky, and Johnny, but when they grow up to manhood, no more of that silly trash if you please. I know a woman of twenty-five years, and she is as big as both of my grandmothers put together, and her real name is *Catherine*, and though her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of State, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim once in four minutes, "Do n't now, you are real mean."

How can a man propose a life partnership to such a silly goose! My dear girls, you must, if you would get husbands, and decent ones, dress in plain, neat, becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters.

You say that most sensible men are crazy after those butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally a man of brilliant success may marry a silly, weak woman, but to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men choose women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with those overdressed and forward creatures, but they do n't ask them to go to the altar with them.

Fourthly—Among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are independently rich; and in America such very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, they dare not, ask you to join them, while they see you so idle, silly and gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength, that your life is earnest and real, that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry, then marriage becomes the rule, and not, as now, the exception.

MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.—No child, however sentimental, will love a home simply because it has the name of one: If we would have our children love it, we must make it lovely—we must give them something to love in the home.

Now if the principal ideas which a child has of his home are, that it is a place where he gets his meals

and where he sleeps ; where, if he is little, he is perpetually found fault with ; where he must keep quiet ; where at night-fall he must sit stupidly waiting till bed-time ; or, if he have grown older, he can only deem it a dreary room in which he must employ himself as best he may, while the father sits at his paper or dozes in his chair, and the mother is silently busy with her sewing or her book ; if such be the aspect of home, one need not wonder that children learn to look elsewhere for pleasure, and seek to find amusement in other circles, or that home is forsaken as soon as it is possible to leave it.

It is practicable to make home so delightful that children shall have no disposition to wander from it or prefer any other place ; it is possible to make it so attractive that it shall not only firmly hold its own loved ones, but shall draw others into its cheerful circle. Let the house, all day long, be the scene of pleasant looks, pleasant words, kind and affectionate acts ; let the table be the happy meeting-place of a merry group, and not a dull board where a silent, if not sullen, company of animals come to feed ; let the meal be the time when a cheerful laugh is heard and good things are said ; let the sitting-room, at evening, be the place where a smiling company settle themselves to books or games till the round of good-night kisses are in order ; let there be some music in the household, music not kept like silk and satins to show to company, but music in which father and mother, and sister and brother join ; let the young companions be welcomed and made for the time a part of the group, so that daughters shall not deem it necessary to seek the obscurity of back parlors with intimate friends, or to drive father and mother to distant apartments ; in a word, let the home be surrounded by an air of cozy and cheerful good-will ; then children need not be exhorted to love it, you will not be able to tempt them away from it.

The ties which bind a child to home are created not so much out of great as from little things ; some of them I have hinted at, and many more will suggest themselves to a wise parent. There should be a good many holidays in the home. I believe in anniversaries, and I love, by observing them, to connect time with events, and so give to both a deeper interest. The birthdays of a family should be always noticed, and, in some way, celebrated. The busy preparation of the whole household to make some present to father, or mother, or sister, or brother on a birthday or holiday ; the many plannings, the workings in by-corners and at odd times ; the bundling of work out of sight as the step of the favored one is heard ; the careful stowing of gifts away till the appointed time ; and then, when the looked-for day has come, the presentations, the confused and merry voices, the filled eye, the choked voice, the heart too full to speak in words, memory touched as with an angel's hand, love that can only look its thanks—all these ! who can tell their sweet and mighty power ? A home familiar to such scenes, will it, can it be one that children shall not love ? No, no, from it, when the inexorable time comes to go away, daughters shall pass with sobs of sorrow, and sons with pressed

lips and swimming eyes, and while mother lives it will be a home still, home, though years have gone and other homes have claimed them.—*Aikman's Life at Home.*

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.—Many of the most promising children are sacrificed to a desire to bring them forward in advance of other children, and this desire is stimulated by natural instincts. Every living creature rejoices in the use of the faculties which God has given it, "as a strong man to run a race." The boy whose muscles are well developed will never keep still, but is ready for any thing, good or bad, in which he can stir himself. To such a one study is a punishment.

But the boy whose muscles are feeble, and whose brain is largely developed, sits still and reads, and the appetite of course conforms to the kind and amount of exercise. If he wastes his muscles by exercise, his appetite will demand the muscle-making nitrates to supply the waste. If he exhausts the phosphorus of the brain by study, he will desire phosphatic food to restore it. While the fat and stupid boy, who has neither muscles nor brain, will crave carbonaceous articles to feed his stupidity ; and indulgence in these appetites will of course increase the peculiarity.

I have seen the little kingbird, after an hour of extraordinary exertions in driving from the neighborhood an intruding hawk, devote the next hour to catching and eating bees and hornets, which abound both in nitrates and phosphates, as a means of restoring his muscular and vital energy. The bird is safe in following his inclinations ; living as it does according to natural laws, and having no abnormal development of faculties, and no abnormal appetites, it can eat what it desires, and as much, with perfect impunity.

But the child, changed in its condition as it may be by the ignorance and folly of its parents, even before its birth, is abnormally developed, and of course has abnormal appetites.

Indulging these appetites in case of precocity of the brain of course increases the excitement of the brain, and the result is inflammation and premature death.

A child with a precocious brain, or who is very forward, to use the common expression, is of course more liable to dangerous diseases of the brain than other children ; but if parents would give the subject thought, and use their reason in this, as in other less important matters, these diseases might generally be warded off.

If our eyes have been overworked, or are weak and liable to inflammation, we avoid over-using them, especially in too strong light ; and if so inflamed that the light, and all use of them gives pain, we shut out the light altogether, and give them rest till they recover. Both light and seeing are pleasant to the eyes in health, and absolutely necessary to give them health and strength, but when diseased, are both alike injurious, and we avoid the influence of both till they recover. And when only weak, and

not absolutely diseased, we are careful to have the light, or use the eye only moderately and carefully. So of any other organ or faculty, that which is necessary to it in health, must be carefully used in tendency to disease, and abstained from in actual disease.

Apply this principle to a precocious brain. The brain is as dependent on appropriate exercise, and a supply of phosphorus in health, as is the eye on exercise and light; and as we withdraw the exercise and light from the eye in weakness and disease, so should we allow the brain to rest from exercise and phosphatic food in case of disease or premature development.

NO HOUSEHOLD GOD.—A little boy three years old, whose father was irreligious, spent several months in the dwelling of a godly family, where he was taught the simple elements of divine truth.

The good seed fell into good and tender soil, and the child learned to note the difference between a prayerless and Christian dwelling. One day, as some one was conversing with the little fellow about the great and good God, the child said, "We have n't got any God at my papa's house."

Alas! how many such houses there are in our world—houses where there is no prayer, no praise, no worship, no God! And what homes are they for children; ay, and for men and women too! How much better is the pure atmosphere of Christian love than the cold, selfish worldliness of a godless home!

Said an ungodly man, "I never was so near heaven, and probably never shall be again, as when I spent a day in the house of Ebenezer Brown"—a godly Scotchman, who guided his household in the fear of the Lord.

Would that there were more such homes, the memory of which might shed a holy savor over many a wanderer's heart, and lead the sad and lonely sons of sorrow and of tears to look forward to the gladness of the eternal gathering beyond the toils and tears, and trials of this weary pilgrimage.

To such homes the weary come for rest, and the troubled for consolation. The Son of Peace is there. Blessed be such homes! and may ours ever be of this number!—*British Workman*.

TACT.—Love swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is tact. Tact is nimble footed and quick fingered; tact sees without looking; tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never runs its head against a stone wall; tact always spies a sycamore-tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curious-fashioned keys which can turn all sorts of locks; tact plants its monosyllables wisely, for, being a monosyllable itself, it arranges its own order with all familiarity of friendship; tact—sly, versatile, diving, running, flying

tact—governs the great world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that she has not been touched at all.

SMALL TALK.—Of all the expedients to make a heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meager fare—how continue existence in such famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are, who will go on from fifteen to fourscore, and never a hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon on her bonnet!" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adorning them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they think "it's high time, if John intends to marry Lucy, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life.—*E. P. Whipple*.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Resolve to do something useful, honorable, dutiful, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore may, live above labor and without work. Among the most pitiful objects in society is the man whose mind has been trained by the discipline of education—who has learned how to think, and the value of his immortal powers, and with all these noble faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to nothing, and, of course, to be nothing, with no influence over the public mind—with no interest in the concerns of his country or even his neighborhood—to be regarded as a drone, without object or character, with no hand to lift and with no effort to put forth to help the right or defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable career? And however it may be with you in active enterprise, never permit your influence to go in hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live, that with the Christian poet you may truthfully say, that

"If your country stand not by your skill,
At least your follies have not wrought her fall."

ALONE WITH GOD.—There is a sublimity in silence and solitude. Alone! How still the air! The city sleeps in silence. No voice, no footstep, nothing but the whispers of the night. How still it is! The stars wink at each other, but utter no words. The moon travels on her course, but is silent. Night! How grand the scene! My soul thrills as I contemplate. The world is hushed and I am alone—alone with God!

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

ROUND THE WORLD: A Series of Letters. By Calvin Kingsley, D. D. Vol. I. Europe and America. Vol. II. Japan and India. 16mo. Pp. 344, 325. \$2.50. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

It was not permitted to Bishop Kingsley quite to complete his continuous voyage around the world; yet by his previous visit to Europe he almost touched the point from the west where he fell in his progress from the east, so that the letters which are embraced in these volumes are fully entitled to the name given them—"Round the World." In the year 1867 he visited Europe and wrote most interesting letters; commencing with these the subsequent letters trace his route round the world westwardly, first to Colorado, then to Oregon and California by the great Pacific Railroad, and by steamer across the ocean to Japan, China, and India. His last voyage, contemplating the entire circuit of the world, was the grandest ecclesiastical movement we have ever had in the history of the Church; even Rome herself has never sent a bishop on a tour of missionary and episcopal visitation round the world. As we can only see it in our human vision it was a sad calamity to the Church that the Bishop was not permitted to reach home, and bring with him the stores of information he had gathered. He was a minute and careful observer, and we may be sure was prepared to present to the Church wise and far-reaching plans for the future. But the All-wise has ordered differently, and nothing is left us but these letters. A noble legacy they are indeed, and the Church will prize them all the more highly from being the last words of information, counsel, and exhortation coming to her from one who dearly loved her, and who counted not his life dear unto him that he might serve her.

The Letters are in themselves all that could be desired. It will not be to their disadvantage that they have already appeared in our Advocates; their worth and interest will make them perpetual in their claim upon the Church. The Bishop was peculiarly happy as a letter-writer. He was many-sided, and saw and felt much more than many other men would see in the same circumstances. He was sensitive to every thing human, and his attention was at once attracted by both the serious and the ludicrous sides of human nature. He was a lover of nature, and his quick eye took in at a glance what the world about him had to show. Hence his letters abound in minute and careful observations both of places and people. The characteristics and natural resources, the climate and productions, the beasts and birds of the countries which he visited, the condition and prospects of their population, their arts and manufactures, their domestic animals, their styles of architecture, their habits of living, their peculiar

civilization, their religions and modes of worship, all claimed his interest and furnished material for his facile pen. But above all these, the whole heart of the Bishop was alive to the great missionary work which he went to study, and the greatest interest of these letters is their broad appreciation and earnest statements of the wants and demands of this great enterprise. In this respect we again say, that these letters, with the Essays of Bishop Thomson, are an invaluable acquisition to the Church. Both the works should find their way into every Methodist household and Sunday-school. The first volume contains an excellent steel portrait and a complete biographical sketch of the Bishop.

LIFE, LETTERS, LECTURES, AND ADDRESSES OF FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M. A. Complete in One Volume. 12mo. Pp. 840. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A month ago we noticed the issue in the same compact, neat, and cheap form of Robertson's Sermons, and took occasion rather to estimate the man than the Sermons. But here is the man himself, depicted chiefly in his own letters. It has been largely studied and will continue to be. Robertson was far removed from an ordinary man, and his life, especially the unfolding of his inner life, will long continue to be a subject of deeply interesting study, rendered all the more interesting from its development through the medium of his own letters. He was a typical man, appearing in the midst of a transitional era in English religious thought. This movement of thought touched his sensitive nature on many sides, and he was inevitably drawn into the current. He drifted from his moorings and floated in various directions, but from the fact that he dragged his anchors instead of wholly cutting loose from them, he did not reach either of the extreme points of the various currents that were moving him. He did not become either an Evangelical or a High-Churchman; he did not end either in Liberalism or Catholicism. The stronger tendency in Robertson's drifting was toward Liberalism, but he was saved by his firm and constant adhesion to the historical reality of the whole life of Christ. The childhood, the temptation, the daily life, the miracles, the death, and the resurrection of Christ, he steadily clung to as the foundation of all spiritual life. Hence he was free from the so-called "negative theology." From this also he was saved by his own earnest and positive nature. He could not rest in denials; he must have something positive for his faith, and yet he was destined to win his faith by a painful journey through the paths of doubt. But still he was too much of a Liberal to be an Evangelical. Therefore he belongs to no school. The

Liberal will follow him as far as he goes, but soon reaches a point at which he must either leave Robertson behind or accept at least a positive faith in the historical verity of Christianity. The study of this struggling, earnest, honest, but still doubting and inquiring life, we repeat, will always have a charm for the thoughtful reader. It will always have its dangers too. Not all who launch out into the current of Liberalism are able to carry with them the intense conscientiousness of Robertson, and stop where he stopped with fast hold on the great facts of Christ's person and Christ's life. The two volumes are uniform, and make together a very neat and remarkably cheap edition of all that is left of the sayings and writings of this remarkable man.

THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMAN: *Advice to the Maiden, Wife, and Mother.* By Geo. H. Napheys, A. M., M. D. 12mo. Pp. 322. New York: Geo. Maclean. Cincinnati: E. Hannaford & Co.

In this country, where we are strangely squeamish about some things and culpably immodest about others, it is a delicate matter to notice a volume treating of the subjects of this book; how much more to write the book itself! Yet Dr. Napheys has done it, and in a most successful and delicate, nay, even elegant manner. There is nothing in the whole volume that could offend the most delicate sense of modesty, and nothing but a prudish squeamishness can object to its extensive circulation. In fact we need just such a book. The wonder is that such a work has not been given to the public long ago. This is not one of the catchpenny volumes, advertised so extensively in the papers and "sent by mail for a few postage stamps;" it is a thorough and scientific discussion of the physical life of woman, giving the most exact information and the latest facts of hygiene and physiology as they bear on the life and health of woman. Though thoroughly scientific in its matter, it is popular in its style, being written for the people. After the appearance of such a book there can be no longer any excuse for the lamentable ignorance which prevails among women in regard to their own physical nature, and as a consequence of which they are constantly placed in peril of disease and death. Of course the work is not for the parlor table but for private study, yet not a prudent or indelicate thought is found in the book. We have thus noticed this volume because we believe it to be a very much needed work, and are convinced that it will not only prove itself to be a valuable counselor to the prudent, virtuous, but uninformed, but will do great good in preventing many of those disorders now so rife in the community, which, in many instances at least, are the result of ignorance of the ordinary laws of female hygiene.

MATERNITY: *A Popular Treatise for Young Wives and Mothers.* By Tullio Suzzaro Verdi, A. M., M. D. 12mo. Pp. 451. \$2.25. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. As its title implies, this volume is to some extent in the line of the one previously noticed, but is more

particularly addressed to mothers, and treats of the diseases incident to maternity, and of the care of children, etc. It is written from the homeopathic stand-point, and will commend itself to the friends of that system. We are incapable of judging of its modes of treatment, but can heartily recommend it in its hygienic, physiological, and pathological relations. It also is written in a popular style, and can be easily understood by the mothers who will read it.

A DANISH ROMANCE. By Hans Christian Andersen. 12mo. Pp. 280. \$1.75. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

This is a continuation of the edition of Andersen's works which the publishers are now giving to the public. The style and general subjects of Andersen are well known to those who desire to read his books.

A PAINTER'S CAMP. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Book I: *In England.* Book II: *In Scotland.* Book III: *In France.* 16mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is an artist's poem. It has, indeed, neither rhyme nor measure, but it is full of the music of words which cadence themselves while they unfold the most charming pictures of English moorlands, of mossy islands sleeping in the shadows of the rocky highlands of Scotland, and of the sunny plains of France. Under its guidance we are taken over the Lancashire moors, and shown their aspects on wild, wet Autumn days, and under glorious Summer skies. It was from these moors that Charlotte Bronte painted, when she described the wanderings of Jane Eyre in search of shelter. Here are the straight, gray lines of stone wall, mile upon mile, and the dreary, undulating range of hills, swell upon swell, and, on any "still, hot, perfect day," the dry, ghostly rustle of tall grasses, and the livid glow of burnt heath blooms.

The painter remained on the moors for weeks, in a fairy and tiny movable house of his own inventing, with plate-glass windows, through which he could pursue his studies in stormy weather; with its snow-white walls of delicate wood-paneling; its silk curtains of emerald hue, and green canopy; its dark, rich carpet, and small, choice engravings; its swinging hammock to sleep in, and its spirit-lamp to cook by. True, a bustling housewife might call the cooking atrocious, but what of that? One can afford to live on the veal cutlets, though the salt is forgotten, if they are but eaten on the wide, sunny, beautiful moors, and can admire with the painter "the finest purple of the heather, the infinite variety of color, in Autumn half hidden under the blasted stems."

From Lancashire the artist takes us to dwell in Summer on a green island in a Scotch loch, or to take long drives in dim, picturesque glens. From Loch Awe and Glen Coe, and from castles standing in the moonlight, we are spirited to the vicinity of "A Little French City," where the painting camp is erected on a narrow ledge of rock commanding a lovely landscape. Afterward we sojourn on a Burgundy upland, which fell into the artist's possession—

one of "The Slopes of Gold" in "a land of wine." This home was on the heights of the Côte d'Or, and overlooked the plain which rolls on to the Jura. Finally Mr. Hamerton establishes himself in a country house on a farm in the basin of Autun. Within easy reach are the French highlands—the Morvan, a very romantic region—broken, woody, and healthful. The smiling plains at their feet are dotted with "magnificent trees," and intersected with streams making ceaseless melody through the long, beautiful Summers. He who can not pass a delightful day in "The Painter's Camp" does not, it seems to us, deserve to be happy.

HUNGERING AND THIRSTING. 16mo. Pp. iii. **THE CHILD MARTYRS, AND EARLY CHRISTIANS OF ROME.** 16mo. Pp. 266. **NO CROSS, NO CROWN.** By C. E. K. Davis. 16mo. Pp. 154.

These excellent books are from the press of Henry Hoyt, Boston, and are for sale by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati. They are all good for the family and the Sunday-school.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS IN OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND. *A Box of Four Volumes.* *The Fourth of July in New England.* *Red-Letter Days in Old England and New England.* *Joy Days on Both Sides of the Water.* *Festal and Floral Days.*

New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Our young readers will understand the nature and value of these little books from the titles which they bear.

LIBRARY FOR LITTLE LADS AND LASSES. *A Box of Five Volumes.* *Stories About the Little Ones.* *More Stories About the Little Ones.* *The Fisher Boy's Secret.* *Archie and his Sister.* *Archie and Nep.* New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

These are neat little volumes adapted to still younger readers than the previous ones.

BESSIE ON HER TRAVELS. By Johanna H. Matthews. 16mo. Pp. 376. \$1.25. **FLOWERETS.** *A Series of Stories on the Commandments.* *I. Violet's Idol.* *II. Daisy's Work.* *III. Rose's Temptation.* *IV. Lily's Lesson.* By Johanna H. Matthews. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

NOVELS.—*Man and Wife,* Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. *Contarini Fleming,* D'Israeli; *Silvia,* Julia Kavanagh; *Miriam Alroy,* D'Israeli; *Bessie Langton,* Hawley Smart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A NEW DEFINITION OF INFALLIBILITY.—Archbishop Purcell was well known to be antagonistic to the declaration of Papal Infallibility, both before and during the late Ecumenical Council. He delivered one of the ablest arguments against the doctrine uttered before the Council. On his return to Cincinnati he was desired to lecture and state his present views and the present status of the doctrine in its relation to good Catholics. The Archbishop consented, and gave a very interesting but, in some respects, unique address before a large audience. The speaker informs us that the Pope was never present in the Council; that he did not preside at all; that he did not control the views or the discourses of the members; the Council was presided over by five Cardinals; the speakers were at liberty to speak as long as they thought necessary. The Council was composed of 979 Bishops and Generals of religious orders and bodies. There were eleven Patriarchs and fifty-one Cardinals. These members represented all kingdoms, and States, and territories.

The Archbishop's first utterance before the Council was on the schema on Civil Government. Unfortunately, before the time came for the Archbishop's speech, the entire order of the proceeding was changed, and he was obliged simply to write out his discourse and file a copy in the archives of the Council. He gave in his address a synopsis of the

speech. The Archbishop is either a thorough republican or a most consummate Jesuit. We believe he is the former, and that he is a sincere lover of our American Government; neither his judgment nor his desires will ever lead him into destructive relations toward American republicanism; if he is ever found in that attitude, it will be because he holds, as every good Catholic must, the supremacy of his allegiance to the Roman head of the Church. We welcome the following words as the utterances of a sincerely honest man: "I took occasion to show," said the Archbishop, "that ours is, I believe, the best form of human government; that the source of power is placed by God in the people; that kings rule for their benefit, and that the people were not created for the benefit of kings; that the Church of God has no need of kingly patronage or protection; that for the first three hundred years of her history she managed to prosper and arrive at spiritual supremacy without the aid of kings, and in despite of them; that while she was persecuted, she thrived and prospered, and that the blood of martyrs has everywhere been the seed of the Church. I believe it would have been a happy thing for the Church if kings had never pretended to be her nursing fathers. I spoke then of America; that our civil constitution gave perfect liberty to every denomination of Christians, that it looked with equal favor on them all,

and that I verily believed this better for the Catholic religion than if she was the object of the State's special patronage and protection. All we want is a free field and no favor. Truth is mighty and will prevail, and we are here, side by side, with every sect and denomination of Christians among us; it is for the people to judge which of us is right, which of us teaches that which is most conformable to the Holy Scriptures, and then, if they approve our religion, let them embrace it, and if not, reject it. I believe this to be the best theory, and I illustrated what I said by contrasting the condition of Catholics in all the nations of Europe with the condition of the American Catholics. I showed that in Spain the Catholic religion is persecuted, that in Portugal the Catholic religion is persecuted, and even the Sisters of Charity driven out of it; that in Italy, monks, and Sisters, and religious people were pitilessly driven away from their homes; that the monastery of Monte Casino, the home of science, for which a voice was raised even in the British Parliament—why, I had even seen that destroyed by a nominally Catholic fiend. I showed all these contrasts."

But, while we rejoice to find the Archbishop so good an American, we are more interested just now in his statement of the doctrine of Infallibility. Evidently in his personal convictions he is as much opposed to the doctrine as ever, and while as a good Catholic he declares his adhesion to the voice of the Church as pronounced by the Council, he can even then only make it sit easy upon his faith by throwing around it limitations which render it a nullity. As defined by the Archbishop it is in no sense retroactive; the doctrine gives no approbation to the utterances of some forty popes given in the list of Bellarmine who taught what are now regarded as erroneous doctrines; it confers no infallibility on the acknowledged mistakes of a Honorius, or of a Nicholas I, or of John XXII; the doctrine gives no indorsement to the claims of Boniface VIII, who said, "Two swords are given me by God, the spiritual and the temporal." The Archbishop says, "I sought in the Dominican library of the Minerva in Rome to refresh my memory, and to see on what grounds they claimed the right of controlling temporal affairs, of deposing Henry VIII, or Elizabeth, or any other temporal prince, and absolving their vassals from their oath of allegiance, if their sovereigns did not respect the act of excommunication by the Church. I could not find any text of authority for that in the Bible; hence I wanted the Council to say whether they asserted a right of that kind, or assumed it as a right; and the entire Council with one voice cried out, 'Those Popes had no authority, no commission from God to pretend to any such power.'"

Thus evading the difficulties and absurdities which would press upon the doctrine from the dark records of the past, the Archbishop also throws over it a happy salvo for the apprehensions that might arise from it for the future. "The question was also raised," says the Bishop, "What is to be done with the Pope if he becomes a heretic? It was answered:

There has never been such an example; in such a case the Council of Bishops could depose him for heresy, for from the moment he becomes a heretic he is not at the head or even a member of the Church. The Church would not be for a moment obliged to listen to him when he begins to teach a doctrine the Church knows to be false doctrine, and he would cease to be Pope, being deposed by God himself. If the Pope, for instance, were to say that the belief in God is false, you would not be obliged to believe him; or if he were to deny the rest of the creed, 'I believe in Christ,' etc. If he denies any dogma of the Church held by every true believer, he is no more Pope than either you or I, and so in this respect this dogma of Infallibility amounts to nothing as an article of temporal government or cover for heresy."

Here, then, we have it in a nutshell as the Archbishop's Catholic heart adjusts it to the Archbishop's clear head; it accepts no odium for the blunders of the past, and is itself a nullity when the Pope should make a mistake! That is, the Popes of the past were not infallible when they blundered; the present and all future Popes will only be infallible when they utter infallible truth! We can easily see how the Archbishop can heartily accept the doctrine thus defined; we would very promptly concede that kind of infallibility to the Archbishop himself. But such is not the doctrine defined by the Council; that declaration places the Pope under divine guidance so that he can not err, and that whatever doctrine he declares as Pope is to be accepted as the doctrine of the Church; it covers the past, the present, and the future; it declares a principle, not merely a personal attribute; it makes a Pope, all Popes, infallible because under a perpetual infallible guidance; it therefore can not limit itself in the manner described by the Archbishop; it makes infallible both the Pope who denounced his predecessor for heresy, and the Pope denounced for heresy; it makes infallible all their acts of supremacy over the civil authority, in deposing kings, releasing subjects from their allegiance, transferring dominion from one prince to another, and apportioning the uncivilized parts of the earth among the faithful sons of the Church. We know it is a hard doctrine for wise and honest minds to receive, and can well understand that in no other form than the distorted one in which he presents it could such men as Archbishop Purcell accept it. For the sake of peace we are willing that that class of minds in the Catholic Church, and it is a large class, shall be allowed to prepare the doctrine to suit their own digestion.

DEATH'S DOINGS.—Death still continues his sad work on prominent and valuable members of our Church. Since our last the eloquent Sewall, of Baltimore, has gone to his rest. In this we were not surprised, as his health had been failing for many months. He was a burning and a shining light. From the ranks of our noble laymen has fallen Hon. G. T. Cobb, of New Jersey, called away in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, by the rail-

road disaster which occurred near White Sulphur Springs on Saturday, August 6th. He was for many years a member of the Missionary Board, being an earnest and devoted friend of this great enterprise. He led the way in originating our missions among the Scandinavians. He was a member of Congress during the war, and showed himself a sterling patriot. At the time of his death he was a member of the New Jersey Senate. The crowning act of his life was the part he took in the completion of a church edifice of surpassing beauty and convenience, with provision for his much-loved Sunday-school, in Morristown, New Jersey, the place of his birth and the residence of his family.

HONORARY DEGREES.—The College Commencements are all over for this year. The annual crop of D. D.'s, LL. D.'s, and Ph. D.'s has been gathered, amounting to, as one editor says, sixty D. D.'s, forty LL. D.'s, and of Ph. D.'s a smaller yield. This annual harvest furnishes a temptation to a certain class to talk against such honors, and against the declared custom of bestowing them upon unworthy subjects; some, perhaps, because the semi-lunar fardels grow on high trees, and are hard to shake down; some because such distinctions are regarded as unscriptural, and others for other reasons. A cotemporary says: "We do not wonder that scholars in England decline honors tendered them by our literary institutions. They are too cheap." How many decline? Not one in twenty upon whom they are conferred. And the proportion in our own country is as great. It is not uncommon for foreigners to apply to our colleges for degrees, while such a step is regarded as a disgrace in this country.

DRUNKARD'S REFORMATORY.—Mr. J. S. Mill proposes to give the magistrates power to commit an habitual drunkard to the reformatory ward of the work-house, or to a reformatory to be established expressly for this purpose, and that the period of detention should endure until the person so confined could procure a medical certificate to show that he had obtained control over himself, or until his disease took the form, as it frequently did, of hopeless imbecility. He further proposes that the reformatories to be established for the reception of drunkards should be self-supporting, and that in the event of a cure being effected the individual on his discharge should receive all he had earned above the bare sum expended for his maintenance, in order that he should have the means of obtaining a new start in life.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, whose unfortunate nomination to the Crown of Spain has provoked such disastrous hostilities between France and Prussia, is said to be an amiable, unassuming man, without the slightest pride of race. He and his brothers, Charles and Antony, were brought up very strictly by their father. They chose the military career. Leopold has risen to the rank of colonel in the Prussian regiment of Guards, but he never showed much liking for the army. His great hobby is science, and his philosophical and historical studies at Dusseldorf, Berlin,

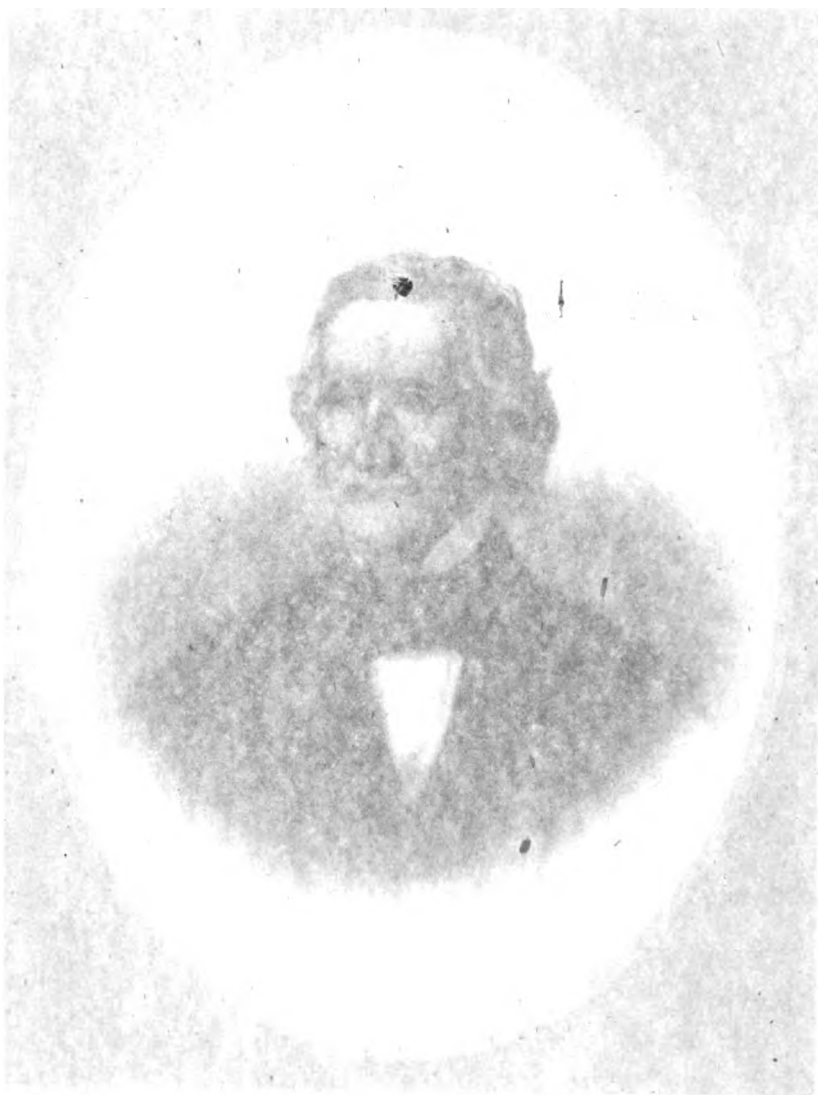
and Potsdam so absorbed his attention that he abstained almost entirely from the diversions and pleasures of his comrades. He has always been very popular with his subordinates on account of his considerate and unassuming disposition; and though extremely gallant to ladies, he has never been so attached to any one as to his mother. The great wealth of their father enables the prince to satisfy every wish, notwithstanding which they live in the simplest manner. Prince Leopold, like his father, is a Liberal in politics.

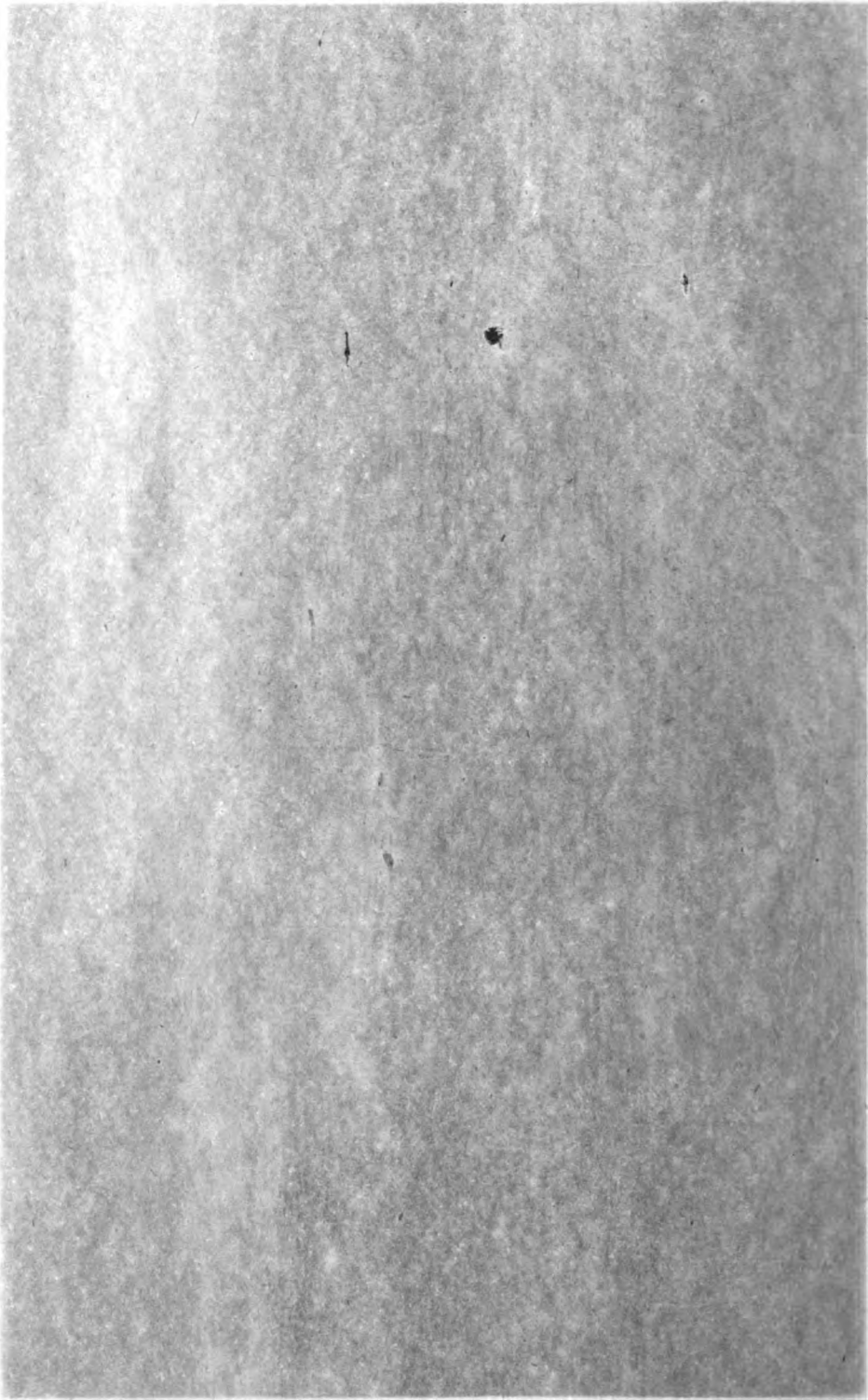
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHARACTER AND POLICY.—

It is not often we find in history so vivid a characterization as the following estimate of the character and policy of Elizabeth as drawn by the historian Froude:

"Without family ties, with no near relations, and without friends, save such as were loyal to her for their country's sake rather than their own, Elizabeth concealed the dreariness of her life from herself in the society of these human playthings who flattered her faults and humored her caprices. She was the more thrown upon them because in her views of government she stood equally alone, and among abler men scarcely found one to sympathize with her. She appears in history the champion of the Reformation, the first Protestant sovereign of Europe, but it was a position into which she was driven in spite of herself, and when she found herself there it brought her neither pride nor pleasure. In her birth she was the symbol of the revolt from the Papacy. She could not reconcile herself with Rome without condemning the marriage from which she sprung; but her interest in Protestantism was limited to political independence. She mocked at Cecil and 'his brothers in Christ.' She affected an interest in the new doctrines, only when the Scots or the Dutch were necessary to her, or when religion could serve as an excuse to escape an unwelcome marriage. When the Spanish ambassador complained of the persecution of Catholics, she answered that no Catholic had suffered any thing who acknowledged her as his lawful sovereign, and that in spiritual matters she believed as they did. Fanatics, Puritan or Papist, she despised with Erastian heartiness. Under her brother and sister she had witnessed the alternate fruits of the supremacy of the two theological factions. She was determined to hold them both under the law, which to her had more true religion in it than cart-loads of creeds and articles. Puritanism drew its strength from the people. The Popish priests were a regiment of the Bishop of Rome. She would permit no authority in England which did not center in herself. The Church should be a department of the State, organized by Parliament, and ruled by the national tribunals. The moderates of both parties could meet and worship under its ambiguous formulas. There should be no conventicles and no chapels to be nurseries of sedition. Zealots who could not be satisfied might pay a fine for their precision, and have their sermons or their sacraments at home."











NOVEMBER.

“EIN’ FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.”

AN Autumn evening, full of forebodings of Winter, was followed by a dull, cold, October day. Misty forms glided over the fields, an icy wind arose and tore away ruthlessly the beautiful colored leaves that still clung with their feeble strength to the beloved tree, strewing them under the hurrying feet of the passers-by. Over all Nature brooded an oppressive anxiety or a dull grief. It was as if the voice of Winter sounded from the far distance, telling in malicious whispers of the coming days of horror, long, dark nights, of ice blossoms and snow-flakes. In the city, however, which, closely compressed, lay in a vast plain, it was more cheerful than outside. Men had laughed at the Autumn, shut up in their warm houses. From all the windows shone friendly gleams of light, tokens of home comfort.

It was about the year 1732, and the city of which I write is Leipsic. It was surrounded by deep moats, high walls, and stately lindens, well defended and formidable. The houses were almost all narrow and high, with odd, pointed balconies. Here and there little turrets might be seen on the roofs. Church spires, on the contrary, were rarely visible. In the dwelling of the director of the venerable Thomas School, near the most stately church of Leipsic, a particularly bright light flickered on this October day. Many joyful voices of men and children sounded there, for a harmonious family was collected.

At the heavy oaken table, in the midst of the little room, ornamented with great dark cupboards and curiously shaped chairs, sat a man with a rough, curling peruke and plain black clothes. His face was full and rosy; a serious friendliness played around the corner of his

firm lips; wonderfully beautiful and transparent was the forehead, and the glance of his fiery black eyes had an indescribable power—a strength from which it was difficult for the soul to escape. One gazed again and again into these wonderful eyes. It was as if one might learn in them all celestial things, and thus become holy and elevated. The heart throbbed in the breast when these dark eyes drew it toward them, for then one must believe that they could not be blinded. It was as if a black veil were drawn over the unfathomable sea of light that quivered and burned below.

This is the man of whom we are now to tell, Johann Sebastian Bach, well known throughout the whole country for his great skill as an organist. The good people, however, called him a queer fellow, of whom nobody could get the better, and often shook their wise heads dubiously over his wonderfully intricate figures and incomprehensible organ fantasies. Not one of them, however, could leave the church when the master played, and a shiver ran through the soul of every hearer when the mighty tones swelled out and rushed through the church as if they would burst the walls, and bury the weak crowd of trembling humanity beneath the falling ruins.

On the right of the director sat his wife, a vigorous figure with clear, good features and calm eyes, in snow-white cap and dazzling neckerchief. She held in her lap her youngest born, Christoph, a chubby child of some three months. Several other stout boys hung around their mother, eating roasted apples and playing with the smallest brother. Bach's eldest son, Friedemann, a tall, stately figure, resembling his father, only without his gentle friendliness, stood near the great stove and looked thoughtfully at the noisy group of brothers. On the left of the

organist sat a slender, well-dressed young man, with thick black hair. His mild, dark, amiable face bore a strong resemblance to those of the family. It was Bach's second son, Philipp Emanuel, who had come on a visit from Frankfort on the Oder to take his beloved friends by surprise. He had told his father of the new music academy which he had established at Frankfort, and which he directed with success. He had also spoken of the industry and talent of his scholars, and he now slyly drew some sheets of music paper from his pocket. Blushing, he pushed it toward the organist, with the words, "Dear father, see if it is good for any thing."

It was a beautiful sonata, which the elder Bach, with joy-dimmed eyes and light finger movements, ran over, then pocketed, and said kindly, "You will do well in time, my boy; only go forward industriously with the help of our Lord God. Friedemann is also doing finely; does not play at all badly. Perhaps I shall yet have great joy in you."

The two eldest sons listened gladly, and laughed like children over the revered father's speech, pressing his hand gratefully. Suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and immediately afterward a violent knocking on the house door. The two eldest sons sprang from the room in terror, the children forgot their noise, the mother turned pale. Only Sebastian Bach looked calm and quiet in the midst, and said, "How can you behave so? Yet none of us has an evil conscience. Let what will come."

In a few minutes appeared a messenger exhausted and splashed with mud. He came directly from the Electoral Residence at Dresden to speak to the organist, Sebastian Bach, and gave him a note from the powerful minister, the dreaded Count Brühl. The organist drew the great oil lamp nearer to himself, shaded his eyes slightly with his hand, and read, while Philipp Emanuel politely offered the man a chair:

"MY DEAR DIRECTOR,—Our most gracious Elector and master, August of Saxony and Poland, wishes to hear you, the renowned and famous organist, Sebastian Bach, in his Residence. You are to play on Sunday, October 24th, in the church at Dresden. Two days after the receipt of this letter the royal carriage will call for you at Leipsic, and bring you to the Residence, where we await you with great eagerness. Prepare yourself properly for the high honor, my dear Director.

"By order of my most gracious master I salute you.

"Signed,

COUNT BRÜHL."

A long time the organist stood there meditating. Scorn and anger struggled in his face. His eyes turned from one to another of the beloved faces. Philipp and Friedemann remained modestly silent.

"Herr Courier," said the Director at last, slowly but firmly, "say only briefly to the minister that I, Sebastian Bach, Director of the Thomas School of Leipsic, will obey the command of my sovereign and go to Dresden."

"I must still beg a written document," replied the courier.

"Man," (thundered Sebastian Bach, drawing himself up to his full height, "how dare you ask it? Did you not understand me? Have I, Sebastian Bach, not given you my word? Do you take me for a faithless villain such as flourish in the air of a court, and whom a miserable scrap of paper binds faster than the word of a man spoken before God?")

"Dearest father," entreated Philipp Emanuel striving to mollify him.

"Hush, boy, you do not understand," exclaimed the father hastily. Then turning to the courier he said, more quietly, "You have your answer. Tell all to the Count. I shall not mind."

The messenger was pale with fright, and shrank back a step. Bach seized him by the collar, drew him toward himself, and said kindly, "Well, that will be a wholesome lesson for you, will it not? Observe it, but not only so long as you are in my house. The Residence is not every-where. And now, basta! will you share our evening meal, and drink a mug of beer with us? I shall be pleased and glad."

The courier, however, was confused, and departed quickly, and the Director sat down again cheerfully. Then his family crowded hastily and anxiously around him, and Frau Gertrude cried, "Ah, my Bastian, thou wilt go forth into the wide world—forth to Dresden, to the pomp and splendor of the great wicked city? And O! the long, long, cruel journey! No, my husband, thou shalt not treat thy wife and children thus."

And forthwith she burst into hot tears, and flung herself sobbing upon her husband's neck. The children, who saw their mother weep, began also to cry and hang on their father's coat. The two sons debated loud and eagerly over the interview. There was a frightful uproar in the little room.

At length the full, strong voice of the head of the family rose above the storm. The Director cried, "Wife, take the crazy boys into the children's room. Only Friedemann and Emanuel shall remain here."

Herewith he shook off the screaming children, and the mother led the little flock to the old nurse.

Then the master measured the room with long strides, until the faithful one with moistened eyes again took her place at the table.

"Thou must not grieve so over the long journey, Gertrude," he said to her kindly. "See, in a fortnight I shall be, unless the Lord ordains otherwise, again in my old nest. Moreover, I intend to take these two," pointing to Friedemann and Emanuel, "to the Residence with me. They shall for once see the uproar there, and will take good care of their father in all respects."

The sons thanked him with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, children," he continued, "we will once with the glorious, clear voice of the Lord God," so he sometimes called his beloved organ, "strike the heart of the children of this world, so that, staggering and anguish-stricken, they shall stretch out their hands and softly and silently cry, 'Pater peccavi!' And Master Hasse shall also see that there are still higher, more divine strains than the sweet, luxurious melodies of beautiful Italy."

He seemed transfigured as he spoke, and they looked at him with an expression of boundless veneration. Soon after he cried out gayly:

"Come, mother, call back the screamers and bring us the soup."

The table was spread; a large stone jug full of foaming beer was placed before the seat of the master; an immense loaf of bread was laid beside it, and now Father Bach, after pronouncing a short grace, divided them with loving care, beginning with the eldest, to each his little piece and draught. Meantime Frau Gertrude served the smoking soup, and all feasted, laughed, and joked.

The next day Bach went to the Rector to obtain the necessary leave for his important journey. This was a burdensome step for him, for he avoided as much as possible coming into contact with his superior.

Rector and Director were by no means friends. The first complained bitterly of the coarse conduct and stubborn character of his inferior, while Bach was accustomed in his anger to rail at the Rector for "a God-forgotten, dried-up pedant." There were indeed no fresh twigs to be found on this Rector-tree, not to speak of little green leaves. Both within and without the whole man was wintery. His soul was dried up and shriveled like his body, perished and sunken in the thick dust of moldy book-learning. He could not rejoice over the beautiful flowers. He counted their stamens, studied

their calixes, and then threw them away. The joyful birds and other animals he cared for only when he was experimenting on the effects of poison, which was his chief recreation. Men were all indifferent to him—he loved nobody. He called the playing of the refractory Director "diabolical." He withdrew his interest and never went to the early service. He even spread a report that Bach had entered into a compact with the devil, who was to blow the bellows when he practiced. As often as he could, he put stumbling-blocks in the way of the Director, and rejoiced like a goblin at the frequent bloody outbreaks of wrath of this giant nature. Gladly would he have overthrown him, but to shake such a rock required far more than his own strength, and he stood alone in his hatred, for teachers and scholars looked with love and reverence at the mighty master of the swelling organ.

And now Sebastian Bach entered the Rector's study impatiently, for he had just had a choir rehearsal with the scholars, and was consequently somewhat out of temper, and his peruke, as was usual on such occasions, was in a forlorn condition. The Rector sat erect in a leather-cushioned chair and, fixing his eyes on the new-comer, asked solemnly:

"Now what does the Director come to complain of?"

"To complain of nothing, Herr Rector," answered Bach. "I only wish to inform you that I am obliged to take a long journey tomorrow at the command of our sovereign, and would, therefore, like leave of absence for a fortnight."

"What do I hear?" half breathless with surprise and anger—"a long journey?—obliged?—sovereign?—and yet I am not informed of it? Go, Herr Director! that is a cunning little plot of your ingenious artist-brain. How should Prince August?"

"I am to play the organ at Dresden," interrupted the Director mildly; "the Elector has so commanded."

"That indeed sounds somewhat mysterious and incredible," sneered the Rector. "The journey appears to me not to be fixed for any particular time, so I can say to you frankly that I can not spare the Herr Director for the next four weeks. After that I will put no obstacle in the way of your wish."

Bach's clear face during this spiteful harangue showed no trace of anger or emotion. The wonderful eyes only looked steadily at his puny adversary, and an indescribably compassionate smile played around his mouth. At last he said firmly and clearly:

"Herr Rector, be kind enough to give me a positive answer. Will you allow me a fortnight's vacation?"

"No, no, and forever no!" cried the Rector angrily.

"Very well. Then I will only notify you that I am going without leave," replied the Director.

He turned about and with rapid steps left the room of his adversary, who trembled with rage.

Never had there been collected in the large and beautiful Catholic church in splendid Dresden so select a crowd of distinguished and brilliant men and women as on the afternoon of that Sunday on which Bach had promised to play the organ. The numerous cavaliers in their glittering court-dresses, the splendid women in sparkling ornaments, costly stuffs, jewels, or in fresher and more charming youth, formed a brilliant living garland, in the midst of which was enthroned the kingly face of August of Saxony. Though the Prince was advancing in years, his form was still unbent and the head held aloft. The features, however, whose only beauty was in the fine lines of the mouth and nose and the outline of the chin, were sunken and haggard, and the fire of the large eyes was extinguished. August conversed softly with his darling Brühl, who, with the elegant bearing of a man of the world, stood beside him and in apparent submissiveness listened to the words of his powerful master. Indomitable pride lay on his sagacious forehead, insatiable ambition flashed from his unquiet eyes, immeasurable imperiousness played around his lips.

"So he would not come to court last evening, this droll Director," whispered the Elector, smiling. "Well, to-day I will torment him so much the more. As soon as the concert is over I will ask to see him. He shall come to supper and to the ball, and the most beautiful of our court-ladies shall ask him to dance."

Brühl bowed silently.

"But we are all very curious about the famous organist," continued the Elector. "Attention shows itself in almost every face. Hasse draws up his thick eyebrows in expectation, and the charming Faustina looks with such restless eyes around the church as if to discover a rival. Only our performer Marchand has not laid aside his sneer. But hush! there are three figures in the choir. Look, Brühl, two young men take their places modestly on the side. They are indeed lovely, innocent faces."

"They are the Director's two eldest sons, your majesty," replied Brühl.

Then swelled forth an organ tone, and, like a

breath of celestial air, it purged all hearts from idle thoughts. Deep silence reigned, an inexplicable devotion vibrated through all, and all eyes turned upward. A glorious prelude flowed out like a full golden stream, on whose borders stood heavenly flowers, and drew the waiting soul on mighty waves, floating ever higher in the all-powerful, rushing choral,

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

The magnificent chant of the Evangelical Church swept from the choir. Father Bach deepened the tone and accompanied every note with a happy smile. He saw in this moment the triumph of his beloved Church. Like a crowned victor the sublime melody swelled through the beautiful hall, powerful as if an invisible and innumerable choir of angels joined in the song of praise. But the stream of harmony rolled ceaselessly forth, and the soul of Father Bach soared higher and higher. Ever holier, more wonderful were the thrilling sounds. A gigantic voice from above plunged down into the sea of sound. Ever stronger did it swell forth and dash mightily on every man's heart as if it would break it, and floated around every man's head as if it would sink into it annihilated.

And now began the columns of the church to shake, for it was as if the ringing voice of all the sins of men had arisen and cried in agony, as if a whole world were in tumult and imploring mercy. But in the midst of it arose, ever again, like a sweet breath of availing oblation, the melody,

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

Then sounded the mystical tumult stronger, as if faithful love answered to the cry. At last, at last, however, seemed the imploring voice to weary. Softer and ever lighter were the sounds, the beseechings denied, when came, O wonder! the sweet forgiveness! The high vault of the church seemed to melt, heavenly streams of blue and golden light gushed in, intoxicating fragrance—the breath of Spring—filled the large hall. Sweet, warm tones trickled down, and a holy, ardent voice, full of measureless love, promised to sinners eternal pardon. A devout wonder trembled forth in pure, heavenly sounds, a pious shout—and ever ascended highest, most powerful like a million of blissful human voices interwoven with the jubilant halleluiahs of angels, the glorious song of victory,

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

The tones of the organ died away. Johann Sebastian Bach still sat on the organ-bench

with folded hands. A celestial glory transfigured his face. Pale as death and trembling with delight at the victory of their venerated father, stood his two sons beside him. A low murmur ran through the church. A side door of the choir opened and the Elector appeared, behind him at a respectful distance a glittering train of attendants. Augustus of Saxony drew near, almost timidly, to the great man who sat before him so meekly. Sunken in holy dreams he had not noticed the approach, and the Elector seemed hardly to dare to interrupt this praying soul. At length, however, he laid his hand lightly upon Bach's shoulder. The Director started, rose, looked at his sovereign, and smiled in his face. The great soul of the master was so filled with the glory of God in the heaven to which he had risen on the tones of the organ—how could worldly power or earthly glory touch him in this moment of ecstasy? Even to find words for earthly speech cost him much pain.

"Most gracious master," he said, after a long pause, "the voice of the Lord God has sunk into the depths of your heart also; that I see in your face. Tell me, is it not a wonderfully blissful feeling? yet it also makes one fear and tremble. Is it not to you as if there were sunshine all around us? And do not larger and more beautiful worlds crowd upon your view than this little grain which has borne us? Does not all earthly splendor fall to nothing before the blinding glory from above? Can you not resign yourself in soul and life to the voice of God, bearing them with you to whence they came in the eternal light?"

"Bach," answered the Elector with trembling voice and drawing nearer to him, "when I heard you play the thought of my death came to me. Yet it entered my soul like a mild genius; it had lost all its terror. I did not tremble before its face as formerly, when sometimes, in still hours, I meditated on the dark riddle of human life. O, master, could I but hear thee in the hour of my death!"

Bach answered not. He looked at his trembling royal lord with eyes that overflowed with tearful emotion and lofty joy. His plous heart saw in this spectacle a greater triumph than that of his artist pride.

A noise was heard at the door. A woman pressed eagerly through the suite of the king, a woman in the full bloom of youth, a tall, luxuriant figure with a Juno head. It was Faustina Hasse, the admired singer, the celebrated darling of the whole residence. With the unrestrained ardor of an Italian, glowing and weeping, she rushed to the Director, fell upon

his neck and kissed him upon both cheeks amid continual sobs.

"Blessed, O, ever blessed be thou, dazzling ray of light!" she cried in highest excitement.

Bach knew not how it happened, the by-standers smiled. Then Hasse entered, drew his wife gently toward him, spoke her name, and pressed the hand of the Master with an expression of unfeigned veneration. Then came the frivolous French mocker, the elegant *virtuoso* Marchand. No sneer played now around his fine lips, but his eyes shone with a fiery light of inward agitation. Silently he pressed the hand of the Master to his breast. The attendants of the Elector followed the example of the favorite. The charming court-ladies did not stay behind, and soon the most beautiful little hands touched the Director's cheek or finger, and the loveliest lips spoke their thanks.

But the Master suddenly released himself with giant strength, and cried with a voice of thunder, which echoed through the arches of the church:

"Enough! Such soft caresses and trifling are not the reward of earnest, holy organ-playing. Take your charming faces away from me, I will see you no more. Know that I, in luxurious Dresden, wish myself away from all the beautiful flowers and serpents, and back in the dear, quiet home of my wife and children. Most gracious lord," he cried quickly and imploringly to the Elector, who had smiled faintly at the scene, "let me go! I see well that old Sebastian Bach can never live here. He will never learn to swim in this stream."

"I will not let you go," replied the Elector kindly, "until you have asked a favor of me."

"You can give me nothing, my Prince," answered the Director frankly. "I am richer than you, but I thank you."

"But do you remember your sons?" asked Augustus mildly.

"Ah yes, most gracious lord. If you could do something for Friedemann," here he drew the blushing youth toward himself, "I should be very glad. But not for the next two years, for I want my son yet to help me. He is an excellent engraver, and we are working now on the Passion music. My Philipp," here he pointed to his second son, "is already provided for by the Lord. He succeeds very well. I thank you again, my most gracious Prince."

The Elector now dismissed the venerable master with the brightest promises for Friedemann's future, and gave the father and son his hand in farewell with assurances of his continual favor.

The high-born cavaliers crowded around the

departing ones and conducted the plain Director to his carriage with as much care and deference as if he were the mightiest ruler of the world.

The next morning Johann Sebastian Bach, with his two sons, rolled on, happy and cheerful, toward their dear home. When they drove past the gigantic splendid buildings of the environs and the beautiful current of the Elbe unrolled itself before their eyes, Philipp Emanuel cried out:

"Dearly beloved father, Dresden is very wonderful, but the most beautiful of all is Faustina Hasse!"

"Hush, boy," replied the father, but a mischievous smile played around the corner of his mouth, "you do not understand."

THE ASCENT OF HERMON.

BUT few mountains if any, in sacred history, can present greater claims to our interest than Hermon. As it is the most conspicuous object in Southern Syria, or in the neighborhood of the Holy Land, so from its summit may the most extensive prospect be had of the surrounding country. It may well be the "exceeding high mountain" from whence the tempter showed to our Savior "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." But it is no part of our present purpose to detail its history.

To make the ascent of Hermon is equally a good beginning, or conclusion to a travel in the Holy Land and Southern Syria. In the first case it affords, if the weather is clear, an excellent point from which the traveler may "Orient" himself, or get a general view of the country before traveling over it in detail. In the second case it enables him to connect and, as it were, to generalize his detached observations into a whole. By this means he may comprehend the country, as otherwise he could not, may learn its general configuration and the mutual relation of places. Hermon is a grand observatory reared up 10,000 feet above the adjacent sea, from which even more than a "Pisgah's view" can be had of the "promised land."

But comparatively few travelers ascend Hermon even in the most favorable season—which is the Autumn—almost none in the Winter. The latter part of 1869 and early part of 1870 were remarkable by reason of the almost complete failure of the "early rains." For this reason traveling was comparatively comfortable at a season, ordinarily highly unpleasant on account of frequent and long rains, and their consequences in the shape of mud, etc. For

the same reason there was comparatively little snow on Hermon in midwinter, though there was evidently considerable on its northern side, from the summit downward 2,000 or 3,000 feet.

Being at Rasheiyah, on the north side of Hermon on New-Year's day, we determined, the weather being fair, to attempt the ascent. So rather early in the morning we started on horseback, with our Dragoman, a guide from Rasheiyah, and our servant with provisions. The ascent was to be made by advice of the guide directly from Rasheiyah, instead of taking a more circuitous but easier route.

At first the road was comparatively good for that district. It lay southward up a narrow winding valley, directly toward or up the mountain. Soon it expanded into a large basin, indeed a sort of small plain. Immediately, as we entered it, we met with some pools of water. It was partially cultivated, though exceedingly stony. Here and there was a small oak or other shrub. Crossing this in a few minutes we entered the mouth of a narrow, stony ravine. Here climbing began in earnest. Almost immediately we turned out of the ravine up a steep ridge to the right hand. Before we got to the top of this we met with patches of snow. On account of the steepness and stones the climbing was very difficult for the horses. After getting to the top we followed the ridge for some distance, but soon descended it to the right hand a little to enter another ravine. But on account of its steepness, and from being partially filled with snow, we could take our horses no farther. Our course continued to the end as from the beginning—southward up the mountain. Each began climbing as best he could, trying, amid snow and rocks, to regain the back of the ridge we had previously abandoned. It was soon ascertained the snow was more abundant than at first supposed. Beside this a thick coat of sleet was on it, strong enough to bear a man. It was smooth as ice. This made climbing not only difficult but hazardous. If one had only begun sliding down these long snowy slopes he might never have stopped until dashed in pieces, perhaps thousands of feet lower down. Indeed, just such a fate had befallen a native only a week or two previous. One member of our party did fall, and slipped some distance, to catch fortunately on a projecting rock. After this he made his way down. The difficulties were so considerable neither Dragoman, guide, nor any save one member of my party and myself continued upward to the summit. Almost every step a hole had to be broken through the crust, often with difficulty, before a good foot-hold could be obtained.

There were occasional hemispherical masses of a diminutive thorny shrub, that had the color of straw, which projected above the snow. By stepping on these, or on an occasional stone, our way was made up the steep mountain-side. Beside this a strong wind from the south-east came over and down from the summit with sufficient force almost to carry one from his feet. In about three hours after leaving Ras-heiyah the summit was reached. Though a few clouds were lingering about in the sky, and near the horizon, yet the air was clear. As is now well known the summit of Hermon, which appears single from below, is composed of three peaks which are about the same in height, though the one we first reached is the highest. South of this, two or three hundred yards, is the second. West of these, less than a quarter of a mile, is the third and lowest. The whole top of the mountain is perfectly bare and rocky except where covered with snow. From these peaks the mountain slopes down rapidly on all sides, especially south-east and north. The first peak is best from which to look down on Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon; the second from which to overlook the Hauran and plains toward and beyond Damascus, while the third affords the best view toward Banias and down on the Huleh. On one of the most easterly summits are the remains of an old temple on the bare, rough rock, supposed to have been an old temple of Baal. But the view from this summit on the surrounding country is that which engages, from first to last, the attention of the traveler. The most remarkable prospect was under my eye I have ever met with before or since.

Let the observer on the highest summit turn his face to the north-east. Beginning at Hermon, and tracing it to the north-east, in the dim distance was Anti-Lebanon. On the right hand it breaks down abruptly, or by a series of ridges to the level of the Hauran—the Plain of Damascus and the desert plain beyond. On the left hand it descends by curiously regular slopes to the grand prairie-like valley, or trough between the parallel ranges, of Lebanon. The view down on this whole Anti-Lebanon range is complete as on a map. It is not the continuous ridge I supposed formerly. It is greatly divided, both parallel to its length—north-east to south-west—and in other directions, by great valleys and gorges.

The most remarkable is the valley of the Zebedany. It divides in two portions—in the direction of its length—parts of the Anti-Lebanon chain. It seems to begin thirty or forty miles distant, and can be traced toward my

standing place many miles. Then it suddenly bends south-eastward across the mountain chain, cleaving a way for the Barada to pour its watery treasures on the plains of Damascus. What a singular and confused mass of bare, brown, and gray mountains this is I look down on!

Now turning due north we have, perhaps twenty or thirty miles distant, the snowy crest of Jebel Suneir, the highest southern point in the Lebanon range. From this the mountain chain extends to the right or north-east, parallel to Anti-Lebanon, until it rises into the snowy height of Jebel Muth Mel, behind the mass of which the remainder of the chain is hidden as it curves to the north. From Jebel Suneir to Jebel Muth Mel the whole undulating crest of Lebanon is clearly outlined against the sky. Between Lebanon on the left, and Anti-Lebanon on the right, lies the beautiful trough-like Valley of Syria—Coele-Syria. In the distance it seems smooth and bare as a prairie, except an occasional small tumulus or small clump of trees to mark the course of the Litany—Leontes. The magnificent view up this long vista, between the unbroken mountain ranges, for seventy-five miles is only interrupted by the dimness of the horizon and curve of the mountain ranges round to the north.

From Jebel Suneir the Lebanon range extends down to the left or—from Suneir—south-west. It becomes gradually lower as it passes to a point north-west of me, and so on round to the west. It breaks up into subordinate ridges, some of which extend westward toward the sea-coast, others drop off into the Bukaa, while the great bulk of Lebanon, west of Hermon, descends into North Palestine or “upper Galilee.” To the north-west, over the back of Lebanon, I can get a glimpse of the sea-shore somewhere south of Beyrout. From this point south, as far almost as Jaffa, with a few exceptions, it may be said to be under the eye.

The whole side of Lebanon, from the gentle brown slopes by which it rises out of the Bukaa to the summits above, is, as it were hung up before my eye, a vast stratigraphical chart of the Lebanon range. How plainly visible are the seemingly horizontal belts of dirty whitish chalk, intercalated with darker limestone! The back of Jebel Suneir is white with snow, and hoary streaks descend on its sides. That part of the Bukaa which lies to the left of a line due north, and which sweeps south-west past the north base of Hermon, is choked with ridges of limestone and of darker basalt. This so continues round the north-west past the west base of the mountain. Between and through this wild sea of desolate ridges far below, Litany

forces its way close by the foot of Lebanon. Nearer, under the very base of Hermon, the waters of the Hasbany are collected in the Wady et Teim. But the valley, as it sweeps round to the west base of the mountain, is hidden by its western spurs. Facing west and south-west you look down on a wonderfully wild, desolate mountain tract, between Hermon and the sea. Through this the Leontes forces its way to the sea. Sweeping the eye round to the south-west, the great mountain axis of upper Galilee falls under the eye. This is Jebel Jermuk. On one of its lower eastern heights is Safed. From this the mountains and hills settle down southward, becoming gradually lower and also more distinct. Here and there patches of plain separate them. Among them I can descry Karun Hatlin, Tabor, and Little Hermon. Hereabout they all drop down into the great Plain of Jezreel. You can trace its whole course and extent from the Jordan Valley to Akka on the Mediterranean. It is fifty miles away.

Beyond it, and out of it, the mountains rise like an undulating wall. On the left, near the Jordan, are the mountains of Gilboa; farther to the right those which connect Gilboa with Carmel, farthest to the right and highest of all. Far away, in the south-west, the level outline suddenly bends down into the sea. Just before this happens I can see, shining on its crest, the white walls of the Convent of Elijah. At the same place, at the foot of Carmel by the sea, on the south shore of the Bay of Akka, lies Haifa. From this point northward to where Lebanon shuts out the view, the whole sea-coast is visible; except for a short distance south of Tyre, I can see Akka, Tyre, Sidon, and other places along the coast. Far out beyond all, right and left, till blended with the sky, in a milky horizon, is the "Great Sea."

South of Gilboa and Carmel the billowy rounded mountains of the table land of Samaria extends, until on the confines of Judah and Benjamin, or beyond, vision can penetrate no farther. Over the back of Carmel the shore, down almost to Jaffa, is visible. I can see the points on the pale, yellow edge of the plain, occupied by Athlit, Tautura, and Cæsarea.

Turning south I had, lying under my eye, the whole length of Great Ghor or Jordan Valley, from the south-west base of Hermon to the Dead Sea. From no other point can so striking and satisfactory a view be had of this remarkable feature in the physical geography of Palestine. I can now better than ever see how the Hauran on the east, and Galilee, Samaria, etc., on the west of it, break down suddenly into it. This seems most remarkable in

the upper on the west, in the lower part on the east of the Ghor.

Seemingly not far from the base of Hermon lies the Sea of Galilee, the whole extent of it under the eye. Between the Sea of Galilee and Hermon the Jordan Valley is much less rugged than I had been led to suppose from descriptions I had read. I could not see much of the Hulet. I did not see its lake. Beyond the Sea of Galilee, southward, the Ghor stretches in long perspective into the pale mist which hangs over the Dead Sea. To the left of the Ghor was the Hauran from Hermon to Moab—and extending from the Jordan Valley on the right to the far-off horizon on the left. This region is much more level than I had supposed. The prevailing tints are dark, usually gray and brown, sometimes blushed with green.

Putting out from the south base of Hermon is a strong, irregular ridge, which descends south for a few miles, giving off ridges which descend to the east. It is not so striking, nor does it extend so far south as I had expected. Beyond this, south and south-west, the country seems comparatively level, except occasional small conical hills. South of a line drawn eastward from the south end of the Lake of Galilee the country seems to rise and to become more undulating toward the dimly visible highlands of Moab. Far away to the south-east on the horizon are the mountains of the Hauran, or Ajlun. Nearer in the east south-east are the dark chocolate-colored mountain clusters of Jebel Aswad and Jebel Maria. The whole course of River Abana, or Awaj, was in view as it led by Sasa toward Jebel Aswad.

The whole of the yellowish-brown Plain of Damascus, more than twenty miles distant, could be seen; in it a green spot, close by the south foot of one of the southern ridges of Anti-Lebanon, and in this the light-colored patch, which I knew was Damascus—"The Eye of the East." Beyond this dark mountains and yellowish-brown plain extend, limited on the left by Anti-Lebanon, on the right and in the east only by the purple horizon—in the direction of Palmyra and the Euphrates. The most remarkable general features of this scene were its ruggedness and desolation, and its freedom from forests and signs of the presence of man.

Such, in brief, is the remarkable scene which rewards the traveler who will make the ascent of Hermon. It is not too much to say no scene of such extent and, at the same time, of so high interest is to be found in the world. With these feelings I made my way down to Rasheiyah.

OVER-PARTICULAR.

IN the beautiful village of D., delightfully situated on the banks of the Ohio River, Mr. Henderson had purchased a pleasant home for his family, which consisted of his wife and their three—I suppose in true story style I ought to say “lovely”—children.

But the Hendersons had been boarding for several years in one of the Western cities, and the children, kept under constant restraint in their two or three rooms, were not as healthy or full of life and spirits as other children of their age, having the freedom and run of the whole house and garden in their own homes, usually are.

’T is true Harry now and then had roguish mischief shining out of his eyes as if he could enjoy a real boy’s frolic, but poor little Mattie, his elder sister by three years, had been so repeatedly checked by her mother for the slightest misdemeanor, and was so constantly on the watch to shield Harry from any reproof that it gave her a peculiarly old, quaint look. One would hardly imagine, seeing her quiet, sedate manner about the room arranging things, or when seated at her work, that she was but ten years old. And yet that little heart was naturally full of warmth and sunshine, and she would have been gleeful under different circumstances.

But Mrs. Henderson, her mother, was not one to enter into the pleasures of her children or call forth their affections. In the first place she had never been particularly fond of children, or understood their many little wants and ways.

To keep them neat, and clean, and in their rooms as much as possible, away from troubling the other boarders, seemed all that was necessary. All this was well enough had she only made even their narrow quarters bright and home-like to her children. But strictly carrying out the maxim, “a place for every thing, and every thing in its place,” and not wishing her one parlor to be “littered up,” as she called it, with children’s books and toys, she was—alas! the truth must be told—*over-particular*.

Mr. Henderson observing this, and seeing that his bright Harry and darling Mattie were fast losing their once frank, happy spirits, and that even little Jennie, but three or four years old, was becoming less artless and child-like, as if afraid to sing or shout when pleased, like other children, attributed it all to their manner of living, and decided to purchase a pleasant home just out of the city, where they could have more freedom and fresh air.

Ardently attached to his family, and wishing to promote their happiness in every way, he had regretted that his limited means prevented his sooner carrying out this plan.

The past year having been a more successful one, he determined to take them all by surprise and present a home to his beloved wife on the anniversary of her birthday, which occurred the forepart of May—the very time to settle themselves in the country.

In purchasing “Woodbine Cottage,” as Mr. Henderson called it from the luxuriant woodbine clambering all over the front piazza, he considered the present and future comfort of all. For, like many a fond father, he was ever castle-building for his children. Harry was to be his partner and successor in business, Mattie was to become a beautiful young lady, should be highly educated, and perhaps—ah well, that was looking a little too far forward—marry some rich merchant or professional man. Winsome Jennie, who was still so young, he hoped would make home bright to her parents when they became aged. Thus the happy father thought and planned for his loved ones.

In planning for the house he concluded the furniture they had in the city would do well enough for their bedroom and sitting-room; but there should be handsome new furniture for his wife’s parlor, while Harry and the girls must have pretty new sets of cottage furniture for their bedrooms. Then he arranged a play-room for them over the back building, where they could be as merry as they pleased on a rainy day without disturbing their mother.

It took some little time to carry out all these plans—repairing and altering the house, etc. But Mr. Henderson kept his secret, though his wife often wondered why he came home so much later than usual, and seemed so absorbed about something. On being questioned he would pleasantly evade too close inquiry by saying,

“O, I have a little business that takes me out of the city occasionally after office hours, but I think I will get through with it before long.”

“O, papa,” exclaimed Harry, “won’t you take me with you some day, for I am so tired of the city, and would so love to see the country!”

“Yes, do, dear papa,” echoed Mattie, “Harry would enjoy himself so much in seeing all the beautiful trees, the green grass, and the muly cows with their cunning little calves frisking about—and O, I can’t begin to tell what all!”

"But, darling, why don't you speak for yourself; you seem capable of appreciating all these things?"

"Ah, but, papa! you know I am older than Harry," said quaint little Mattie, "and you and mamma took me once in the country to see Aunt Martha, who, you say, I am named after. It was ever and ever so long ago," she added, "as if many years had passed over her head, but Harry has never been, or at least he was such a wee mite of a thing he did n't remember any thing about it."

Dear, unselfish Mattie! she was but three years older than her brother Harry, and could only have been five or six years old at the time she visited her aunt, but ever since it had evidently been treasured up in her mind as a vision from fairy-land, and now the very mention of the word country made her long to have her darling brother see all she had seen, and often talked to him about.

Mr. Henderson, absorbed in business, had long since forgotten the incident which Mattie so treasured up; but, thus reminded of it, he recalled her wild delight, and thorough appreciation of all that was beautiful in nature, and saw how her mind and spirits had since been dwarfed. More than ever pleased that he now had it in his power to make them all happy, he cheerily said:

"Well, be good children and I will take you all out in the country soon."

"Me, too; me, too!" said little Jennie.

"Yes, darling, 'me, too,' shall go."

Away danced Jennie, clapping her hands with joy, such as she had not shown in many a day. The happy father giving them each a kiss then left for the office.

The mother, who had been down-stairs, coming up while they were still excitedly talking over their expected treat, exclaimed:

"Why, children, what is all this noise about? Harry, just look at the way you have cluttered up the room with your books and things! Martha, I wish you would put this room in order; it is not fit for any one to come in."

The weird, old look settled on poor Mattie's face as she went about picking up one thing after another and placing them all in precise order, as she knew her mother wished to have them.

Then Mattie and Harry started for school, leaving little Jennie to play quietly alone while Mrs. Henderson seated herself at her work.

Thus to check the children in their play, and have every thing "straightened up," was no unusual event. But the mother, with too large a "bump of order," as phrenologists would say,

did not notice the effect it was having upon her children, or that the bright gladness of their young hearts was too early checked and might cause premature sadness, or, at the very least, less lightness of spirits than they ought to have.

Bright, sunny May, so eagerly looked forward to by Mr. Henderson, came at last.

Every thing in and around the cottage was in perfect order. The fruit-trees were loaded with blossoms, shrubbery well trimmed, and some of it in full bloom, while the grass on the lawn had that bright, fresh green of early Spring, which is so refreshing to look upon.

To please the children Mr. Henderson had purchased an additional acre joining the cottage grounds, and had a young calf placed in it for Harry, and a lamb for the girls to feed and pet themselves.

On the third of May, Mrs. Henderson's birthday, her husband said, quite early in the morning, "Mary, what say you to spending your birthday with the children out in the country?"

"Well, I suppose it would be a good plan, for the children have been whispering together about the country for the past month. But where can we go? Your sister Martha has given up the old homestead, and we have no intimate friends just now living in the country."

"O, well, leave it all to me; only get yourself and the children ready after breakfast, and I will take you somewhere. Remember, it is your birthday treat, so you must not ask any questions."

On hearing the good news the long-pent-up children were perfectly delighted, but it was almost sad to see how they repressed their joy, fearing to annoy their mother, and instead of tossing up their hats or other things around, as children might have done upon such a grand occasion, were carefully moving about not to misplace any thing. It seemed to them as if breakfast time *never* would come—they ate at the second table, and had to wait until their parents and other boarders were through—but finally, with a well-filled basket of lunch, they were all snugly packed in a carriage, ready to start out of the city, Mrs. Henderson as much mystified as the children as to where they were going. After two hours' pleasant ride the carriage drove up before an elegant-looking cottage.

"Why, Mr. Henderson!" exclaimed his wife, "where are you taking us to? I don't know any one living here!"

"You certainly are intimately acquainted with

the owner," laughingly replied Mr. Henderson; "only step out of the carriage and I will prove it to you."

With some hesitation, and with many words of caution to the children as to not making a noise, behaving polite, etc., she followed her husband up the walk, leading Jennie by the hand. Harry and Mattie had already spied the calf and lamb eating young grass near the fence, and were ready to scream out with joy at their discovery, but cautioned by their mother, demurely followed her and Jennie. In the mean time Mr. Henderson had rung the bell and said something to the nice, matronly looking woman who attended the door. His wife and children were then ushered into the handsomely furnished parlor. Seeing the uncomfortable look of anxiety and suspense on his wife's countenance, he took her by the arm and led her to the large pier-glass, politely saying, "Allow me to introduce you to the owner of this house, if you do not already recognize her."

"Why, Mr. Henderson! James, what do you mean?"

"Is it not your birthday? How do you like my present of 'Woodbine Cottage'?"

Utterly amazed, she could not for some moments realize what her husband meant, then a happy smile settled on her face, and after warmly thanking her devoted husband, she turned to the wondering children and explained to them that it was their own, their *very own* home. Many a year afterward Mr. and Mrs. Henderson recalled their joyous look when they fully comprehended that this was indeed to be their future home.

After they had all admired the rich and tastily furnished parlors, Mr. Henderson took them over the rest of the house, planning where the furniture they already had was to be placed, showing the children their own pretty bedrooms and play-room, etc. Then they went to look at the grounds and outhouses. Harry was delighted with the chicken-house, and all were pleased with a little Gothic-shaped shed for the calf and pet lamb. They had already made acquaintance with these pets. The lamb was following Jennie, who hugged and kissed it from the first without the slightest fear. When wearied they returned to the house, where their mother had spread out in the dining-room the lunch they brought with them, no provision being yet made to cook a regular dinner. The person who let them in was only a kind neighbor, wife of the carpenter, who had charge of the keys while the repairs were being made. After eating their lunch and taking one more happy survey of every thing, they returned to

the city to pack up and get ready to move out to their new home.

A few years have passed by since they were settled in it; now let us see if a more joyous spirit pervades the new home. Alas! no; for the same disposition to be particular about every thing fills Mrs. Henderson's mind. In fact, it had increased; for her pride in her beautiful home, and her ambition to keep her furniture and every thing in the most perfect order, often makes others uncomfortable instead of adding to their happiness. The servants are constantly overlooked and corrected if the least thing is misplaced. The children are not allowed to go here or there; must not play on the front lawn, or go among the flowers for fear of spoiling something, and even Mr. Henderson is reminded to leave his boots in the hall, and put on his slippers *before* coming into the parlor, no matter how tired he may be of an evening, after having been at the office in the city all day. Or if he threw the newspaper carelessly down on the lounge instead of the table, it was folded up before him as a silent reproof, then laid where it belonged. Thus home was not made as bright to any one as it might have been.

Poor Mattie had a more strangely weird look than ever, for she was constantly striving to shield her younger brother and sister from reproof by having her eyes in every direction, to replace as quickly as possible any thing they might leave in disorder. She perfectly idolized her brother, but he, boy-like, was often thoughtless of the trouble he caused his sister, though he loved her very dearly, and confided to her all his little troubles or ambitious secrets of "when I'm a man." The one he most talked of was having a home of his own, where his sisters could come and see him, and scatter and bang things about *just as much as they pleased*, not realizing that if they all lived, they too would be grown up, and not care so much about such things as they now did.

One day Harry came in from school with his cheeks flushed, and a wearied look. Flinging down his books, he threw himself on the lounge in the sitting-room.

"Harry," said Mrs. Henderson, "get up at once, and put your books in the right place."

"O, do let my books be where they are; my head aches."

"Well, if your head does ache it would not have made it any worse to place your books where they belong. I expect you have been playing too hard."

Thoughtful Mattie at once placed them on the

shelf, Mrs. Henderson not caring who did it so her love of order was gratified. At tea-time Harry scarcely tasted any thing, and after tea his father noticing his still flushed cheeks called him to his side, and asked him what was the matter with him.

"O, papa, my head aches so!" exclaimed the child, as he laid it down upon his father's shoulder.

Finding that his head was hot, and hands very dry and feverish, he told Harry he thought he had better go to bed, and as he noticed his wife was busy, upon some "household care intent," he proposed to go with him to his room. The child looked pleased, and took his father's hand till they reached the foot of the stairs, then he seemed unable to lift one foot before the other, and complained of being "O, so dizzy." His father at once raised him in his arms, and carried him up to bed. With almost womanly gentleness he undressed his dear boy, then bathed his hands and forehead until they seemed cooler. Seating himself by the bedside, he begged Harry to go to sleep. After tossing about for a while he finally fell into a restless sleep. Mr. Henderson then stole softly downstairs, and told his wife that he feared Harry was going to be really sick.

"Why, my dear, you are always so anxious about the children! He came in tired from school, as if he had been playing too hard." But before going to bed she looked in upon him, and saw he was asleep, but Mr. Henderson, still anxious, left their doors open, so that he could go to Harry if he should awake in the night. Feeling uneasy, he did not sleep very soundly, and toward morning heard Harry moaning as if in pain. Hastily slipping on something, he was soon by his bedside. The child did not seem to recognize him, and was evidently delirious. He called to his wife, and some one was aroused to go for the doctor. The doctor, after looking at Harry, and feeling his pulse, shook his head gravely, as he made up a prescription. When he left the room the anxious parents followed him into the hall, begging him to tell them what was the matter with their darling boy, for Mrs. Henderson, though not usually demonstrative, had an affectionate heart, and when it was roused showed deep feeling. The doctor told them that Harry seemed to have all the symptoms of scarlet fever, and advised them to keep the girls out of his room. But Mattie, loving her brother with all the warmth and depth of an ardent nature, repressed toward others, had been by her brother's bedside a long time in the evening after his father left him. He had awaked and

called for a drink just as she was going to her own room, and as he complained of his head aching, she had stayed with him till he again fell asleep. She told her mother this, and begged to be still near him. It was too late now for any precautions to avail aught, so Mattie was permitted to soothe her brother's wandering mind. O, how the mother's heart ached as he begged her not to reprove him for tossing his things around. "O, my head aches so; do let the books stay where they are," he again and again said, repeating his last words to his mother.

A day later Mattie was not seen in her brother's room, or Jennie's voice heard anywhere about the house. They, too, lay moaning in pain. How glad, O, how very glad, would Mrs. Henderson have been, could she only have seen a misplaced chair, or school books lying around! Every thing was in too perfect order now, while a hushed stillness reigned over the whole house, except in the room where the precious little sufferers lay. Toward the end of the week they grew worse, then it was known that the "Angel of Death" hovered near. One by one was lightly touched with his icy hand, the angels of "Pity" and "Mercy" standing near to safely convey them over the River Jordan to the heavenly home, where they would have *eternal joy* and peace. Who can describe the desolation of that home? The father's bright day-dreams for his children's future happiness on earth all vanished, and his heart left desolate and almost broken; for he had found his greatest source of pleasure and happiness in his children, when free from the cares of business. Over the repentant mother, crushed with grief and anguish, we will draw a veil. It was years before she could banish the longing wish to have her little ones back, to make them happier than she now knew they could have been while with her, but the wish, alas! was in vain. An unvaried order and oppressive silence followed her every-where as a daily reproof, as a lesson learned too late. Are there not others who may learn the same sad lesson *too late*? Home, remember, can not be made too happy for the little one, who may be "only lent for a while."

BELIEVING is neither more nor less than heart-looking. Whosoever looked at the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness was made well, however feeble his look. Just so, whosoever looks at Jesus by faith is pardoned, however great his sins may have been, and however feeble his faith.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

SIMPLE in her manners and accessible to all, she puts every one at ease. When she makes calls on the people she is never disturbed, however homely their way of living. She is equally social with the farmer who is husking corn, with his wife at her wash-tub, and with the old mother by the kitchen fire-side. And this is without affectation, from her genuine interest in her husband's people. She is one of those that seems born to do the very thing that needs to be done; entertaining company, tending baby, washing pots and kettles, copying sermons, writing letters, and darning stockings. All this within the parsonage, while outside she visits sick and well, and makes herself agreeable to young and old, and this without ever producing the impression upon the rich that she is trying to curry favor, nor upon the poor that she feels herself to be condescending to their estate. This is her comprehensive gift, her *karisma*, fitting her to do every thing in the right place and time.

Such is the ideal minister's wife. But few are fitted for this variety of effort, and no parish can properly demand it. Each one must do good in her own way. And if the family duties of a minister's wife are such as to make it inconsistent for her to be prominent in parish matters, she ought not to attempt it. She is then bound to save her strength for home use, especially for cheering and sustaining her husband in his arduous toils. If she urges herself to more than this, you may be sure her conscience is a little morbid, even though she may act from the very best of motives. Of course there are emergencies, such as we have recently passed through in the war of the rebellion, when every patriotic woman, were she a hundred times wife or mother, is called to special duties and sacrifices. When our country needs our services, in the great struggle for right and freedom, it is no time to hesitate between conflicting claims.

There are also seasons of unusual religious interest which bring their unusual demands. If at such times, by some word of counsel to the perplexed and of comfort to the troubled heart, she can assist in leading sinners to Christ, the faithful minister's wife will seek out such opportunities as one of her highest privileges. Thus from love to her Master, and sympathy with her husband, she freely gives the flock a service which they could not require of her.

I have a letter before me written more than a century ago, which bears happily on this

general subject. It is from the Rev. Thomas Smith, of Pembroke, Plymouth county, Massachusetts, to his daughter, who had just married Mr. Dunster, a grandson of the first President of Harvard College. Mr. Smith was a fine scholar, and one of the distinguished men of that day. A popular preacher, he drew such crowded houses that even the gallery stairs were occupied as seats. The only difficulty he had with his people was the same that tries the souls of so many ministers—on the subject of church music. But this was only a ripple in his long and successful ministry. He preached till his sight entirely failed him, which was at the age of eighty-three. I copy his letter from the original manuscript, yellow with age, but which has been carefully framed and preserved by loving hands.

"MY CHILD,—You will accept this as a token of my permanent affection and concern for you, and take in good part the advice I give. As you were always a dutiful and pleasant child to your parents, so I hope I may conclude you will be dutiful, faithful, and agreeable in your present station, and prove as great a blessing in it as ever woman did. Set before you the best and brightest patterns of female virtue and economy, and among the rest, forget not the example of good old-fashioned Sarah, of whom you have read, and will do well to read again, as also Solomon's description of a virtuous wife.

"I am highly desirous you should excel the common rate of even clergymen's wives, and shine with the stronger luster in the orb appointed for you. I mean that you should excel in gentleness, goodness, and usefulness. You can not do yourself a greater honor nor a greater pleasure than by indulging this ambition and this pursuit; nor can you reflect a greater honor upon your father and mother, who have had the care of your education, nor give them a greater pleasure.

"There is no need I should recommend hospitality; I am sensible you are no niggard; but I may tell you that all the parishioners claim an interest in such as you. Allow the claim—be easy of access to all and affable—that may be without any low familiarities. Despise not the lowest for their foibles and infirmities, but pity and assist them rather. If you meet with any rough or clownish, or otherwise ill treatment from any, watch for an opportunity to do them a good turn; if resentment seem necessary, beware that it proceed not too far, yea, rather leave that matter wholly to Mr. Dunster. I would have you so innocent, discreet, pure, that even malice itself should be put to it to

find any thing to object against you. Your mother will propose to visit you sometime in the Spring, unless there be some particular difficulty to prevent; for I intend to allow her a month, which you know is a great matter for me. Mr. Dunster will not take it amiss that he is not particularly addressed. If he should happen to find it a fault in me, I know he will forgive it when I ask his pardon.

"I am his and yours affectionately,

"THOMAS SMITH.

"Pembroke, December 29, 1767."

I remember hearing one of our popular lecturers, who had traveled all over the country, and had frequently experienced the hospitality of ministers, remark that he regarded the wives of our country pastors as among the noblest of martyrs. And it seems to me that never were words more fitly spoken. Occupying a situation of extreme delicacy and difficulty, with ceaseless claims upon narrow means, and obliged to resort to every possible contrivance to give an air of refinement to their homes, yet meeting the multitudinous and seemingly conflicting requirements made upon them with rare prudence and with uncomplaining patience and self-denial, they do, indeed, constitute a heroic band.

And here I can not forbear quoting the following eloquent tribute from a gifted clergyman:

"Side by side with the Christian pastor, through every generation of our Puritan story, moves one who, though over her head no prayer of consecration attended by imposition of hands was offered, has surely been faithful as he in the ministry of the Word. The wives of New England's hill-side ministers—they are a class whose achievements have been seldom celebrated or sung. Self-denying, overworked, placed in a situation of critical difficulty; tasking every virtue of prudence, every grace of humility; struggling, with scanty means, to preserve an atmosphere of refinement for the Gospel's sake in a household where poverty makes narrow the ribbon and threadbare the coat; patient, zealous, benevolent; the angels of the bedside of suffering, the unfaltering help-meets of the preacher of the Word—if ever there was a class whose virtues deserved the tribute of eloquence and reverent admiration, they are the wives of our country ministers. Sacred above apostolic benediction has been their ordaining to the work.

"The vision of one such comes before me now, has been before me from childhood—never let me forget it till a mother's countenance fades from my dying memory—whose life-long work is set forth in the apostle's words, as if written but of her. 'She brought up children; she

lodged strangers; she washed the saints' feet,' yea, the feet of sinners, too; 'she relieved the afflicted; she diligently followed every good work.' And yet, I do not speak of her as doing an unusual labor. She is but one of the thousands who have worn themselves out in the past, are wearing themselves out now in the cheerful, uncomplaining labors of a rural pastor's wife. I say not these things to gain for them any false and commiserating sympathy. They do not ask for it. They would be the last to exaggerate their services or their trials. What they do they do for the Gospel's sake; but if there is any such thing as obligation in the world, the world is under obligation to them."

Yes, what they do they do from sympathy with their husbands, and for the sake of their Master. The love of Christ is a hidden fire, which, however circumstances may limit its expression, will, perforce, break out in some earnest petition, some tender or encouraging word, or some deed of love or mercy.

It should never be forgotten that the wife of a clergyman occupies a peculiarly trying position. To fit her fully for it she is sometimes called to severe discipline. In their frequently recurring afflictions the members of the flock look to her for sympathy and consolation; but how can she give this who has not herself been afflicted? There are seasons of unusual trial in the community. Her husband's parish may be on the sea-coast, and some fierce gale wrecks the returning vessel almost within sight of home, at a single stroke bereaving a large number of households; or some fatal epidemic sweeps over the place, cutting down the flower of many a family, and how can she, who has never parted with a dear one, understand the ministry of consolation? But let *her* dwelling be darkened by the great shadow, let one of her *own* blossoms of love be stricken down, and she begins to comprehend the profound mystery of sorrow. She sees the rose slowly fading from its cheek, and the sunshine from its laughing eye. Its little, dimpled hand is now white and delicate as alabaster, yet she hopes on! Alas death knows no relenting. The tiny pulse beats more and more faintly, and as she gazes with a breaking heart the fluttering prisoner escapes, her birdling soars forever from its nest. Or a bolt out of a clear sky falls upon her household without one moment's notice, crushing the hopes of a life-time, and working a wide-spread desolation, which no pen can describe. What a lesson has the sufferer learned! How near to her now are the afflicted ones in the flock! How close can she draw to those who are going down into the

deep waters! She may not be able to utter a single word, but the mourners divine what she feels, and are comforted by her presence; henceforth the sanctuaries of grief are open to her, for she has the key to them, and a mission there.

But do not forget that I have disclaimed perfection for the minister's wife. To have one who knows not how to bridle her tongue, who is weak or inconsiderate, inefficient, untruthful, or indiscreet, is a trial to any parish. But is it not a greater trial to her husband? and have you not affection and respect enough for your pastor to throw a veil of charity over her failings, and to shield him so far as possible from the effects of her wrong-doing? With the very best intentions, however, your minister's wife is liable to mistakes. In a moment of excitement she may utter a hasty word. Some injudicious person repeats it, and so it travels from one to another, with additions and colorings, till a great fire of indignation is kindled. Ah, do not write bitter things against her. That hasty word was from the impulse of the moment, and meant not half that it implied. She regretted it at once, and has suffered for it ever since. Can you not pass it over, and quiet the breezes it has stirred? And do not believe every bad thing you hear about your pastor's wife. Of course, you are not to look for an angel, yet, if you do your part, who knows whether she may not become to you an angel of mercy?

O, if we could all cherish the Divine spirit of charity, how many bitter misjudgments might be spared! "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This high and noble enactment is a chain let down to us from heaven, every separate link of which is of purest gold, and the closer it binds us to one another, the nearer will it draw us to heaven. Thus, there will be better ministers, better ministers' wives, and better parishes, and they will go on, growing better and better, till pastor and people meet together in the perfected blessedness of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is the life of Christianity. It is the revealed law of God's dealing with us, and of our godly dealing with each other. It is the principle of the incarnation itself, and of the relation between man and man. Without compassion, or fellow-feeling, the love of God is a mere unintelligible word, and human love a pretense. We can not truly love that with which we have nothing in common, and we can

not apprehend how God can *love* us unless there were some means by which he might *feel* for us. Therefore, we accept the mystery that he took our nature upon him in Christ. In this lies the power of the atonement, of the reconciliation of God and man in the Savior. We believe that God is brought into special contact, with man in Christ; and that thus he can have compassion upon us.

Thus, compassion is the life of Christianity as between God and man. And without compassion, without fellow-feeling, there can be no true human love, no true Christian union. Without it, indeed, man can not fill his right place in the world, or discharge his proper duty to his fellow-men.

Compassion is that which chiefly distinguishes us from other animals with whom we share common life. With them there seems to be no place for the law, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." A passing instinct may make the parent bird wail and twitter while the nest is being robbed, but, as a rule, the weak animal is destroyed by the strong, and the only sense in danger is one of self-preservation. This may seem to be so true as to need no notice, but as human compassion is of so nice and essential a nature, I will ask you to look with me at some bastard forms of it, that we may, if possible, have a juster conception of what compassion or fellow-feeling is, and what the apostle means when he tells us all to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." For instance, the feeling which is aroused by a sight of distress may be divine and right, and yet take a mere selfish or mischievous form, as when with inconsiderate sensitiveness we toss a shilling to a beggar. Or we may pay a passing tribute to some form of impure rejoicing simply because it seems to give enjoyment, and we have a vague notion that it is pleasant to see others pleased, no matter what contributes to their mirth. Or the sight of suffering in another may lead us not only to say, "I can not bear to see it," but to escape from the pain we feel, and which is the sign of our capacity for showing divine tenderness, by simply turning away, that the impression may fade.

Now, I am not supposing it desirable, even if possible, that we should try to change our tastes; but I am sure that there is much departure from the divine law to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," in our yielding selfishly and readily to the nice promptings of taste. The divine law before us is very large. It involves not only a quick appreciation of real joy and sorrow in

others, but much effort of perception, and much forbearance. We might possibly suppose that there was much to offend and little to appeal to the taste of one so pure as our Lord Jesus Christ in the circumstances of many whom he relieved. The widowed mother weeping over the bier of her only son might melt any heart, but the blind beggar in the ditch, and the poor, commonplace, shrinking leper, were sights too frequent to rouse unusual emotion. We might thus suppose that Christ had pity on such somewhat against the grain of his divine refinement, but I am sure such a supposition would be false. The truly divine heart responds as readily to common sorrow as to that which is peculiar and obviously pathetic. Let us be sure that, as we have the mind of Christ, so we keenly perceive and considerately try to cure all suffering, however mean and repulsive it may be; so we sympathize with honest, genuine rejoicing, however ignoble it may appear.

One curse of the present day is indifference. It is supposed to be a mark of some sort of superiority to hear with phlegm and see with stolid stare. True, there is a divine steadiness, which is swift to hear and slow to speak, but the spirit of indifference to which I allude is but a base caricature of this. We are not wanted to bustle and exclaim. We are not expected to cultivate a hysterical susceptibility, but we ought to resist the fashion which admires a careless and unfeeling composure. It is not Christian, it is not right. It tends to spoil that which is best in us, that capacity for divine compassion which sees with readiness and helps with consideration.

True compassion is the most lovable grace, and one charm of it is that there always is scope for its exercise. It is the secret of the best legislation, for it includes that perception of genuine human wants which prevents irritating or merely theoretical law. It is the secret of all good government and management in politics, in society, in home life. We say that one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin. Whatever we do, let us recollect that the law before us assumes a power to put ourselves in the position of others. We are not to judge any thing merely from our own standing-point, but make strong effort to get out of ourselves, and move round to others' side of a matter, and try to see it as it appeared to others. This, more than any thing else, prevents misunderstanding. It enables those who differ to join issue fairly. It preserves good faith in controversy. It sets people to seek the right result, unswayed by merely personal feelings. It eminently leads to this in the matter of religious

differences. There, if anywhere, we have a large scope for speculation. Being impressed, as we should be, by the fact that history and experience tell us that there are good men, sincere, devoted, who hold opinions opposite to ours, who see the same facts in contrary lights, we should apply the principle of the divine law, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," especially in religious antagonisms. And if we, happily, are little affected by these, we have still wide range for the use of the principle at home; and home is the cradle of human life. Let us try more not to think of ourselves so much in our sorrows and joys. Let us be ready to listen to *others*, even in their smallest vexations. Let us oil the wheels of home life by taking more interest in what others are doing, and saying, and wishing. As a very little matter, a little grit, or stick, or nail may make a hitch in the working of a great machine and mar the best-made engine, making its well-aimed purposes abortive, so in a family, peace and comfort, the love and life of home, may be spoiled by slight instances of inconsiderateness. An unkind, wanton word, a rough reception of a well-meant act, an overlooking of some homely interest which concerns the children, or the servants, or the weak, may be enough to set the whole household ajar.

Do not think that these are considerations too little for one who has, may be, great business in the head, or great schemes in the head. Do not think that they are beneath the serious notice of the largest Christian mind. When we remember of what countless items the fabric of the commonest human life and hopes is built, when we remember with how intimate a recognition of lesser things the whole world is conducted by God, let us see in the law of our text a great Christian principle, influencing not only the central article of Christian belief, but reaching down to the routine of the lowliest society, and the day's round of the humblest home.

Let us carry home a conviction that if we would live as members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven, there are no times and places in which we need not do our best, with prayer to God, to keep the great law of compassion, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," however humble the rejoicing, however uninteresting the tears.

SIMPLICITY is an exact medium between too much and too little. Grace is the medium of motion; beauty is the medium of form, and gentleness is the medium of fashion.



AUTUMN.

AUTUMN, thou art most rich in pensive joy
 To them that read thee rightly. Thou hast hope
 In deep serenity of sadness hidden—
 Life in thy gentle death. The seed hath fallen
 To its dark resting-place in the moldering sod,
 Its own small spark of life within it glowing
 We know not how—that unseen quickening power
 Lodged there by Him whose least-regarded work
 Is past our understanding. Canst thou tell,
 Thou that hast sought with weary and subtle toil !
 By what still-working silent spell it draws
 Unto itself all needful elements,
 And weaves them into fabrics passing art,
 Yet toils not, neither spins ? How meekly there,
 With what glad quietness in the dreary time,
 Do these abide their rising from the earth !

Therein is wisdom that thou well may'st learn,
Bow down, O man ! for God is in this place ;
" This is none other than the gate of heaven ! "

AN OLD CHRISTIAN LEGEND.

UPROSE the sun o'er dripping hill and dale ;
The clouds, glad of dismissal, broke away ;
And nature smiled above her tears, to hail
A Sabbath day.

A clearer, bluer luster filled the air ;
A richer, deeper fragrance floated round ;
And pools of liquid crystal every-where
Lay on the ground.

The faithful ones who dwelt in Nazareth
Came slowly out, and with a righteous awe
Went to the synagogue, with bated breath,
To hear the law.

They heard, and straight returned ; nor dared they
roam
Among the glories new about them spread ;
Each, silent, solemn, took the way for home,
Each thither sped.

One child there was would not be thus confined ;
One, seven years old, who sallied out to play,
To drink the joys of freshened earth and wind
That Sabbath day.

His mother checked him not, yet saw him leave,
For he was wise beyond her wisdom's reach ;
Her husband shook his head ; he could but grieve,
He could not teach.

The child, with youthful glee, his sport began,
Cheered by the glories of the newborn earth ;
From flower to flower, from pool to pool he ran,
In childish mirth.

Now on firm ground his busy feet have gone,
And now the yielding clay those feet have pressed,
And then at last, tired out, he sat upon
A stone to rest.

And then he sported, for a little while,
With the soft earth beneath his feet that lay ;
And soon before him stretched a little file
Of birds of clay.

Old Benjamin, the Rabbi of the town,
Had watched from out his window all this sport,
And came, with pompous step and gathering frown,
Down to the court.

" Hail, Rabbi ! " said the child then ; " Master,
hail ! "

" Son, " said the old man, " heard I not thee say
That mere professions nothing will avail,
We must obey ? "

" Why hast thou then thus broken God's com-
mand,
Profaned his holy Sabbath with thy sport,

And "—here the little child's uplifted hand
Cut his speech short.

" What, dost thou teach, " began th' indignant
tone,

" The chosen people on the Sabbath day,
And hast not learned that God says not alone
What thou dost say ? "

This is the word the Father hath expressed,
That all should rest this day from worldly toil,
From wearing, carking cares this day should rest,
And constant moil.

His will it is that man should goodness do ;
His will it is that man should happy be ;
Now I am happy ; now I work ; and who
Shall hinder me ? "

This said, one earnest glance he turned above,
Then clapped his hands. The earthen figures
heard

The sound ; they started ; each began to move,
A living bird !

They started up, instinct with new-found life ;
New breath inspired a new and joyful song ;
Then whirled their way, vying harmonious strife,
The woods among.

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

My wife had left her home to seek
The glow I worshiped in her cheek
Like Persian old ; my sky had paled ;
A letter every day I mailed,
And often said, in cheerful vein,
" The baby slept all night again. "

All hallow'd by her tears and prayers
He stay'd with me, it lessen'd cares ;
If he, the nestling, slept, I knew
My dove would slumber sweetly too ;
And so I wrote her now and then,
" The baby slept all night again. "

One morn he languished at my side,
Death-sick, and with the day he died,
And day with him. It was my will
That she I loved be happy still,
So wrote I in my wonted strain,
" The baby slept all night again. "

But when, in turn, she fondly wrote,
Her pet names using in her note,
With artless talk about the bed
Of him who slept so cold and dead,
I sat the bitter truth to pen,
" He sleeps to wake no more again. "

And when upon my breast she lay,
And sobbed her precious bloom away,
And grief met grief, while of the dead
We thought within his narrow bed,
I said, and saw it ease her pain,
" He wakes to sleep no more again. "

**A SPRIG OF HEMLOCK;
OR, WHAT ONE SCHOOL-MA'AM DID.**

THERE had been a heavy fall of rain for several days, and as brother G. and I looked out of our temporary abode on the morning of January 29, 186-, we at once decided that our only hope of reaching L. in time for quarterly-meeting, would be to leave the buggy and put the horses under saddle. It was during a periodical rain and thaw, after two weeks of good traveling, and any one who knows Southern Illinois will easily comprehend the situation. Farmers had been in earnest about hauling corn, wheat, and other farm products to the railroad station where we were, and the "mud roads" of the country had been cut up and deepened into sloughs, many of which were not faint imitations of the celebrated "slough of despond." The prospect, therefore, for a day's ride was not particularly attractive. We must, however, go through, so, equipping ourselves with "leggings" and spurs—the traditional saddle-bags were wanting—we set out, and plunged into the middle of the mud, deep, in some places, as our horses' bellies, and were in for a thirty miles' ride before midnight, if our steeds could endure the work of it.

The day proved beautiful, beyond almost the best of Winter days, when Nature delights to give men at once a foretaste of a coming millennium and a reminiscence of the lost paradise. April scarcely spreads a brighter sky or fleecier clouds to curtain the sleeping earth, and May is niggardly of balmy air than that which seemed to nestle itself close to our faces as we rode eastward to meet the glorious coming of the sun. Our road was over prairies wild and primitive in some places, and cultivated to rural abundance in others, then among patches and spurs of timber, where great oaks and hickories made canopies over us, on which the dry oak leaves were still hanging to play with the southern breezes of Spring after having defied the tempests of Winter. Sometimes we wound along the sides of streams, and through their overflowed waters, in which our horses could almost swim. We traveled slowly, occasionally resting after toiling through a stretch of sticky bottom-land—so called, perhaps, because some bolder man than I has actually sounded its mud, and found a bottom to it.

We talked of the roads, the country, religion, politics, education, the Church, and some old friends, whom we both had known and prized in our circuit-riding days in Ohio, for although when we resided in that State we had both been in fact local men, yet we had traveled circuits,

and supplied more than one hard appointment. No one will wonder, then, if he is told that our ride was delightful, and that we really were making better progress than we had dared to hope. A little time before noon we rode into a tract of moderately rolling land, covered with fine oaks. A grander forest Nature never made. The trees stood apart. There was no underbrush. The whole ground was covered with dried leaves, soft as a carpet and nearly as clean. Now and then the branches opened above, and let in great masses or bodies of sunlight, which, as it fell on the lower limbs and trunks of the trees, and on the rounded points of the swells, or in the basins which they made, broke into brooks and lakes of molten gold, all quivering, as it seemed, with life and laughing joy. Nothing was wanting to make the scene a complete Summer enchantment, save the song of birds, the odor of flowers, and the sight of green foliage.

As we rode out of this forest we came upon a log cabin covered from ground to chimney-tops with climbing roses and honeysuckles. A trumpet creeper, such a mighty vine as you sometimes see wild in this region, had climbed each chimney, and, with its outspread branches at the top, had made quite a tree, and looked as if it only needed a wink from the distant Spring to giggle forth with its peculiar, laughing leaves, and to manufacture a thousand brilliant trumpets for the fairies to blow. A rose had taken possession of a rustic frame-work over the door, where its green shoots hung as if longing for just one hint from the smiling sun to burst forth into rainbows, as does a cloud after a Summer shower. Honeysuckles clambered over the windows like frolicsome children over the ladders and ropes of a gymnasium, and looked as if they could hardly wait till March before filling the whole air with perfume. In the front yard were several species of evergreens—among them a hemlock—looking so like unfading worth and honesty that I cried out, "There lives a good woman, one whose good nature never fails, and who is all the more excellent and even beautiful in bad weather and hard times, and I am certain she is from New Hampshire."

"You are partly right and partly wrong, as usual," said he; for I had often guessed at the politics of the settlers as we rode along, and, as he knew them to a man, he had sometimes tripped my conjectures. "This time," he went on to say, "you are wrong in your most important point."

"What!" cried I, a little warmly, "do you mean to insinuate that a bad woman made that cabin into such a picture of beauty?"

"I neither said nor intended any such thing," he replied, breaking out into a laugh.

"Then what do you mean?" I demanded.

"O, you said a good woman lived there, and she was from New Hampshire," said he. "Now I assume, and I think correctly, that you esteem it a better and even a more important thing to have been born in New Hampshire than to be good. That is all. Now do n't be too hard on my honesty and frankness."

I had been praising New England, and particularly New Hampshire that morning, and had spoken of Daniel Webster and John Stark, and others of her sons, and of course had no defense against G.'s wit. So I merely looked at my watch, and asked if the good woman of the vine-covered cabin was a Methodist.

"Certainly," said he; "but you can not stop here for dinner. That large flock of chickens, which you are looking at so longingly, is not to be depleted to replete your stomach to-day. So put up your watch and call up patience, and we will jog along."

"You are bishop and commander-in-chief of this expedition," said I, "and I shall obey, but not without a protest, which I here record in case of future starvation. You do n't catch me riding at dinner-time in this country, past a good Methodist sister's house, with such prospects as that yard affords, without some trifling compunctions and some stern protestations."

"I can do better with you at Dr. L.'s, whose wife, by the way, is a New Hampshire woman, and who, in her school-keeping days, boarded here with Mrs. R. for two years or more."

"She did?" said I, interrupting him. "She did? Did n't I tell you a New Hampshire woman made that beauty of the cabin and its yard, there behind us? I knew it upon instinct. That hemlock I knew came from the side of some great rock by a country home in the Granite State. The school-ma'am made that cabin. I am reconciled to go on, and joyfully withdraw my protest. Let the expedition move on. But what sort of a woman is sister L.?"

"You shall see her for yourself," said he. "Her husband, Dr. L., knows we are to go to L. to-day, and he knows, further, that I never get within five miles of his house at noon without calling for my dinner. And, moreover, he knows wild turkeys and prairie chickens, and knows how to shoot the very best of the flock. So you may withdraw your protest or not as you choose. You are my captive to-day whether you will or not."

"You offer inducements which are potent to make captive willingly any Methodist preacher who has ridden from before sunrise to half-past

eleven, in such a stimulating Winter sunlight, and over such a country as we have. How far is it to Dr. L.'s?"

"Not far from a mile and a half," said he. "And Dr. L. is brother to Mrs. R. who lives in your enchanting cabin back yonder."

"Good, and better," said I.

Before I could add any thing further brother G. cried out, "How do you like that now?"

"Good, better, best!" said I; "let us rest here. This is one of my Ebenezers. I think I could sing now."

"But I only ask you to look. I know-how you sing, and I did n't ask for voice at all. Eyes were made for just such prospects as this. You can use yours on occasion. Will you use them this once?"

"I accept the hint," said I, and looked silently, stopping my horse just in a spur of timber, and looking eastward and northward, as once Abram and Lot did. And certainly the garden of the Lord could scarcely have been more entrancing. First we looked over a wide rolling prairie, with many log cabins, and some white frame houses, and one or two brick dwellings. Nowhere else in Southern Illinois have I seen houses so surrounded and sentineled by thrifty evergreens, guardian grenadiers of firs, and pines, and cedars, and hemlocks, standing by the doors to warn off the cold of Winter, and welcome the warmth of Spring. Nearer was a school-house, just in the edge of the forest, with a dozen great oaks partly hanging over it, as if raising their arms to give a benediction to all who entered the rose-sheltered door. There was a little forest of hemlocks—to me the prettiest of the evergreen tribe when young, and the grandest when old—standing so trim, and soft, and dark green at the back of the school-house. And nearer yet, a little to the left, stood the neatest of churches. The ground was scooped out into a sort of basin where it stood, and elm and black walnut trees grew, with their straight stems and mighty branches, on two sides of it. On the other were the evergreens and roses again. I had seen pretty churches before, but never another like this. It was a silver ornament set in an emerald bowl, and overarched with a canopy of golden net-work, as the noon-tide poured on it and the tree branches from the blue sky. In such a place men ought to be devout.

"Surely some fairy has come to this 'settlement' and made it her home," said I still stopping on my horse. "Such places do not spring up in this wilderness without a cause. I feel the presence of some good genius near at hand. I really snuff the ethereal spirit in the air."

"Nonsense," cried brother G. "You smell the dinner at Dr. L's, or, if you do n't smell dinner, my horse smells corn, and oats, and hay. I am sure I have felt that dinner for miles, and I shall not relish the spoiling of it, I assure you, as you will spoil it if you stop here drinking in sentiment."

"Dinner be spoiled and more too if it please," said I. "Good dinners are common enough in Southern Illinois. But such charming and humanly cultured landscapes as that, and such school-houses and churches as these, are not to be seen every day. This Winter landscape of houses and warm evergreens, and this noon-day January sunshine here in the edge of this protecting forest, with the school-house and church—the one pointing to the world of science open to every industrious learner, and the other pointing to a world of glory open to every believing worker—are worth a hundred dinners. I am not to be hurried now. And, more than that, I am going into that school-house too. Who is teacher?"

"I do not know," he replied. "Before she married, Mrs. L. was for some ten years teacher here."

"The wife of Dr. L., where we are going, do you mean?" asked I eagerly.

"Exactly," said he.

"Then I am almost sorry for my rash vow about going into the school-house, for I am beginning to long to see this good sister L. from New Hampshire."

By this time we were at the school-house, and were dismounting. After hitching our horses to some posts provided outside of the neat fence, I led the way and knocked at the door. While we were waiting a second or two, I had time to mark the hemlocks, such fine emblems of patiently enduring goodness in the midst of trials and misfortunes which, while every thing else is bare, and bleak, and juiceless, still remain fresh, and green, and beautiful as amid rains and suns, to notice the vines over the windows, and to observe one very large and spreading sweet-brier, still holding its wondrous crop of large crimson berries. Turning to G., I said, "Will you introduce me to the woman who keeps the school?"

"Woman?" said he. "How do you know it is a woman? But you would come here, now introduce yourself and me too, if you please."

"Nobody but a woman, and a rare one at that," said I, "could keep seventy children from pulling off those tempting berries."

At that instant the door opened, and a pair of black eyes, good natured, and yet full of fire, seemed to open wider than the door. I knew

I had seen them somewhere, listening to me in some crowd or other. The owner of the eyes, a tall, graceful woman, said, "I think this is Mr. Allyn," and then seeing brother G. she greeted him very warmly and with evident pleasure, and he at once came forward and formally introduced me to Mrs. L., the lady at whose house we were to dine. When we were seated she told us that she had been hurrying through the forenoon so as to get home for the dinner, and that the last class was then on the floor. We heard the class recite. G. said a few words to the scholars, all of whom seemed to know him, for he had traveled that circuit the last year, and then Mrs. L. said to the scholars, "Here is a gentleman whom I heard make an address to students twenty years ago. I can remember now what he then said, and it has done me good ever since. I am sure he loves still to talk to those who listen. Would you be glad to stay a few minutes and hear him?"

A hearty "yes ma'am" told me that they fully believed all she said, and I said something, I am afraid not as good as they had been led to expect from their teacher's words and manner, and school was dismissed. Dr. L.'s house was near, and we led our horses, walking along with Mrs. L.

"But where did you ever see me and hear me speak?" I asked of her as we went.

"Do you remember having addressed the students of the Academy in S. some twenty years ago? I was then among those students," said she.

"Well," said I, "your memory is good, and you remind me of one of the pleasantest visits I ever made, and of one of the best audiences I ever spoke to in all my life. Up among the mountains I found some three or four hundred young men and women, eager in pursuit of knowledge, and they seemed to hear me for an hour almost with raptures. I have often thought I would like to find another such 'fit audience.' But brother G. here tells me you were from New Hampshire. How came you at school out there in S. so far from home?"

"O, a great many things are more mysterious than that. For instance, why am I here in Southern Illinois?"

"And why am I here, too?" I interrupted her by asking.

"Do you know," said she, taking up the conversation again, "any thing of Professor P., who was at S. when you spoke there? You of course knew him, for I believe you and he were in college together, though not in the same class."

I was going to ask how she knew so much about Professor P. and myself, when I thought I noticed a sigh, and then I remembered P. was also from New Hampshire. So I simply told her in few words how, after P. left S., he entered the ministry and preached a few years in the same Conference with me, and then falling to a hereditary fit of despondency, he thought himself unfit to preach and became a lawyer. He rose to some degree of popularity at the bar, as he had done in the pulpit, and then returned to the ministry, and at the time of my speaking he was preaching with good success in G. station. She appeared satisfied, but I was not, and went on.

"Do you remember what a confirmed old bachelor he seemed to be when he was at S.?"

Before she could reply we were at the house, and her husband came forth, crying out, "Well, brother G., you are more welcome than usual to-day, as you bring home this truant wife of mine. I knew, indeed, she was a confirmed school-ma'am when I married her. But I thought I could cure her of that chronic complaint, being a doctor as I am, and I do really think I should have done it, if it had n't been for that church down in the basin which you and she, I believe, though it was she and you, built when you were at this circuit six years ago. She got a hitch in her head that it must have carpets, and she's gone to keeping school again."

Here she was able to introduce me to her husband and cut off his speech. I looked at the house, while a negro led the horses to the barn, and admired its porches, and vines, and hemlocks, and rare shrubs in the yard. I had somehow found out that she had been married less than two years, and while I was certain that the whole of the plant beauty was due to her, I wondered how she had produced it in so short a time. The doctor's barns and fences were in disorder rampant, but the garden and house were real gems of cultivated taste and skill. The dinner was ready almost as soon as we entered the house. And it was such a dinner—no one who has not "traveled circuit" in Southern Illinois for full twenty years could do ample justice to it in the description. I think, however, I did in the eating of it, or rather in trying to eat it, but I certainly was obliged to leave whole acres of it almost untouched. The doctor had been up at daylight, and killed the king of all the wild turkeys, and a half dozen prairie chickens and some pigeons, and his maiden sister, who kept his house, had cooked these, and ham and fowls, as only the women of "Egypt" can cook. The table was large

and strong, and bore the load in a manner that might have made Atlas envious. There was the twenty-pound turkey, stuffed with half as many more pounds of the most savory condiments, and the chickens, baked or sleeping under the melting coverlets of snowy pies, and pigeons in pies with brown tops, and ham boiled so tenderly—where does all the ham come from? I have often debated the question whether the hogs in this region do or do not have just sixteen hams apiece. Then there were potatoes mashed, white as flour, and sweet potatoes with their brown skins and bursting hearts of gold, and white bread like fleecy down, and corn-bread smoking hot like the foam of cream; and on every vacant spot stood some curious sort of fruit, or preserve, or jelly, or jam, of pear, or peach, or plum, or apple, or cherry, or strawberry, or currant, or blackberry, or some other good thing, made better by the housewife's art. It was a dinner to kill Methodist preachers, and yet to make them long to live forever. Alas! gout and dyspepsia, indigestion and nightmare, every-where lie in wait for the heralds of the Cross in this Egypt of Illinois. Mount a horse, as I have done, and ride from sunrise to midday in an Autumn air and sunlight, and then sit down to such a table as I have attempted to describe, and see if you do not behold your grandmother when night comes. Yet the preachers of this country have the usual share of health belonging to their class, and some of them carry round with them at least an eighth of a ton of such dinners, and seem to enjoy it.

Dinner was finished within in an hour and we prepared to continue our journey, and sister L. to return to her school. After I had bidden all good-by and had mounted my horse, she came running out toward me and asked:

"Do you know whether Professor P. is married yet?"

"I think not," said I. "Certainly he was not last July when I saw him, and he seemed still a confirmed old bachelor."

I thought the black eyes fell and that another sigh escaped as she walked alone toward her school-house. I rode along making a little mental picture of my unexpected finding of so much beauty in the wilderness, and of my meeting in the midst of it one whom I had seen—though never known—among the mountains of Vermont. Soon the thought of my old friend Professor P. came back and I began to wonder why Mrs. L. was so much interested to learn his history. "Why," I said to myself, "P. was from New Hampshire; and so brother G. said Mrs. L. was. P. taught school in S.,

and there Mrs. L. was a scholar." Then I began to overlook the hidden stores of memory, and sure enough it flashed into my mind that P. had told me a name dear to him, and confided it to me alone of all his college companions. That name flashed into light in an instant; and I called to G., who had not observed my reverie, and was riding on before at some little distance:

"What was Mrs. L.'s maiden name?"

"How do you suppose I know?" he answered.

"And if I do know, of what consequence is that to you?"

"None at all, of course. But as you told me that you had known her for twenty years, and married her less than two years ago, I do not think it any improbable thing that you should remember her maiden name. But wait a moment, I can guess it."

"No you can't."

"Well, then, it was Markham."

"And who told you?"

"A bird of the air," said I.

"Then you did really know her? I thought you, and she also, said that she had seen and known you, but that you had never either seen or known her."

"So I thought, but I was wrong. I never saw her, but I have known her; she was from Rockingham county, New Hampshire."

"Did she tell you that?"

"No. Neither did any body tell me in this vicinity. And now I must know all of her history since she came out here."

"I thought you had been seeing her history in these hemlocks which you have so praised, and in the church and school-house which almost threw you into transports a little while ago."

"Do you call the works of a man or a woman the history? I know that is the way of the world, but it is all wrong. The history of a person is made up, not of what he does, but of the growth and changes, the struggles and successes of his soul. What was he? how has he been purified or degraded? and what is he now? These questions answered make one's history."

"Then I don't know Mrs. L.'s history only in part—and that a very small part. Twenty years ago when I was a single man on this circuit I tried to penetrate the personal seclusion in which she appeared to keep herself. But she seemed doomed to a nun's life, and I concluded I could never know her. We have been the best of friends ever since, but she has been a mysterious life to me. But as you know her name it is possible you can tell more than I."

"I think I can," said I. "But you must first tell me all about her coming to this region."

"Very good," he replied; "we have the afternoon before us, and we must have something to amuse us while we plod through this mud, and I know nothing really more interesting and profitable than talking about good women. So if you will tell her early life, I will her later."

"No, sir," said I. "You will begin, and, after the manner of old 'Dan Chaucer,' we two together will tell a 'legend of a good woman' as we ride."

"If you are inexorable and imperative, I must introduce the history."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM ALSACE TO THE HARTZ.

THERE is no district in Europe that so entirely combines accessibility, beauty, novelty, and economic interest, as Alsace. Although a great highway, it is little visited, for travelers pass through it generally in the dark, and always at full speed, on their way from Paris to Strasburg or Mühlhausen. The traveler by the night train to Strasburg reaches the Alsacian frontier about five o'clock in the morning, half asleep and thinking more of coffee and rest than of the scenery that he is rapidly leaving behind him. At Saverne, with its great red castle—now a barrack—and its reminiscence of old Roman occupation, the plain of Alsace is reached; and the broad, richly cultivated tract that intervenes between the Vosges Mountains and the Rhine—forming the eastern side of the great valley of that river—is crossed in about an hour, the railway entering the outer fortifications and gates of Strasburg, one of the most interesting and remarkable cities in Europe.

But the tourist who has a few hours to spare will not thus quit the region of the Vosges and the plains of Alsace. Before arriving at the station of Saverne the German country has been reached, for Saarbours—the previous station, a walled town on the upper part of the river Saar, seventeen miles from Saverne—is the real boundary line, and this line is so sharply drawn, that while French is the language of the upper town and upper classes, and the official language, German is spoken by the lower classes and in the lower town. From this point the interesting country begins, and from Saarbours to Saverne the railway winds its way through hills, through valleys, and burrows, in its course, through the northern

extremity of the Vosges Mountains, which extend southward from this point, and are crossed again at their southern extremity by the important branch of the Great Eastern Railway of France from Nancy to Mülhausen. The chain is reached by no less than three branches, one on the French, the other two on the German side, between the two lines which cross it.

The Vosges, as a mountain chain, is not lofty, but presents a great variety of picturesque and delightful scenery. Its principal elevations—called *Ballons*, from their rounded form—are about 4,000 feet above the sea, and consist chiefly of granitic rock, upheaved through a red building-stone—*grès de Vosges* of geologists—and many overlying rocks of the secondary period. The hills are covered in places by magnificent forests, and are rich in minerals, especially in iron-stone. Coal is also worked, and the district is celebrated for its mineral springs, of which that of Plombières is well known. From Strasburg the principal points of interest are easily reached by railroad, and will justify a delay of several days for those who have time at their disposal.

The traveler in Alsace must make up his mind to put up with many minor inconveniences, and to see a little of wild life, but he need not fear starvation. The forests still contain wolves and wild boar, and these occasionally in Winter make their appearance in the villages. I remember being told by the guard of one of the trains, while crossing the country a few years ago, that the wild boars would sometimes run across the line, and that he had seen them endeavoring to outrun the train. Their chance in a stern chase of this kind is very small, even when allowance is made for the absence of very high speed and the proverbial tedium of such chases.

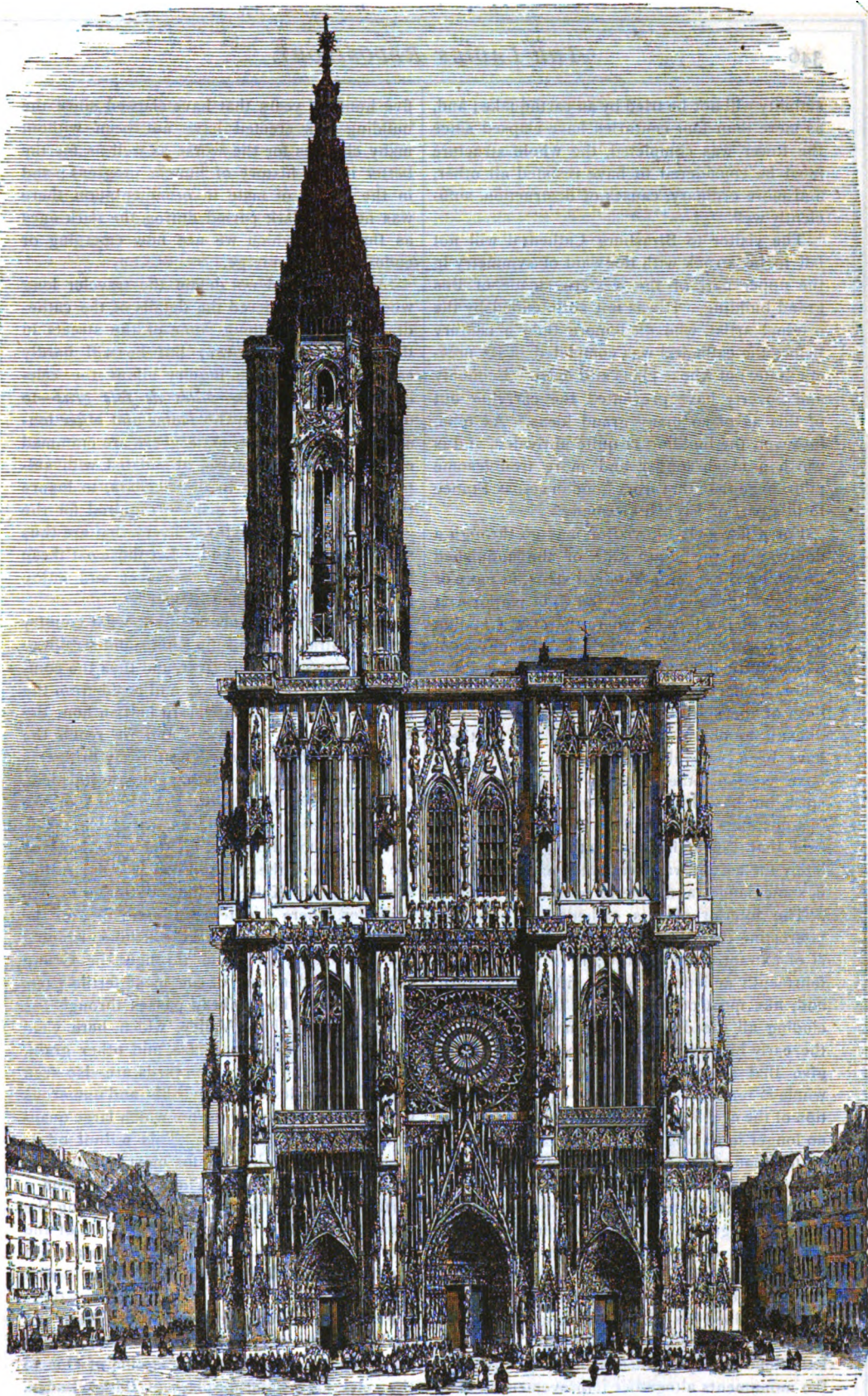
The human inhabitants of the valleys and smaller towns partake of the picturesque, and their customs have been comparatively little altered since the middle ages. They are honest and good-natured, but wedded to their old ways. Now and then a group of them may be seen in the market-place at Strasburg; but the costumes are dying out here as every-where else. They are not a very communicative, and by no means an industrious and active race. On the contrary, their lands are often cultivated and their crops cut and carried by their neighbors from Switzerland. The language of most parts of Alsace is more German than French; but French is generally taught, and is much more spoken than formerly.

Strasburg is so easily reached, and so situated, that it may well serve as head-quarters for

the tourist, whether he is merely on his way to Germany, or is prepared to visit the most interesting points of the district he has crossed before reaching that noble and ancient city. To those who have not traveled in Germany it presents a great contrast to the towns of France hitherto visited, not only in language, but in general aspect. Being a frontier town, close to the Rhine, it has been converted into a fortress of the first class; and by a system of sluices the surrounding country could, at any time, be laid under water, except on one side, where there is, however, the protection of mines to be exploded in case of need. There are, of course, many extensive outworks, and on entering the city by the railroad the peaceful visitor can hardly fail to be affected by the exceedingly warlike character of every thing around. Once within the fortifications, however, all this is forgotten in the multiplied objects of interest that crowd upon him, and the busy and flourishing appearance of the town.

The streets of Strasburg are narrow and dark, and the houses lofty, but there are several open spaces. The town is built on an island in the river Ill, which communicates with the Rhine at a short distance. There are several canals. The citadel is on the eastern extremity, and the railway station from Paris on the north-western. The cathedral—the most remarkable and interesting of the public buildings—is not far from the center of the town, and is surrounded by old streets.

The view of the cathedral which is given in the engraving conveys an admirable idea of the extraordinary richness, beauty, and magnitude of the western end, and of the towers, and also of the noble spire, which rises in fretted stonework of the most elaborate tracery to the height of four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the pavement. It is the loftiest Gothic spire ever constructed, and, unlike some examples of very lofty constructions, it looks its height. Seen from the small open space around it, no one can help being struck with this characteristic. It has not a bright appearance, being built of the dark-red sandstone of the neighborhood; but the material has been made the most of, and, owing to the singular openness of the sculpture, aided, no doubt, by admirable proportions, there is no appearance of heaviness. The real and exquisite beauty of the details can only be appreciated by close examination. The stone is cut so as rather to resemble iron castings or carved oak than chiseled stone, and is carefully tied together throughout with iron, so as to give additional strength to resist the action of wind. It is to be hoped that its



THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

stability will not be tried by an earthquake; and, as more than four centuries have elapsed since the tower was completed, the whole structure must be considered to have resisted all other, and more ordinary, causes of destruction, sufficiently well.

The visitor to Strasburg Cathedral will not fail to be struck with the want of symmetry in the upper part of the western façade of this grand building. It was not so intended by the original artist, who died more than a century before the cathedral was completed in its present state, but whose plans still exist. Economy and poverty have prevented the carrying out of this as of so many grand ideas. As it is, however, the building is quite unrivaled, and is worth a much longer and more troublesome pilgrimage than that from London across France to this part of French Germany.

For a few sous the visitor may go through a doorway in the south side of the unfinished tower, up some three hundred steps, in more or less good preservation, to the wide platform at the top of the towers, where there is a station for a watchman, who overlooks the city, and whose duty it is to give notice of fires. Another similar fee will secure admission to the base of the spire. Beyond this, however, it is difficult to obtain permission to go, as there have been several accidents to visitors who have ascended the steps up the inside of the spire, but have lost nerve, owing to the dangerous openings between the stone tracery. It is said that the staircase is still good, and till lately the ascent was frequently made, but there is some danger and little to reward the climber.

The interior of this cathedral is only less interesting than the exterior. The painted glass is of extraordinary beauty; it is partly of the fourteenth and partly of the fifteenth century, and, like most of the work of the interior, including all the details of the nave, belongs to the early history of the building, and helps to give that air of completeness for which the whole is remarkable. Only the clock—an imitation of the original very remarkable construction, no longer in its original site, and rather a gigantic toy than of any special mechanical interest or value—seems out of place, and disturbs the harmony of the interior by its gorgeous gilding, pictured diagrams, and numerous puppets. The old puppets of the clock of 1354, subdued by the dust and rust of centuries, told a story of the people of the middle ages that would always have remained instructive, although the movements had ceased. The new and ridiculous imitations are by no means pleasing. Nor are the monuments altogether improvements. The

five hundred years that have elapsed since the building was erected have not been without many changes for the worse as well as for the better in the history of human progress; and in the matter of taste in ornamentation there was no such dark period during the dark ages as that from which we are now emerging or endeavoring to emerge.

Strasburg need not detain the traveler long when he has mastered the details of the cathedral and walked along some of the streets in the center of the town; but he will hardly escape without some inquiry about the celebrated fat liver pies—*pâtés de foie gras*—to obtain which most unwholesome and objectionable food many unfortunate geese are crammed every Winter with maize, stimulated with sulphur, and cooped up in dark cellars, to insure the proper amount of disease required for the growth of those monstrous livers that are thus submitted for human food. Let those eat these so-called luxuries who can digest and enjoy them after knowing their history!

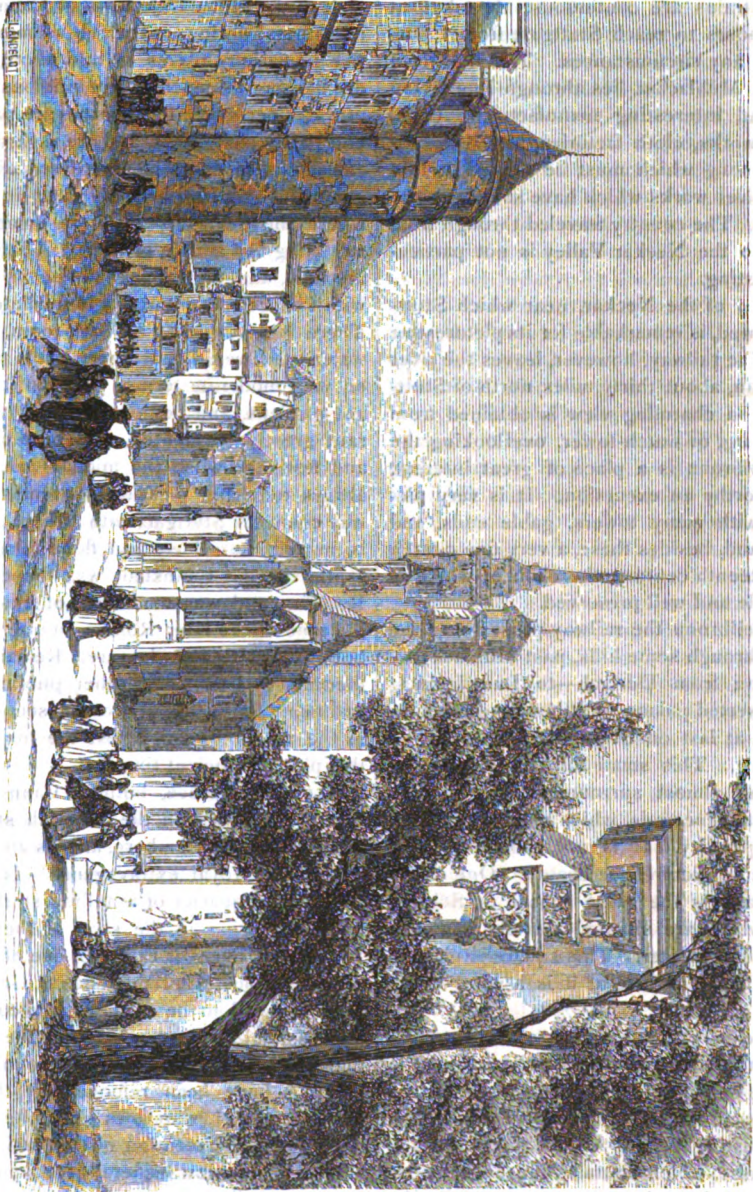
There is a railway across the low flat country between Strasburg and the Rhine, and a railway bridge across the same river, and thus the communication is perfectly easy and rapid from the town to Kehl in Germany. In half an hour the French frontier is passed, and we reach the German custom-house. The railway bridge is a noble construction, resting on granite piers, sunk sixty-five feet below the surface of the river, and rising twenty-three feet above. The German custom-house is on the right bank of the Rhine, and the examination is often rather severe. From Kehl the line continues to Appenweier, where it enters the main line on the right or German bank of the Rhine, running from Frankfurt to Basle through the Grand Duchy of Baden, one of the most fertile parts of Germany. The railway passes through the plains of the Rhine Valley, which here yield large crops of tobacco, maize, and other grain, hops, hemp, and flax. Vineyards are also seen clothing the sides of the low hills, and numerous walnut-trees supply fruit, from which large quantities of oil are obtained. This walnut oil is used in place of olive oil for most purposes in Germany and France. There still remains a certain amount of ancient costume among the peasants and laborers in Baden. Most of the men wear cocked hats, and the women are not without well-marked peculiarities of dress and style.

From the railroad between Appenweier and Karlsruhe—the next large town on our road—there is a branch at the little station of Oos to the celebrated watering-place of Baden-Baden.

But we are not now following the great stream of travelers whose interest and amusement converge in the *salons* and ball-rooms of this well-known resort. We are looking for other objects of interest; and though there are pretty excursions to be made from Baden, and a day or two

of easy traveling would easily carry us from thence into wild and lovely country, where green fields replace green cloth, and the cry of the croupier is never heard, we will rather avoid for the present all temptation, and hurry past the station at Oos, to be brought in two or

PALACE OF THE OLD CHATEAU IN STUTTGART.



three hours to Carlsruhe, the capital of the State of Baden.

There is, however, but little to detain us here. Carlsruhe—as those best know who have been obliged to do more than pass through it—is a melancholy collection of lines of houses,

all radiating from the palace. They are not all alike, because built at three periods; but all are without the smallest touch of the picturesque, and, except from the surrounding scenery, which is pretty, they form but an ugly, disagreeable, and dull abode.

Fourteen miles north of Carlsruhe is the junction station of Bruchsal, where we enter the system of the Wurtemberg railroads, and after another fifty miles may reach Stuttgart. There is, however, another line branching at Durlach, and coming into the Wurtemberg line at Mühlacker. This is shorter and more direct, and some trains are continuous. It takes at least five hours to reach Stuttgart from Carlsruhe under any circumstances. The line from Durlach to Mühlacker lies through Pforzheim, a large and interesting manufacturing town, with iron works, cloth factories, and other industries, among which must be ranked certain gold and silver works which have some general reputation. The country traveled through from this town to the Neckar Valley is not particularly interesting.

The valley of the Neckar, near which Stuttgart is situated, is remarkable for its picturesque beauty. The railway, however, leaves the river at Heilbronn, about thirty miles north of Stuttgart, where a charming view is obtained from the Wartburg, or watch-tower, overlooking the town. Heilbronn is a place of great interest, and well worthy an excursion. It is very picturesque, with many towers, gable ends, and old walls, and, besides these, a very fine church of the thirteenth century, the choir of which is pure in style and well preserved.

From Heilbronn the railway passes over the plain and through some hills, past Mühlacker—the junction from Durlach—to Ludwigsburg with its deserted palace, and then by other tunnels opens at last on Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg. This small town is prettily situated, being almost surrounded by low hills covered with vineyards, which yield a fair wine in large quantity. It is not, however, very remarkable for picturesque beauty. One of the prettiest parts is the great square or Schloss Platz, in which are situated the old and new palace and the theater. This square is planted with trees, and one side of it is a wing of the palace.

There are two principal and very broad streets, besides many squares or open spaces, and the population being small the largeness of the space gives an air of desolation. Perhaps the most interesting objects of the town are the Neckerstrasse, which contains the finest buildings, none of them, however, very remarkable, and the palace gardens, open to the public, and extending for two miles, with carriage drives and winding footpaths, and well shaded by avenues of trees. The Museum of the Fine Arts is rich in sculpture and drawings. Among the former are works by Dannecker, Rauch,

Schwanthaler, and other well-known German artists, and casts of Thorwaldsen's best works, presented by himself. There is also a rich cabinet of medals, and a public library, containing, it is said, more editions of the Bible than are to be found elsewhere in any collection.

No one should leave Stuttgart without a visit to the pretty little town of Cannstadt, with its mineral springs, of which as many as forty rise in various places in and about the town, discharging as much as five millions of gallons of water per day. The sources are partly saline and partly chalybeate, and are regarded as very efficacious in cases of disordered digestion—a complaint not unlikely to exist in Germany, where the food—especially in some parts—is any thing but simple or light. All these waters are cold, and they appear to rise in connection with extinct volcanic rocks immediately around. There is a *Kursaal*, or bath-room, where the water is delivered, and where baths may be had on very moderate terms. Behind it are pleasant gardens, and connected with it is a restaurant greatly frequented, especially on Sundays and festivals, when the midday *table d'hôte* is always fully and pleasantly attended. A railway connects Stuttgart with this suburb, which is, indeed, more busy and flourishing than the capital itself. Cannstadt was founded by the Romans, and was made use of extensively in the time of the later Roman empire as a resort both for health and pleasure. Remains of their thermæ, or baths, and other public buildings, and many fragments of Roman sculpture found in the neighborhood, attest the importance of this place in ancient times.

A curious palace, built at Cannstadt about twenty years ago in the Moorish style by the late King of Wurtemberg, affords an instructive example of royal extravagance. It is said to have cost a quarter of a million sterling. It is built something in the style of the celebrated Alhambra palace, or rather of one of the courts of that famous Moorish palace at Grenada, and was intended to be filled with a collection of pictures and statuary. Many of the specimens that were placed there by the founder of this building have been removed by the present king, Charles I, who does not quite appreciate the style and execution of this whim, and the palace is not now generally occupied. It is, however, well worth a visit, and is perhaps less absurd, or at least less objectionable in point of taste, than George the Fourth's caricature of a Chinese joss-house at Brighton. It is true that it came into the world a quarter of a century later, but lapse of time does not always remove human folly.

THE FIRST TWO BROTHERS.

THE first question which Jehovah is represented as asking man is, "Where art thou?" the second, "Where is thy brother?" The former was put to the first father, and the latter to the first son. The one was proposed just after the first man had destroyed himself, and the other just after the first son had slain his brother.

Adam and Eve went sorrowfully from Paradise to enter on their sin-cursed inheritance, but through the virtue of mediation, by the promised seed of the woman, the penalty as to their natural death is suspended, and they have experience of mercy as well as judgment. Eve soon forgets her sorrows, in the joy that a son is born unto her. In the fullness of gratitude, and perhaps, also, thinking it to be the seed that was to retrieve the loss, she called him Cain—a possession or treasure.

Again she rejoiced in the birth of another son, whom she calls Abel, signifying vapor or vanity—just the opposite of Cain. It was natural that she should esteem her first-born a treasure. What mother does not? Little did she know, however, with what anguish he would fill her heart, and how expressive he would render the name of her second son—a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

Here, now, are the two first brothers. Abel, the younger, was a shepherd, and the history shows him to have been an amiable and dutiful son and a man of faith. In connection with the promised Deliverer, God required the sacrifice of animals as a type of Christ, the Lamb of God, to foreshadow to the world his timely advent, and to awaken and keep alive faith in the promise. Abel was a firm believer in this promise, and obeyed implicitly the requirement in regard to the sacrifice.

Cain's occupation as a farmer was not only useful and honorable, but was favorable to moral and intellectual development. It kept him familiar with the manifestations of the Divine power and goodness. He planted the seed, but God sent the sunshine and the showers, else it would have withered and died. Like his younger brother, he had the green earth continually before him by day, and the star-sown canopy over his head by night. But, unlike him, he was not properly impressed with the tokens of sin—the thorn and the thistle, the brier and the bramble, which sprang up in his path. Hence he refused obedience to the law of sacrifice. He brought only, in his worship, of the fruit of the ground, an offering unto the Lord.

Here stand the two brothers as worshipers, with this marked difference: God accepts the offering of one, and not that of the other. What is the cause of this discrimination? They have both come to the altar, in external appearance they may be equally devout, and their vocations are equally honorable. It was not their circumstances, then, but some element of character that occasioned the difference. What was that element? "By faith, Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." This explains it. "By this he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts."

Cain had no faith. He did not believe in this declaration of man's need of atonement. He rejected the doctrine of salvation by the sacrifice of the innocent for the guilty, and, because he did not believe, he declined to bring the required sacrifice, and his offering was not accepted. Pardon to the guilty, through the suffering of the innocent, unreasonable! A dishonorable reflection upon the perfections of the Deity! Hence his vegetable offerings seem not so much to honor God as to show his own skillful husbandry, at a kind of agricultural fair—a Pharisaic thanksgiving that he was not like his weak-minded brother, who thought acceptable worship consisted in killing innocent lambs.

Admitting Cain, up to this point, to have been what the world calls moral, and externally religious, yet he does not long continue this character. In the self-complacency of such a morality he stands proudly, somewhat flauntingly, before his Maker, with a peach, a pear, or a cluster of grapes in his hand. Abel, on the contrary, makes no boast of excellence of any kind. He lays upon the altar his sin-offering, accompanied by confessions of guilt. Cain's offering expresses, it may be, gratitude, but nothing of penitence. Abel's expresses both gratitude and contrition. The one says, "I thank thee for thy gifts," but declines obedience to the command; the other, "I am unworthy of the least of thy mercies," and does as God bids him.

This radical difference, as yet, may seem quite unimportant, relating only to forms of worship. Were they not both religious men? Did they not hold all the essentials of theology? But the difference is not less real because at this point so little visible. Some diseases do not appear on the surface, and, on this account, are sometimes more fatal. God saw the difference between these two brothers, and that it was not an unessential one. How very erroneous, often, are our judgments, formed from external appearances. God, whose discriminations are infinitely just, treated these two men exactly as their characters and conduct required. How

could he do otherwise? He accepted the offering of the one, and rejected that of the other, for the very best of reasons. Cain was not injured because his brother was accepted, yet he was very wroth, and his countenance fell; and he was angry with his Maker as well as with his brother.

Now the real difference begins to appear. Why should Cain be angry if he is such a good man? Had he suffered wrongfully at the hands of his Maker? He had only not been accepted when he did not deserve to be. "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?" And did he gain any thing, either in good manners or morals, by losing his temper? Was anger becoming in a worshiper, or even in a gentleman, who counts on his good morals for his divine acceptance?

But what reason had Cain to be angry with his brother? Had Abel done him any injury? In no way, only Abel's sacrifice is accepted and Cain's is not. But what was Abel's acceptance to Cain, that he should be angry about it? And what Cain's rejection to Abel, that he must needs be hated for it? There was a terrible wrong in that man, Cain. Morally, every thing in him was wrong, because his heart was wrong. He was utterly faithless, and on a fundamental principle of the divine government. He should have been angry only with himself, and it ought to have been his joy that his brother's offering was accepted, though his was not; and his brother's example should have taught him wisdom, and led him to repentance. It should have given him faith in that sacrifice, notwithstanding its mystery, to see how his brother Abel was blessed in it.

The sad sequel brings to a full disclosure the religious differences of these brothers. Under the guise of fraternal intercourse Cain walks into the field with his unsuspecting brother and there slays him. Innocent Abel lies dead at Cain's feet. There is no mistaking the unlikeness now. Unbelief, that is all—unbelief is the seed sin of which this fratricidal act is the ripe fruit. Abel is dead, the first martyr, and Cain, his brother, is the first murderer. What must be the emotions of that mind as the living brother looks on the pale face of the dead one! What thoughts must torture his guilty soul as he stands by him! "That man is dead, and he is my brother. I killed him, and his innocent blood stains my guilty hand. Nor will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand. 'O, my offense is rank; it smells to heaven; it hath the primal eldest curse upon it—a brother's murder.'"

But who revealed this horrid secret? He

was alone, yet he was not alone. Cain was there, and Cain saw himself kill his brother Abel. And Cain told it in his own private ear. Abel was there also, and though he can not speak his blood can, and does. It is as a tongue to the mother earth which cries in the ear of God for vengeance. And God hears and speaks: "Where is Abel, thy brother?" And Cain said, "I know not." To hide one sin he commits another. He vainly seeks to cover murder with falsehood, as if two wrongs would conceal each other.

"Where is Abel?" "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, Cain, thou dost know where thy brother is, and thou hast made thyself a liar as well as murderer. He whom thou shouldst have protected thou hast cruelly killed. "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand. A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth."

See, now, this miserable man! What shall he do? Whither shall he flee? The earth calls him to account, and in retributive justice will not yield unto him its strength. His own conscience arraigns him, and scourges him as with a whip of scorpions. His brother's blood, wherever he goes, cries to heaven against him. God curses him, and all men and nature conspire to rid the earth of such a thing as he, so inhuman, so monstrous. No spot allows him a peaceful retreat; every place denies him a quiet home. He is a fugitive, wandering and doomed ever to wander. See, now, the real difference. The first martyr was a penitent, obedient supernaturalist, and evangelical. This vagabond, coward, liar, and murderer was a self-righteous naturalist and free-religionist.

Ah, unhappy, crest-fallen man! Dejection and fear have taken hold of him. "My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth, and from thy face shall I be hid, and it shall come to pass that every one that findeth me shall slay me." He who was angry with his Maker now stands trembling before him like a coward; and he who, in his anger, slew his brother, is now afraid that he shall be slain by every man that meets him. His present timidity is equaled only by his former insolence and atrocity.

But no, Cain shall not meet with a violent death, nor his days be cut short by the hand of human justice. The mark of the divine malediction is somehow so stamped upon him that none shall interfere with God's process of penal visitation. He shall live to repent of his flagrant offense, or to wring out the bitter dregs of that

wretched life which he has so forfeited; live to be a warning to others as well as a burden to himself; live till old age and the full measure of his sins bring him down to the grave, and then live on in the effects of his wicked deeds upon himself in the endless future.

In the strong contrast between these two brothers comes out into full view, and thus early, the inner schism of sin. The malice of the serpent breaks forth against the seed of the woman as from a deep and full fountain of evil. On the other hand, in the penitential turning back to God, in the prescribed way, the recovering virtue of the typified deliverer comes equally into view. Evil, for the moment, seems triumphant, but it is only a seeming, and a victory of violence which can only be transient.

This murderer, with his family, migrated eastward, and began to build a city. In this exiled, vagabond branch of the human family, degeneracy was rapid. Soon after the first murder occurs here the first violated sanctity of the marriage relation, another stride on the road to barbarism. Quick follows the crime of homicide by the hand of this first polygamist, a further illustration of the sweep of sin through man's whole nature, and its havoc of all that is sacred and good. "I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt. If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy and seven fold."

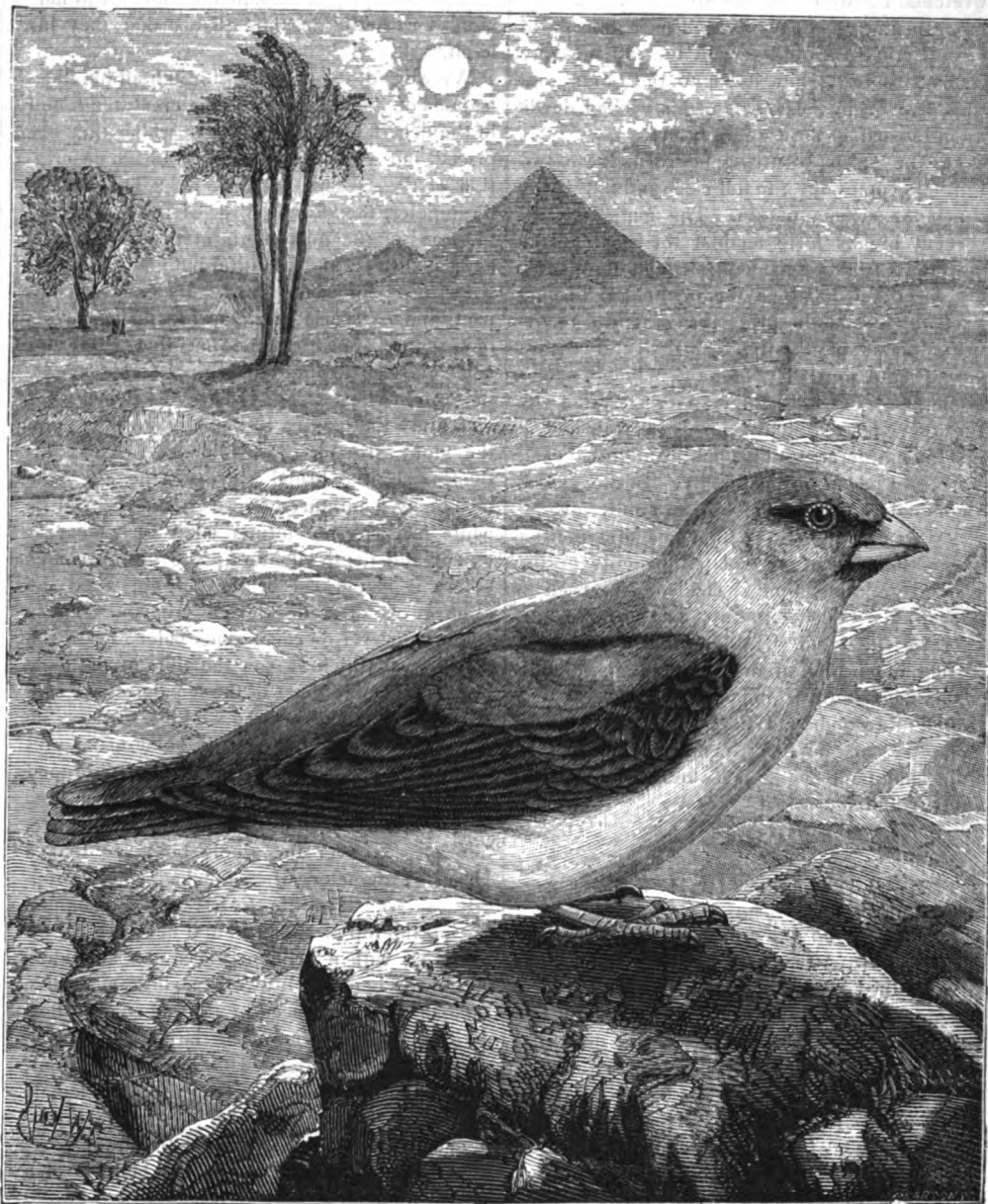
THE DESERT TRUMPETER.

"**F**AR beyond the fruitful coast of North-eastern Africa," says M. Bolle, "and far beyond the Atlas Mountains, we find a new kingdom lying in the desert, occupied by few but strange inhabitants. All is not dead and silent in this dreary waste, nor are its waves of sand forever untouched except by the breath of the death-bearing simoom. It has its wells, where the feet of the caravan have made their path, its little oases, sheltered by the clustering palm, and its valleys rich in brooklets filled with water collected from the Winter rains. Within the heart of the Sahara, and not merely on its borders, we occasionally find deep glens planted with the tamarind and mimosa, and the most unlikely places, at certain seasons of the year, produce plants peculiar to the desert. Even in these dreary regions, where vegetation struggles with difficulty through the sunburnt soil, we need not seek in vain for animal life. This immense expanse, extending, as it does, from the Euphrates to the Senegal, has been branded by nature as an unfruitful wilderness,

and all its living inhabitants are formed to harmonize with the desolate plains that they inhabit."

We will not follow Bolle through all his illustrations of the suitability of the creatures found in the desert to the localities in which they are placed, but will proceed at once to his description of the Desert Trumpeter. "The Desert Trumpeter, the 'Stone Bird' of the Arabs, the 'Moros' of the inhabitants of the Canary Islands, is a lively and beautiful bullfinch, of about the size of our canary-bird. Its body is compact, and its scarlet beak, owing to its parrot-like shape, appears somewhat thick, but not sufficiently so to interfere with the elegance of its form. The feet are remarkably delicate for a creature that passes so much of its time upon the stony ground. The plumage is comparatively rich, the bridal attire of the old male bird being a mixture of rose-red and satin-like white feathers, the former color increasing in extent and depth of hue as the bird becomes older; it is darkest in the Spring, when the plumage is of a deep, rich crimson. These colors, however, become much paler toward the Autumn, at which season the tints of the male closely resemble those of the female, whose coat is of a dull, yellowish red. Many varieties of shade are seen in this species, some males presenting the appearance of having been dipped in blood, while others are of a grayish hue. The red color is not confined to the plumage, but spreads over the whole body, so that a Desert Trumpeter, when plucked, might properly be termed a little *Red-skin*! During the Spring the top of the head and neck are a pale ash-gray, with a brilliant gloss, the shoulders and neck being a brownish ash-gray, with a reddish tinge, produced by the red-colored borders of the feathers. The large wing-covers are pale brown, edged with bright rose-color, and carmine red on the outer web. The female is of a brownish gray over the whole of the upper part of the body, and on the lower parts light gray marked with red; the belly is of a dirty white.

Those who would become acquainted with the home of this species must wander into the desert to which it properly belongs. Bolle found it breeding on the Canary Islands, principally upon the most eastern, namely, Lanzarote, Fuertaventura, and the Great Canary. We ourselves have met with it all over the greater part of Upper Egypt and Nubia, as far even as the Steppes, where it entirely disappears. We also found it in the desert parts of Arabia. From these regions this bird has been known to reach the Greek Islands, and even

THE DESERT TRUMPETER (*Bucanetes githogeneus*.)

Provence and Tuscany. In Malta it may frequently be seen during the Winter. The places frequented by the Desert Trumpeter are barren spots exposed to the hottest rays of the sun; it prefers arid and stony places, where scorching heat blazes down upon the burning rock, and seems to luxuriate in glare and dazzling brightness that are perfectly blinding to the traveler upon these treeless wastes.

The favorite haunts of the Desert Trumpeter

yield but few blades of parched, dry grass, and the stunted shrubs, to please its taste, must be few and far between. On such a spot it delights to dwell, hopping from stone to stone, or gliding along near the ground on noiseless wings. It is seldom possible to follow the course of this bird to any distance, for the reddish gray of its plumage blends as perfectly with the surrounding stones and leafless shrubs as do the paler tints of the young with the

color of the sand, tufa, or chalk. To this difficulty is added that of the dazzling and deceptive play of light so common in these deserts, which teaches us to appreciate the delightful relief that grass and foliage afford to the weary eye. We should soon lose the object of our pursuit were it not for its voice, which constitutes its most remarkable feature, and will prove our best guide in this search.

Hark! a sound like that of a tiny trumpet is ringing through the air; it swells and trembles, and if our ear is acute enough we shall find that this strange clang is preluded or followed by a few light, silvery tones, which fall, bell-like, upon the desert silence, much resembling almost inaudible notes struck upon a musical glass by an invisible hand. At other times the sound it produces is extraordinarily deep, and not unlike that made by the tree-frog of the Canary Islands, consisting of a few harsh notes rapidly repeated, and which, strangely enough, are answered by the little creature itself, the second sound being produced by a sort of ventriloquism, and appearing to come from some distance. Few things are more difficult than to attempt to render the note of a bird through the medium of our alphabet, and in this case it would be particularly so, for the voice of the Desert Trumpeter consists of tones entirely different from those to which we are accustomed, and must be heard before it can be imagined. No one would expect to find a singing bird in such localities as those above described, and the fantastic voice of this creature appears well suited to the places it inhabits.

The cry mentioned above is often followed by a succession of crowing, rattling sounds, which, like its trumpet-call, seem by their strangeness so completely in unison with the surrounding scenery, that we always stood to listen to them with pleasure, and wished to hear them recommence. In such places as are entirely covered with moving sands the Desert Trumpeter is never met with, as it is not fitted, like a Curlew or Courser, to run with ease over loose ground; it frequents the barren lava streams upon which not a blade of grass could grow, and in such fissures and holes as these places offer it finds a hiding or resting-place, but is never seen upon a shrub or tree. In inhabited districts the Desert Trumpeter is very shy, only seeming to have full confidence when surrounded by silence and solitude; but in its native haunts the young may be often seen perched close beside their parents, and when a traveler approaches them they only acknowledge his presence by staring calmly in his face with their bright little black eyes.

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These birds may generally be met with all along the rocky shores of the Nile, and from the valley of that river as far as the desert. In the northern and middle parts of Nubia they alight upon the ground in parties consisting of fifty to sixty, or fly over and about the rocks; indeed, the steeper and more rugged these latter are, the more attractive they appear to be.

The food of the Desert Trumpeter consists almost exclusively of different kinds of seeds, with, probably, a small quantity of leaves or buds. Water is an indispensable requisite. However troubled, scanty, or lukewarm the spring may be, these birds will visit it at least once in the day, so that their appearance is ever a welcome sight to thirsty travelers. They are always seen at the spring, both morning and evening, drinking much and in long draughts, and frequently bathing in shallow water. The breeding season commences in March, at which time the male has donned his gala dress, and, with his chosen mate, has separated himself from the flock; the little couples may very frequently be found perched sociably near the clefts of the rocks, while through the air rises the protracted trumpet-like call of the male, and the lark-like note of the female.

We saw a pair of these birds upon the banks of the Nile, busily carrying away materials for their nest, but were unable to discover what they consisted of, as the rocks on both sides of the stream offered far too secure a brooding-place to allow us any chance of finding them; we learned, however, from the goat-herds, that the Desert Trumpeter builds in the clefts and fissures of the blocks of lava, or under large overhanging stones. The nest, we were told, is artistically constructed of large blades of grass found in the desert, and lined with wool or feathers; in this the three eggs that constitute the brood are laid. It is probable that these birds breed twice in the year, and that they only again join the flocks among which their young ones are already numbered, when their parental duties are accomplished.

During the Autumn and Winter they wander to a considerable distance, appearing even in the Canary Isles, and some instances have been known of their falling exhausted upon the deck of ships that were passing in that neighborhood. They are never molested by man, and were there no such creatures as wild cats and ichneumons, falcons or kites—the latter being very destructive to them in their Winter flight through the desert—these remarkable birds might live an undisturbed and happy life. The naturalist may, with care, capture them while drinking, and as many as heart can desire may be ob-

tained from among the stones. It is, however, difficult to take them alive, as a decoy of the same species is indispensable for the purpose. The latter should be fastened in some desert place, or on the borders of a stubble-field, as far from trees or bushes as possible, in such localities as they are known to frequent. The decoy-bird instantly commences uttering its incessant call, and soon attracts large numbers of its wild companions, who alight and hop, as though dancing, from one stone to another; they will linger for a moment at a distance, but come near enough to be recognized by their plumage and the brightness of their eyes; next they begin to peck up the food that is strewn about, and a few hours later behold them captives in the net.

At first the little prisoners are wild and defiant, but soon become tractable, and eat the canary-seed laid before them. The sport of catching these birds is one that we have fully enjoyed, and may boast our skill in this respect. What could be more exhilarating than an expedition, net in hand, during the early morning, through those boundless plains, when, after a short concealment behind a mass of rock, we emerge to find our labors so richly rewarded?

ALEXINA TINNE, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

NOT long ago a telegram brought us tidings of the murder of the young African explorer, Miss Alexina Tinne, who had sacrificed her life to her intense desire of penetrating the then hidden mysteries of the wonderful land of the pyramids. Following the telegram came a message from the English consul at Tripoli, to G. Rohlf, at Bremen, briefly giving the particulars of her tragic death. She had been maliciously murdered by the wild and warlike tribe of the Tuareg, while standing in a tent-door, conversing with the chief, and witnessing a dispute among the camel-drivers. Supposing Miss Tinne to have valuable treasure in her iron sea-chests, avarice had prompted them to the horrible deed. Both her Holland servants, while hastening to her assistance, met the same fate. In the following we subjoin a brief sketch of the life of Miss Tinne:

Some years ago there resided, in a beautiful villa of Cairo, a Holland lady, of whose great wealth there were widely spread rumors, which were not without foundation. Madame Tinne was the owner of a charming residence on the banks of the Nile, in which she, together with her sister, the Baroness von Capellen, and

daughter, Alexina, spent her Winters, and was, besides, the possessor of a princely income. She was the widow of an Englishman, and originally from the Hague, where, in 1839, her daughter, Alexina, the future famous traveler, was born.

Visits to the Egyptian ruins had first awakened the enthusiasm of Alexina Tinne, and when, later in her life, she beheld for the first time the broad surface of the holy stream, she conceived the wish of following it in its onward course, and knowing, at last, its then unrevealed source. The Occident had lost all its beauties for her. Disappointments, still keen and fresh, had made her home hateful, and inclination drew her away from a land in which she had awakened to the sad knowledge of having placed her affections upon an unworthy object.

In the Summer of 1861, as she lingered for the last time in her old home, she laid her plans for an extended journey up the Nile, in which she at length persuaded her mother to join. At last, every arrangement completed, on the 9th of January, of the following year, the ladies went on board the three splendid barges they had obtained for the journey. Whatever seemed necessary for convenience and comfort had been procured. Provision had been made for a whole year. The household seemed a small army, and, as exchanges are effected with difficulty in the far South, they took with them ten camels' weights, or five thousand three hundred dollars (\$5,300) in copper coin. Proudly sailed the barges toward Korasko, where the river makes a broad bend toward the great Nubian Desert. Arrived here, not less than a hundred and two camels were necessary to convey their baggage on that eight days' desert march to Abu Haud, where they again reached the Nile, up whose palm-studded banks they traveled from Barbary to Chartum, the principal city of the South, where the Blue and White Nile unite their billows. Wishing to reach a healthy place before the rainy season set in, they remained in Chartum but a short time, and again sailed up the White Nile.

This journey upon the Nile ended, happily, before the African destroying angel had leveled his annihilating darts at any of that still happy company. At Chartum the Egyptian prince, Halim, placed his steamer at the disposal of the ladies, upon which, in May, of the same year, they arrived at Gondokoro, the farthest point which steam-ships generally reach, and the last place where Egyptian power is manifest. With the white houses of Chartum the last signs of civilization disappeared, and, as they approached the Arabian tribes who live along the borders of the Nile, south of Chartum, the faintest

traces of a belief in a Supreme Being had vanished, and these brave women, accustomed to every comfort and luxury of European life, found themselves in the midst of the heathenish land of the blacks, with their fearful barbarity before them. But, however dark their prospects or great the difficulties which here began to present themselves, Nature, which had here, in such an almost magnificent profusion, bestowed her gifts, made the deepest impression upon Miss Tinne. Though here the traveler finds no grand forests, the mimosas and tamarinds present the most grateful foliage upon which the eye could rest. The farther they journeyed toward the south, more enchanting became the scenery and more varied the forms of animal life. Under the mimosa trees groups of giraffes were grazing, and farther on whole herds of the graceful antelopes, and even the king of the forest—the lion—was not missed from among them. Above all, the friendly spirit so unexpectedly evinced by the natives gave them the greatest pleasure. These soon discovered that they had nothing to fear from the travelers, and, when Miss Alexina galloped through their villages on a palfrey she had brought from home, they made the most extravagant demonstrations of good-will, and, clapping their hands, cried, "She is the daughter of the Sultan." They would have even paid her allegiance as subjects, could she have aided them in resistance of the cruelly oppressing power of the slave-traders.

Again proceeding on their journey, they reached the Nosee, one of those eastern rivers emptying into the Nile, as yet comparatively unknown, and which they followed on account of its navigableness until they reached the Gazelle River; and now, after a ten days' journey, they found themselves in the vast swamp region through which this river flows. As far as the eye could reach they saw nothing but a desolate—seemingly endless—swamp, through which the river slowly toiled its wearisome way. Not even a reed was to be seen on either side, and the water was alive with the most frightful crocodiles, and yet human beings lived in these swamps. Often the natives ran toward the boats, both men and women perfectly nude, with their hair dyed a flaming red, and bodies streaked with ashes. They looked like incarnate fiends, and carried a horrible weapon, consisting of an iron armlet, with long darts attached, resembling the claws of the leopard, with which they pierced the bodies of their enemies in battle.

That they gradually took leave of every comfort as they advanced in these wilds is unnecessary to say. The farther they proceeded

toward the south, so much farther they left behind them every thing belonging to civilization. Wine, bread, sugar, tea, gradually gave out, and hunger became, in reality, the best sauce with which they served their now scanty fare. An immediate supply was not to be thought of, and yet this journey upon the Nile was each year costing them not less than forty thousand dollars.

On the 4th of the September following, they arrived at what had been a mission station. Here, for years, had the noble, self-denying missionaries labored, preaching the Gospel to these poor benighted wretches. In spite of hunger and misery, they had been sustained in their labors as if by a miracle, until, at last, the fearful climate, added to every privation, un-murmuringly endured, had accomplished its work, and one by one they had gone to receive their well-merited rewards. Of all that band of missionaries only one remained, and he was about returning to Chartum. Nothing could equal the sad sight which the half-famished natives presented to our travelers. They surrounded the company and begged for grain to stay the sacrifices each day saw yielded up to the famine; and, added to this, the information given them by the missionary, of the surrounding country, was such that almost any other woman than Alexina Tinne would have speedily turned homeward. She, instead of giving way before these united discouragements, after making short excursions into the interior, gave the order to proceed farther toward the south.

Before setting sail, there remained a last deed of remembrance and honor to be performed toward a countryman of theirs who had here met his death the preceding year.

Beneath a thorn-covered mound, upon which no inscription gave the name of him who rested there, slept the German nobleman, William von Harnier. He had come to these regions in the search of knowledge, where first his two companions, and soon after himself, were stricken down with the fever.

On the 15th of this same month they proceeded on their way, gradually leaving the endless marshes behind, and, on the 30th, they arrived again at Gondokoro. Here they were exactly two hundred and fifty miles from Alexandria, one hundred miles from Chartum, in the midst of African barbarism, and in a hot, unhealthy climate that soon began its ravages.

Nearly the whole company were down with fever, and still Miss Tinne struggled onward. She followed the river five miles beyond Gondokoro, but here the hostility exhibited by the natives obliged her to return. Toward the close of October they left Gondokoro, and on



ALEXINA TINNE.

the twentieth of November the white mosques of Chartum again gleamed upon them. In December the members of the German expedition, sent out to seek Edward Vogel, arrived at Chartum, where Miss Tinne met them. Theodore von Heuglin, Dr. Steudner, and the botanist, Schubert, had visited Abyssinia, and had met with the kindest reception from King

Theodore. Their means were now nearly exhausted, and as Miss Tinne invited them to take a part in the expedition up the Gazelle River, they concluded to accept her offer.

The ladies warmly welcomed the company of the learned naturalists, who thus gave the expedition something of a scientific character. The Baroness von Capellen had remained in Char-

tum, and in her stead a relative, Baron Arkeld' Abiaing, had joined them. On the 2d of February, 1863, Miss Tinne set sail, while both Heuglin and Steudner traveled toward the interior. This expedition, the equipping of which had taken nearly three months, consisted of a steamer, two Nile boats, two other sail-boats, two hundred soldiers and servants, thirty sumpter mules, four camels, and a horse for Miss Tinne, besides provision for ten months. Sailing up the Nile they again reached the interminable marshes of the Gazelle River. Here hundreds upon hundreds of elephants lazily traveled through the swamps, and not far from them the Nile horse was to be seen, and still farther on were whole herds of buffaloes. Here, in the center of a miry slough, lies the Maschra el Rek. The advent of the Tinne fleet, with the Sultana on board, had naturally created great excitement here. Flags were raised from the merchant vessels lying along the shore, and a salute was fired from a hundred guns, which the travelers returned. Tents and huts were rapidly erected, in which the ladies remained, while Steudner, Schubert, and Baron d' Abiaing visited the interior. The steamer and boats were sent back to Chartum to take in a fresh supply of provisions.

Here commenced difficulties which only the indomitable courage and energy of Miss Tinne could overcome. The Chartum merchants were incensed over the visit of strangers to what they chose to call "their country"—a country over which they indeed ruled, and without mercy for the wretched natives, whom they crushed down into still greater depths of degradation. The carriers and soldiers began to murmur, and even the negroes could hardly be induced, for the highest price, to transport their baggage toward the interior. Their experience with the whites had taught them to fear that not only would they receive no remuneration, but would be, at the end of the journey, kidnapped and sold to the slave-traders. The situation of the ladies was most distressing. Madame Tinne and her two assistants were ill with fever, and only Alexina sustained a courage which even the arrival of Heuglin, with the intelligence of Dr. Steudner's death, failed to break. Under the shade of the palm-trees, in the village of Ware, he had buried his faithful companion, who added one more to the throng who have martyred themselves for knowledge.

Arrived at the end of their land journey, they turned their sails westward, and on the 22d of July they reached the seribah of an Italian named Briselli, who here carried on a

sort of wholesale plundering. The heavy tropical rains had converted the surrounding forest region into a wonderful park. A greenness of Spring seemed to have spread itself over every thing, and the numberless creeping plants had woven a beautiful carpet over the turf. The crops looked rich with promise, but were yet far from maturity. This was the cause of the scarcity and high price of food. Besides this there were no cattle to kill. "It is," writes Heuglin at this time and place, "almost impossible to procure bread for the soldiers, and we have not seen a piece of meat for weeks. I myself, though ill, am obliged to eat the heavy swamp wheat bread of the natives."

The negroes who live here belong to the Dschur tribe. Through fear of the slave-traders they at first kept themselves at a distance from the travelers, but they soon saw the difference between the band of travelers and the object of their terror, and received Miss Tinne in the friendliest manner. Many a time she had visited their village, accompanied by only one servant, when they would bring her whatever they considered as delicacies, but horrible messes from which the European girl shrank in disgust.

Without cessation poured the rain, until it seemed as if the very flood-gates of heaven had opened upon them, converting the whole country into a vast swamp. Carriers were not to be found, and to return by the swollen stream was impossible. Want increased from day to day, and though Heuglin himself despaired of freeing them from their sad situation before the expiration of the rainy season, he left no means untried. He sent Schubert to the mountains to do all in his power to further the journey, but the brave man never returned—only a messenger brought the news of his death. Near the end of July Miss Tinne buried her mother, while she herself daily expected death's messenger.

An improvement in the condition of things began to make itself apparent as the rainy season neared its close. Vegetables now abounded in the land, and honey was found in great quantities. Miss Tinne and her remaining companions recovered strength, but as all their beasts had been killed they gave up all hope of advancing on their journey. In the beginning of the year 1864 Miss Tinne received the intelligence that her five ships had arrived at the Maschra el Rek on their return from Chartum. Overjoyed at this good news, they all began preparations for the homeward journey; but yet another misfortune awaited her. Before all preparations were completed her two remaining waiting-maids

died, and she, together with Baron d' Ablain and Heuglin, were all that remained of the expedition begun under such happy auspices.

On the 14th of February they began their homeward journey, and reached Chartum at the end of March, after an absence of fourteen months. The cup of grief seemed not yet full for the already bereaved Alexina. On the 19th of the following May her aunt, the Baroness von Capellen, also died of the fever. Again Miss Tinne set sail, and this time for Cairo, where arrived, and surrounded by the devoted blacks she had brought from the interior, she excited no little curiosity. Though independent, and possessed of a princely fortune, she still could not give up the exploration of Africa, which seemed to possess her like an evil spirit which she could not exorcise. Traveling through the northern part of Africa, she had more than once entertained the desire to penetrate to the interior, pursuing the same course marked out by Henry Barth and Gerhard Rohlfs. True, she forgot not how many brave explorers rested beneath the hot desert sand, "but," she questioned, "has my good star watched over me through every danger under which my companions sank, and will it forsake me now?"

At the end of January of the following year she reached Tripoli, the principal port of entry of Northern Africa, and once more a caravan of fifty persons, and not less than sixty mules, journeyed toward the interior. In February they arrived at the desert, whose fearful aspect can only be equaled by the marshes bordering upon the Nile. Not a green shrub or brook far or near; only the blue, eternal heavens, from whose vast expanse the melting sun seems to have driven even every cloudlet, and a barren landscape, into which the weary travelers only bring life. But even the desert has an end. Mursuk, the next stopping place, appeared to the gaze of the tired travelers a smiling oasis, a magic circle drawn in the midst of the desert. Here they bid farewell to their desert life. Yonder is the earth bedecked in a fresh, green dress, and the gazelle rests in the shade of the palm-trees, and amid such a scene, among these real children of the desert, this brave woman met the death related in the beginning of this sketch.

THOU must content thyself to see the world so imperfect as it is. Thou wilt never have any quiet if thou vexest thyself because thou canst not bring mankind to that exact notion of things and rule of life which thou hast formed in thy own mind.

SOCIAL POISON.

"COME, come, girls, what is the good of all this?"

They were sitting on the bank of a graceful mountain stream, where the sunlight shimmered down through the forest leaves and lay about them in shining patches, and the sweet little birds were filling the air with joyous melody as they glanced in and out among the branches.

"Come, come, girls, what is the good of all this?"

They turned toward her quickly, and her black eyes flashed haughtily as she met their surprised glances.

"I should think you would be the last one, Ada, to stand up for Grace Somers," remarked her sister; "I thought you disliked her thoroughly."

"It is n't Grace I'm standing up for," she retorted hurriedly, "my conscience would never let me do that—the pale, spiritless little thing—with all her self-conceit," and she bit her lip.

"But I think we might be in better and much more agreeable business, at least till we find some body to talk about that is worth the breath we spend on them," tossing her head scornfully.

"I am afraid we should have to go a good way beyond the circle of our acquaintance," rejoined fair Minnie West with a gay laugh, in which they all joined—all save Ada Wyld, whose averted eye and contracted brow expressed little sympathy in their mirth.

Then, quickly regaining her self-possession, she turned toward two of the group, who sat with their light robes gathered carefully up about them as if there were contamination in the touch of the velvety earth—turned toward them with one of her sweetest smiles as she said,

"I hope you'll not judge of us country people as Minnie seems to, for really we are, some of us, better than she seems inclined to acknowledge, and I am happy to say there is only one Grace Somers"—

"At least in her own estimation and that of her mother," added Jennie Banks mischievously.

They laughed a little. Bell and Laura Fielding shrugged their shoulders as the elder sister made some remark—the most sensible words that had been spoken—about human nature being the same in the country as in the city.

"Not even the half has been told," muttered Jennie in an under-tone, "not half. If you began to know what I do of Grace"—

"O, girls, I've a delightful plan in my head," interrupted Minnie West with her wonted

vivacity, "and you shall let Grace and every body else alone, to talk it over with me."

And they were soon discussing an excursion which she proposed, though their spirits seemed to have suffered a slight dampening.

A little way down the stream, where its western bank rose gradually up to the feet of a bold, craggy mountain, stood a sweet little cottage, almost concealed under the drooping branches and clinging vines. It was a lovely place, and in its pleasant parlor a happy family were gathered that afternoon.

A pale-looking woman sat in the window with her needle-work, her dark robes and careworn countenance telling a sad story of bereavement and loss; yet there was a peaceful light beaming in her mild, blue eye, and lighting up her delicate features, that made her seem almost joyous. Four-year-old Frankie sat on the floor with his baby brother, scarcely two years younger than himself, constructing mimic castles and towers to the little fellow's great delight, while their older sisters, two dark-haired little girls, were busy with their pictures, and gentle, thoughtful Mary sat near them intent on the ruffle with which she was helping mamma.

"It makes me so happy, ma," said the oldest daughter, pausing in the lesson she was practicing and turning round to face the little circle; "so very happy that I may at last do something to lighten your burdens and to prove that dear papa's care for my education was not in vain; that the first years of my life have not been wasted. O, it will be glorious to do something!"

Grace Somers's fair young face glowed with enthusiasm, and her slight figure took on an air of unwonted dignity as she spoke.

"Yes, darling," replied her mother, smiling fondly, "it is always glorious to do well; and we need to do all for ourselves that we can," looking wearily at the group about her, "but we shall miss our Gracey sadly."

"Mary is getting to be such a help that you really don't need me at all, ma," added the girl quickly.

"Yet can we miss you any less, dear?" asked her mother with the same fond smile.

"I feared Mr. Fielding would hardly want so young a governess in his family; but it is not as if you were unaccustomed to children."

"No, mamma, of course it is not. Hear what he says about it, too," and she took from her pocket to read, for the twentieth time, the letter she had received a few days before.

"I hoped you were a lady of more years and experience," it went on, "but your friend rec-

ommends you so highly I am inclined to give you a trial, especially since it is a companion for my older daughters that I desire as well as an instructor for the younger children. They are all away at present to spend the Summer holidays and will not be home again for a month or two. I will write you again on their return, if in the mean time you hear of no different arrangement."

"So, you see, I am almost certain of it," she added as she folded the letter in triumph.

"Yes, *almost*, but it is never safe to feel quite sure of any thing in this world," replied the mother gravely. "Besides, you see he does not himself consider it fully decided."

"Yes, ma, I know," and with the acknowledgment there came a little shadow over her face. "But, then, I should n't think he would disappoint me now—of course he won't," she added decidedly. "And I will perform my duties so faithfully that I can keep the place a long time. Then when the girls get older so Mary can leave home, I'll find a good situation for her, you know; or perhaps we can afford to send her away to school then; she would make a brilliant scholar if she only had the opportunity."

Mary's eyes sparkled with delight as her sister went on, and together they painted for themselves a bright future, while their mother sat by and smiled fondly, only remarking in her quiet way, "Trust no future, my daughters."

The days flew lightly by and gathered themselves into weeks, each one making Grace Somers's prospects seem more certain to her, till she came to regard them as quite sure, and was already making preparations for her departure.

Bell and Laura Fielding went to their city home when the days began to grow cooler, having spent a delightful season in a round of visiting among their country relatives.

They were sitting in the library with their indulgent father on the evening of their return, entertaining him with an account of their visit and rehearsing some of its most amusing adventures, setting them out in glowing colors and laughing merrily the while, when he suddenly announced, with the air of one who is bringing good tidings, "O, girls, I have at last secured a governess for the children. I had almost forgotten to mention it to you."

"Good, good," they both exclaimed at once with animation. "Who is she?"

"A stranger, but very approachable I judge. She is highly recommended, of a good family, and young enough to be a companion for you. Her name is Somers, I believe."

"Somers!" and the young ladies exchanged glances quickly.

"Somers—where did you find her, pa?"

From a pile of letters he drew out one, remarking as he opened it, "Clara Wheeler recommended her; it seems she is a friend of Clara's." Then he read: "'Clifton—Grace E. Somers, Clifton.' That is where you went to visit your cousin, Jennie Banks; did you see Miss Somers?"

"Yes, we saw her once or twice, but did not have the opportunity to make her acquaintance, I am happy to say; we heard enough about her though—plenty enough to know she is very far from such a girl as we want in our family. It will never answer, father; never in this world."

He looked up in surprise. "Why, girls, what is the matter?"

"She is n't thought any thing of in Clifton; they say she is proud and haughty, and I do n't know what all. Indeed, we can not have her."

Mr. Fielding was silent and looked very thoughtful. He seldom crossed his children's wishes, and the will of his daughters was almost absolute law in the household. He reproached himself that he had not consulted them.

"I think I mentioned that I might change my mind," he said, "but it was some time ago that I corresponded with her, and it would not seem right to disappoint her now. Had we not better let her come for a little while at least?"

"No, not for a single day," they both exclaimed. "If you had heard as much about her as we have you would think so too."

"Perhaps it won't disappoint her much—and no matter if it should"—Laura added in an under-tone, and the subject was dropped.

Late at night Mr. Fielding sat alone with his head bowed upon his hand. Then, taking his pen, he wrote slowly and deliberately the few lines that should blight Grace Somers's hopes and overshadow her future—wrote them with a firm hand, folded the sheet carefully, placed it in its envelope, and then retired.

On the afternoon of the next day Grace sat singing a happy little song over her work. "Yes, ma," she said, "if I turn this silk and gore it as I spoke of, it will make over beautifully and be quite a stylish dress."

"A letter for sis, a letter for sis!" and the two little girls bounded into the parlor.

She reached out her hand and took it, saying as she broke the seal,

"It is from Mr. Fielding. I did not expect he would send for me so soon."

Her face flushed as she read, and then turned very pale: without uttering a word she passed

it over to her mother and leaned back in her chair.

The children looked wonderingly from their sister to their mother, and then picking the envelope from the floor laid it reverently upon the table.

"Mr. Fielding writes that 'circumstances are such' he does not wish Gracey to come at all," explained Mrs. Somers as she met their inquiring glances.

"Then she will stay at home with us," they exclaimed joyfully, for, child-like, they thought more of present comfort than of ultimate good.

"Yes, stay at home and do nothing," added Grace bitterly; "nothing, as heretofore."

"Perhaps there will be something which you can do," suggested her mother encouragingly; "let us hope for the best," but her forlorn countenance told how little hope there really was in her heart.

A cloud had arisen over that cottage home, and each of its inmates felt the chilling influence.

"It must somehow work for our good, mamma, I suppose," Grace would say, "yet I can't see how; it is such a disappointment," and then she would look sadder than ever, notwithstanding her efforts to find the silver lining to her dark cloud.

The days and weeks went by, and each seemed very long to the Somerses, for their burdens settled down upon them heavier than ever, when the hand that promised to lighten them was withdrawn.

Autumn winds whistled dolefully about their little homestead, and then the snows began to sift down upon them, and still they were toiling patiently to keep warm from their dwelling and despondency from their hearts.

"Mary is getting along beautifully in her algebra," remarked the elder sister to her mother one evening when she had just been helping her with a knotty problem.

"She will make a scholar yet in spite of all her difficulties," smiling encouragingly into her eager face.

"And all the better for them," added Mrs. Somers, "since opposition sharpens our faculties, you know."

Just then there was a sharp ring at the door-bell, and Mary arose to usher in their neighbor, Mr. Harding. He was a whole-souled, genial man, who had done them many a favor, and he greeted them kindly.

A few commonplace remarks were exchanged, and then he turned suddenly toward Grace and said a little abruptly:

"I've come to ask a favor of you, Miss

Somers. Our school-teacher left us in haste this afternoon; they were just getting organized and the term promised to be a very successful one, when she was summoned home. I did not learn for what reason, but she said she probably should not be able to come back. It seems a pity to wait upon such uncertainties, but we do n't see what we shall do, unless you would step in and go right along—what think about it?"

"If you think the people would be satisfied I should like to try it," she replied after a little pause.

So it was arranged that Grace should recommence the school on the following morning. And she went forth with a cheerful heart, thanking God that though the greater good toward which she had so longingly reached her hands was snatched away from her, she could still serve her dear ones and honor him in humbler ways.

The Winter slipped pleasantly and quickly by, for Grace Somers was happy in her new vocation, and her patrons were pleased with the rare success of their new teacher.

When the first term was finished they wished to engage her to teach another, and then another, until she became the constant presiding spirit in the village school-room, dearly loved by the little circle that gathered about her there, and the oracle in the community where she lived.

Thus the years went on—years that were rich in discipline and crowned with glory, for Grace Somers was developing into a sweet and joyous woman, and the white cottage under the hill was full of beauty and sunshine.

It was the glad Summer-time again, and Laura Fielding was visiting her friends in Clifton—visiting them alone this time, for she was sisterless now. Her life had grown very dark and troublous in the three years since she saw Clifton last; she was a sadder girl than then.

"You must see my friend Grace Somers," said her cousin Jennie to her one evening.

"She did not live in the place when you were here last, I think."

"Grace Somers," replied Laura thoughtfully, "I have surely heard of her somewhere. O, yes, do n't you remember, Jennie? She was here then, and you did n't any of you like her at all. How do you happen to speak of her now as your friend?"

Jennie Banks's face flushed a little as she remembered how they had treated Grace Somers when she first came to live among them, and Laura Fielding was pained to recollect all that

had happened in connection with that name three years before.

"Well," said Jennie, "we were not acquainted with her then, and if for awhile we thought her rather cold and haughty, it was only because we did not know her, or, perhaps, that we were a little envious of her beauty and accomplishments. But we have learned to love and esteem her now, and she has this long time been our district school-teacher, honored for her efficiency and her fidelity to her trust. She is a precious friend, too. I know you would enjoy her acquaintance, cousin."

Laura hoped she might never meet Miss Somers, and was about to say something to that effect when Jennie sprang up quickly and rushed out, exclaiming, "There she goes now."

Jennie Banks was the same impulsive girl as when we saw her three years before, but her many excellencies were developing and rounding her character into a beauteous whole. So it happened that Laura Fielding and Grace Somers had their first meeting, and after this they were often together, sometimes meeting in their walks or at the house of a mutual friend, and sometimes exchanging calls, for Jennie and Grace were on very familiar terms.

"Miss Somers is a very pleasant young lady," said Laura to her cousin a few days before her departure. "I always feel myself cheered and benefited in her presence, and I can't help liking her."

"Of course you can't help liking her, for there never was a sweeter girl in the world." Jennie always grew enthusiastic when speaking of her friend.

The passing acquaintance which Laura scarcely desired at first was ripening into a warm friendship. When she went back to her darkened home and frivolous life, they seemed to her more desolate and empty than ever before. Sick at heart she sought refuge in the retirement of home, but her soul was famishing still, for there was no nourishment and rest for her even here, and the days seemed long and bitter.

It was Saturday night, and the winds were whistling pitilessly about the dying year. The father and daughter were in the library again, but this time there were no happy voices or merry laughter there. The father was sitting thoughtfully in his easy chair, with his fingers pressed down over his eyelids, and the paper he had been reading had slipped from his hand and fallen upon the floor.

"Poor father!" sighed Laura. Then rising softly she stole up to his side, and leaned against his chair. "Papa," slipping her fingers in through his thin, whitening hair.

"Yes, dear," and he drew her near him, rousing himself to smile and speak pleasantly. "Your father is a sorry companion for you, dear. I fear you are very lonesome sometimes," stroking her bright hair caressingly.

"Yes, papa, very lonesome sometimes," and her eyes filled with tears. "Perhaps I should not be if I could sit with you all the time; but the days when you are from home are so very long. Fred's reckless ways make me very anxious," lowering her voice as she spoke of her brother, "the children are noisy and tiresome, and Isabelle has n't a particle of cheer or sympathy for any body."

"Poor child, you must invite some of your young friends to spend the Winter with you. Whom do you want to see?"

"I do n't believe I want to see any of them"—she looked very wretched and unhappy then. "If I only had somebody to point out the bright spots in my life—if there are any—somebody that would be with me always, as Isabelle is—"

Her father looked very grave then, for this question of a governess was always perplexing, and it was only for lack of a better one that Isabelle Grey had not been dismissed long before.

"I know you think that can never be, but I have a bright little plan in my head," her voice grew firmer as she went on, "let me tell it to you. When I was in Clifton last Summer I met a sweet young lady whom I grew to love very much. There was something so bright and sunny in her presence that I always felt warmed and strengthened when with her, and was sorry to part with her. But I did not fully realize how precious was her influence till I came away from her; now it seems to me as if I should be happy if I could only have her with me all the time. Her home is there, and she is the village school-teacher, a superior one, too. I am half afraid she would prefer to remain at home, but she has been teaching so long she might like a change, especially if we offered her the inducement of better pay. Now how do you like my plan, pa?"

"Excellently well. I should be scarcely less pleased with a change for the better than you would, Laura."

"Then you will write to her, won't you, and if she can come—no matter how soon—give Isabelle her dismissal?"

"With pleasure," reaching for his paper and pen. "Whom shall I address?"

Laura's countenance fell a little as she replied, "I am afraid you won't like to write to her when I tell you it is the same Grace Somers whom you engaged once, more than three years ago."

It was his turn to hesitate now, for the recollection was not pleasant.

"But I don't think she has the least idea that it was we who disappointed her then, and nobody ever knew any thing about it."

"Suppose you write to her, Laura," suggested her father, who was still averse to doing so himself. "Tell her how much you would like to have her with you, how many children there are—"

"She knows all about that now," interrupted Laura.

"Well, tell her we should regard her as a sister more than a hireling, and that we will pay her a handsome salary, much more than she is earning at present."

"Yes, papa, that is just the thing, and I'll do it," and she left the room with more buoyancy in her step than her father had seen in many a week.

A few days passed away, and Laura bounded into the library one morning with an open letter in her hand, announcing to her father, in joyous tones, that Miss Somers said she would come.

"The last of March or first of April," she went on. "The dear girl! Are n't you delighted, pa? The Winter will not seem half so long or lonesome now."

Laura waited patiently for the return of the Spring-time, and with its first balmy breezes Grace Somers came to their luxuriant home. She seemed to bring with her the freshness and perfume of the beautiful country, so sweet and joyous was her presence; and there beamed in upon the Fieldings a new light that made their household radiant. The children, a trio of rollicking boys, who had grown wild and rude under the careless training they had received, felt the magic of her mild, firm teachings, and breathed a spirit so gentle that Laura and her father wondered what was the charm to which they were so readily yielding; and under her influence the restless girl found new beauty and excellence in her life, and many a treasure of happiness that brought light to her soul and joy to her eye, investing the days with a rare and beauteous meaning. Together they planned many a new pleasure and many a sweet surprise for the sad, care-worn business man, till by and by he was becoming almost young again. Thus the weeks went by, and then the months, and the young governess seemed indeed as a sister, and was very dear to them all.

It was Winter-time again, a Winter so much brighter and happier than the last had been. The young ladies had drawn their chairs up near the grate, for it was a bitter night.

"How very forlorn I should feel to-night if

you were not here, dear Grace!" said the younger of the two. "Nobody ever made me forget my loneliness as you do," Grace smiled as she fondly pressed her hand in reply. "If we could only have had you with us last Winter. I wonder how I ever lived without you; it was a miserable kind of a life."

She paused, and a painful flush swept over her face.

"Don't think of it now, Laura, dear," said her companion soothingly. "The past is forgiven, we trust, and only the present is ours."

"But there is something I've felt as if I must tell you, Grace," she went on after a little. "I do n't know why I feel so, unless it be that I tell you every thing lately," lowering her voice as she spoke. "Perhaps you have forgotten the time, three years ago last Summer, that two dashing city girls came to Clifton to visit their cousins, the Bankses. Those girls were Belle and Laura Fielding, but they never made your acquaintance. Belle was a sweet girl; you would have loved her I am sure, but I was wild and thoughtless then. I presume you remember that a certain Mr. Fielding corresponded with you that Summer about becoming governess in his family, and I dare say you expected to do so. Well, that Mr. Fielding was our father."

Grace Somers gave a little surprised start when she heard this.

"Yes, our father, and but for us, his daughters, he would never have written you that last letter."

Tears came to Grace Somers's eyes, and she almost trembled even then as she remembered how bitter was that disappointment.

"But we did not know you, dear Grace," Laura added tenderly as she looked up—"did not know you, and had become prejudiced against you while in Clifton. You know you were a stranger there then, and for some reason, or rather without any reason at all, every body had taken a dislike to the new family that had come among them. I well remember one day in particular, when we had paused to rest in our rambles, and were sitting on the river bank, how your name was mentioned among others who did not escape the cruel lashings of our tongues, and many unkind remarks were made about you—vague insinuations they were that had nothing tangible on which to rest, and yet were not without their evil influence. It was what was said that afternoon, more than any thing else, that made us think ill of you, and so we begged of our father that you might not come to live with us. And he never went contrary to our wishes, so he wrote that letter; but

it pained him to do so, I know, though he knew nothing of you save by the recommendation of a friend. But we have suffered for our rashness, suffered greatly, for if you had been here instead of those frivolous, weak-minded young ladies, how much we might have been spared, how much more happiness we might have known!"

Her voice choked, and she buried her face in her hands.

"Dear Belle felt the need of just such a counselor and comforter in her last sickness, and we have all needed you, O so much! Fred would not have fallen into these habits of dissipation, nor would Frank and Georgie be the rude, ill-tempered boys they are. And how much I have lost! We are all becoming better every day, I know, and papa seems ten years younger than he did last Winter—but O how much we have lost in these years!"

Grace sat gazing steadily into the glowing coals.

"O, how poisonous is the gossiping breath!" she said sadly, as if to herself, for she was thinking of the shadow it had once cast upon her own life. "How terribly poisonous!"

"Terribly poisonous!" repeated Laura with emphasis.

And they sat together in the silence, each busy with her own thoughts.

"I fear the whole world is victim to the deadly charm," Grace added at length. "Who-so keepeth his tongue saveth his soul from troubles."

THE GRAVE OF RICHARD BAXTER.

THE west end of Newgate-street has a peculiar history. Records of crime and death, of bitter agonies and darkest infamy, are mingled with the gladsome notes of many a merry time.

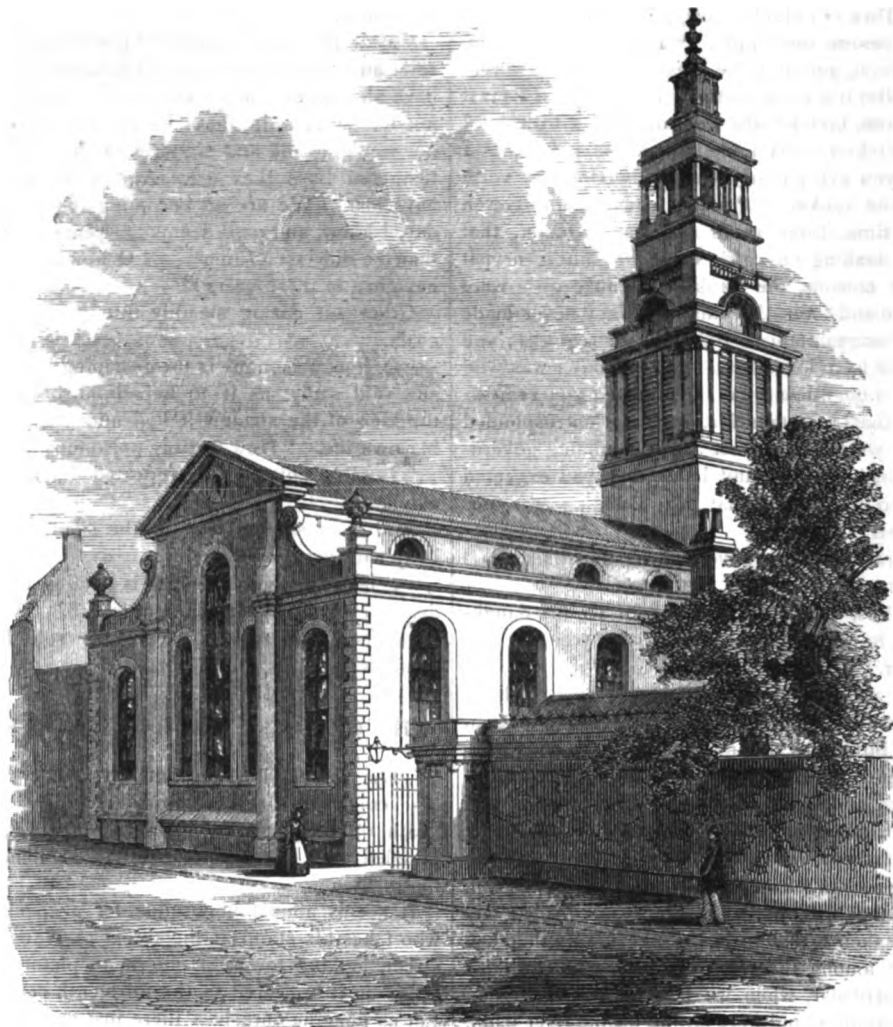
It seems almost impossible for a spectator who takes his stand at the corner of Newgate-street, looking toward Holborn, to picture the scene as it appeared in the thirteenth century. Let us imagine ourselves there just outside the old crumbling city walls—close on our left is the New Gate, already turned into a prison; on the right stands the famous monastery of the Gray Friars; further still, in the same direction, we see the more ancient priory and hospital of St. Bartholomew, where its poet founder, Ra-here, sleeps, revered not only by the "Black Canons," but by the sick, the maimed, and the halt. In front are a few "country houses," pleasant meads, and old English gardens. Before us rolls the river Fleet, receiving the

gushing brook of the "old Bourne"—Holborn—on its way.

We have been looking at a vision; not only the Fleet, but convents, stately mansions, ancient walls, and time-grayed monuments have vanished. The Gray Friars have gone, but Christ's Hospital nobly stands on the old conventual ground; the chant of the Franciscan is silent, but from the crowded galleries of Christ's

Church the Blue-coat boys sound out the responses of the English Liturgy. This church and the great public school connect the London of to-day with the old city.

Were a stranger to pass for the first time down "Christ Church Passage," and through the ample porch, he would perhaps see little to excite attention. Even when he learns that the church was rebuilt by Wren, after the great



CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE-STREET.

fire, he will still feel that, with much neatness, there is little of architectural beauty.

The present church probably stands on or near the choir of the magnificent chapel of the Franciscan or Gray Friars. Who raised the vast conventual pile, which here stood the rival of its neighbor at Blackfriars? Let us listen to the old chronicler. In the Summer of 1225

four Franciscan friars came to London. Their dress of undyed gray cloth, the hempen girdle, the marvelous fame of St. Francis, their founder, the skill of the men in the simple medicine of the times, and especially in the treatment of leprosy, soon drew toward them the superstitious reverence of some, and the religious regard of others.

John Jwyn, a rich citizen of London, gave them a piece of land and some houses close to the city walls, and near one of the main gates. It was evidently then a *low* neighborhood, being near the "shambles."

The gray-coated men, who boldly proclaimed the holiness of begging, soon had the purses of the rich at their command. Benefactors rose on all sides; in 1239 Sir William Joynier, the mayor—not yet lord—built the first part of the Friar's church; the nave was erected by another mayor, Henry Waleys. Walter "the potter," and also sheriff, raised the Chapter House in 1270, and gave "brazen" cooking utensils for the kitchen. A dormitory was constructed at the cost of Sir Gregory Rokesby, and William, the "tailor" to Henry III, brought a supply of pure water into the convent from the suburban springs. Margaret of France, the young and second wife of Edward I, rebuilt the choir; John of Brittany reconstructed the nave; and Whittington, when Mayor of London, laid the foundation stone of the Library, on the 21st of October, 1421.

In this London convent were buried four queens, one duke, two earls, eight baronets, thirty-four knights, and nearly seven hundred peers. Nine magnificent tombs in the choir, and one hundred and forty marble sepulchers in the church, proclaimed the spiritual dominion of the sons of St. Francis.

"The end cometh" may be written upon all things; but how did it come to the Franciscans? It was the old law at work—"Change creepeth by little and little." The Gray frock had provoked a dangerous foe: he had opposed the men of the "new learning;" they bided their time, and in the end brought him to the dust.

The last warden of the London Franciscans, Dr. Thomas Chapman, surrendered the estates and buildings to the Crown on the 12th of November, 1539, twenty-five of the friars signing the deed with their superior.

The subsequent history of the building is soon told. The church was made parochial, being opened for service on the first Sunday in 1547, January 3d, when the *mass* was celebrated. The king died in the same month, and, under Edward VI, rapid changes were made in the old church. Not only were "altars" removed, but the richly colored walls were "whitewashed," the building shortened, the west end being let to a school-master named Bolton, and the marble monuments removed and sold for £50! Truly, this was going very fast. But the ruin was arrested. The city received a grant of the monastic building, for the establishment of a great school for poor children. Money

was collected from the citizens, and on the 23d of November, 1552, about four hundred children were admitted. Thus, from the ruins of the Franciscans, was raised the far-famed Blue-coat School.

Let us now enter the church. The building itself has no remarkable memorial of the great or the wise. Here, however, sleeps one remarkable man, famous in his own day, and not yet to be forgotten—Richard Baxter, author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest;" the chaplain of Cromwell, and yet his opponent; the friend of the king, but the enemy of tyranny; the man of practical life, and a profound thinker; as a preacher, combining popular power with intellectual energy; as a man, undaunted by the mockery of Jeffreys, yet gentle unto a child; and as a Christian, doing the work of earth while listening to the hymns of heaven.

Doubtless his peculiarities were many; a Non-Conformist, and yet a worshiper in the parish church; a Calvinist, and yet an Arminian; longing for peace, but a firm controversialist. The sects of his day were puzzled; no party could really claim him, he was the epitome of all, but the image of none. He had been a chaplain in the parliamentary army, but his sermon to the House of Commons in St. Margaret's, Westminster, 1660, urged the restoration of the king. The Presbyterians had selected Baxter as their great champion at the Savoy conference; but, nevertheless, the Chancellor, Lord Clarendon, offered the bishopric of Hereford to the Non-Conformist divine. The offer was refused; Baxter chose insult, persecution, and imprisonment in place of honor and power.

Many who know Baxter only by his own great work, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," may not be aware how small a part of his writings this book forms. One hundred and sixty-eight treatises came from his ever-active pen, and of these the practical alone fill twenty-three volumes. This library was written by one man of infirm health, driven by persecution from place to place, spending much time in preaching, and having little of "learned leisure." We get, from his own words, a peep into his study. One of his greatest works, the "Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ"—System of Christian Theology—was written, he says, "at Totteridge, in a troublesome, smoky, suffocating room, in the midst of daily pains of sciatica and *many worse*." Do you see Baxter cowering over the fire as he mentally composes a Latin period, the sentence interrupted just at the turning-point, by the double assault of a sciatic pang and a villainous puff of smoke?

Jeffreys would, probably, have rejoiced over both smoke and scintilla, had he known of them; for Baxter was the marked object of his brutality. The number of published works especially stirred up the rage of the judge. This being somewhat intolerable, Jeffreys launched at the author the judicial summaries of "fanatical dog" and "old knave." The "old" alone was true, Baxter being then in his seventieth year.

Baxter has always been ranked among the great preachers of the seventeenth century. He wants, indeed, the rich imagery of Jeremy Taylor, the bold energy of South, and the exhaustive logic of Barrow, but there was that union of intellect with feeling, without which no speaker can long rule an audience. His great pulpit victories were doubtless won in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Kidderminster, where he was appointed lecturer; but wherever Baxter spoke, words of power fell upon the ear. Whether preaching to the House of Commons in St. Margaret's, to the Corporation of London in St. Paul's, or to crowded congregations at the Tuesday lectures in Joiners' Hall and Fetter Lane, he excited thought and stirred up emotion—men did not leave with the remark, "There was nothing in it."

The exact site of Baxter's grave is unknown. "Buried in the chancel" is the answer to every inquiry; but no short epitaph, no memorial words tell under which of those time-worn and unlettered stones lies the body of Baxter. The church registers inform us that he was buried on the 17th of December, 1691, and that is all which Christ Church can tell the world about Richard Baxter.

A summary of Baxter's life is soon told. He was born at Rowton, near High Encal, Shropshire, 1615; received ordination at Worcester, in 1638, from Bishop Thornborough, and, in 1640, was chosen lecturer at Kidderminster. Being driven away by political tumults in 1642, he returned in 1646, and continued there during all the changes of the next fourteen years. Baxter rejoiced in the restoration of the king, but the Act of Uniformity found him unable to comply with its requirements, and then came not only banishment from his beloved Kidderminster, but a long series of insults, ending in a trial before Jeffreys, and an imprisonment for two years. Just as these days were coming he found a young lady willing to share with him all the opposition of enemies by becoming his wife. There was nothing very astounding in thoughtful and enthusiastic Miss Charlton being married, in her twenty-fourth year, to the famous Richard Baxter in his forty-seventh. He had,

however, so often recommended a single life to preachers, that some of the gentlemen who had acted upon his advice naturally pointed to his practical comment upon his own precepts. Doubtless Baxter was a wise man; he certainly gained, by his own confession, nineteen years of "love and mutual complacency."

The great revolution came, and the Toleration Act nearly terminated legalized persecution; but a great change was also then approaching Baxter—the end of life was at hand. He understood the significant signs of the coming event. His will was made in July, 1689; every sermon became more suggestive of the approaching hour; and on the 8th of December, 1691, he passed into the state of which he had so earnestly written, and entered into "the saint's everlasting rest."

The fame of his writings, labors, and sufferings drew a vast concourse to his funeral, the line of carriages extending from Christ Church far down Cheapside. The royal, the noble, and the knightly dead lie forgotten in the ancient burial-ground of the Gray Friars; but the greatest of those who sleep in the modern Christ Church is Richard Baxter. We may no longer fully sympathize with his style; we may have learned to accept conclusions from which he would have shrunk; but the freest minds, the strongest understandings, the widest hearts, and the most earnest Christians of the present time, will see in this old divine many points of attraction for one of repulsion.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

POLYGAMY throws its terrors, either as a possibility or a fact, over the heart of every married lady in India. Creation and divine law have ordained woman's heart to be queen of her husband's heart, and to reign without a rival. But heathenism has dared to overthrow that right, and sternly tells the loving and trusting wife that she must, and without complaining, admit a partner in her husband's affection if he desires it. How often are long years of duty and fidelity thus rewarded, and the true, faithful heart is crushed for life, as she sees herself superseded by some youthful stranger, who has stolen her lord's heart and attention, and leaves her to pine in neglect and sorrow!

It little avails for this contradictory legislation to say, "In whatever family the husband is contented with his wife, and the wife with her husband, in that house will fortune be assuredly permanent;" "Let him be constantly satisfied

with her alone"—or that, "Neither by sale nor by desertion can a wife be released from her husband"—when the legislator straightway proceeds to open this terrible door to man's caprice, and leaves him to be the sole judge of when and how soon, or often, he will enter it. He ordains that a woman must meekly endure all the wrongs and slights heaped upon her forbearing heart, without leaving her one avenue of escape or retaliation, and deliberately hands over to the husband every resource of power over her, so that she is utterly defenseless against even the cruel revenge that may at any time choose to crush her.

The right to become a polygamist, should he prefer it for any reason, must unsettle any man's heart, and be a barrier to true and permanent affection, while it renders him weak in the development of that real love which sorrows and mutual trials ripen into the realization of that priceless union of heart, and hope, and destiny, which sings amid its maturity :

"We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's sorrows,
And wiped each other's tears."

That right to be thus unsympathetic and fickle, and to inflict this terrible wrong upon her whom he ought to cherish and cleave to, "forsaking all others as long as they both should live," Menu fully grants in the following ordinances of his code: "If after one damsel has been shown, another be offered to the bridegroom, who had purchased leave to marry her from her next kinsman, he may become the husband of both for the same price;" "Even though a man have married a young woman in legal form, yet he may abandon her, if he find her blemished, afflicted with disease, or . . . and given to him with fraud. If any man give a faulty damsel in marriage, without disclosing her blemish, the husband may annul that act of her ill-minded giver;" "A wife who drinks any spirituous liquors, who acts immorally, who shows hatred to her lord, who is incurably diseased, who is mischievous, who wastes his property, may at all times be superseded by another wife. A barren wife may be superseded by another in the eighth year; she whose children are all dead, in the tenth; she who brings forth only daughters, in the eleventh; she who speaks unkindly, without delay; but she who, though afflicted with illness, is beloved and virtuous, must never be disgraced, though she may be superseded by another wife with her own consent." (Sec. 204. C. 8.)

Here is wide range enough from which to

select a cause of dissatisfaction, in any hour of alienation or dislike; no tribunal or process is required; the husband is sole judge and executor of this facile law, and in a single day the virtuous and faithful lady may find herself a discarded outcast without pity or redress on earth.

If she escape all such causes of divorce, and keeps possession of her home and husband, there still remains the liability of polygamy. He may at any hour wander from his place—a new face may strike his fancy, or a desire for more sons, or some other pretext, may urge him to add to the occupants of his zenana; and the terrible fact may be only known to her by the arrival of the one who leaves her to weep alone.

I have been often asked to what extent polygamy prevails in India. For reasons already manifest it is not easy to give a sufficient answer to this inquiry. I fear it is more general than is supposed. Of course the crime is limited by its expense. It is a luxury that poor men can not well afford, yet even they are not innocent of successional polygamy; they often forsake or change their wives, and then take others. Among the rich it is very common. Indeed, with that class it is viewed rather as an exhibition of wealth and splendor, and cases are not rare where ten or a dozen ladies may be found in the zenana of a Rajah or Nawab.

There are varieties in the law and usage of the different religionists of India in this regard, but all of them allow the practice. The Parsee faith and usage limits polygamy to a second wife, and then only where the first is childless, and gives her consent to the introduction of the second. The Mohammedan is allowed by his Koran to take up to four wives or concubines, and few of the wealthy among them limit themselves to less than this number; while it is notorious that they use their facilities of divorce with so little scruple that their license under their law is practically unlimited. The opulent Hindoos are restricted somewhat in the increase of their wives by the absurd expensiveness of their marriage ceremonies, but are limited in no other way as to the number they choose to take. The unbounded polygamy of the Kulin Brahmins has been described in a former article.

The law lays down the subordination which is to exist in a home where there are several wives. The first married remains mistress of the family. The others are designated *sapatnis*, or auxiliary wives, and she is expected and required to treat them as she would younger sisters. Every additional wife added is thus instructed by the Hindoo authority called *Sacon-*

tala: "Here, my daughter, when thou art settled in the mansion of thy husband, show due reverence to him, and to those whom he reveres; though he have other wives, be rather an affectionate handmaid to them than a rival."

A plurality of wives necessarily involves a home where strife and divisions dwell. There is no happy family where such outrages exist on the hope and trust of a loving woman. How can there be where she has such cause to doubt

the honesty and constancy of her husband's affections, and where, in addition to being neglected for her rivals, she must fear and know that even were she to die, he would probably shed no tears for her, but deliberately proceed to supply her place by another, who would bear no reverence to her memory, even if he, which is very unlikely, should desire to cherish it. And every lady in India in looking forward to marriage, or in fulfilling its requirements as



HINDOO WIDOW, (*In her usual dress.*)

laid down in this harsh and one-sided law, is liable to this life of anxiety, disappointment, grief, and alienation, with all its consequent envy, strife, and sorrow, with her rivals, and their children and connections. The secret of domestic felicity can not be extensively known in India for want of the divine virtue,

"To love one only,
And be true to her,"

in the sense of the beautiful covenant of Christianity. What harvest of sorrow did Menu

sow when he ordained these laws of license for his countrymen!

Extremes meet, and that often when we should least expect them. Who would imagine, in a country where such rules of social life exist, that we should meet with a custom so opposite to it, in all respects, as *polyandry*? And yet this singular and amazing relation existed in India twenty-five centuries ago, and lingers to-day in some localities to such an extent as to call for the legislative action of the

English Government. It is bad enough to be one among many wives, but to be the wife of many husbands must be a wonderful relation for any woman to sustain.

India's greatest poem is the Mahabharata, and its lovely heroine, Draupady, is represented, at the great tournament, as throwing the garland of preference over the neck of the valiant Ajuna, whom she loves so well. But with him she accepts his four elder brothers, and is henceforth regarded by all five as their common consort. Singular enough there is not a word of reprehension for the relation, and the story ends with the reception of the entire family to the home of the gods. Sir Wm. Jones, our great Orientalist, facetiously designates this family of the Pandian chiefs and their common consort as "the five-maled, single-female flower," and there is reason to believe that this curiosity bloomed then in other localities of the land besides Indrapresta. The code must certainly have tended to its abolition, for except in the Ceylon Mountains, among the Nairs of the South, and very limitedly in the Himalaya Mountains, the daughters of India have ceased to lament the dwaper yug—a departed age—when they sang:

"Prepost'rous I that one bided vain
Should drag ten housewives in his train,
And stuff them in a gaudy cage,
Slaves to weak lust or potent rage!
Not such the dwaper yug! O then
One buxom dame might wed five men!"

Whatever may have been the motive for this unnatural alliance in the ancient days the purpose in our own, as I learned in the Himalayas, is the gain to be realized by the sale of their fairer daughters to supply the zenanas of the plains, and the dearth of women thus occasioned led to the continuance of this unnatural custom; and so one vice created another, and that, too, its very opposite. The English Government has done what it could to repress the practice of polyandry where it still exists.

A widow in India is undoubtedly the most miserable of her sex anywhere. The life of women in the marriage relation in that land, even at its best, must be an object of commiseration to those who are blessed with a higher civilization, but what woman becomes when she sinks into the fearful condition of Hindoo widowhood can not be fully described. She is now more than ever under the tyranny of her cruel law, and the bitterest dregs of a woman's misery are then and henceforth wrung out to her. Her youth, her beauty, her wealth give her no exemption whatever; the rules, relentless as death, enforce their dreadful claims upon her and

crush her down. She may even never have lived with her husband, never seen his home, never received a single kiss or salutation from him, but be simply a betrothed wife, not a dozen years old, it may be—she too, though a mere child that never left the paternal roof, must sink to the fearful level. For this accursed law dooms the virgin widow to the same fate as the lady that may have lived with a husband for forty years.

Formerly they were expected to become Suttees and burn with the man's body. British humanity, thank heaven, has ended that hellish custom. So they live, but how much better than death is their condition let my readers judge when they learn the facts in her case.

In the first of these papers I introduced a Hindoo wife as she appears in her best estate, a married wife in her full dress and jewelry. From a photograph which has been engraved with equal fidelity, I now present a picture of a Hindoo widow as she appears in her weeds, sitting upon the ground in her sorrow. Her aspect and her attire show, even to a stranger, at first sight, the agony of her condition, which will be better understood when the rules of her now hopeless existence are stated.

In the forms of their exclamations, when they first realize that they are widowed, there are terribly reflective phrases which imply that, for aught they know, they may be responsible for their husband's death; that not misery alone, but guilt also may fasten upon their wretched hearts. This arises from their fear that in the responsibilities of their caste duties, in preparing food, etc., they may have, even unwittingly, violated some rule of the Shaster, and that the gods have visited the violation with their vengeance in the sickness and death of the husband. The terrific fear thus seizes on the lacerated heart that they may be guilty of the death which they mourn! Her own children and friends she justly fears are entertaining similar thoughts concerning her, and this dreadful weight sinks her to despair.

If there were any mitigations in her condition henceforth to which she could turn for relief, her sense of innocent intention might help her now. But the tender sympathy and divine compassion which Christianity inculcates for the widow in her sorrow—the assurance that such afflicted hearts are taken under the peculiar protection of the God of the Bible, who says to the dying parent, "Leave thy fatherless children to me and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me"—the blessed book that so tenderly instructs those who yield themselves to its guidance that

"true religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction"—that book, that faith, that compassion is peculiar to Christianity, and has no counterpart whatever in the heartless and cruel code of Hindooism. So woman, in the sad condition where the divinest sympathies of our faith surround and sustain her, is deserted and insulted by the heathenism which loads on her wretched heart a weight of woe which, in its atrocity, as the fruit of its peculiar civilization and the outgrowth of its thirty centuries of oppression, has come at last to consider the sorrowing one as though the words widow and accursed were synonymous.

The enumeration of her wrongs almost sickens a man's heart to describe them. A part of them, and the evidence of the cruel law which ordains them, we present here.

The day she becomes a widow the lady in India sinks to a lot little less terrible than death itself. All her ornaments and beautiful clothing—on which her poor, uninstructed mind has doted—are taken from her, so that "jewelless woman" is the well-understood designation for a widow. She is henceforth to wear the dun-colored robe in which the engraving represents her, on which there must be no seam, no fringe, no figure. Her *Thali*—the equivalent of the marriage ring in England—which her husband tied round her neck when he married her, is removed. From her forehead the bright vermilion mark is wiped away. Her raven locks are ruthlessly cut off. And how much they value them is illustrated by Robinson in the case even of a female convict in the Agra prison. This woman had defeated the magistrates and wardens for seven years. She said she never had worked and she never would work. Mr. Woodcock, the Inspector of Prisons, determined that he would bring her to terms, so he issued the order that her head should be shaved. She no sooner found that he was in earnest than her ferocity was conquered; she came into his presence and fell at his feet, and promised if he would only spare her hair she would work as much as he liked; and there she has been spinning ever since. What a hardened convict could not endure, the afflicted widow must submit to, without an exception. The terrible indignity is perpetual, for the head is henceforth shaven every ten days. The terrors of the "God of Hell" breaking forth against the departed husband are employed to make her endure the degradation, for, says the *Casi-Candam*, "If matrons who have put off glittering ornaments of gold still wreath

their hair in unshortened locks, the ministers of fiery-eyed Yaman shall bind with cords the husband of her desire."

In a former article I stated that I had never seen the face of a respectable woman in India during my nearly ten years of residence there; the subject under remark reminds me that there is one qualification of this statement. I did see ladies on the occasion of the "Maha-Mela," which occurred while I was in India. The mela, so called, occurs but once in twelve years, and at it, as a peculiar right and in view of the religious austerities and duties to be performed, the ladies are released from the obligation of seclusion and go about in the mela unveiled. I have stood by and seen a row of barbers on the brink of the Ganges engaged in ruthlessly cutting the beautiful tresses from the heads of these ladies. They crouched down under the fearful operation, and their rich raven locks were swept off and flung aside in heaps on the shore, when the timid creatures would put on a small white cap on the shaven head, and, looking like so many convalescents from a fever hospital, with an aspect that told that they felt disgraced, they trod their way down into the river, and, performing the required immersion, returned to their camp with the poor consolation taught them by their priests, that sins as numerous as the hairs they had sacrificed were washed away by that ablution. My heart never ached more for my fellow-creatures—save on an occasion at the burning ghat—than it did that day as I saw this satanic religion thus openly insulting and humiliating the women of India.

But even this is not the end of the widow's misery. She must henceforth consider herself as a creature of evil destiny, practicing severe austerities; her weary limbs are no longer to repose upon a comfortable bed, her food is to be taken but once a day, and then only of the coarsest fare, and, lest her presence should involve the dreadful doom of a widow's condition, she is prohibited from ever appearing in the wedding ceremonies of another woman, no matter how nearly related to her. The higher in caste she is the more rigorously are these rules exacted; so that a Brahman's widow is the most wretched of all. And this is "according to law"—a doom laid on willfully and wickedly by their legislation and its commentators. Menu ordains as follows: "Let her emaciate her body, by living voluntarily on pure flowers' roots and fruit, but let her not, when her lord is deceased, ever pronounce the name of another man. Let her continue till death forgiving all injuries, performing harsh duties,

avoiding every sensual pleasure, and cheerfully practicing the incomparable rules of virtue which have been followed by such women as have been devoted to one only husband. (Institutes, Secs. 157 and 158.) To this the *Casi-Candam* adds, "On the death of their attached husband, women must eat but once a day, must eschew betel and a spread mattress, must sleep on the ground and continue to practice rigid mortification. Women who have put off glittering jewels of gold must discharge with alacrity the duties of devotion, and, neglecting their persons, must feed on herbs and roots, so as barely to sustain life within the body."

Can any thing equal this cruel audacity of proscription to hearts which their system had already crushed! Yet it may be matched by the willful blindness of our American transcendentalists, who profess to find in Vedic teaching and Hindoo philosophy sentiments and ethics which they deem and commend as even superior to our Christian faith and morality; men of whom true scholarship will yet be ashamed as it calls to mind their one-sided representations and their concealment of the whole truth, which they know well they dare not quote, as they practice upon the credulity of American audiences in their lectures, and sermons, and publications. Compared with such deceivers Menu and his commentators were honest men, and might answer it in some sense to their consciences, for they knew no better and had only the lurid glare of a fallen nature to guide them; but their modern admirers and champions, on both sides of the Atlantic, can not be extenuated by any such plea, and, therefore, their responsibility to God and to woman, as to society in general, is all the more inexcusable and dreadful.

It was for the interest of Brahmanism that these wretched widows, henceforth so useless and inconvenient, should die, and their valuables be divided in the ceremonies of the suttee. For ages this was done, and the young and beautiful ladies of the land were immolated amid solemn religious ceremonies and music, before applauding crowds of priests, and pundits, and philosophers, while no voice was raised against these vile murders until the Christian missionary came to plead for the widow's life. Then a merciful God, in response to their prayers and efforts, sent that noble man, Lord William Bentinck, to India as Governor-General, and to him was given the honor to face the opposition of Moonshes and Brahmans, and in 1829 to sign the law that extinguished these murderous fires forever. The women of India will yet hang his portrait in



LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK.

their homes and gratefully cherish his memory as one of India's greatest benefactors.

The law of Christ and the legislation of Christian countries permit a widow, where she chooses to do so, to create and enjoy the sunshine of a second home. But from this right Hindooism has for twenty-five hundred years bitterly prohibited every widow in India. The terrible alternative presented to these bereaved ones in the first hours of their agony was, either to burn or live a life of woe, without the privilege of remarriage or any mitigation of their misery. Their legislation and customs in this regard are worthy of themselves, perhaps a little more mean, especially in that ordinance where they provide for robbing a lady of her claim to virtue if she should dare transgress the vile code that dooms her, whether she prefers it or otherwise, to a life of perpetual widowhood. A part of the ordinances on this subject are too vile for quotation, but we give sufficient for the purpose.

The Code declares: "A widow who slights her deceased husband, by marrying again, brings disgrace on herself here below, and shall be excluded from the seat of her lord [in heaven]. She who neglects her former [*purva*] lord, though of a lower class, and takes another [*para*] of a higher, becomes despicable in this world, and is called *parapurva*, or one who had a different husband before."

To give the force of social seclusion to the law, he ordained that "a keeper of buffaloes, a husband of a twice married-woman, and a remover of dead bodies for pay, are to be avoided with great care." In another place he mentions

the children of such a marriage as equally objects of contempt, and then adds his last motive for the avoidance of the crime of a widow's remarriage, by declaring that she is bound by the law to her husband even *after* he is dead, and that to change her life is to sacrifice her claim to be a virtuous woman. He says: "A faithful wife, who wishes to attain in heaven the mansion of her husband, must do nothing unkind to him be he living or dead; while she who slights not her lord, but keeps her mind, speech, and body devoted to him attains his heavenly mansion, and by good men is called *sadhvi*, or virtuous. Let her obsequiously honor him while he lives, and when he dies let her never neglect him. Nor is a second husband allowed in any part of this code to a virtuous woman." (Institutes, Secs. 151, 162, 165.)

Let me remind the reader of the statement, that these rules refer not only to the aged widows, whose long life-relation to their husbands might give some color to these stern demands, but as fully place the obligation upon the virgin widows who never knew the husband's care or love. The law is explicit here. Two authorities give the rule: "It is said to be unlawful for any to touch jewelless women, whose eyes are like the dewy cavi flower, being deprived of their beloved husband, like a body deprived of the spirit." "Nor must a damsel once given away in marriage be given a second time."

Old or young, faded or lovely, it is all one dull uniformity of woe. The number of widows is necessarily larger in India than in any other land on earth. For none of them is there sympathy, or help, or love. Let a true woman imagine, if she can, what the state of such despairing hearts must be. Of them how surely may it be said, "She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies." Lamentations i, 2.

Can Christian ladies in this happy land wonder that these villainous laws have brought forth their fruits of death, that women in India, being thus degraded by system and rule, have dragged the nation down into their own ruin, or that their sisters there have become demented and broken-hearted, so that they have so long and often preferred immolation to the sorrowful lot of a Hindoo widow. Alas! tens of thousands of them, after such married lives as theirs, ignorant, impulsive, and indolent, when the terrible alternative has stared them in the face, have either committed suicide, or else, bidding a long farewell to peace and virtue,

have taken refuge in the living hells that abound in every bazaar in India!

If the men who made these vile laws, or those who to-day try hard to sustain them, had acted with even the least impartiality, by subjecting their own sex or order to similar obligations, or any degree of it, our criticism might be qualified. But the unmanly wretches, who bound these grievous burdens and laid them on the shoulders of weak woman, would not touch them with one of their fingers, or share a single self-denial that they so freely imposed upon her. On the contrary, not merely in practice but also in the provisions of this ancient law, see how these dainty Brahmins expressly provide for a renewal of their own comforts in such circumstances. The code, at the close of the rules for the treatment and obligation of widows, ordains: "Having kindled sacred fires and performed funeral rites to his wife, who died before him, he may again marry and again light the nuptial fire. Let him not cease to perform day by day, according to the preceding rules, the five great sacraments; and having taken a lawful consort, let him dwell in his house during the second period of his life." (Institutes, Chap. vii, Secs. 149 and 150.)

Christianity has attacked also this great wrong, and demanded for the widow a mitigation of her misery and the right to remarry. They moved the government to act, and appealed to enlightened natives to aid them in the attempt to secure to the widow, rescued from the suttee, the blessings of virtue, health, and peace. A few responded, petitions were prepared, the public generally appealed to, and the measure submitted to the Dhurma Sabha for its approval and aid. This confraternity represents "Young India," and plumes itself upon its advanced ideas. But it met the proposal with scorn, declaring that sooner than sanction the removal of the disabilities of Hindoo widows, they would rather sign petitions for the restoration of the requisite permission for the burning of a thousand widows per annum. Yet the devoted missionaries and their noble English allies persevered, and twelve years after, in 1856—the year the writer reached India—on the 25th of July, Lord Canning signed "An act to remove all legal obstacles to the marriage of Hindoo widows." Human and divine law have thus declared such a marriage to be as valid as any other. It is true that but few such unions have yet been celebrated, for the Brahmins have considerable power still to mold public opinion. Yet much has been won for the poor oppressed one, and time will yet bring healing on its wings even to her sad condition.

The death and funeral of the Hindoo wife is a very sad topic, which closes our view of the condition of woman in India. Those final scenes there are complete contrasts to what such words express under Christianity. In our civilization, with all its honor, and love, and blessing for woman, as wife and mother, what tender thoughts and holy memories surround a wife's or a mother's grave!

In contrast with the melancholy picture with which I have to close these papers, Mrs. Norton sketches the hallowed though chastened view which our holy faith alone can furnish, and which I quote, notwithstanding its length, for its comparison, by contrariety of facts and emotions, with the heathen scene. Every bereaved husband's heart, in proportion, too, as it is manly and Christian, will respond to the truth and tenderness of each line, while they will touch with similar sympathy the soul of the child whose gentle mother is thus lamented:

"I saw the widower mournful stand,
Gazing on the sea and the land;
O! beautiful seem the earth and sky—
Why doth he heave that bitter sigh?
Vain are the sunshine and brightness to him;
His heart is heavy, his eyes are dim;
His thoughts are not with the moaning sea,
Though his gaze be fixed on it vacantly;
His thoughts are far, where the dark boughs wave
O'er the silent rest of his Mary's grave.
He starts, and brushes away the tear;
For the soft small voices are in his ear,
Of the bright-hair'd angels his Mary left,
To comfort him lonely and long bereft.
With a gush of sorrow he turns to press
His little ones close with a fond caress,
And they sigh—O! not because Mary sleeps,
For she is forgotten—but that he weeps.
Yes! she is forgotten—the patient love,
The tenderness of that meek-eyed dove,
The voice that rose on the evening air,
To bid them kneel to the God of prayer,
The joyous tones that greeted them, when
After awhile she came again—
The pressure soft of her rose-leaf cheek—
The touch of her hand, as white and weak
She laid it low on each shining head,
And bless'd the sons of the early dead—
All is forgotten—all past away
Like the fading close of a Summer day;
Or the sound of her voice—though they scarce can tell
Whose voice it was that they loved so well—
Comes with their laughter a short, sweet dream,
As the breeze blows over the gentle stream,
Rippling a moment its quiet breast,
And leaving it then to its sunny rest.
But he!—O! deep in his inmost soul,
Which hath drunk to the dregs of sorrow's bowl—
Her look, and her smile—the lightest word,
Of the musical voice he so often heard,
And never may hear on earth again,
Though he loved it more than he loved it then—
Are buried—to rise at times unbid,
And force hot tears to the burning lid;
The mother that bore her may learn to forget,
But he will remember and weep for her yet!
O! while the heart where her head hath lain
In its hours of joy, in its sighs of pain—

While the hand which so oft hath been clasp'd in hers
In the twilight hour, when nothing stirs—
Beat with the deep, full pulse of life,
Can he forget his gentle wife!"

No, for his heart, no less than his religion, has taught him to cherish the blessed memory. The Christianity that adorned her character, and made her to him "more precious than rubies," makes even her resting-place the dearest spot of earth, for he knows that the loved one that sleeps there will yet awake and live again, and that they shall be friends for eternity.

But O! there is nothing at all equivalent to this in India. Womanhood is cheap there even while she lives, but when dead her mortal remains are scattered like her memory—to be forgotten. She receives no grave, she looks for no resurrection.

In nothing are the Christian and the Hindoo wife and mother more contrasted than in this very respect. Christianity is peculiar in the manner in which it treats the person and the memory of woman when she is dead, while Hindooism, with all its boasted civilization, cruelly outrages both.

The tender thoughts, the grateful memories that linger round the Christian lady's resting-place, are honors which Christianity has originated and cultured in the heart of him whose thoughts thus often turn to the precious grave where his "Mary" sleeps, and recalls and desires to linger upon the remembrance of the worth and the love that lived and thought for him alone. That memory even is a benediction in the home she illuminated by her presence while here. "Her children arise up and call her blessed," while it also throws its claims over the soul of her who may be called to fill the place of the dear departed, laying it upon her mind and heart, as a sacred trust, to be, in comfort and affection, all that she was to the bereaved man who mourns her, and a true mother to the little ones she left behind.

It is only our holy faith that can make such step-mothers as we see around us—"a repairer of the breach, a restorer of paths to dwell in"—cherishing these children as gently and lovingly as though they were her own, and earning, what she will doubtless receive, the grateful love of her whose place she has consented to fill. It is our religion alone that, in its disinterested devotion and love, can enable a second mother to realize to these little ones that protection and care which, in its efficiency and value, is the very next blessing to the one that was taken away, and which may lead those children in after life to such affectionate appreciation as the writer heard expressed by a young minister at

his ordination, when, giving his experience and call to the ministry before a crowded audience, he exclaimed, with a heart overflowing with grateful love, "All I am I owe, under God, to the teaching and influence of a blessed step-mother!"

The Hindoo wife and mother falls sick. Her case grows worse, and the fear fastens upon her heart that she is dying. She must have sad anxieties for her children and their future, knowing well that none can ever be to them what she has been. Coming days of desolation lie before them. For her husband's future she can have little concern, as she knows she is in no sense essential to his comfort.

The usual means are tried to restore her, superstition and astrology do their best, but she is sinking. Her symptoms are reported to the Hukeem—the native doctor—and at last he pronounces that hope has fled. No time is to be lost now. If she is too far from the Ganges to be carried there before the vital spark has fled, preparations are made for the burning of the body. Within six hours after death it is laid upon the pyre and quickly consumed. When the heap is cold a small portion of the ashes and calcined remains, representing the rest, are taken and put into an earthen vessel to be carried to the sacred river, and the rest of the remains are left there to be, as I have so often seen them, tossed about by the hogs and pariah dogs, or scattered by the winds of heaven.

But should the Ganges not be more than a few miles away, instead of being kept to be burned at home, the dying wife and mother is laid on a charpoy—the light native bedstead—and raised on the shoulders of four bearers. She leaves her home forever, unattended, however, by her husband; her eldest son alone goes with her, and they hurry her, by the shortest route across the country, to the sacred river. She is dying, the sun blazes upon her with its fierce rays at 138 degrees probably, and she is jolted and shaken by the runners, but they must go on, and she must bear it all. At length the river is reached—those banks where all Hindoos so much desire to die—and now they lift her off, and lay her on her back on the brink, with her feet in "the sacred waters," and the bearers depart, for no restoration is ever anticipated, none grow better there and return. They think that it would be better in such a case to prevent it. So the son takes his station by the dying mother, and every few minutes he wets her tongue with the sacred water, or puts the mud of the Ganges on her lips.

The sun goes low in the heavens, and the shades of night commence to fall, and the

place begins to look very dreary, for the wolves and jackals which abound will come there to drink when it is dark. And the son, it may be a mere youth, timid and superstitious, thinks his mother is a long time dying. But he can not immerse her till the heart ceases to beat, so he watches on and wets her lips again. And there they are alone, far from house or friends, in "the valley and shadow of death" together. At length the last gasp is over, and his final duty is ready. He goes outside into the water, and taking her by the heels, draws her down into the river, and floats her out as far as he can, till the water is above his own breast, and then with a final push he sends her from him as far as he can into the river, and turns to the shore and makes his way home as fast as possible. She is left to her fate, no more to be thought of or protected. To her son who thus deserts her, to her husband who left her to die without his presence, it is nothing that the body of the mother and wife is rolling along with the current in the darkness, and that, most probably, within a few hours, and within a few miles of her dwelling, it will strand upon a sand-bar, and be discovered by the vultures, who, with the jackals, will fiercely contend together during the night as they feast upon it, and that the sun of the next day will shine on the gory and naked skeleton of the wife and the mother to whom, by their gloomy religion, even the rest of the grave is thus denied.

THE ARTIST AND THE POET.

Is it a secret a little bird tells?
Or is it a chime of the fairy bells?
I only know that at twilight's fall,
When the evening silence husheth all,
When the shadows gather o'er flower and tree,
The dream-land voices whisper to me;
Clearly, softly, the echo rings,
And this is the song that the first one sings.

O! give me the pencil's magic
To catch the sunset glow
That dies on the western waters,
In their wondrous ripple and flow;

That tinges the far-off hill-tops
With a crimson and purple stain,
And spans with an arch of promise,
As it smiles through the tears of rain;

That lingers in parting blessing,
Till the forests all ablaze
Join in the grand old choral,
The anthem of voiceless praise.

I'd picture the glens of the wildwood,
The moss beds that shelter the rilla,

Where the fern-sprays nod to the ripples,
And the lily her dainty cup fills.

I'd catch, then, midway in its flashing,
The sunlight that falls on the spray;
I'd paint for my canvas the lightnings
In their weird and electrical play.

For me should the white clouds marshal,
And float in their mystic array;
For me should the blue sky be shrouded
With curtains of limitless gray.

Mine, mine be the rush of the waters,
The tremor and stir of the breeze,
The earth clouds that darken the valleys,
The sunbeams that play through the trees.

For me should the aspens low murmur,
And change, in their quivering fright
When the wind-harp tells of the rain-storm,
Their green to a tremulous white.

For me should the deft some enchanter
Clothe the forests in scarlet and gold;
For me should the Autumn leaves wither,
And carpet with russet the world.

For me should the ice jewels sparkle,
When, chained by a magical spell,
Incased in a glitter and armor,
The brooks fall asleep in the dell.

I'd picture them all in their beauty,
But shades of the real, 't is true;
But my canvas should mirror such glory,
They should shine with such wonderful hue,

That worldlings should query and marvel,
At the pathway my footsteps had trod;
It should lead from the shrine of the earth-land,
To the throne of the temple of God.

And the shadows darken slowly o'er the sunset gates
afar,
In the infinite above us calmly shines the vesper
star;
Close beside, as bent to greet me, low and sweet a
harebell swings,
And methinks I catch the rustle, through the hush,
of angels' wings,
And I listen to the silence while another clear voice
sings.

"Mine shall be the poet's mission; I would sing of
deeds of worth,
Deeds that shall atone for evils that have scathed
our green old earth;
Through the centuries, gray and care-worn, hearts
have knelt at truth's pure shrine,
Lips have pleaded, all too vainly, though with strength
almost divine.

Wrongs have pleaded, and the burden of the prayer
is still the same;
All adown the weary ages we can catch the old refrain;
From our sisters, bravely waiting, from our brothers,
noble, strong,

Comes the bitter wail of anguish, O! how long,
our Lord, how long?

As the watchers in the southland know that night's
dark noon is past,
That the early day-beams glimmer in the eastern sky
at last,

By the same bright signal know we that earth's
dreary night will end,
That the morning surely dawneth, for 'the cross
begins to bend.'

I would sing a song of triumph—slow but sure the
ages roll,
Dark and blind to mortal seeming, God sees order
in the whole;
Back with skeptic doubts and cavils, with the sneers
at time-worn grooves,
Though our earth progress but slowly, yet, thank
God, 'it moves, it moves.'

In the realms beyond the sunrise night is giving
place to day,
From the morning land, as brothers, come the envoys
of Cathay;
Asia, sealed so long by tyrants, asketh now for swift
release,
Stretching out her hands to Europe, pleads for succor
and for peace.

Underneath the restless oceans sweep the mystic
lines of thought,
Echoes from Atlantic wave-beats have the western
prairies caught;
And the Orient's wedded waters promise bring of
fresher life
To the olden world, so weary of its ceaseless, vexing
strife.

And the nations, linked together by the firm, electric
bands,
O'er the mighty waste of waters, joining hearts and
clasping hands,
Shall stand firmly in the struggle for the truth and
liberty,
All distinct, as swell the billows, yet but one, as rolls
the sea."

THE FIRST BEATITUDE.

BLESSED the poor in spirit—those who live
In sweet humility's sequestered vale;
Who ask not that renown this world can give,
Nor seek to be the theme of Fame's proud tale,
But who have seen how false are earthly things,
The vanity of worldly pomp and pride;
And, with such souls as make them truly kings,
Have from Pride's pathway dared to turn aside.
They in a purer, happier world than this
Shall be with Christ, and wear a kingly crown;
Shall find a lowly walk can lead to bliss,
And self-abasement end in high renown.
O, if thou seekest the sure way to God,
Be humble, tread the path thy Master trod.

EX-GOVERNOR ALLEN TRIMBLE.

ALLEN TRIMBLE was born in the county of Augusta and State of Virginia, November 24, 1783. He was descended from the hardy and adventurous Scotch-Irish stock, which, at an early day, settled the valley of Virginia, and formed the bulwark between the savages of the North-West and the eastern settlements of the Old Dominion.

In one of the numerous attacks made on this border population of Augusta county, John Trimble, Esq., the grandfather of Allen, was slain, while defending his family and fireside, and James, his only son, the father of Allen, then a lad of ten years, taken a prisoner. The marauding band of Indians who perpetrated this outrage was successfully pursued over the Alleghany Mountains by a party of settlers under Colonel Maffit—step-son of John Trimble—who surprised and routed the savages, and rescued the prisoners.

James lived to punish, in honorable warfare, the murderers of his father, and the disturbers of the peace of the frontier. In 1774, when only twenty-one years of age, he participated in the bloody and decisive battle of Point Pleasant, fought by the valley troops under General Lewis, with the chosen warriors of the confederated Delawares, Mingoes, Cayugas, Wyandots, and Shawnees, led by their most renowned chieftains. This decisive victory enabled Governor Danmore to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Indian chiefs—a peace, however, which proved to be of short duration. Stimulated by British influence, these perfidious savages again took the field, at the very beginning of the Revolutionary war, in 1776, and the frontier settlements became the theater of conflict between the combined British and Indian forces and the border militia; James Trimble commanded a company of these border troops during the war, and rendered his country important service in that position.

At the close of that memorable struggle he married Miss Jane Allen, whose family had borne a conspicuous part in the war of Independence; and having previously located in Kentucky the land-warrants received for military services, he resolved, in 1784, to make Kentucky his future home. He accordingly organized an emigrant company, which grew into such unexpectedly large proportions—in all over five hundred souls—that a military commander was chosen to conduct the expedition. General Knox, of Revolutionary fame, was selected for this difficult and important post. Under his skillful leadership this large

party traversed the wilderness, the scene of recent and terrible disasters, unmolested by the roving bands of Indians that filled the country, and reached Crab Orchard, in the Territory of Kentucky, in November, 1784. Allen Trimble at this time was eleven months old, and was carried in his mother's arms on horseback.

Captain Trimble settled a few miles from M'Connell's Station—now Lexington, Kentucky—where he continued to reside until his death, in 1804. He had, two years previous to his decease, influenced by high moral and religious considerations, and with a view to the ultimate interests of his growing family, resolved to manumit his slaves and make his home in the territory north of the Ohio River. In accordance with this purpose he visited Ohio in 1802, accompanied by his son Allen, and selected lands in the Scioto and Paint valleys, and on Clear Creek, in the county of Highland. On the latter he determined to locate his family. When, in 1803, he presented his deeds of manumission to the County Court of Woodford county, for record, the judge hesitated to admit them, on the ground that the proposed liberation of slaves was contrary to public safety and interest, and would be dangerous as a precedent. His Honor finally yielded, however, under the potent arguments of Henry Clay, then a young lawyer, and made the record as desired.

While busily employed in making preparations to remove to Ohio, Captain Trimble was taken sick, and died in October, 1804, leaving Allen, his oldest son, not yet twenty-one years of age, the responsible head of the family, with all his father's projected plans to carry out. For this high trust, however, the young man was well fitted. He had already acquired a good English education, a thorough knowledge of surveying, and business experience and habits unusual for one of his age. Having settled the affairs of his father's estate in Kentucky, he took possession of the new residence in Ohio, in the preparation of which the father was employed at the time of his death. The removal took place in October, 1805. William, the next eldest brother, was left at a classical school in Kentucky, and was afterward distinguished both in the civil and military service of his adopted State. Two of the younger brothers were sent to Philadelphia, and one to Newport, Kentucky, to complete their education. Two of the brothers—William and Cary—had barely completed their studies and entered upon the active duties of life, when the war of 1812 summoned them to the field. They both joined Hull's army, at Dayton, as volunteer privates.

William was elected Major of M'Arthur's regiment, and Cary Lieutenant of a company in the same command. They shared the disaster of Hull's surrender, but, as soon as exchanged, joined the forces of the Northern army, enlisting for the war. They were conspicuous for courage and capacity, and promoted for good conduct—one to brevet Lieutenant-Colonel commanding a regiment, the other to a Captaincy. Colonel Trimble was severely wounded in the sortie at Fort Erie, but sufficiently recovered to continue in the service until the war closed. In 1817 he was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Ohio.

In 1809 Allen Trimble was appointed Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and Supreme Court, for Highland county, a position which he held, in connection with the office of County Recorder, for seven years. While performing the duties of these offices he became familiar not only with the practice and decisions of the courts, but with the general principles of common law, and the statute laws of the State.

Notwithstanding his official position, and his responsibility as the recognized head of his father's family, and, in addition, the care of a young and helpless family of his own, he responded to his country's call for military service, for brief periods in 1812-13. When General Hull's surrender exposed the northern frontier to the incursions of British and Indians, and before the Government at Washington had provided means of defense, Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, had appointed General Harrison to the command of the Kentucky troops. He issued a call for mounted regiments, for thirty days' service, to be raised in Ohio, and to join his Kentucky forces. Allen Trimble was elected Colonel of one of the regiments raised in Southern Ohio, and joined General Harrison at St. Mary's. He was ordered to the relief of the garrison at Fort Wayne, then threatened by the Indians, and also to disperse the Indians combining on the Wabash and Eel Rivers. This service was performed in such a manner as to elicit the complimentary approval of General Harrison.

In 1813, at the general call of Governor Meigs, he marched to Upper Sandusky with a regiment raised in Highland and Adams counties, holding, by election, the position of Major, but discharging in fact the duties of Colonel. For want of supplies General Harrison was compelled to dismiss this patriotic force, and direct their return to their homes. In 1816 Mr. Trimble was elected Representative from Highland county, and took his seat in the first General Assembly that ever convened in Co-

lumbus. One year later he was elected to the Senate of Ohio, by the counties of Highland and Fayette, the same constituency returning him to the Senate for four successive terms. At the session of 1818-19, he was chosen President of the Senate, a position which he held by almost the common consent of that body for eight years.

We believe we speak within the limits of truth and justice when we say, from the general testimony of his contemporaries in public life, that Allen Trimble was the ablest and most popular presiding officer the Senate of Ohio has ever had. That he should have been continued in that office so many years, at a time when the Senate was distinguished for men of ability, is sufficient proof that he was remarkably gifted with executive abilities, and that he must have possessed, in no ordinary degree, the moral courage, sound judgment, and incorruptible integrity, without which no one can successfully perform the duties of a position at once so delicate and responsible.

At the session of 1821-22 Governor Brown was elected United States Senator, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Colonel William A. Trimble. The President of the Senate, by the provisions of the Constitution, became the acting Governor until the office was filled by a general election in 1822. While discharging the duties of the executive office at that time, Governor Trimble was authorized by the Legislature to appoint a committee carefully to consider and report at the ensuing session what action should be taken by the State in reference to common schools. He was very careful to select for this commission men of enlightened and progressive views, and their report, made after mature deliberation, was unanimously in favor of adopting the free-school system, now the pride and glory of the State.

At the October election, in 1826, Allen Trimble was chosen Governor of Ohio by an unusually large majority, there being three other candidates before the people. In his first message to the General Assembly he pressed upon that body, with great earnestness, the importance of extending and improving the common school system of the State, until it should provide the means of a good English education for every child in the commonwealth. In 1828, after a campaign of unusual party violence, he was re-elected Governor, although at the Presidential election, a few weeks later, the State was carried by the opposite party. The administration of this term of two years, besides urging upon the attention of the Legislature

the important interests of education and internal improvement, was devoted to a watchful care over all the great public interests of the State, and a hearty co-operation with the co-ordinate branches of the Government in efforts to carry out the measures of public policy previously adopted.

At the close of this executive term, in December, 1830, Governor Trimble retired from public life, carrying with him as large a share of respect and confidence, probably, as any man who has served for so long a time in prominent official positions. For twenty-one consecutive years he had been honored and trusted by the people of Ohio as few men have been, and in every position to which he was called he discharged his duties with honesty, capability, and fidelity. He had aided in maturing and putting into successful operation liberal and enlightened systems of policy, which secured to the State a rapid growth and substantial prosperity, making it a worthy example as the first-born of the free States of the North-West. It is not at all strange, therefore, that he carried with him into the retirement of private life, the affectionate good-will of a people whom he had so faithfully served.

In forming an estimate of Governor Trimble, we shall find, underlying all his success in public life, and more than any other characteristic of the man the secret of his power, a pure private character. Upright and blameless conduct in domestic and social relations is essentially necessary to prepare one for the highest usefulness in any public sphere. No one could have been more scrupulous than was Allen Trimble, from his boyhood, to avoid the prevalent and popular vices of the times, and cultivate the higher faculties of mind and heart. To have been in public life for so long a period, and retire with an unsullied reputation, indicates a nature of no common mold and a virtue of the highest order. He seems to have commenced life with lofty aims and pure purposes, and to have utterly scorned the ordinary, easy, self-indulgent modes of existence, so common among young men born to a high social position.

He was a man of extraordinary firmness of character. The history of distinguished men in all ages attests the truth, that without this fixity and steadiness of character, great achievements are impossible. There must be a oneness of purpose, a singleness of aim, and an unswerving adherence to the great life-pursuit to which our powers have been consecrated, or else those powers will be frittered away and life gone ere one worthy end is reached.

Governor Trimble was early taught the lesson of self-reliance. Placed, in the providence of God, while yet a youth, at the head of a large household, and managing the finances of a great estate, he found it needful no doubt to take responsibility and exercise authority. He was not rash in reaching conclusions, but when he formed a purpose few men were less easily moved. There can be no doubt that, in the various public offices he filled, this characteristic was a most important element of success. The man who is steadily true to his own convictions, even though these be sometimes wrong, is the man who, in the long run, will secure the largest measure of public confidence and esteem.

Governor Trimble was a man of very rare humility. He assumed no official dignity. His manners and domestic habits were as quiet and unobtrusive, while he filled the first place in the State, as in the retirement of his village home. If he long occupied positions of honor they sought him rather than he them. In these days of greedy and indecent self-seeking it is pleasant to contemplate the life of a man who, amid all the seductions of place and power, was clothed with Christian humility—an honest, disinterested, straightforward, guileless character—a man who could participate in great undertakings without any scheme for his own honor or profit—a man who would always say just what he meant, and do just what he said.

It needs hardly be added that Governor Trimble was a man of the strictest integrity. He belonged to a generation of public men who put a very high estimate upon personal honor. A good name he esteemed above office, or riches, or any price, and not the least valuable legacy bequeathed to his descendants is a name without a spot upon it. At the session of the Legislature of 1826-7 he was authorized to select the half million acres of land granted by Congress to the State for canal purposes. That appointment simply illustrates the confidence reposed in him by those who knew him best. So delicate and difficult a trust would ordinarily be confided to a commission of several men.

Governor Trimble was a Christian. In the years 1821-2 he buried three brothers within twelve months. This bereavement produced great seriousness, but did not lead to his conversion. According to his own statement he was awakened under the first sermon he heard preached by his son, Joseph M. Trimble, then a student in the Ohio University. This sermon was preached in Hillsboro in the Spring of 1828. The Governor made no revelation of the state of his mind at the time from motives of

delicacy, he being then before the people for re-election. His fear seems to have been that the violence of party spirit would attribute a wrong motive to his open espousal of the cause of religion on the eve of an election. After his re-election he made an official visit to Columbus, to be present, as required by law, at the opening of the votes for President and Vice-President of the United States. While there he wrote to his son Joseph, referring to the sermon which had aroused him to so keen a feeling of his sinfulness, and expressing the most earnest desire to become a Christian. Returning from Columbus he found a gracious revival that was in progress in the Methodist Church.

"Though I was much exhausted with the ride, and not very well," he said in a letter to his son Joseph, November 19, 1828, "I determined to go immediately to the church. The house was full to overflowing. Fathers Collins and Elliott were there. The latter was preaching, and half through his sermon, which was animated and powerful. Father Collins gave an exhortation, and invited mourners to the altar. I had to pass through a long and narrow way, but resolved to go. When I kneeled I found myself beside my son C., who had no knowledge of my being in the house, for none of the family at church knew of my arrival home. After a prayer we were requested to occupy a seat. Not until he rose did C. discover me, and then his surprise and joy were equally great. He threw his arms around my neck, and when the invitation was given to unite with the society on probation, he proposed to me to go with him and join the Church. I advised him to wait until the next day, and that his mother would then probably go with us. The next morning your sister E. insisted on being permitted to join with us. After the first sermon an invitation was given by father Collins. C. led the way, and we all—your mother, sister, and myself—followed. In the evening, after another sermon, mourners were again invited to the altar. No tongue can describe the deep solemnity that pervaded the congregation. My own feelings I shall never forget. A darkness hung over my mind which produced unutterable anguish. Before the meeting closed I felt a partial gleam of hope, and my mind became more calm, but in the night my fears returned, and I thought I was deceiving myself. Sleep left my eyes, and I was in great distress until morning, when Father Collins came in and prayed for us, collectively and separately, in a most tender and affecting manner. I told him the state of my mind, and

he said it was no doubt a device of the devil to throw me back into despair, and that I ought not indulge such thoughts, but think only of God's goodness in providing a Savior, and by faith lay hold of the promises, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ—that if I did so God would pardon all my sins. I have felt very much relieved since then, and ready, I trust, to take up my cross and follow Christ through evil and through good report."

Governor Trimble's religious course was from that day consistent, uniform, and exemplary. He loved the Church, and took a lively interest in all that related to its progress and purity. He was for many years a Trustee of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and a Vice-President of the American Bible Society.

He was first married to Miss Margaret M^d. Dowell in 1806. This happy union was, however, dissolved by death at the end of three short years, and on the 10th of January, 1811, he was married to Miss Rachel Woodrow, who, in extreme but green and beautiful old age, still survives. For nearly sixty years they shared together the triumphs and trials of a most eventful history, and rarely indeed has a public man been blessed with a wife of equal gentleness, purity, intelligence, and piety.

The close of Governor Trimble's life wonderfully displayed the triumphs of grace. "The Lord," he said to the weeping group gathered around his dying bed, "has been my God, and it is my earnest prayer that he may be the God of my children, and of my children's children, to the latest generation." Soon after, and shortly before his death, which occurred February 3, 1870, he said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! How thankful I am for the victory!" His last hours were marked by perfect consciousness of his approaching end, and a calm, serene trust in the atoning sacrifice.

"O, may we all like him believe,
And keep the faith and win the prize;
Father, prepare, and then receive
Our hallowed spirits to the skies,
To chant with all our friends above
Thy glorious, everlasting love."

A BROKEN HEART.

THE young wife sat by the window and leaned her head on the sill. There was a frolicsome Spring air flitting hither and thither among the young leaves, wakened into gladness at his dainty touch. It even raised the bright ringlets of the little lady, and ventured a game of hide-and-seek in their luxuriant gold; but, to play with her as it would, it was unheeded, and

by and by it stole away, and rocked itself to sleep in a yellow daffodil.

This girl-wife was usually alive to all of Nature's charms. In the days gone by she had roamed for hours in field and wood, collecting new specimens of grasses and flowers, and the insect world had yielded her many a day's enjoyment and much wisdom. Now, a butterfly, of a different species from any she had ever seen before—though she had an elaborate collection—rested on a stray curl the wind had coaxed outside, poised unsettled, as though loth to leave so pretty a thing, then flew away, while she never raised her head or made an effort to grasp it. Next, a humming-bird fluttered its brilliant wings in the vine clambering up by the window; and, this time, an influence, stronger than breeze or flower or bird, lifted the drooping head and wreathed a smile about the sad lips. It was the voice of little May, the sweetest blossom among the many that opened their eyes that morning in the lovely garden.

"Mamma, mamma, see pitty bird; div me, please."

"May catch it," and mamma lifted the little fairy to the window-sill, where she stretched out eager hands; but just then the bird flew down to the lilies below, and mamma lifted her down again and watched her as she sped through the little grassy mounds alive with bloom, now laughing with exultant glee as about to grasp the prize, then, when it had flown, sitting after with untiring feet. The bird, too, seemed to enjoy the chase, for it was a long time before it flew away entirely from the little garden, and the fair watcher at the window grew half gleeful seeing the pretty things at play.

"It would be hard to tell which is the more bird-like," she said, as her husband came and stood beside her; "May is the lovelier, for she is our bird of Paradise."

"She'll soon be *in* paradise if you leave her much longer on that damp ground."

All the girlish brightness died out at this, and the weary look came back to the face, and a sad quiver went over the pretty lips as she slipped outside and held out her arms to her darling, at sight of which May forgot bird, flowers, every thing to climb into the dainty nest and be soothed to sleep, like a little birdie as she was, by a low warble of a voice sweet as a nightingale's.

The scene just past may give an idea of the difference between this man and woman—may help to lift a little the veil from the carefully curtained sorrow of the young wife. Bertha Glen had been reared in an atmosphere perfumed with love. At no time was this "fair exotic of the skies" suffered to droop for want

of care, and, inhaling daily its delicate fragrance, she grew to feel that life without love were an impossibility; and, truly, to her it was. Petted and cherished, as an only child will be, yet her parents had too much wisdom to spoil her by an injudicious show of affection. Gentle and affectionate, the training of the child was a light task; little pruning was needed; the direction marked out, the soul-tendrils readily twined thither. So she grew a fair vine, the delight of all who beheld her.

Seventeen Summers touched her lightly with their golden fingers. Then came a long, dark Winter of grief. Father and mother were stricken down and buried out of her sight, and she was left alone. Her early affection had been taught to flow toward God or she could not have borne it; but now she remembered, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and clung the more closely to her Heavenly Father. In the three years that followed her friends could see her growing more spiritual and lovely. We believe God places such beings in the world—so thoughtful of others, so constantly about the Master's business, so holy—to be an incentive to all around them. Had Bertha Glen not married, or married one of a different nature, we believe she still would have been with us, to carry out the bright design of her Creator. It was not *goodness* shortened her life. When Major Sterner wooed her, he was not wanting in those little attentions and graces that are calculated to win the heart of woman. Drawn to seek her acquaintance by the universal love she excited wherever she went, he soon found himself *admiring* the frail creature who seemed to float in a spiritual atmosphere, and yet was by no means unadapted to a work-a-day world—shrinking from no duty, and interested in the smallest details of common life.

Besides this, the Major found her possessed of intellectual powers he never would have suspected. Proud of his own capabilities, he was no little surprised to find, if he would sustain himself in a literary discussion with her, he would have to do some harder thinking than was at all habitual to him. She was conversant with as many languages as he, and in the classics was more fluent; add to this a wonderful skill in music and a rare, sweet voice, and you can readily see how the Major grew to admire her as he never had woman before. I say *admire*, because I doubt if Major Sterner was capable of that holiest impulse of the human heart, *love*. He had more intellect than heart, and it was Bertha Glen's *intellect* that he married. Doubtless, the intellect would not have satisfied him unadorned with womanly grace, but

these meeting his requirements he had no more to ask.

He expected, of course, because Bertha was a *woman* she would have a *heart*, and if she accepted him at all it would be for *love*. Indeed, he would have demanded that; he would have been truly incensed to know that she married him only because of mental qualities; she must give him love—that was woman's special prerogative—and he would give her guardianship, patronage, what you will, in fact, only not love. Not that Major Sterner put it in this way; he really thought he loved the young creature whom he ought never to have won for his bride. Of course it could not be expected that Major Sterner would indulge in foolish petting and sentimental endearments; he would love his bride in a rational way, as became a man of his merits. Bertha fully met all his requirements. He believed that every man who could afford it ought to have a home of his own—it was more pleasant, comfortable, and independent than any other style of living; but to make that home, companionship was needed, and hence a wife. He did not desire beauty, but demanded that his wife should be attractive, conversational, sprightly; Bertha was all these, and Major Sterner thought he had reason for self-gratulation; he had, more than Bertha; for she, poor child, poured upon him all the love which had gone down into the graves of her parents, and been buried so many years. So alone in the world she felt the need of something to cling to, and, blinded by his sympathy and deference, Major Sterner seemed just the man of all others to make up the great loss of her life.

Indeed, as sweet Bertha Glen counted over his merits there seemed not one thing left to ask for; a man of high-toned principles, one who would rather be a martyr than betray his honor, fair and just in all his dealings, and respected by the entire community as an upright man; added to these his social attractions which made him every-where a welcome guest; and as to love, Bertha judged of his from the depth of her own and was satisfied.

Satisfied? Yes, not enthusiastically but placidly. Not until they had been married a year did she begin to feel a vague unrest, a consciousness that something was wanting to complete her ideal of married life. Through all the months past she had not questioned her husband's love, nor did she question it now; yet there was a gnawing hunger at her heart that made itself felt. She had looked for a greater oneness with the man of her choice, but as the years rolled on, instead of that she felt

conscious of a drifting apart. But she never thought of blaming him—the fault, if anywhere, must be in her, and then she would try—O, how hard!—to adapt herself to him. Had she been an artist and the Major a study she could not more faithfully have noted every expression; every look was photographed on her heart, and every movement was regarded that she might learn just how to meet his every wish.

Two years the struggle continued, Bertha growing more and more shadowy all the while, and then the thin, white hands were clasped despairingly over her heart. She knew now it was all over; there was not and never could be any real affinity between them. Marriage came to her as a terrible reality instead of the sweet Eden she once had dreamed it would be.

As for the Major, he was not entirely at ease either. He was vexed that, despite the elegant surroundings he had taken the pains to provide, his wife was fading away from them. As to the cause of this fading, he could have no idea; the refined inner temple of her nature he was incapable of entering, and so it seemed passing strange that she who had always allowed him his will in every thing should dare cross him in this. Of the needs of a human soul like Bertha's he knew nothing. He did not mean to be unkind, but he had an unbending will, and the idea that it could be wrong was absurd—so his wife and all about him were given to understand that will was law. Some women would have rebelled and claimed the privilege of thinking for themselves, and even consented to a domestic thunder-storm rather than forego the privilege, but Bertha was of a different mold.

When she admitted to herself, after a hard struggle to resist the conviction, that her marriage was a bitter disappointment, she drooped. Then for the sake of little May she rallied and sought to live; but the morning after the race in the garden the child lay in unconsciousness, while a burning fever raged through her veins.

"I told you so," was Major Sterner's sympathetic reply to the wife's mute appeal for comfort. So Bertha sat down to watch her darling; the black drapery of a worse than widowhood gathered about her heart, and sitting there with gaze fixed on the little one, and one tiny hot hand in hers, the light went out of the dreamy blue eyes, the long lashes folded themselves on the white cheek, trembled a moment, and were still.

A half hour afterward Major Sterner, entering the room, was struck with the pallor of her face,

and going up said more tenderly than was his wont,

"Lie down and rest, Bertha; I'll watch little May."

But there was no response; he touched her and shuddered. It was the coldness of death.

Friends gathered in and said, "Sweet Bertha! she was too frail to bear the shock and fatigue of May's illness."

No one dreamed she had died of a broken heart; for had she not the most upright of husbands, and was she not surrounded with elegance? No one but a maiden aunt, who had studied keenly the life of these two as she saw Bertha fading, if by any means she might save her—no one but she read the truth, and, determining Major Sterner should know it also, glided into his library, the evening after the lovely wife had been laid away in her splendid tomb, and placed a paper before his eyes, on which was written in large characters, "Died for want of love." Cruel? Major Sterner thought so.

NOVELS AND FICTION.

A READING age must have matter to read; we are fully into such an age, and publishers are manifesting the highest zeal in providing the mental pabulum to satisfy the great demand. Papers, magazines, reviews, appear in millions of copies daily, weekly, and monthly, while books are issued in such numbers and with such rapidity that even literary magazines can scarcely keep before the public a running list of their titles. In this mass of book issues, novels, romances, fictitious narratives, and various forms of what are usually classed as "light literature," hold a prominent place in point of numbers, though even in this respect by no means so large a proportionate place as is commonly supposed. They are issued, to be sure, in great numbers; but then it is peculiarly an age of book-making; and they still hold, even in respect to quantity, quite a subordinate place. In an issue of three thousand and sixty-three new works by the English presses for 1869, "novels and other works of fiction" reached the number of four hundred and sixty-one, leaving a list of twenty-nine hundred of valuable and substantial works, of which more than one thousand were in the department of theology and religion. Our American issues bear about the same proportions in the different departments of literature. These facts at once set aside the very common, indiscriminate judgment pronounced on the current literature of the age as "frivolous,"

"trashy," "worthless," etc. Never was the brain of the world more busy in producing valuable books, and never were they more eagerly demanded and read than now. With all its dangers, and it has many, the press is a mighty and beneficent power, by far its greatest force being expended on the side of religion, morals, good government, science, education, and those subjects which tend to elevate, refine, and instruct the world.

But it is true we must not judge the influence of fictitious literature simply by its proportion in point of numbers. Novels and romances sell by the thousands, while the substantial works are sold only by hundreds. Good books are read by the few, novels by the many. Writers and publishers of substantial works rarely grow rich, while producers of fiction often amass large and rapid fortunes. The fact is, novel-reading is the rage of the day. The ban seems to be quite removed from them, even among most Christian people, and they are read among all classes. They are adapted to all tastes, the most of them, however, being addressed to young people, among whom they find their greatest number of readers. Nor would we have a complete view of the case without also taking into consideration the multitudes of story-books and fictitious narratives published for children and circulated so largely in our families and through our Sunday-schools. The vast issues of our monthly magazines, numbering hundreds of thousands every month, some of which are nearly entirely made up of fictitious stories, and all of which find it necessary to give at least one or two stories a month, also immensely swell the bulk of fiction which is constantly devoured by the public. The weekly papers and even the religious journals feel the pressure of this insatiate demand, and profit by it by furnishing their weekly installments of "a serial."

Novel-reading, then, is a fixed fact. Whether it be right or wrong, the majority of persons in every community make it an unquestionable habit to draw from some department or other of fiction a large share of their mental food. The love of it is born with our children, and the passion becomes intensified by their education and the reading furnished to them; the appetite is confirmed in youth and continues in its strength into full manhood and womanhood. The real influence of this kind of reading on the minds, the morals, the health, and the social life of the people is one of the gravest questions of the day, and also one that is by no means easy of satisfactory solution. The indiscriminate condemnation of all fiction as a

thing in itself essentially pernicious would simply awaken a storm of indignation among the masses who read, and would give to the man who believes in it a work of pruning in the fields of literature far wider and more radical than he at first dreamed of, and which would leave his literary garden so barren of beauty and fragrance that but few would ever be attracted to walk in it.

Fiction is a term that includes under it the whole range of the products of imagination—poetry, metaphors, tales, parables, novels. It enters into all departments of literature. It is certain, then, that in this broad sense we can not maintain the doctrine that imaginative creations are essentially evil. The rule of total abstinence here would simply cut us off from every thing purely ideal, and shut us up in our reading to the dry, unimaginative narrative of literal facts. Discrimination, therefore, is necessary in settling this grave question. Evidently the Creator did not give us the wonderful faculty of imagination and then absolutely forbid its use. At the bottom of this question lies the preliminary one of the legitimate and healthful use of the imagination, which will itself determine the legitimate field of fiction.

A great part of the apprehension and anxiety of some minds with regard to the tendency of this great prevalence of fiction-reading arises from classing it all under the head of novels, a term which has, perhaps justly enough, gained for itself a bad reputation, and thus indiscriminately condemning it all. There are multitudes of novels which are pernicious and only pernicious, and deserve nothing but uncompromising censure and condemnation. But there are multitudes of prose works in the department of fiction, to say nothing of the whole realm of poetry, which in no sense deserve the opprobrium that for a long time attached to the novel. There was a period when the word *novel* meant only an extravagant, false, pernicious story, a degenerate, unprofitable, and villainous style of trash, which every wise and good man could do nothing else but condemn and cast away from his house. In so far as the novel still embraces this kind of literature, it still can only receive the utter condemnation of the wise and good. Here the only rule is total abstinence. But, happily, with the increased growth of fiction-reading, this vile trash is driven out of decent society, and finds its only place in the scums. Among the people of education and refinement a much higher order of fiction is demanded; a fiction that is true to human life, to our common, every-day life, with its joys and sorrows, virtues and vices. Extravagance, impossible

characters and scenes and adventures, things which are inhuman, which never, or even which very rarely happen—constituting at one time the whole material of the novel—are now discarded, or read only by the ignorant and degraded. The fiction of the people in our day must deal with actual facts, and must lead one to positive realities; the characters must be such as are met with in the world, such as we feel our own to be; the positions in which they are placed must be natural, such as often occur in our human life; the scenery must be true to nature. It is said that when Sir Walter Scott wanted to describe a hill-side, he first went out and sketched from nature, so that his grass, the bush, the knoll, the wild flower, the scree, and even the vine, are faithful reproductions of actual Scottish scenery.

We thus get the question somewhat narrowed. There is a kind of fiction utterly to be condemned, and it exists in great masses; it is found plenteously in bookstore windows, on street-corner bookstands; it is hawked about on railroads and steam-boats; many newspapers and some monthly magazines are wholly filled with it; it deals in the most unnatural wonders, breathes a preternatural atmosphere, is filled with impossible adventures and hair-breadth escapes, grinds over and over again the most pointless and enervating love stories, and as thoroughly ignores Nature as she seems to be, in confused dreams and horrid nightmares. This kind of fiction is evil, and only evil, and that continually. It is to the mind, the morals, and the taste, what slow poison is to the body. Out of such unmitigated balderdash could come nothing but corruption. The rule with regard to these books is simply "touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

The question recurs on the higher order of fiction. Shall this also be totally forbidden? There are some excellent persons who seem to perceive so keenly the injurious effect of all reading of fiction, especially on the young, that they forbid their children ever to read a story. Others, and able and excellent men, too, are warm in praise of the good story-writer as one of the great educators of the people and promoters of high civilization. Evidently, then, there is something to be said on both sides of this question. Dean Stanley, in his Westminster Sermon, did not hesitate to give the highest character to the pure novelist as a public educator. "Poetry," he says, "may kindle a loftier fire, the drama may rivet the attention more firmly, science may open a wider horizon, and philosophy may touch a deeper spring, but no works are so penetrating, or so persuasive.

enter so many houses, or attract so many readers as the romance or novel of modern times;" and he proceeds to speak of a good novel as an unmixed good; as in fact the same sort of teaching by vivid illustration which we observe in the parables of Scripture. On the contrary, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, speaking of these very works of Dickens, urges upon his students "to abstain from such mental food, which excites and weakens the mind, and from which nothing but ill can be augured to the intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement it should be their business to strive after."

Perhaps the best that can be said in favor of even the highest and purest fiction is, that it is not necessarily sinful or injurious in itself; that it is interesting and attractive, and important and useful lessons may be taught, through this medium, to multitudes who would neither read nor receive them in any other form; that such works are generally characterized by the highest and best styles of composition; that they are often more true to nature, life, and even history, than biography or partisan history, there being no need to suppress facts or cover up faults of character in fictitious personages; that they commend virtue and expose vice, delighting to show the triumphs of the former and the providential retributions of the latter; the writer's hero is his ideal, and round this ideal clings all that he feels to be great and good in human character; that the love of fiction is born with us, and the imagination is a powerful and beneficent faculty, undoubtedly designed for important uses; the mind must have recreation; to read only what requires close thought makes a man stern, exacting, and too much shuts him out from those small concerns of life which have so much to do with our happiness. Even with these excuses and palliations, the thoughtful moralist would still claim that they should only constitute the recreations of a busy mental life, and should never be more than a moderate indulgence.

The fact that works of fiction have ever been held under suspicion by the wise and good is itself evidence that there must be something dangerous in the use of them. Such unanimity of opinion could not be merely the offspring of prejudice; there must be some strong rational grounds on which this opposition rests. Let us see if we can find some of them.

And first, there is a strong tendency in the habit of indulgence to become excessive and all-absorbing. But few things are more infatigating. The play of the imagination is easy and spontaneous, and its exercise rather delightful than laborious. It is with this faculty that the

novelist plays. He takes possession of it; keeps it in constant excitement and expectation; frets it with a concealed mystery, to be suddenly flashed upon it in the future; through it plays powerfully upon the feelings; by it paints unrealities, and almost invariably, in spite of himself, presents his characters and his facts in an excessive and extravagant light. The reader finds himself under a constantly increasing tendency to give way to the wild play of the imagination—a practice most deleterious both to the intellectual and moral habits. The weak mind becomes completely mastered by the passion; the duties of life are neglected; real life becomes tame and uninteresting; all that is worth living for is made to yield to the fascination of this world of fiction. The habit thus weakens the power of attention, impairs the judgment, and withdraw the mind from the important pursuits of life.

It has on the mind precisely the same effect as that kindred vice of reverie, in which the mind is allowed spontaneously to wander through scenes of imagined wealth, ambition, frivolity, or pleasure, and the evil of which is so forcibly sketched by John Foster. Says the great essayist: "The influence of this habit of dwelling on the fallacious forms of imagination will accompany the mind into the most serious speculations, or rather musings, on the real world, and what is to be done in it and expected. The vulgar materials that constitute the actual economy of the world will rise up to its sight in fictitious forms, which it can not disenchant into plain reality, nor will even suspect to be deceptive. It can not go about with sober, rational inspection and ascertain the nature and value of all things around it. Indeed, such a mind is not disposed to examine, with any careful minuteness, the real condition of things. It is content with ignorance, because environed with something more delicious than such knowledge in the paradise which imagination creates." The world of the novelist is, after all, an ideal world, and the feelings, the tastes, the desires, and the purposes of the reader, gradually become adjusted to this false ideal world; and just in proportion as they become so adjusted, he is unfitted for the stern realities of the world in which he lives.

This tendency is all the more dangerous because of the age at which we usually have the greatest passion for these works of fiction. Were the readers always mature persons, or independent thinkers, they might discriminate between the false and true, between the natural and the extravagant, their own experience having already taught them the wide difference be-

tween a real and an ideal life. But multitudes of the readers are young and inexperienced, with tastes unformed, with characters still plastic, and who are just at that transition period of life when the impressions received are likely to become permanent. They thus become unfitted for the responsibilities of practical life, dissatisfied with the natural and real things that fall to their lot, impracticable, unreasoning, and moody. It would be a subject of interesting inquiry, how far excessive indulgence in novel-reading may be chargeable with some of the irregularities that prevail among us in a degree unknown at any former period.

Dr. Abercrombie, in his "Intellectual Philosophy," and Dr. Arnold, in the sermon already referred to, point out a peculiar evil, subtle in its growth, and, therefore, the more dangerous. Says Dr. Abercrombie: "It produces a disruption of the harmony which ought to exist between the moral emotions and the conduct. In the healthy state of the moral feelings, for example, the emotion of sympathy excited by a tale of sorrow ought to be followed by some efforts for the relief of the sufferer. When such relations in real life are listened to from time to time without any such efforts, the emotion gradually becomes weakened, and that moral condition is produced which we call selfishness or hardness of heart. Fictitious tales of sorrow have a similar tendency; the emotion is produced without the corresponding conduct, and, when this habit has been much indulged, the result is that a cold and barren sentimentalism is produced, instead of the habit of active benevolence." Dr. Arnold puts the same thought in this form: "Such works contain many good sentiments (I am taking the better sort of them); characters, too, are introduced, virtuous, noble, patient under suffering, and triumphant at length over misfortune. The great truths of religion are upheld, we will suppose, and enforced, and our affections excited and interested in what is good and true. But it is all fiction; it does not exist out of a book, which contains the beginning and end of it. *We have nothing to do;* we read, are affected, softened, or aroused, and that is all; we cool again; nothing comes of it. Now, observe the effect of this: God has made us feel in order that we *may go on to act* in consequence of feeling. If, then, we allow our feelings to be excited without acting upon them, we do mischief to the moral system within us, just as we might spoil a watch, or other piece of mechanism, by playing with the wheels of it. We weaken its springs, and they cease to act truly. Accordingly, when we have got into the

habit of amusing ourselves with these works of fiction, we come at length to feel the excitement without the slightest thought or tendency to act upon it; and, since it is very difficult to begin any duty *without* some emotion or other, a grave question arises—how, after destroying the connection between feeling and acting, shall we get ourselves to act when circumstances make it our duty to do so?"

We have only space at this time to glance rapidly at a few other considerations that will illustrate further the evil tendencies of this indulgence. In many novels, even in the class of which we are now speaking, various forms of vice and intrigue are freely dealt with. Indeed, a novel is shorn of much of its power unless it exhibits the mean, base, underhanded working of one or more villainous characters. True, there are such characters in actual life, and the skillful writer draws them to the life, and generally brings about their discomfiture and punishment, and never, in the better sort of fiction, approves or commends their villainy. Still there is here a source of grave danger, even when the conduct exhibited is shown to end in remorse and misery; for by the mere familiarity with vice an injury is done, especially to the youthful mind, which is by no means compensated for by the moral at the end of the story. It is still true that

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Another objection to this class of literature is, that it unfits the mind for the enjoyment of other books. Few readers of fiction would deny this, and it is plainly a great evil. It lowers the standard of their taste, and shuts them out from all that is great and good in the writings of our best men and women. The mental exercise in this kind of reading is merely passive; unlike works of history, of science, of morality and religion, even of the higher order of poetry, these works require no exertion of the power of thought, of memory, of reason, of observation and classification. Under such use the mind becomes weak and listless; and when a book requiring mental effort is placed before such a reader, it is found to be "dry," "irksome," "laborious," and the mind refuses to lay hold of it. In fact, the mind is debilitated, and as indisposed to any real labor as is a sick man.

The question of time spent in this useless employment will be one of importance to all serious persons. When indulged, the habit, like every other kind of fascination, grows. More

time will be spent in it than can be well spared from other employments, because they can not be put down till they are finished. The conscience is then very apt to become troublesome; the feeling arises that duties are being neglected, and the feeling causes irritation and dissatisfaction. Life is being wasted; nothing is really being gained, no increase of knowledge, no mental strength, no fortification of the mind or heart for the duties or disappointments of actual life.

Finally, we will mention a very serious consideration for professing Christians, which will apply both to such of them as are readers of novels, and which Christian parents will consider in settling this question with reference to their sons and daughters. The great majority of novels, even of the very best of them, if not irreligious are at least unreligious. Very rarely do earnest evangelical Christians write novels; therefore, they are very rarely written from a genuine and thorough Christian stand-point. Many of them are intentionally antichristian; many of them completely ignore Christian motives from among the impulses that are forming and moving their characters; many of them only introduce abnormal, extravagant, and disagreeable persons to serve as representatives of the Christian life; in scarcely any of them is there a recognition of the great doctrines and experiences of a genuine Christianity; in the best of them the religion they contain is but natural religion. It is difficult to estimate the extent of damage done to the mind by the habit of reading volume after volume, written in the highest style of composition, by geniuses of the highest order, who portray human life in vivid pictures, analyze human hearts with the skill of an anatomist, dissect human motives and passions with the minuteness of a philosopher, create by their imaginations men and women who live, and work, and talk, and act, and suffer and die, and yet in all this find no Christ, no redemption; in a word, no religions but the religion of nature and philosophy. What other final result could we expect from the indulgence of much of such reading, but a sad weakening of the faith of the reader in the reality and power of Christian truth.

A CHEERFUL heart paints the world as it finds it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, pallid with thick vapors, and as dark as the "Shadow of Death." The heart is the mirror, in short, on which the world is caught, and which lends to the face of nature the aspect of its own turbulence or tranquillity.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH HYMNS.

WHATEVER the Church has gained since the time of Luther in spirituality, in fervor of devotion, in power to combat sin and set the hearts of men toward a purer and holier life, is largely due to its songs of worship. While men, worshipping by proxy, trusted for salvation to the tinkling of bells, the breathing of incense, and the mummary of priests, the people had no hymns. But after the Reformation, when men began to worship God "in spirit and in truth," and religion became vital, personal, then the hope and faith, the joy and love of Christian experience found expression in sacred song. From that day until this the hymns of the Church have been the flood-mark of its spiritual life; and, like the influence of the moon that lifts on high the waters of the sea, these sacred lyrics have borne upward the soul to its highest tide of earthly devotion.

The golden utterances of the wise men, the wonderful revelations of John, and the words of promise streaming down to us like rays of light from the throne of God, are indeed precious. But no portion of Holy Writ, except the words of our Savior, expresses as clearly the Christian's doubts, and displays so vividly his hopes, as the sweet songs of David. So in the services of the Church, the hymn, with its intensified expression, fervent spirit, and warm emotion, flashes conviction to the doubting heart, and kindles to a sacred glow man's holiest thoughts.

The meeting for prayer and sacred song, like that unerring thermometer of the body, the pulse, displays with unfailing accuracy the true condition of the Church. And while the Church has ever remembered the influence of prayer on its prosperity, it has often forgotten the influence of its hymns. Yet the hymn is but a prayer—a prayer lit up with emotion, made electric and persuasive by its poetic inspiration and sweet melody—a prayer partaking more of heaven and angels than earth and sinful men.

In the hymns of the Church we find the pure gold of its theology. For centuries, from the sacred desk, the precious doctrines of the Christian faith, illuminated by every thing that human wisdom could contribute, have been declared to the world. But it has been left to the songsters of the Church to embalm the central thought of these teachings in hymns of worship that, taught at a mother's knee, or learned in later years, can never be forgotten. Hymns that wing their way from lip to lip, and from heart to heart, have told to countless myriads in

sweetest strains the story of the Cross, and its most precious lessons. What sweeter lesson could be learned of the "atonement through Christ" than is expressed in,

"There is a fountain filled with blood," etc?

But the influence of hymns rests not alone with the Christian. As the most effective appeals of the Christian religion are not made to the head, but to the heart, the hymn, tender and inviting, is often met with open doors, which were closed to the formal sermon. It is the boast of the largest denomination in America that the Methodist songs have done more for Methodism than its pulpit. Well may it be. For while the sermons of its founders have long since grown musty with age, and are as things of the past, the hymns of Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley ring out to-day as a century ago, in warning tones and exhorting appeals. But not until the muster-roll of heaven is called shall we know how many Christian warriors have been summoned to the battle by the hymns of the Church, and not until then what has been the influence of hymns upon the Christian, the Church, and the world.

WAS HE TEMPTED AS I AM?

IT was a dark November day. Without the wind moaned pitifully by, and the rain beat with ceaseless patter against the windows. The gloom of the day had cast a shadow over every thing; even home had lost some of its brightness. I remember that I felt cross that day, and, instead of recalling the many pleasant things that gladdened life, took pleasure in remembering all that had ever made it disagreeable. Even the merry click of the sewing-machine, in its steady march over the long seams, had no power to cheer me, and I vainly attempted to persuade myself that I was the most miserable being living. My sister, a bright-eyed, mischievous girl of ten, came and stood beside me, watching the motions of the shining needle very much in the same way that she would had it been a fairy. The look and action annoyed me, and with one thoughtless, spiteful jerk, I sent the flying needle into fragments. My critic's brow lowered.

"O, Minnie!" she cried, "you careless girl! See what you have done."

"I could not help it. I was not to blame because the needle broke."

"Yes you were, for if you had not been angry you would not have jerked it so. I am going to tell ma," and off she ran.

True to her word, mamma in a few moments

stood beside me, her gentle face clouded, and her blue eyes sorrowful.

"My daughter," said the low, sweet voice, tenderly but sadly, "do you know that you will ruin yourself by yielding to such temper? not only blast your hopes for this life, but the one that is to come?"

I made no reply, but folding my work hastily pushed it aside, and turned away, feeling myself very much abused. Mamma was cross, Alice provoking, the machine altogether to blame, and I the innocent victim of their wrath. Unwilling, however, that any one should notice my clouded face, I selected the most disagreeable work I could find, and, going down to the clothes-press, began to pick over the paper rags. By and by better thoughts came to me. My conduct of the morning rose before me in its true light, and, with shame and sorrow, I remembered my anger and petulance. I had dared to hope myself a child of Jesus, but would the holy and sinless Savior ever stoop to own one so weak and erring? For the sake of that precious hope, a hope which an angel might almost covet, martyrs had walked through fire and flame, while I had not been able even to control my temper.

Suddenly the words, "He was tempted like unto us in all points," flashed over my brain, and I began to wonder if the dear Savior was in reality tempted like me. My thoughts went back through the long centuries to his childhood among the sunny hills of Judea. I saw, or seemed to see, that strange child, from whose soul-lit eyes already looked the glory of a divine mission, moving about the humble home of which he was the light. I heard gentle words falling from his hallowed lips, and longed to be one of the home circle, that I might hide those precious words, as diamonds, in the inmost depths of my soul. I marked the matchless dignity and grace with which he bore the little trials and petty cares of every-day life. A vision of his patient meekness while wandering from city to city, homeless and poor, and of that angelic love and pity, which could say of his murderer, in the anguish of a dying hour, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," rose before me, as I compared my life with my Savior's spotless life. Ah me! how fearful was the contrast between my quick, impatient temper, my sensitiveness, making reproof so unpleasant to me, my careless habits, grieving mamma and annoying the whole family, and the Savior's patience and long-suffering. Yes, I sorrowfully thought, the gulf between Christ's character and mine is as wide and impassable as eternity.

"But he was tempted," said the holy Word, "like unto us in all points," and softly as an angel voice came the sweet thought, your Savior never yielded to sin, but he felt its power. He knew how fiercely the poor heart must struggle with its fatal strength, and as he knows your weakness so he will grant to you his strength. Rising with a prayer upon my lips, I laid aside my finished work resolved to do better in future.

Years have fled, but those words have all their old music, and in hours of darkness they return as a shield between me and the tempter.

HEAVEN.

O, LAND of light, or near or far,
No bard or prophet tells ;
We only know 't is heaven where
The loving Savior dwells !

Our clouded senses fail to trace
The pictured glimpse of thee ;
We only know the landscape's fair
That eyes of angels see.

We only feel in hearts that ache,
And souls that upward soar,
That broken links of Christian love
Are parted there no more.

His children there, from East to West,
And ocean's farthest strand,
Of every nation, kindred, tongue,
One family shall stand.

And there the poet pines no more
For praise's perfect speech,
With lips whose lisping utterances
The shining seraphs teach.

And there earth's gathered choristers
In music's home shall sing,
And all earth's hinted harmonies
In perfect chords shall ring.

Across the anguish of the earth
Oblivion's hand shall sweep,
And prayers no more shall plead for us
Whose eyes forget to weep ;

And toiling hands forever rest,
And empty hearts are filled,
With peace of God forever calmed,
And cares forever stilled.

Omnipotence in nature veiled,
Unclouded there shall be,
And face to face the pure in heart
The King in beauty see.

O, land of light, we long to see
The gleaming of thy walls,
As he who waits the morning long
To hear thy warder call.

THE OTHER SIDE.

I SOON shall see the visions
Hidden from earthly eyes ;
I soon shall pierce the mysteries
Beyond the azure skies ;
I soon shall float familiar
Amid the shining stars,
And gaze on glories brighter
Than gild the sunset's bars.

I soon shall know why trials
Were given me on earth ;
Why life is one long striving
After a holier birth ;
Why hearts are always yearning
And never, never filled ;
Why every warm emotion
Is ever, ever chilled ;

Why the soul is ever longing
For happiness and love,
While doubts and fears are thronging
Where'er our feet may rove ;
Why our hearts are ever springing
To reach to higher ways,
And the thorns are ever clinging
Where'er we fix our gaze.

I shall know what petty troubles
Caused me such grief on earth ;
What a very sea of bubbles
Checked all my joy and mirth ;
What a narrow faith I followed,
What blind, blind eyes were mine,
When I murmured at correction
From a Hand that was divine !

I shall look with pitying vision
On my friends within the veil,
To see what very shadows
Make their earthly spirits quail ;
To hear the bitter wailing
When Death invades their hearth,
And their smiles and songs of gladness
Over a baby's birth !

I shall know their life, at longest,
Is but a passing breath,
And that Love is far the strongest
When wrestling with Death ;
And that God had never made us
With these loving hearts below,
To have tempted and betrayed us
To a life of utter woe.

O, Friends ! I shall be wiser
Than the greatest Sage that lives ;
I shall comprehend the value
Of each gift our Father gives ;
I shall know the boundless mysteries
That Heaven and Earth divide,
And how Love attains fulfillment,
When I reach the Other Side !

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

CARRIE'S SECRET.

"WHY, pet, what are you doing?" said Mrs. Clayton as she entered her sister's sitting-room, where Carrie Strong was curled up in a large arm-chair surrounded by work-basket, bits of cloth, etc., and seemed so intently fashioning a garment that she did not notice her aunt's entrance.

"Why, auntie, is that you? Do come and give your pet a kiss, for, you see, I can't get up."

"As your gracious majesty sits enthroned, I suppose I must obey. But, Carrie, you have not yet told me what you are so very busy about. Is Lady Dolldrum going to the sea-side, and are you making her a new outfit?"

"Lady Dolldrum! Why, you know that was Harry's name for my beautiful Lady Isabella Fay! But I am not working for her now. It is a great secret what I am doing, but you may guess if you can."

"A night-slip for pussie."

"Now, auntie, you are making fun."

"Well, but did n't I see a little girl one evening putting baby's night-slip on pussie?"

"O, Aunt Mary, did you see that? Was n't it funny when I got it all drawn up round the neck with kitty's two front paws through the sleeves, and then laid her down on the pillow beside Lilly? I was playing Red Ridinghood, and kitty was the wolf covered up in bed."

"It was rather comical, Birdie, and you are so good at inventions that I can't begin to guess what you are busy about now, so you will have to tell me."

"Well, if I whisper my secret to you, will you promise not to tell any one?"

"O, of course not! I will keep as still as a mouse about it."

"Well, you must know, auntie," said Carrie, with a very grave face, "that mother took me the other day to see a poor sick woman who had a little baby, and the poor thing had nothing on but a torn slip and an old piece of flannel wrapped round it, so I got nurse to cut me out a new one just like Lilly's, and I am trying ever so hard, whenever mother goes out, to get it done, ready to take when she goes there again. Won't it be a nice surprise for them all?"

"But, darling, what first made you think of working yourself for the poor baby?"

"Why, you see, Miss Wood, our Sunday-school teacher, told us all about a good woman named Dorcas, who used to make garments for the poor. And mamma, you know, is all the time doing something for them."

Dear little Carrie! she was but eight years old, and such a roguish little elf that her Aunt Mary never imagined her capable of possessing such a tender, thoughtful heart. It also taught her a lesson; for she saw how good seed rightly sown may early take root, spring up and bear good fruit, and feared that she had not set as perfect an example before her children as her sister was daily doing. After a few moments' thoughtfulness she pleasantly said:

"Well, Carrie, as your dear mamma is out, and you are as busy as a bee, I think I must go home now and tell your cousin Lizzie what an industrious little girl you are."

"O, auntie dear, do n't go just yet; mamma will be home in a few moments I am sure! There she comes now, for I hear her step; O, do help me to scramble away these things!" and away flew Carrie up to the nursery with her arms full of work.

"Why, sister Mary, are you here alone?" said Mrs. Strong as she entered the sitting-room, "Where is Carrie? Does n't she know that you are here?"

"Yes, she has been with me, but she just ran off to the nursery about something."

While they were talking in came Carrie with her great wax doll, looking as demure as possible, but with a roguish twinkle in her eyes whenever she glanced toward her Aunt Mary.

"From your looks I imagine you two have some great secret. Won't you tell me what it is?"

"O, Carrie, you know, is always plotting something!" replied Aunt Mary.

"Hush, hush, auntie! Don't you tell."

"Why, Birdie, I am not going to tell your secret, for it is such a real good one that I hope you will be able to keep it till the very last minute."

"Last minute! ah, then I suppose you will tell me some time, so I will be ever so patient. I guess, though, it has something to do with dollie and dress-making, for that arm-chair looks very suspicious of cutting out."

Carrie gave a frightened look at the chair for fear that she had left some of her work behind,

but there were only the scissors and a few scraps lying round, so she laughed merrily over her mother's guess and said :

"Why, that is just what Aunt Mary thought ; but I assured her that I was not working for Lady Isabella Fay. Only think, mother, she called her 'Lady Dolldrum !' That ridiculous name of Harry's, I am sure, will stick to her."

As she ran off to her play, Mrs. Clayton remarked to her sister : "What a lovely child that is of yours ! There seems such an odd mixture in her of the grave and the mischievous—at one time there is so much thoughtful dignity about her, at other times she is so artless and roguish that you can hardly give her credit for much thought. Yet, in all her moods, she is so winning and lovable. I do wish my Lizzie had as sweet a disposition as she has."

"She has, indeed, a lovely disposition, and often surprises me by some thoughtful act far beyond her years. I wish you could have seen her last Tuesday, when I took her to see a poor, sick woman ; she showed so much feeling."

On hearing this, her sister felt tempted to tell what Carrie was now doing, but remembering, in time, her promise, she only replied :

"Yes, she has, indeed, a tender heart, and shames me into being more thoughtful for others than I have been. It is the little ones who often lead us by the hand, and 'praise is perfected' from their artless mouths. I must go now. Do come round soon to see me, and tell Carrie she must spend the afternoon with her cousin Lizzie. There comes Carrie herself."

"Carrie, I have just been asking your mother to let you spend the afternoon with us. You can bring your work too, you know," said her aunt, giving a peculiar look, which Carrie readily understood.

That afternoon, Carrie, with a good deal of mystery in her manner, and having what her mother thought a pretty large bundle of work for such a little girl, started for her aunt's.

"O, auntie !" she exclaimed, "you can't begin to think what a time I had getting here. Mother had so much curiosity about my bundle of work. And, then, Harry, up to mischief, came near spoiling all, for he teased me so about Lady Dolldrum, and sewing for her ladyship, that I came near letting my secret out. What a tease that boy is," said Carrie, with a sigh, as if she were a young lady out of her teens, and not often up to roguish mischief herself.

For a while, with some help from her aunt, upon a difficult part which she could not do all by herself, Carrie sewed quite industriously. But her cousin Lizzie, a restless, impatient body, was

not content until she had enticed her off into the play-room. There they had a merry time till tea was ready. After which Carrie went home.

Though her work progressed but slowly, the garment was nearly all completed by herself, and just in time to go with her mother again to see the poor woman.

Mrs. Strong had a little basket full of nice things, and expected to have some help from Carrie in taking it to the sick woman, but when she entered the room, equipped for the walk, her mother exclaimed :

"Why, Carrie, have you that mysterious bundle again, and larger than ever ! What does it all mean ? Has it any thing to do with your secret that I had forgotten all about ? If so, you have kept it wonderfully well. Won't you tell it to me now, darling ?"

"Just wait a *little* while longer, mamma, and then you shall know all about it."

The child had such a bright, happy look, as she walked by her mother's side, she felt sure Carrie's well-kept secret must be a good one.

When they reached the tenement house, they had to mount a rough flight of stairs before reaching the sick woman's room. There they found her still quite feeble, but propped up in bed trying to do a little sewing, fixing over some old garments that had been given to her. The baby was lying by her, but with no better garments upon her, and had such a pinched, cold look that Carrie felt happy she had worked so hard in getting the new slips made. The nurse had given her some of Lilly's outgrown flannel, and her aunt, two little sacks. As she unrolled all these things, and laid them by the baby, her mother was greatly surprised, and could hardly believe it possible that Carrie had made the little slips herself.

Tears came into the poor woman's eyes, as she thanked her and said :

"Dear little lady, I hope you will always be so kind and thoughtful for the poor and needy. May the good Lord bless you as one of his little lambs !"

Mrs. Strong's heart was also touched by her dear child's thoughtfulness, and, as they walked home, she said :

"Darling, your secret, so well carried out, has made me feel very happy, for it was on the principle of 'not letting the right hand know what the left hand doeth.' That is, dear, not talking about or making a boast of doing good. I trust that you will always be kind to the poor. And remember what the Holy Bible says : 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and that 'God loves a cheerful giver.'"

TWO RULES, AND HOW THEY WORKED.

"**H**ERE are two rules for you, Fred," said Giles Warner, looking up from the paper he was reading, and addressing a younger brother, who was sitting by the stove playing with a favorite dog.

"Well, what are they? let's have them," said Fred, suspending his sport with the dog.

"The first is, 'Never get vexed with any thing you can help.' The second is, 'Never get vexed with any thing you can't help.'"

"Are not those rules as applicable to you as to me?" inquired Fred archly.

"No doubt of that," replied Giles, good-humoredly; "but then it is so much easier to hand over a piece of good advice to another than to keep it for one's own personal use. It is a kind of generosity that do n't require any self-denial." Fred laughed.

"But what say you to these rules?" continued Giles; "how would it work if we adopted them?"

"I think they take a pretty wide and clean sweep," said Fred. "They do n't leave a fellow any chance at all to get vexed."

"That might be an objection to them," said Giles, "if any one was wiser, better, or happier for getting vexed. I think they are sensible rules. It is foolish to vex ourselves about any thing that can be helped. Let us assist each other to remember and obey these two simple rules. What say you?"

"I'll agree to it," said Fred, who was usually ready to agree to any thing his brother proposed, if it was only proposed good-humoredly.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Fred the next morning while making preparation for school.

"What's the matter?" inquired Giles.

"I have broken my shoe-string, and it is vexatious; I'm in such a hurry."

"It is vexatious, no doubt," replied Giles, "but you must not get vexed; for this is one of the things that can be helped. You can find a string in the left corner of the upper drawer in mother's bureau."

"That's true," said Fred, as he started for the string, quite restored to good humor.

Several opportunities occurred during the day for putting in practice the newly adopted rules. The best was this:

In the evening Giles broke the blade of his knife, while whittling a hard piece of wood.

"It can't be helped," said Fred, "so you must not get vexed about it."

"It might have been helped," said Giles, "but I can do better than to fret about it. I

can learn a lesson of care for the future which may some day save a knife more valuable than this. The rules work well. Let's try them to-morrow."

The next morning Fred devoted an hour before school to writing a composition. After he had written half a dozen lines his mother called him off to do something for her. During his absence his sister Lucy made use of his pen and ink to write her name in a school-book. In doing this, she carelessly let fall a drop of ink on the page he was writing. Fred returned while she was busily employed in doing what she could to repair the mischief.

"You have made a great blot on my composition," he exclaimed, looking over her shoulder.

"I am very sorry. I did not mean to do it," said Lucy.

Fred was so vexed that he would have answered his sister very roughly if Giles had not here interposed.

"Take care, Fred; you know the thing is done and can't be helped."

Fred tried hard to suppress his vexation. "I know it was an accident," he said pleasantly, after a brief struggle with himself.

Lucy left the room and Fred sat down again to his composition. After a moment he looked up. "No great harm is done after all," he said; "two or three alterations are much needed, and if I write it over again I can make them."

"So much for a cool head and not getting vexed," said Giles, laughing. "Our rule works well."

At night Fred tore his pants while climbing over a fence. "That's too bad!" he said.

"It can be helped," said Giles; "they can be mended."

"The way to help it is what troubles me," said Fred. "I don't like to ask mother, she has so much to do."

Giles proposed that he should get over his difficulty by asking Lucy to do the job for him, as her mother had taught her to mend very neatly. Fred was not at first disposed to adopt this measure. He knew that Lucy disliked mending very much, and was afraid she would be cross if he asked her to do it, but at last decided to run the risk of that. They found Lucy busily employed with a piece of embroidery and quite absorbed with her work. Fred looked significantly at Giles when he saw his sister was employed; but he concluded he had gone too far to retreat, and must make a bold push.

"I wish to ask a great favor of you, Lucy, but I fear I have come in the wrong time," said Fred.

"What do you want?" said Lucy.

"I am almost afraid to tell you. It's too bad to ask you to do what I know you dislike."

"You are a good while getting at what is wanted," said Lucy, laughing. "Come, out with it."

Fred, thus encouraged, held up his foot and displayed the rent.

"Well, take them off; I will do my best," said Lucy, cheerfully.

"You are a dear, good sister," said Fred. "When I saw what you were about, I thought you would not be willing to do it."

"My uncommon amiability quite puzzles you, does it?" said Lucy, laughing. "I shall have to let you into the secret. To tell the truth, I have been thinking all day what I could do for you in return for your not getting vexed with me for blotting your composition, so now you have it."

"So much for our rules," exclaimed Giles triumphantly. "They work to a charm."

"What rules?" inquired Lucy.

"We must tell Lucy all about it," said Giles.

They did tell her all about it, and the result was that she agreed to join them in trying the new rules.

TAKE CARE OF THE FOX.

"I AM glad of one thing!" She spoke out suddenly, a sigh of relief following the sentence. It was little Helen. She had been sitting very still for a good while, holding a picture-book in her hand.

"Glad of what?"

"That I am not a hen," she answered, lifting her serious eyes to mine.

"Not a hen! why, darling, what do you mean?"

She brought me the book, and I saw at a glance what had disturbed the quiet of her mind. The picture of a mother-hen frightened at the appearance of a fox, was on the open page.

"Poor thing, how scared she is!" said the child tenderly. "Will the fox eat her up?"

"Unless she can escape him," I answered.

"O, I'm glad I'm not a hen, to be frightened or killed by a fox! It is so dreadful!"

And I saw a little shiver run over her. "May be you are in as much danger as the hen," I said.

"Me? There are no foxes about here. Why do you say that, mamma? And, anyhow, a fox would n't hurt a little girl."

"I heard Mrs. Claire say something about foxes when she was here yesterday."

"What did she say, mamma?"

"She said take care of the little foxes."

"O, yes! I remember now; and I could n't help wondering what she meant."

"She did n't, of course, mean live foxes that run about in the woods."

"I knew that she did n't mean them. Are there any other kinds of foxes?"

"Yes."

"What kind? Where are they?"

"Inside of you."

"O, mother!" Helen exclaimed, a tremor of surprise in her voice. "Foxes inside of me?"

"Yes, my darling; and you are in as much danger as the bird you so pitied just now."

There was a half-scared, half-wondering expression in my little girl's face.

"O, I understand!" she said, a faint smile playing about her lips. "By foxes you mean naughty feelings."

"Yes, foxes are cruel and cunning. They hurt and destroy. You know how cruel Herod was; how he sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem from two years and under; and how our Lord called his namesake and imitator 'that fox.'"

"O, yes! I remember. And was it because he was cruel that he was called a fox?"

"Yes. The evil and cruel feelings, represented by foxes in nature, had destroyed all the kind and compassionate feelings in his heart, and made him inwardly as cunning and cruel as a fox. And this same thing is happening now, every day. I have seen a great many people—children even—who appeared to me more like foxes than lambs; more like hawks than doves, they were so full of anger and cruelty toward each other. O, my child, take care of the fox! Do n't let him get in among the gentle and loving things of your soul, or he will hurt, and, it may be, destroy them."

KIND and gentle I must be,
All from hate and envy free;
Slow to strive, quick to forgive—
Full of love as I can live.

Kind and gentle, I must pray
To be led in wisdom's way—
To be kept from every sin,
Hand without and heart within.

Kind and gentle, I must try
Jesus-like to live and die,
Doing good in every thing,
When I work, or pray, or sing.

Kind and gentle, I must learn
Right to do, and Wrong to spurn,
Truth to seek, and Error shun,
Folly lost, and Wisdom won.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BE PLEASANT AT HOME.—A just appreciation of this duty would teach the practice of what is good and amiable at home and abroad. To be pleasant to those who are as pure as any sensible person would desire the inmates of his home to be, requires that one's character be spotless—that his presence be redolent only of that which is congenial to the taste of the tender-hearted and lovely. No delicate, refined spirit can be happy when it hears gross profanity from the lips which plighted love has taught it to kiss; or when it realizes that its own society is often of choice exchanged for that of the depraved and wicked.

Besides, there must be a sense of similar tastes and common innocence and purity, in order that there may be mutual appreciation and whole hearted trust and love. How would a pure-hearted wife, or daughter, or sister feel in the midst of a company of the profane and abandoned? Does she not feel something of the same kind of repugnance when she is in the company of one such, though, to the sorrow of her heart, she knows that that one is her husband, father, or brother?

But to be pleasant at home requires the exhibition of constant love and sympathy. This leads to unfailing care in the performance of those many duties on which the welfare of the family depends. It prompts to unselfish effort to gratify and to bless one another. It secures a tender regard for the feelings which prevents any unkind or ungrateful words or tones, choosing rather to suffer than to occasion suffering in the hearts of those beloved. It estimates good humor, gentle smiles, kind words, and simple tokens of affectionate care and thoughtfulness, as of far greater worth than fine pictures or costly presents or splendid furniture.

Comparatively few in society know how much of evil and unhappiness is occasioned by the want of pleasantness at home. Sensitiveness, fault-finding, selfishness, and obstinacy make the association of those who ought to be one a perpetual exhibition of unlovely tempers and discord. Such things often drive men from home to places and pleasures from which wise and faithful wives would have saved them; and the same things often wear out the peace and health, and hope of devoted and silently suffering wives. Whenever both parties are habitually unpleasant to one another, home becomes a shame and a torture to inmates and visitors. The influence

of such things on the taste, character, and habits of children is truly deplorable.

We do not deny that unconverted persons often make pleasant partners in life, but in such cases it will always be found that they practice to some extent the virtues which religion comprises, and their pleasantness grows out of this practice. By far the wiser, safer plan for all is to choose a companion for life whose heart is imbued with the sweet spirit of Christianity—whose love is purified by the holy influences of that charity which is better than all possible trust and expectation without it.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—We would by no means always justify plainness of speech. Very rude things may be said by ill-tempered or disagreeable people, under the guise of frankness. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," but in most cases a friend may refrain from wounding. The sweet charity that hopeth all things, will usually so qualify the speech that it shall not offend the most sensitive.

But there are times when it is real Christian kindness to speak very plainly. A lady, for instance, is interested in an orphan or motherless girl. She teaches her in the Sunday-school; she follows her up during the week, she prays for her, she loves her. After awhile she sees the fruit of her labors, in the awakening intellect, in the reaching out after a purer life, in the coming of the soul meekly and trustingly to Jesus. But the girl, unused to the refinements of life, untrained from earliest years, in what to us are necessities, has, perhaps, uncouth manners or careless habits. She may not be tidy. Neatness may be foreign to her ideas and habits. What shall her friend, being truly her friend, do? Hints are useless, for a hint to be of service must have something to take hold of. A pin can not be driven into a stone-wall. Yet true kindness requires that something shall be said and done. Let the lady, in the utmost tenderness and love, and in the most delicate and private way possible, tell the person of her neglect and its consequences. It will not be pleasant thus to speak plainly, but it will be right and kind, and in some cases heroic.

It may be a servant who offends your eye by the carelessness of her attire. "I must dismiss Bridget," says the wearied housekeeper. "Her torn dresses, her slip-shod shoes, her back hair forever down, are an offense to me." So Bridget goes, and begins to

carry her slovenly dress, and shoes, and hair from house to house, till her nomadic tastes are so developed that she is as restless as the wandering Jew, and as baleful as a malevolent Banshee. A little judicious plainness, a gentle word, spiced with a smile, helped along perhaps by a gift, as an apron, or a paper of hair-pins, has kept this stone from rolling, and irritating with its friction many a home.

"Why does that young man come into church late, and tramp down the aisle with his heavy boots, disturbing the whole congregation? I have noticed him for several weeks," said a lady to her friend.

"I will ask him," was the reply.

"Don't, I beg. You will hurt his feelings."

But the lady knew how to speak without "hurting his feelings," a true womanly art. She drew from the stranger the story of his loneliness in the city, of his bedridden mother, of many home troubles and cares, and finally out came the pathetic burst in broad Scotch:

"I canna keep from the kirk, ma'am, tho' I'm c'enamost always late, and I'm sair fashed in tryin' to gang in quietly."

The lady went to work, like the practical Christian woman she was, to help the youth. She found for him work—for his mother, a neighbor to come in and assist her, and soon the congregation were annoyed no more by the nervous tramp up the aisle of the tardy worshiper.

I have indicated two or three instances where plain speaking has been useful. We can all think of many more. But it can never be so, unless it is first sanctified; its motive love to God, and its outflow love to man.

TOO EXCLUSIVE ATTENTION TO BUSINESS.—This world of ours is a world of inflexible commerce. Nothing is ever given away, but every thing is bought and paid for. If by exclusive and absolute surrender of ourselves to material pursuits we materialize the mind, we lose that class of satisfaction of which the mind is the region and the source. A young man in business, for instance, begins to feel the exhilarating glow of success, and deliberately determines to abandon himself to the delicious whirl. He says to himself: "I will think of nothing but business till I have made so much money, and then I will begin a new life. I will gather round me books, pictures, and friends. I will have knowledge, taste, cultivation, the perfume of scholarship, winning speech and graceful manners. He bends his thoughts downward and nails them to the dust. Every power, every affection, every taste, except those which his particular occupation calls into play, is left to starve. Over the gates of his mind he writes in letters which he who runs may read: "No admittance except on business." In time he reaches the goal of his hopes, but now insulted Nature begins to claim her revenge. That which was once unnatural is now natural to him. The enforced constraint has become a rigid deformity. The spring of his mind is broken. He can no longer lift his thoughts from the ground. Books, art, knowledge, wise discourse,

and the amenities of friendship, are like words in a strange tongue. To the hard, smooth surface of the soul, nothing genial, graceful, or winning will cling. He can not even purge his voice of its fawning tone, or pluck from his face the mean, money-getting mask which has grown there. Amid the graces and ornaments of wealth he is like a blind man in a picture-gallery. That which he hath done he must continue to do. He must accumulate riches which he can not enjoy, and contemplate the dreary prospect of growing old without any thing to make age venerable or attractive. Like the youth in the Eastern story, while he was down in the magician's cave, and busying himself with the treasure there, the door of the cavern had closed upon him, on the beautiful things of earth and heaven.

There is nothing stranger, in the multitude of human inconsistencies and contrasts, than the difference between the ideal of life which men form to themselves, and the reality into which they are content to shape their actual existence and its practical ends and aims. Every one who looks to the future at all, sees before him when he enters upon his career, be it high or humble, some fancied haven, and prays for favorable winds to carry him there, and where he is quite resolved, if luck serves him, to drop his anchor and furl his sails, plowing the troubled seas no more. How few ever reach that haven of rest!

DO NOT FORGET THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—There is always a liability, when sons and daughters have gone away from the home of their childhood, and have formed homes of their own, gradually to lose the old attachments and cease to pay those attentions to their parents which were so easy and natural in the olden time. New associations, new thoughts, new cares, all come in, filling the mind and heart, and, if special pains be not taken, they crowd out the old loves. This ought never to be. You should remember that the change is with you and not with those you left behind. You have every thing new, much that is attractive in the present and bright in the future; their hearts cling to the past, they have most in memory. When you went away, you knew not, and will never know till you experience it, what it cost them to give you up, nor what a vacancy you left behind. They have not, if you have, any new loves to take the place of the old. Do not, then, heartlessly deprive them of what you still can give of attention and love.

Visit your parents. If you live in the same place, let your step be, perhaps daily, a familiar one in the old home; if you are miles, yea, many miles away, make it your business to go to them. In this matter do not regard time nor expense; the one is well spent and the other will be fully, yea, a hundred-fold repaid. When some day the word reaches you, flashed over the telegraph, that father or mother has gone, you will not think them much, those hours of travel which last bore you to their side.

Write to your parents. I have known father and mother wait with sick hearts through weary months,

longing that some word might reach them from an absent son. They have watched the mails till in despair they have ceased to expect any more, and while they may not have the grief of a great bereavement, they have what is almost as bad, the bitter consciousness that they are not in mind enough even to call out a few poor lines from one whose infancy and early years they watched with sleepless love. Sons are often guilty of this crime—I can not call it less—from sheer neglect or indolence. While an hour, perhaps a few moments, would suffice to write a letter which would give unspeakable satisfaction, they let months and even years slip away in utter indifference to all the pain they are causing. O, how full is many a mother's heart of sorrow and foreboding, when just a few words from an absent son would fill it with joy and praise! Such indifference or neglect is shameful and wicked. One need not wonder that sons guilty of it are not prospered, that they wait in vain for those turns of fortune which will send them home, as they dream, to surprise the old neighborhood with their wealth. Their thoughtlessness has been productive only of disaster.

Keep up your intercourse with father or mother; do not deem it sufficient to write when something important is to be told; do not say, "No news is good news." If it be but a few lines, write them; write, if it be only to say, "I am well," if it be only to send the salutation that says they are "dear," or the farewell that tells them that you are "affectionate" still. The little messengers shall be like caskets of jewels, and the tears that fall fondly over them will be treasures for you. Say with a warm-hearted son—

"The hills may tower, the waves may rise,
And roll between my home and me;
Yet shall my quenchless memories
Turn with undying love to thee!"

BLUSHING.—What is there more mysterious than a blush, that a single word, or look, or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a Summer sunset? Strange is it also that the face only—and that the human face—is capable of blushing; that the hand or foot does not turn red from modesty or shame, any more than does the glove or sock that covers them. It is the face that bears the angel's impress; it is the face that is Heaven. The blush of modesty that tinted woman's face when first she awoke in Eden's sunny land, still lingers with her pure daughters. They caught it from the rose, for all the roses were first white; but when Eve plucked one of the buds, seeing her own face, more fair than flowers, blushed, and cast its reflex on her velvety cheek. The face is the tablet of the soul, whereon it writes its actions. There may be traced all the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. If innocence and purity look outward from within, none the less vice, intemperance, and debauchery make their indelible impression upon it. Idiocy, rage, cowardice, passion, all leave their traces deeper even than the virtues of modesty, truth,

chastity, and hope. Even beauty itself will grow more beautiful from the pure thoughts that arise within it.

WOMANLY MODESTY.—Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, the full-blown rose, leave him unmoved, but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when she emerges from beneath a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figures in painting—it gives boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given to the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of the "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virgins should use; it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, which diffuses an unwholesome odor, and which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flower of the aloe, which blooms and dies in a few hours, but modesty gives the female character charms which supply this transitory freshness of youth.

A NAME TO LIVE.—An ancient king desirous of living by some good deed in the remembrance of posterity, ordered a light-house to be erected on an exposed part of the coast, and his name to be engraved on it. The architect, coveting a similar distinction, but not daring to disobey the royal mandate, wrote the monarch's name on a perishable material which resembled the stone of which the building was composed, while he secretly engraved his own name on the rock beneath. Years rolled away; time performed its work; and the next generation beheld the name of the artist indelibly impressed on the solid marble.

Behold the emblem of the fame of the Church. Other institutions are on the surface; time will efface their records. The mightiest empires will crumble, but the Church will live. It hath a name, of which Jehovah hath said, "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands."

KEEPING CHILDREN AT HOME.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces and words are harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

FEAR begets falsehood; and, as fear is the principal instrument in procuring family obedience, falsehood has been called, with striking and fearful significance, "the epidemic of the nursery."

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE EARLY YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY. By E. De Pressense, D. D., Author of "*Jesus Christ: His Times, Life, and Work*." Translated by Anne Harwood. *The Apostolic Era*. 12mo. Pp. 536. New York: Carlton & Lavahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

The name of De Pressense is sufficient introduction to any work that may appear from his pen. He is nearly as well known in this country as in Europe. His "*Life of Christ*," his "*Religion and the Reign of Terror*," and his "*Rome and Italy at the Opening of the Ecumenical Council*," have made his name familiar to earnest, thinking Christians, and have made him beloved on this side of the water, as in France and England for his earnest defense of pure, evangelical Christianity against the attacks of infidelity on the one hand, and the schemes of the Papacy on the other. He was born in due time; he is the natural antagonist of the specious infidelity of Strauss and Rénan, and of the ultramontaniam of extreme Popery. The equal of any of them in ripe scholarship, and in the richness and rhetorical finish of his style, he is superior to most of them in the power of patient and accurate investigation, and in a profound and fearless consecration to the cause of truth. He is not a bigot, determined at all hazards to maintain a system or defend a theory, baptizing them in advance with the name of truth, but is a lover of truth in itself, ready to yield preconceived notions when found to be erroneous, and to welcome the truth when actual investigation and criticism make it apparent. He is a man and a writer for the times, willing to re-open the investigation of questions that some have thought closed, and to follow the inquirer into the deepest and most radical criticism, provided always that the criticism shall be honest, candid, impartial, aiming at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In this spirit he has written the admirable volume that lies before us. The facts of apostolic and primitive Christianity demand re-investigation, and especially restatement. The fact is, every age must make its own literature, and even in every department of Christian literature each age must have its own investigation and its own statement. This is especially true in our own earnest, inquiring age. The present volume is only the first of a proposed series, embracing a second volume, on "*Martyrs and Apologists*;" a third, on "*Doctrine and Heresies*;" and a fourth, on "*The Church Worship and Christian Life*." The whole will comprise a thorough study of primitive Christianity. To illustrate the need and the aim of this new study of old facts, we quote a few passages from the Preface to the English edition:

"Of all the topics of the day, none is of graver importance than the early history of Christianity,

and the foundation of the Church. Every thing points inquiry in this direction. A bold criticism claims the right to snatch from our hands the documents of this great history, and to scatter them in fragments to the winds. It is not enough for us to take refuge in our faith as in an inviolable sanctuary; we must establish that faith on solid ground, and produce its original titles. Our part is not to linger on the shore, lamenting the constraint which keeps us there, but rather to abjure the false dominion of a faith imposed by authority, to cross the stormy sea, and plant our feet in the enemy's country, on the much-cultivated soil of contemporary criticism. The fact is not to be disguised that science, hostile to Christianity, has long ago left the lonely height from which it was once wont to bend a pitying eye upon the ignorant masses. No lips take up in our day the cry, '*Odi profanum vulgus*;' every one feels that such a motto would be the confession of weakness. The law of most democratic reform has finally asserted itself in the world of thought; we are governed by the universal suffrage of minds. Therefore science has assumed, in its hostility to Christianity, a popular form. It has not contented itself with the light, quivering arrows, as piercing as they were brilliant, discharged in such rapid flight by the great satirist of the eighteenth century. It has forged other weapons; it has transfused into the vulgar tongue the results of criticism; it has coined a currency, which circulates from hand to hand, out of those heavy ingots which seemed immovable in their ponderosity. While in Germany, Strauss's '*Leben Jesu*' has been read and pondered in cottages and workshops, men in France, unaware of the very existence of that famous book, have been initiated into its conclusions. M. Renan's '*Vie de Jésus*'—circulated by thousands of copies—has given a new popularity to the results of negative criticism, by casting them into a poetic mold.

"Thus, from day to day, a form of skepticism is being developed which is so much the more dangerous because it conceives itself better informed. It is present in the very air we breathe; it finds its way into the lightest publications; the novel and the journal vie with each other in its diffusion; short review articles, skilled in giving grace and piquancy to erudition, furnish it with arguments which appear weighty because they are so in comparison with the pleasantries of Voltaire. Such a condition of things is critical, and calls for grave and special consideration. If those who are convinced of the divinity of Christianity alumber on in false and fatal security, they must be prepared to pay dearly for their slothfulness; and the Church and mankind—which have need of each other—will pay dearly for it also. The voice of skepticism will alone be heard, and the

sweeping assertions of an unbelief—often more credulous than bigotry—will pass for axioms.

"There can be no doubt of the ignorance which extensively prevails, even among the highly cultivated, as to the nature and origin of Christianity. This is the newest of themes, because that which has fallen into deepest oblivion. We are persuaded that the best method of defense against the shallow skepticism which assails us, and which dismisses, with a scornful smile, documents, the titles of which it has never examined, is to retrace the history of primitive Christianity, employing all the materials accumulated by the Christian science of our day; for it must be well understood among us that there is in truth such a thing as Christian science in the nineteenth century. Those who have taken upon themselves, during the last few years, to initiate other countries into the scientific movement of Germany, have only brought into view one side. The other side deserves a like publicity; and as this very subject of the early history of Christianity has been treated with a marked predilection by the greatest Christian divines of our age, we are bound, in approaching it, to remember their labors, and profit by all the treasures their patient researches have amassed."

ANNA LAVATER; *A Picture of Swiss Pastoral Life in the Last Century.* By Rev. W. Lietke, Pastor of the Parochial Church, Berlin. Translated by Catharine E. Hurst. 16mo. Pp. 226. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

This is another very neat little volume, and an excellent piece of Christian biography. It is a faithful and simple portrait of a true Christian woman. "In both her character and labors she resembled that pleasant lake which flowed near her home, and which, though it does not equal the majesty of many of the surrounding lakes, which are inclosed by lofty Alpine peaks, yet excels them all by the attractiveness and loveliness of its unsurpassable banks. Beautiful and peaceful as is that lake, with its magnificent surroundings, not less so, in the adornment of faith, appears the life of that Zurich woman to the believing and thoughtful observer." She was the wife of Rev. Dr. Lavater, the pastor of a Swiss parish in the last century, who spent his life in the service of the Reformed Church. He was an indefatigable laborer, and his wife was a most exemplary helpmeet. Two more congenial souls were never before knit together as man and wife.

CONSECRATED TALENTS; *or, the Life of Mrs. Mary W. Mason.* With an Introduction by Bishop Janes. 12mo. Pp. 285. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

No name of authorship appears on the title-page, but the Introduction informs us it was prepared by filial hands. The subject of this biography was well worthy of embalment in this beautiful form, for the volume is very neatly executed. She was for many years an active, laborious Christian in New York city, and one who exhibited in her daily life and ex-

perience the highest and most blessed things provided for us in the Gospel of our Lord, and who was a pattern in her godly activities of the great good that may be accomplished by an earnest and consecrated Christian woman. Bishop Janes well says in his Introduction: "These personal histories are an essential part of the general history of the kingdom of God in the earth. What would a history of the Israelites be with the character and acts of Moses left out? How could a true and philosophical history of the primitive Church be written without stating the conversion of Saul: how Mary chose the good part? how the Lord opened the heart of Lydia? how the dying Stephen saw Jesus? or how Aquila and Priscilla expounded unto Apollos the way of God more perfectly? how Paul and Christian women labored in the Gospel at Philippi? how the apostle sent his salutation to the beloved Persis, which labored much in the Lord? Leave personal experience and personal effort, individual character and individual actions out of Methodism, and what would be left?" Whoever will read this sketch of an experienced Christian and an earnest worker for Christ, will be a wiser and better man or woman.

THE LADY PREACHER; *or, the Life and Labors of Mrs. Hannah Reeves.* By the Rev. George Brown, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 343. Philadelphia: Daughaday & Becker. Springfield, O.: Methodist Publishing House.

Mrs. Reeves was the wife of Rev. Wm. Reeves, D. D., of the Methodist Church, a woman of remarkable powers and blessed with great success in preaching the Gospel. She seems to have been a "gifted, pious, zealous, popular, and laborious preacher," her labors extending from 1819 to 1863, and reaching to England, Canada, and the United States. She preached at camp-meetings, quarterly and protracted meetings, in city stations, on the circuits, at church dedications, and on the outskirts among the poor. Wherever she preached the crowd attended her ministry. "She stood erect in the pulpit, with a pleasant, open countenance, calm, self-possessed, and apparently without the fear of man. She made but few gestures, and they were graceful. Her voice was full, round, and clear. Her articulation was remarkably distinct. Her preaching was plain, pointed, pathetic, and generally full of holy unction. She made no effort at adornment or display. All her figures and illustrations were natural, free, and easy. Her eye appeared to be single to the glory of God and the salvation of perishing sinners." The author, Dr. Brown, pleads the case of this lady preacher well. He says: "I am aware that I am treading on new ground, for in most of the churches female preaching is a novelty, not allowed by the ruling ecclesiastical authorities in our day. But to remove all objections out of the way, as far as possible, it may be well to remember that this lady preacher did not ambitiously aspire to the high places of the Church, or seek any position that would give her ruling authority or dominion over men. She never sought ordination, or the right to administer the

sacraments, or to have a seat in the quarterly or Annual Conferences. Her only wish, claim, or desire was to be a teacher of the Christian religion, a preacher of the Gospel, leaving all official ecclesiastical matters to the male portion of the Church. And for this great work of preaching the Gospel, the volume now presented to the public will show that she had many rare qualifications."

THE MANUSCRIPT MAN; or, The Bible in Ireland. By Miss E. H. Walshe. Eleven Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 282. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This is a very interesting little volume, and will attract the attention of both old and young. It is a republication from the London Religious Tract Society, and is from the pen of an eminently pious Irish lady, lately deceased. Its object is thus stated in one of her letters: "I have tried to produce a faithful and in no wise exaggerated picture of the religious state of my poor country people. Most of the incidents are from life, and for every statement I have authority." Incidentally it illustrates the insufficiency of the Roman Catholic faith, as now held and taught, to give comfort and moral power to its believers. It also shows the bitterness with which a class of Papist priests meet the attempts of Christians to give the Bible to the people.

POEMS. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. 16mo. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Somehow one can tell immediately when he is in contact with a genuine poet. One does not need to drink a whole cask of wine to determine its flavor. The very first poem in this volume, "The Blessed Damozel," wins you, and you pronounce its author a genuine poet; the second, third, and fourth confirm your judgment, and by this time your interest is en-

listed, and you read on, scarcely awaking from the delicious feast till you find yourself half through the book. Gabriel Rossetti has all the gifts of the true poet, and is destined to be as distinguished in this department as he has already become as a painter. Passion, imagination, creative power, tenderness, and pathos are all here, and they are under the direction of a pure mind, controlled and limited by a Christian spirit. Every poem has that easy, spontaneous flow which is found only in the productions of real genius, and that mysticism in thought expressed in clear and striking symbols which is the charm of real poetry.

THE WOMEN OF ISRAEL. By Grace Aguilar. Two Volumes. 12mo. Pp. 270, 336. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

These are the concluding volumes of the Appletons' beautiful edition of Grace Aguilar's works, and we would count them among her best. They recount, in most fascinating style, the histories of illustrious Jewish women from the days of Eve to the dismemberment of the Jewish nation by the Romans. It will be observed, however, that no mention is made of the women of the New Testament; of course it is known that Grace Aguilar was a Jewess and adhered to the faith of her fathers. Yet nothing is said in these admirable volumes against Christianity; she simply passes it by, her attention being limited to the history of her own race and name. Still the "women of Israel" belong to us as well as to the Jew; we have a longer list than Grace Aguilar, but her list is ours as far as it goes. Her sketches of these noble women are of the highest order, thoughtful, appreciative, well-studied, and written in a style that few can equal. We can heartily commend these volumes to our readers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

REVOLUTIONS.—History makes itself so rapidly in our day that it requires the daily paper to keep within sight of its rapid evolutions; in vain does the monthly magazine attempt to preserve a contemporaneous record. The changes of a month make volumes of history; we describe the aspect of things to-day, yet even before our lines can reach our readers the whole phase is changed, empires have passed away, governments have been revolutionized, cities have been overwhelmed, and thousands of helpless victims have been hurled into eternity. At this hour conquering Prussia seems to be marching steadily on to the complete subjugation of France. A vast army of 400,000 men, flushed with conquest, surrounds the proud city of Paris, and is ready to dictate terms of peace to a nation that only six weeks before declared war, and boastfully avowed its purpose to

overrun and desolate Germany. Surely God is higher than the nations, and his purposes are sure and inevitable. The world simply looks on with amazement, astonished at the rapid success of the Prussians and the stupendous overthrow of the French. "We are living, we are moving, in a grand and awful time."

Frenchmen still seem to be infatuated, and unwilling to listen to the terms of the conqueror. Paris most probably must undergo a siege. Paris has a great debt of crime yet to pay for; she has been for generations a wicked, God-defying city; perhaps the time of her desolation is at hand. And yet the mind shudders at the thought of so great a city undergoing siege and bombardment—a city of two million inhabitants, ornamented and enriched by all that centuries of industrious accumulation could

create. Indications also thicken that there is growing excitement and danger within the walls; the criminal classes are becoming desperate and breaking out with ungovernable license. God only knows what lies before the proud, wicked city, drunk with its own debaucheries and mad in its infidelity and godlessness.

What will be the final result of this bloodshed and carnage no human acumen can foretell. America would be ready to rejoice in the establishment of a genuine republic of France, strong enough to maintain order at home, and to defend itself against despotic neighbors. We confess, however, that we have but little hope from the present revolutionary government. France, we fear, must be taught many lessons yet before she will be ready for a republic. She must become more cool in blood; she must be less under the power of Roman Catholic hierarcha, and less subject to the subtle machinations of unprincipled Jesuits; she must have more virtue, more religion, less atheism, and more of the fear of God. It is the Son that makes men free, whether as individuals or as nations. Lawlessness is not freedom; licentiousness is not liberty. And yet the masses of Frenchmen have but little better notions of freedom than these. They create a republic in a single hour, and in an hour the same mob may destroy it. The Republic of 1870 simply presents many strong points of resemblance to the Republic of 1848. The present Republic was born just as former French republics were, and nothing short of a miracle can save it from their death. Yet our sympathies instinctively turn toward the people who struggle after freedom, though they may stagger and blunder in their efforts.

Our latest advices give us the terms proposed by Prussia; they are humiliating to France, they are severe on the part of Prussia. France resists and determines for war to the bitter end; Prussia is haughty in her victories and betrays somewhat the pride and arrogance of the conqueror. Paris, therefore, must stand a siege. What the end will be we must wait to see. God's providence is in it all, and he will surely make the wrath of man to praise him. In the mean time events of equally great social and religious importance are going on in other parts of Europe. A mortal man puts himself in the place of God, exalting himself above all that is called God, and his impious declaration is scarcely published to the world when God hurls him from his blasphemous seat, and sends him forth a beggar in the world. The Italian troops enter Rome, and the Eternal City forsakes her Pope, and his temporal authority perishes forever just as he arrogates to himself attributes almost divine! "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of the isles thereof be glad."

THE SIEGE OF STRASBURG.—Since the journey of Prof. Ansted through Alsace, a part of the account of which we give this month, that region has become the center of attraction to the civilized world. The tread of conquering armies has followed the steps of the peaceful traveler, and the desolations of war

have been wasting the beautiful plains, and towns, and cities of which the Professor writes. When he was there all was peaceful, prosperous, happy; quiet contentment characterized the people, and the traveler could leisurely study the wonders of nature and of art; now war holds its vast carnival over the whole territory. Among the illustrations that we present in that article is one of the famous cathedral of Strasburg, then standing in its unique beauty, but now battered, broken, and burned. The loss of this great cathedral is among the most lamentable results of the war thus far. It was one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe. It was founded A. D. 504. The choir was built by Charlemagne, probably about A. D. 800, though it was not completed until 1439. The material of which the cathedral is built is a brown stone, very much resembling Connecticut Portland freestone, so extensively used in Fifth Avenue, New York. It was obtained from a quarry at Wassebonne, in the valley of Couronne, a few miles from Strasburg. The architect of the existing edifice was Erwin von Steinbach, of Baden. One John Huelis, of Cologne, was the architect of the peerless tower. Its spire is the loftiest in the world. Its height, 466 feet, surpasses St. Peter's, and is about equal to that of the Great Pyramid. The greater part of the entire structure was destroyed by fire in 1007, and the restored edifice was begun in 1015 and completed in 1439. The cathedral is in every part richly decorated with sculptures; and the western front, rising to a height of 230 feet, is, or was, particularly fine with its wealth of statues, ornamental carvings, and bass-reliefs. It has a circular window forty-eight feet in diameter.

The astronomical clock, the product of a German clock-maker, in about the year 1550, is a marvel of ingenuity and mechanical skill, and has no counterpart. It performs not only the ordinary service of a clock, but exhibits the days, and the months, and the years; the process of the seasons; the signs of the zodiac, and the names and movements of the heavenly bodies. At each quarter of an hour an angel comes out and strikes one stroke on the bell; at every hour another angel comes and strikes twice; and at twelve, meridian, a figure of Christ appears, accompanied by the twelve apostles, all of whom move around a central point and pass in, out of sight, by another door, the stroke of twelve being given, and a cock flaps his wings and crows. The clock is enormous in size, like every thing else connected with the vast cathedral, and is invisible from the outside street—the spectator passing through the nave of the cathedral to see it. It has suffered from fire and violence before the present year, having been out of repair and motionless since the revolution of 1793, until the year 1842, when it was repaired by a watch-maker of Bas-Rhin, and has been in operation since. It is to be hoped that this ingenious piece of mechanism has not been irreparably injured by the present bombardment.

The loss of the Strasburg library—a vast collection of 800,000 volumes, including many collections of rare and curious monkish parchments—is total

and irreparable. It can never be replaced by any collection hereafter made. It was the slow result of a thousand years, and its destruction by fire, caused by the Prussian hot shot, is like the burning of the Alexandrian library in this, that of a great number of the works destroyed no duplicates can be obtained.

As we write the brave city still holds out, but probably before this reaches our readers it will be in the hands of the besiegers, and most of it in ruins. Our latest news says the siege still continues with unabated vigor. Four thousand Baden troops are working day and night in the third line of trenches, quite near the city, and under constant fire from the defenses. Over two thousand citizens have been killed. The scream of shells can be heard five miles. The beautiful cathedral is partly destroyed. There are now over five hundred cannon bearing upon the citadel, and forty thousand Baden troops ready to enter as soon as the walls are broken.

Over twenty thousand refugees are within the walls, suffering all the horrors of a bombardment. The fortifications are slowly burning. The Germans captured have their heads cut off and stuck on poles. One hundred Germans expelled from the city have been killed between the fires of the two parties. The city is in flames in twenty different places, and the rabble are pillaging the houses and destroying every thing they can lay hold of. There are daily thunder-storms, and the Rhine has risen, driving the inhabitants from the cellars. The people are fighting for places in the sewers to escape destruction from the shells poured by hundreds into the streets.

Six hundred citizens were buried by the falling buildings. Every night the horizon is starred for miles like a mimic sunset with the blaze of the Baden batteries. Horse flesh is the only meat to be obtained, and the inhabitants are on the verge of starvation. Awful scenes are witnessed. Many citizens are killed in bed, and the commander shoots at once all who talk of surrender. The mob is rioting nightly, and demanding the surrender. The city has not fired a gun since the 6th. It is under fire from three sides. The sluices which furnished the city with water are destroyed, thereby adding to the suffering of the people. It is known that two hundred thousand chassepots are stored in Strasburg. The immediate surrender is predicted. There are only seven thousand regular troops now in the city.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—This Society originated in the fact that our male missionaries in India, and to a great extent also in China, were confined in their efforts entirely to the male population, owing to their peculiar social system. Women alone can have access to the women of those countries, whose condition is far worse in every respect than that of the men; and until the women there are elevated and converted the progress of our mission work must be very slow.

For the proper working of this new field the ladies of our Church in the city of Boston organized the above-named Society on the 30th of March, 1869, with the hearty approval of the missionary authori-

ties. An appeal was issued inviting the co-operation of all Christian women. The response was prompt and cheering, and auxiliaries were formed in various parts of the country.

So rapid was its growth that a change of Constitution was necessary, creating, instead of one central society at Boston, six co-ordinate branches, as follows: 1. Boston, embracing all the New England States. 2. New York, embracing New York and New Jersey. 3. Philadelphia, embracing Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. 4. Cincinnati, embracing Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky. 5. Chicago, embracing Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin. 6. St. Louis, embracing Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota.

The central organ of administration is the General Executive Committee, consisting of the Corresponding Secretaries of the branch societies, and two delegates from each branch. This Committee meets annually.

During the year ending April 1, 1870, the Society raised \$7,000, one hundred and thirty auxiliaries were formed, two missionaries—Miss Isabella Thoburn, of St. Clairsville, Ohio, and Miss Clara A. Swain, M. D., of Castile, New York—were sent to India, and the "Heathen Woman's Friend" was established and is now self-supporting, as the organ of the Society. It is proposed to raise during the year ending April 1, 1871, \$20,000, and to undertake, besides the support of the two missionaries already in the field, the maintenance of the Girls' Orphanage at Bareilly, a hospital for women, the support of girls' schools, zenana work, Bible women in India and China, and the sending forward of more missionaries, one of whom sailed in September last for India.

The plan adopted to advance the interests of the Society is to enlist the services of the women of our Church. They can help by organizing auxiliary societies. These auxiliaries spread intelligence of mission work, deepen interest in the cause, and call out the needed funds. Wherever ten ladies can be found who are willing to give two cents each per week, or one dollar per year, an auxiliary can be formed, which will be a blessing to its members as well as to their heathen sisters perishing in the darkness of paganism.

DEATH OF A CONTRIBUTOR.—Mrs. Emmie L. Griffith, wife of Rev. T. M. Griffith, of the Philadelphia Conference, and daughter of the late Rev. David Beat, died August 14, 1870. Her sketches, stories, and reviews have frequently appeared in the Repository. We publish in this number the last article which came from her pen. She was converted in very early childhood, was educated in the "Wesleyan Female College," of Wilmington, Del., where she graduated with the highest honors of her class, and became the bride of an itinerant on Thanksgiving day, 1853. Having a tender conscience, an affectionate disposition, and a finely cultured mind, her life was a brief but happy one, and her death has left a void in a wide and loving circle of friends.

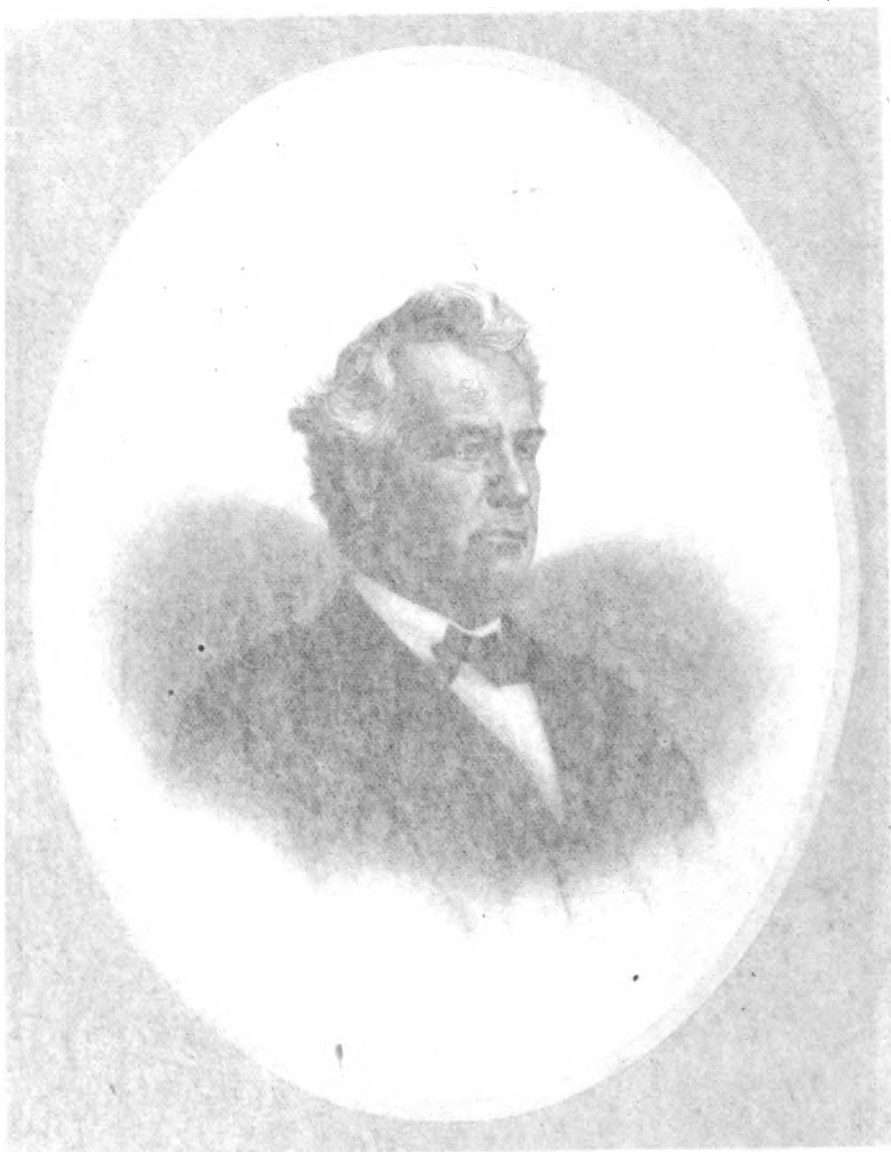


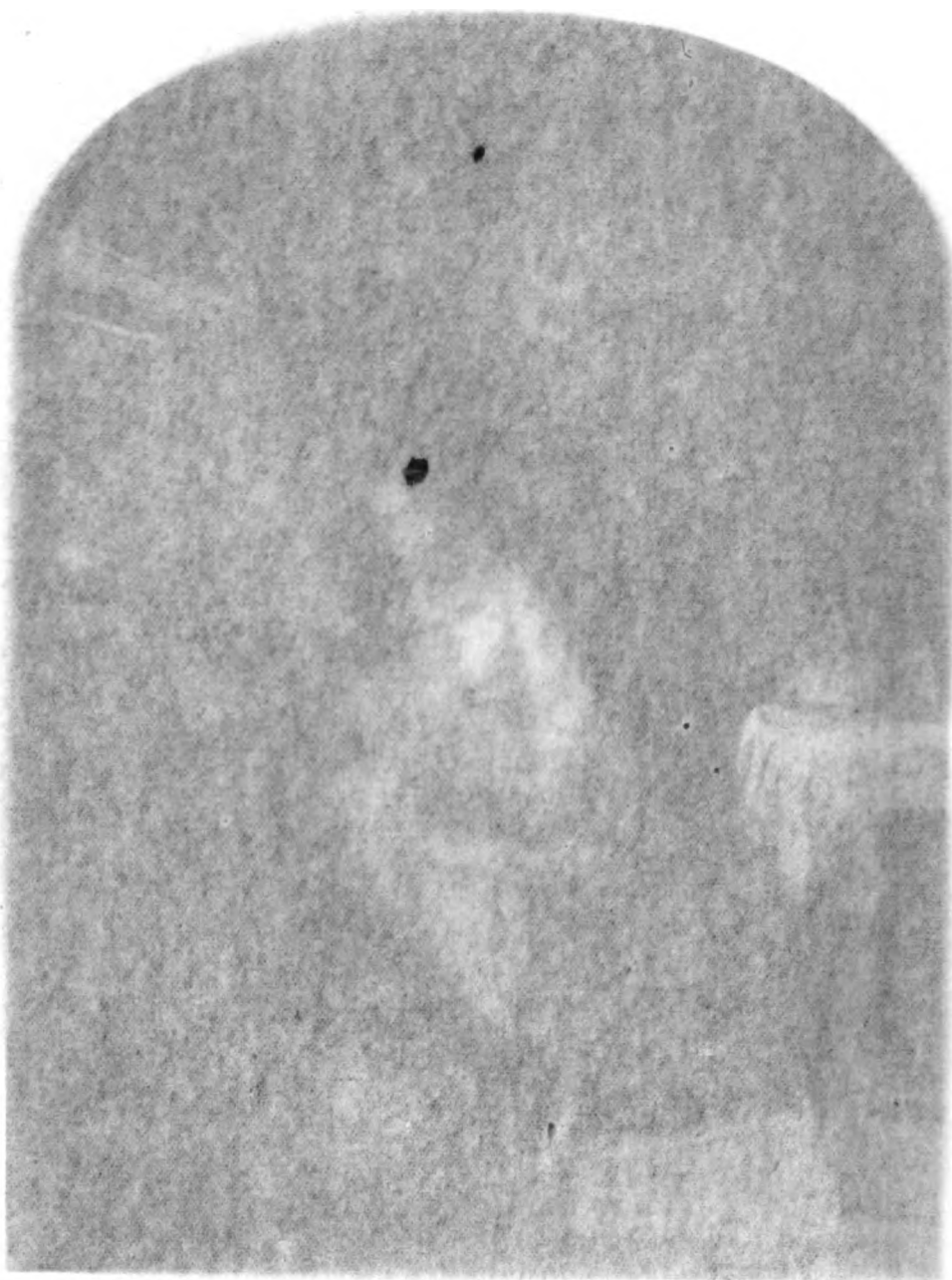
THE NURSING WOMAN.

By J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A. 1840.

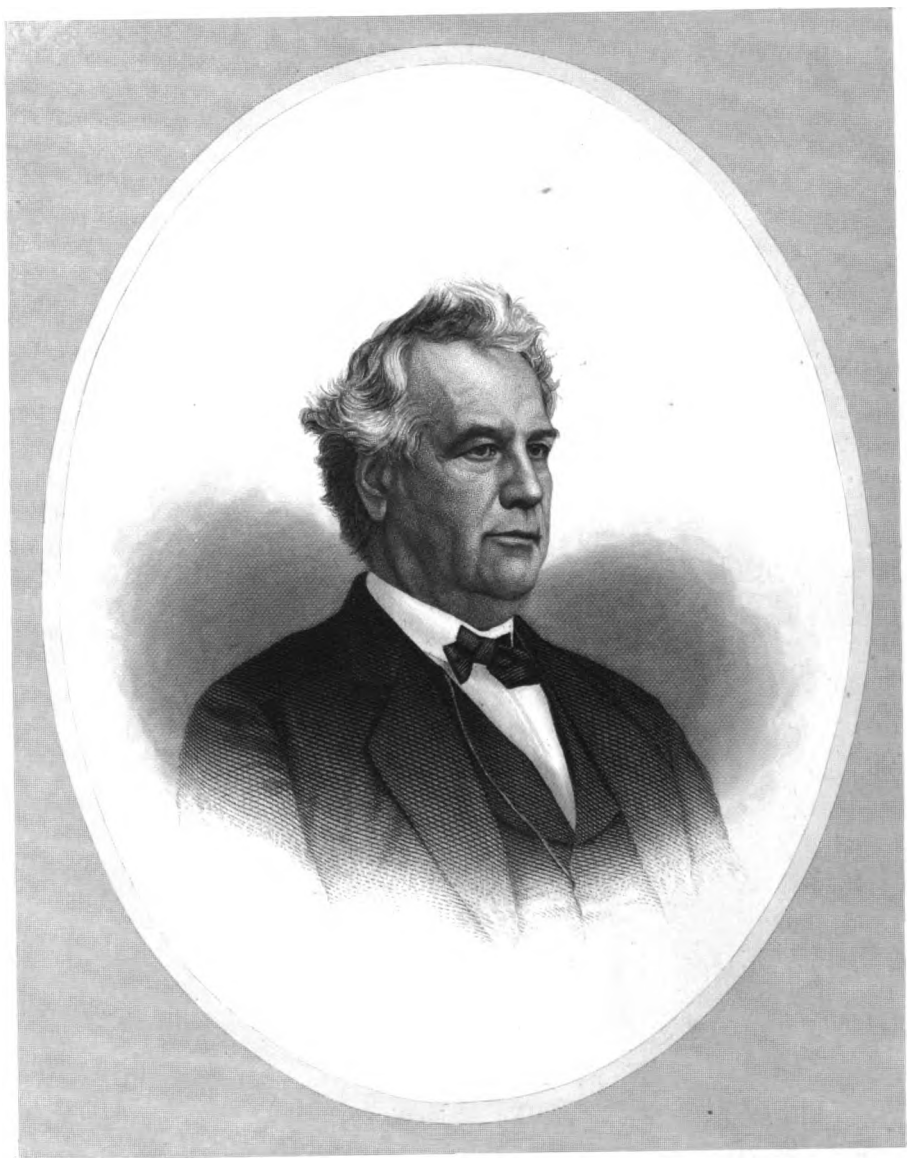
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DECEMBER.

MELANCHTHON.

IT was the 25th day of August, 1518. Unusual commotion was visible in the narrow streets and lanes of the old town of Wittenberg, in Saxony. Citizens in holiday attire, officials in their uniform of office, divines, professors, and students crowded through the streets at an early hour of the day. The center of attraction was the great lecture-hall of the University. The young Professor, who had lately been appointed, and who had arrived several days before, was about to deliver his inaugural address. For some time past expectation had been busy, and to-day the feeling of curiosity had reached its climax. The door in the rear of the hall is thrown open, and a small, attenuated, sharp-featured individual, wrapped in a voluminous coat, whose skirts reach to the feet, crosses the hall with hasty and timorous steps, and seats himself in the great lecture-chair. The hopes of the vast audience seem to have received a damaging shock; the unprepossessing appearance of the little man has aroused a feeling of disappointment among the multitude, and it is regarded as certain that the Elector has been mistaken in making the appointment; but when the little man arose from the chair, and his high and massive forehead, beaming with intellect, became apparent, and his deep-blue, large, and lustrous eyes, full of a noble and lofty spirit, shone full upon the multitude before him, a sudden change seemed to come over the hearts of all, rapidly transformed into an undisguised feeling of wonder and admiration as from his lips flowed, in unrivaled splendor of diction and power of eloquence, an address in Latin—the speaker was Melancthon. He spoke of the change for the better that was then taking place in the system of study, and

of the preference that should be given to the study of the classics, of Greek and Latin, believing that both Church and State would be benefited if these languages were more diligently and thoroughly made subjects of study. His graceful eloquence captivated all hearts; Luther himself, who was present, was in ecstasy; and his triumph to-day exceeded even the fame that had preceded him.

Philip Melancthon—as he had changed his German name Schwarzerd, “black earth,” into the more euphonious Greek—entered the University of Heidelberg in 1509, at the age of twelve years, and received the Baccalaureus degree two years later. Being refused the degree of Master, he entered Tübingen in 1512, where the coveted honor was conferred upon him in 1514. He was actively engaged as a public instructor at this time, receiving and accepting the call of the Elector of Saxony to Wittenberg in 1518, during his residence at Tübingen.

The profound learning and extraordinary intellectual power of Melancthon, as well as his stalwart defense of the principles of Protestant faith, soon procured him the degree of Baccalaureus of Theology, with a yearly salary of one hundred florins. This sum was increased to two hundred florins in 1526, to three hundred in 1536, and, finally, to four hundred florins in 1541. He never received more than the latter sum, and even this pittance was given him with reluctance. The title of Doctor of Divinity, however, he invariably refused to accept, although his contemporaries, including Luther, said of him: “We are indebted to Philip for all we know in science and philosophy; though but a simple master, he is a doctor above all doctors.”

Melancthon was never a preacher and min-

ister in the present meaning of those terms. It is said of him that he could never preach a sermon, as the presence of a whole congregation filled him with fear. Luther counseled him to take courage, and, as an experiment, to preach a sermon before a large collection of earthen pots, in lieu of an assemblage of listeners. This he did; but on attempting to preach his sermon in the presence of the congregation he failed most lamentably. Luther, who was among the auditory, exclaimed with a smile, "Come down, innocent lamb, and let me preach;" Luther mounts the pulpit and electrifies the Church with the thunders of his eloquence, but Melancthon descends with the remark, "Yes, but *heads* are not *pots*!"

The great Reformer was a very industrious man. He was constantly at work from two or three o'clock in the morning, until nine o'clock in the evening, both Summer and Winter, and with such intense application that every one feared his health was being seriously injured. The rougher Saxon fare, compared to the better table to which he had been used in Suabia, did not agree with him very well; in consequence of which he soon began to show signs of failing strength. The Elector, whose esteem for Melancthon was great, advised him to use moderation in the pursuit of his studies; he also surprised him with the present of a cask of excellent wine from his private cellar, accompanying the gift with a note calling Melancthon's attention to 1 Timothy v, 23: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

But Luther devised a better medicine than this for the ailing divine—*love*. He urged Melancthon to marry, believing, also, that by this means he would be able to keep Melancthon permanently at Wittenberg; but he received the proposal with dismay, and would not entertain it for a moment, as he feared that the new connections he would make in consequence, and the demands of the nursery, would seriously interfere with his beloved studies. However, after a great deal of controversy, and with evident reluctance, he consented to accept the destiny prepared for him. Luther sets out in quest of a bride for his reluctant friend, and does the necessary courting. The young lady chosen by Luther for his learned and timid friend was Catherine Krapp, the daughter of Hieronymus Krapp, Mayor of Wittenberg. She was of the same age as the bridegroom, twenty-three. Melancthon does not play the part of a tender-lover, as his thoughts are engaged but little with worldly affairs, preferring to dwell in the cold and distant realms of science and phi-

losophy, but he is, nevertheless, an accepted suitor. The fair bride is a sweet, tender, and pious little dove, and on the 28th day of August, 1520, the solemn marriage rites are performed, upon which occasion the happy bridegroom presents the fair dame, his "Katie," as he calls her, with a new gown. Of course his jovial friend Luther was present at the marriage feast, as one of the happiest of the invited guests. On the morning of the auspicious day Melancthon does not lecture before his class, but in his stead, upon the blackboard, appears the following laconic notice: "*A studiis hodie facit*," etc.; that is, "To-day Philippus allows pleasant recreation to take the place of study, and will not expound to you the divine teachings of Paul the apostle."

Melancthon's wife was a good woman, but of a timid and sensitive disposition, much given to tears and useless repinings, in consequence of which her husband's easily affected heart, instead of being cheered and quieted, was very often seriously depressed and agitated. Her health, too, was not of the best, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, that her superintendence of household affairs was faulty, and the wants of the wardrobe and kitchen negligently attended to. The style of living in Melancthon's house was of the plainest kind, quite in keeping with his small income, and the high price of the necessities of life prevalent at that period.

Melancthon's public lectures were mostly *gratis*, and he also gave pecuniary assistance to numbers of poor students—a generosity often sadly abused. The furniture of his house was extremely plain. In his room stood a queer kind of settee, scantily cushioned, answering also the purposes of a bed; a bench, table, and a few chairs, all of durable and massive construction, formed the greater part of the furniture. A few of the pupils of his private school took their meals at his table, and lived in the house, and occasionally a friend or visitor from a distance. At table he was fond of lively and witty conversation. "How do you like the wine?" we hear him ask, after having filled the glasses of his guests with some he had just received as a present from a friend; one of the guests answers dryly: "It is not bad." "O," replies the sensitive host, "that is not the way to praise good wine!" Again we find him, on a visit, at the house of an acquaintance. His host was lamenting the want of a greater number and variety of dishes at dinner, excusing his apparent want of hospitality with the haste in which the meal had been prepared; Melancthon replies pleasantly: "Truly your

excuse is greater than my stomach ; if our appetites every-where were as enormous as you seem to think, our Heavenly Father would have to provide an immense deal for the little world."

When Melanchthon and Luther walked out together it seemed as if father and son had met, Melanchthon's head barely reaching to his stalwart friend's shoulder. His face was haggard, his beard full and flowing, and his long hair curled gracefully. He stooped a little with one of his shoulders, a habit which many of his disciples imitated. His throat was always bare, with the exception of a small frill, and his usual habit was a long blue coat, made of common cloth, with full and very wide sleeves. At home he was often to be found clad in a long dressing-gown, a night-cap upon his head. For the purpose of keeping his body constantly warm he wore three linen shirts at a time, a habit he had learned of the celebrated Dr. Reuchlin.

Now and then we do not find our Melanchthon in his dwelling at the usual dinner hour ; we meet him and his wife comfortably seated at the table of their friend Luther, and in the company of a few other specially invited guests. Whenever a birthday is to be celebrated in Luther's family, "Master Philipp," of course, must not fail to be present. Conversation upon such occasions does not always flow in learned and philosophical channels, but its character is rather jovial and humorous. The worthy hostess, whenever it is possible, does not fail to wedge in a pleasant word or two between the learned and sonorous sentences of her lord and his friends. Surely it was pleasant to be an invited guest at Doctor Luther's table. His noble wife was an excellent cook ; the Doctor relished a glass of good wine, and always contrived to have it at his board ; innocent mirth, good humor, and a pure and chivalrous spirit were ever present upon such occasions, and what more could any one require ?

In 1524 Melanchthon left Wittenberg on a short visit to Bretten, his native place ; and one of the most affecting incidents in the life of the Reformer is his first meeting with his beloved mother, after a separation of over six years. He was accompanied upon his journey by Professor Nesen, of Wittenberg, Joachim Camerarius, his best and truest friend, whom he loved as a brother, and two of his pupils ; also Francis Burchard, of Weimar, and Johannes Silberborner, of Worms. The party traveled on horseback, and as their animals were none of the best, and the learned gentlemen who bestrode them neither bold nor experienced riders, the trip was accomplished very slowly,

and the cavalcade often gave occasion for much sport and laughter. In Frankfort, where Nesen remained, the party stopped but a short time, and hastened on toward the beloved land of Suabia. Melanchthon's heart throbbed with a thousand joyous emotions as he approached the familiar scenes of his childhood, and when, at last, he saw the gleaming spires and roofs of his native town, he sprang from his horse, overwhelmed with emotion, dropped upon his knees, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed, "O, my dear native earth, how thankful I am to my merciful Father in heaven, that he has permitted me again to see thee !" At last he gazes upon the dear old homestead in which, of yore, he had sat upon his father's knee, and lain upon the breast of his loving mother. But the father's spirit has been called away to the world above, and his dust is shrined with that of his ancestors, in the quiet little church-yard near by ; his mother comes forward and, with tears of joy and of grief, they rush into each other's arms, and fold each other in a close embrace ; it seems as if they would never part again. With joy that can not find utterance in words, the mother gazes upon her son, for while she has remained the same plain and secluded matron, her son, as a great scholar and celebrated divine, has risen to exalted honors. He left her a promising youth ; he returns to her a ripe and perfect man. In the child-like simplicity of her mind, she had steadfastly remained a good Catholic, and she had shaken her head distrustfully on being informed that her son not only espoused the new Protestant doctrine, but was industriously engaged in the work of spreading the antagonistic faith over the world. True, he attempted to explain to her the principles, and to enlighten her in regard to evangelical truths, but she clung persistently to the ancient Catholic dogmas, and his efforts in her case were unsuccessful.

Melanchthon remained at his mother's house, and his companions continued their journey. How astonished the worthy old lady was whenever distinguished personages from various parts of the country came to pay their respects to her gifted son, a matter of frequent occurrence ! Among the rest came Compegius, the secretary of the Pope's Ambassador, for the purpose of inducing Melanchthon to forsake the Protestant cause ; but Melanchthon was not a fragile reed that could be bent or broken ; he declared : "Whatever I have acknowledged to be the truth before the world, I will maintain without fear or reservation under all circumstances." Upon another occasion, a committee of professors arrived as a delegation from the

University of Heidelberg, to present him with a magnificently chased silver tankard, a gift of the students and teachers. With a heavy heart this distinguished man finally tore himself from the home of his childhood.

Notwithstanding the high esteem in which Melancthon was held, and the honors conferred upon him, his life was not one of unclouded sunshine. Heavy and dark clouds of sorrow passed over his heart, testing the strength of his mighty spirit. In the year 1540, while upon a journey to Weimar to attend a council of the Church, he was attacked with sudden and serious illness, which nearly proved fatal. Medical aid was instantly dispatched by the Elector, and Luther was sent for at Wittenberg. Melancthon eat and drank nothing, and his body had wasted to an alarming extent. Surprised at his condition, Luther exclaimed on seeing him, "This is Satan's attempt to destroy a servant and minister of the Almighty!" and by prayer and serious entreaty Luther, the best physician the sick man could have had, restored his friend. Melancthon's dangerous and sudden illness was caused by overpowering mental distress. The Marquis Philipp of Hesia had married two wives, both of whom were living; Melancthon had been induced to sanction the act, and the wily Prince, in order to justify his unlawful act, was about to publish his remorse-stricken friend's official approval. Luther was untiring in his efforts to save his afflicted friend; he says of himself: "I prayed to God incessantly in his behalf; imploring him to fulfill his promises; I would not be denied, and the Lord would not turn from me; he heard me, and granted the help I pleaded for." Melancthon himself acknowledges that if Luther had not come to his assistance he would have perished.

The heaviest blow of all, however, to the loving and sensitive heart of Melancthon was the death of Luther, in 1546. On the 23d of January, in that year, Luther left Wittenberg for Eisleben, and on that day these great men saw each other for the last time on earth. On the 18th day of February the great Reformer died. With him, for the period of twenty-eight years, Melancthon had been united in the closest bonds of friendship and intimacy; they had labored and suffered, battled and triumphed together in the common cause. On the 19th of February Melancthon received the news of his noble friend's death through Dr. Jonas. At nine o'clock in the morning of that day, he appeared at his usual place in the University, to lecture on Paul's epistle to the Romans. His eyes were red and swollen from weeping. He informs the assembled students of Luther's

death, and describes to them the incidents that occurred during the last days of his illustrious friend. Weeping, he exclaims, "I am so overwhelmed with sorrow that it is doubtful whether I will be able to perform my duties here in the future." After having given expression to his deep affliction in a short and touching address, he folded his hands, and implored the Divine aid in behalf of the Church. The students wept and sobbed like children, and it seemed as if the old walls of the University were conscious of the solemnity of the scene, and re-echoed the sounds of sorrow. The only faithful and beloved friend still remaining to Melancthon was Joachim Camerarius, who remained near him, and always accompanied him upon his journeys. Death had removed from his side nearly all of his old friends.

In 1547 we look upon a still darker picture in the eventful life of the distinguished Reformer. The Smalkaldian war, with all its horrors, began to be felt in the vicinity of Wittenberg, and the noise of battle re-echoed from the peaceful walls of the University. On the 6th of November the University was dissolved, and on the 9th, in the midst of a terrible snow-storm, professors, students, citizens, old men, women and children, fled from their homes in wild confusion. Melancthon, with his wife and children, was among the fugitives. He lost his valuable library, and nearly all of his other property, and wandered about the country, a homeless exile, often compelled to beg assistance from strangers. In this manner he came to Dessau, Zerbst, Magdeburg, Brunswick, Nuremberg, and other places; and yet, although himself struggling with adversity, and impoverished almost to beggary, we find him faithfully protecting the widow and children of Luther, over whom he had been appointed guardian, and who accompanied him in his flight. Through his efforts they found assistance and a refuge in Brunswick.

Toward the latter part of the year 1547, after the clouds of war had been dispersed, we find Melancthon again actively engaged in the performance of his former duties in Wittenberg.

Taking advantage of the opportunity afforded us by this period of tranquillity, let us observe Melancthon in the midst of his family, and in the quiet of his own fireside. Great men belong to the world, the entire human race constitutes their family, and the boundless sphere in which they labor, and the great attractions to which they are in consequence subject, leave them, usually, but little time to devote to the immediate concerns of their own family, and curtails, to a large extent, the enjoyment of

fireside sociality. Melanchthon's heart, however, was not so entirely engrossed by his public duties as to become oblivious to the calls of affection, and insensible to the higher duties of husband and father. He lived, as much as possible, in the bosom of his family; the home circle was to him the Church in miniature; his children were the little angels that ministered joy unto his soul and wafted over his heart the breath of heavenly peace.

As the great demands made upon him, in his functions as a public teacher, prevented him from devoting much of his precious time to the rudimentary education of his children, this duty was intrusted to his faithful servant John, and he was made their tutor. Not all of Melanchthon's children proved to be blessings to him; his eldest son, Philip, especially, was often refractory; nor did he inherit his father's excellent sense and noble spirit. As a student in Leipzig, at the age of nineteen, he was secretly married to a girl of that city, against the wishes of his parents, and in direct defiance of his father. Melanchthon's second son died at an early age. His oldest daughter, Annie, upon the contrary, was the perfect image of her father; she was very lovely, and of a quiet and amiable disposition; she was also possessed of rare talents and accomplishments, and an excellent Latin scholar. Melanchthon loved her above all his children. A touching anecdote is recorded of her, showing how tenderly she loved her father, and the devotion with which she clung to him. Melanchthon sat in his study; he had just received information that affected him deeply; some of his brightest anticipations had been suddenly eclipsed, some of his dearest hopes crushed forever. He wept. His little daughter ran, capering and laughing, into the room; on seeing her beloved father in tears she suddenly stopped; her large and beautiful eyes are turned meditatively upon her parent's face; gently she glides to the side of the weeper, and, pressing close against his knees, she endeavors to wipe the tears away from her father's face with her little apron. "Do n't cry, dear, dear father!" she exclaimed, her own eyes brimful of tears; "you know your little Annie can not bear to see you weep." In the embrace of his darling child the father forgot his grief. Upon another occasion the child had been absent from home for a longer period than was customarily allowed her; upon her return Melanchthon asked the little delinquent, "Well, what are you going to reply to your mother, who will give you a good scolding?" "Nothing," was the ready answer of the child, conscious of having done wrong. The reply of the child gave Melanchthon un-

common pleasure, and he often made use of it when his enemies attacked him with vituperations and reproach. "What shall I say to my enemies? I know—nothing, nothing at all!"

Annie Melanchthon was married in her fourteenth year to one of her father's former pupils, George Sabinus, a learned theologian and eminent Latin poet. He did not, however, appreciate his excellent wife, and his treatment of her was harsh; the connection proved to be an unfortunate one, and Annie soon died of a broken heart. Melanchthon's second daughter, Magdalena, also proved to be an excellent girl. She was married, in her nineteenth year, to Dr. Pencer, who was subsequently appointed physician to the Elector of Saxony. She was the mother of ten children, many of whom were raised in Melanchthon's house, where Annie's children, also, received their education. As a follower of Calvin, Dr. Pencer was greatly persecuted, and languished in prison twelve years. Some of the Doctor's descendants are living in Weimar.

The faithful family servant, John, an amiable Suabian, Melanchthon treated, in all respects, like one of his own children, and enjoyed his unbounded confidence. He was the Reformer's agent in all business affairs, and a general manager of the household, with which he had been connected for thirty-four years. When Melanchthon was absent in journeys he corresponded with John in Latin. We are led to believe from this, and from the fact that he assisted his master in his clerical duties and gave instruction to his children, that John was an educated man, and that he acted in the capacity of a *famulus*, a class of individuals often found residing in the houses of scholars and literary men of that day.

Urged by his love for the young, and the desire to teach them, and also, partly, by the necessity that required the use of all means likely to insure an increased income, Melanchthon had established an academy in his house, over which he presided for the period of ten years. How kind and assiduous he was in caring for the wants of his pupils appears from the contents of a letter written by him to the parents of one of his pupils. He tells them to forward five dollars, and he would take care that their son should not suffer in consequence of his parents' poverty: he would maintain him. Many of the pupils ate at their master's table. One of them was always made to preside at the table; he was entitled the "King of Poets," and this precedence and honorary title was always conferred upon the pupil who had written and recited the best poem during

an examination. Another pupil, chosen by Melancthon, was made a kind of mentor, or overseer of the house, and to him was given the title, "King of the House."

Melancthon took a deep interest in these youths, accompanying them in their excursions, and allowing them to act Greek and Latin dramas before select and invited audiences. The prologues to the plays were written by Melancthon.

Although equally great as the Reformer of the Church, the schools, and of science, and far in advance of his times, Melancthon was not entirely free from the prejudices which so remarkably characterized the age in which he lived. He firmly believed in the existence of a visible and corporeal Satan, and regarded astrology as a true and wonderful science. Like the celebrated Wallenstein, he read his destiny in the stars. Upon one of his journeys with Luther they occupied a frail country vehicle, scantily furnished with a few bundles of straw. Driving rapidly along the brink of a deep ravine, Luther suddenly exclaimed, "Philippus, what a pleasure it would be to Satan were it in his power to tumble us over this precipice and break our necks at the bottom!" Melancthon, with a smile, acknowledged the truth of his friend's remark.

In the year 1560, while returning from Leipzig to Wittenberg, Melancthon was taken ill with fever. Although he did not allow his illness to prostrate him completely at first, and attended to a majority of his usual duties as before, he, nevertheless, anticipated his approaching end; the constellation of the stars, also, seemed to announce his death to him from the depths of the eternal skies. As his debility increased, he remarked to his friend Camerarius, who had been sent for, "I desire to go hence, and be with Christ." On the 17th of April an improvement in his condition seemed to have taken place, and his friend Camerarius returned to Leipzig. They never met again. Melancthon's illness rapidly increased. A large map was suspended near the bed upon which he lay; he gazed upon it attentively for a while, and, turning round, he said with a smile, "Virginidus, the Astrologer, once prophesied that I would be wrecked upon the ocean; I am not far distant from it now." He meant the ocean that was painted upon the chart. On the 18th of April, as his strength began to fail more and more, he desired that a camp or traveler's bed should be placed for him in his study. As he lay down upon it he said, "This bed is suited to the wants of a traveler; perhaps I will begin my long journey upon it."

Thereupon he called his daughter and his grandchildren to his bedside, blessed them, and made all the necessary arrangements in regard to his temporal affairs, and quietly commended his soul into the hands of his Maker. On the following day, the 19th of April, 1560, Melancthon expired. To the last moment of his life his greatest solicitude was the harmony of the Church. To the question of Dr. Pencer whether he desired any thing more, he answered, "Nothing but Heaven!"

While Melancthon lay struggling with the pangs of death the professors and students of Wittenberg assembled in their chapel to pray for their dying friend, and the entire city wore an aspect of profound mourning. About seven o'clock in the evening the struggle was over—Melancthon had ended and triumphed. After his death many of the citizens of Wittenberg came to kiss the pale forehead, and to embrace for the last time his hallowed remains. He was buried upon the 21st day of April. A procession of many thousands followed his coffin to the grave, and not a dry eye was to be seen in all that vast multitude as the earth closed over the dust of the immortal Melancthon.

A SPRIG OF HEMLOCK;
OR, WHAT ONE SCHOOL-MA'AM DID.

(CONCLUDED.)

"**T**WENTY years ago I was junior preacher on this circuit under brother N. The circuit was much larger and took in the village of M. My superior concluded to establish a school at M., and engaged Miss Markham, then a recent graduate of the celebrated academy at S., in Vermont, as lady preceptress. There she taught two years, giving great satisfaction and winning hosts of friends. It was then I was most attracted to her, though I have known her better since, and really have appreciated her more highly. It was somehow rumored that she intended to remain only one or two years at most. At the end of the two years brother N. gave up his school, and although the citizens of M. tried hard to induce Miss Markham to continue it, she refused and engaged herself to teach the school in the district where we found her. There was at that time something very singular and yet interesting about her manner. She was not exactly melancholy and absent-minded, but apparently some great sorrow or perplexity disturbed her. She avoided society in part, and yet was the particular friend of the neglected and afflicted. At this time she told me how homesick she had been for the

sight of the dear, fresh evergreen hemlocks on the hills and mountains of old New Hampshire; and she declared that as soon as Winter set in she intended to send for some to be sent to her, to see once more, and try the experiment of planting them here in Southern Illinois.

"O," said she one day, 'it does sometimes seem that I shall die if I can not see a hemlock-tree, or at least a green branch of one!'

"I had never seen that tree, and I inquired what sort of a tree it was.

"I'll show you," said she, and took from her pocket a Testament, saying, 'Here is a withered sprig of the hemlock which I sometimes look at. You can see the graceful form of the twig and the slender, shining leaves, and smell its life-inspiring odor; but the beauty is all departed.'

"She had opened the book and taken out a paper containing a small branch—dried and brown—and was handing it to me. I saw the hand tremble only a little as I reached to take it. Just then she remembered that she had agreed to go a nutting with a little boy and girl who were waiting. She gave me the book and I saw her no more for the day. I looked at the withered leaves, and when I saw how carefully it had been preserved I wondered if it had not some other meaning to her and altogether different from what it would have to another. But to go on with her history. That Autumn she came, as I said, to teach school in this district. She went to board with the Mrs. R. whose cabin so delighted you, and when Winter came she received a package of small hemlock-trees and other New Hampshire firs, and planted them with the tenderest care. From her friends in M. she got honeysuckles and roses when Spring came, and she and Mrs. R. set about planting them. Before the next Fall the beauty of her work began to appear. Miss M. was an enthusiast, and she drew Mrs. R. into her own spirit. They induced the men on the farm to make palings and set the posts for a fence around the house, and the women nailed them on for themselves. The wood-pile soon went in private quarters behind the house, and so did the feeding-ground for the hogs. Flowers sprang up, such as could be most easily cultivated and were showy—poppies, coreopsis, marigolds, and a few dahlias. Morning-glories and even beans climbed the sides of the cabin and made it a bower of greenness and fresh grace. At the end of two years, during which her home was with Mrs. R., that cabin was the envy of all the neighborhood. Miss M. then taught a school in another district, and there also she went like Ceres, and wherever her footsteps fell

there flowers sprang up. She took up her residence there with Mr. C.—his house is in sight yonder—and there evergreens and roses, honeysuckles and flowers almost hide the house, and seem to load it too heavily to enable it to stand. They have just such another school-house in that district as in this."

"I should like to know how she went to work to make children take care of flowers and vines about a school-house," said I.

"And I asked her one day," he answered. "She laughed and said 'she did not know, unless it was, as an Irishman would speak, that she worked by doing nothing.' In the old log school-house, where she first began to teach, there was not a window nor a desk. The seats were slabs, and so were the writing-tables; and all had been cut with boys' knives, and were too dirty to be decent. She never said a word about new ones and very little about cleanliness. She herself was always neat, and always contrived to inspire the children with her own spirit. In Summer the house was made cheerful by green branches, and in Winter by berries of the wahoo. There was the strangest contrast seen by all, and the people almost at once and unanimously declared that such a school-house was really too bad for use. She did not go round the district complaining and arguing, but kept herself neat, and the school orderly, and the children at work in Summer to plant trees and flowers, till the public conscience could stand it no longer. In fact, the trim, tasteful school-mistress and the tidy, cheerful children looked as much out of place in the dark old log-cabin of a school-house, as pearls in the ooze of the ocean, and the citizens determined to build something fit for her and her scholars. So when the next year she was hired to teach here again she found this school-house. The vines have grown since then and the trees."

"What made her example a greater power with these settlers in the woods and prairies was her general ability to do every little duty which the neighborhood needed. She knew all about chicken-pox, and measles, and whooping-cough, and was the best maker of herb-teas, and gruels, and broths for the invalids, as well as the best nurse for the nervous and irritable sick during the weary night hours. She could doctor an ailing chicken, or turkey, or duckling, or even a pig, better than any woman or man in the settlement; and could even tell the boys a good deal more than their fathers could about traps for coons and quails. She knew how to find hickory-nuts, and a squirrel might escape a hunter as easily as her. If she had been

bred in the woods she could not have known these arts better. And then she was so kind in sickness and affliction. If any child was sick or had a broken arm, Miss M. was there first and oftenest, and her soft hand on the throbbing temples, and her steady voice, so gentle and true, to sound in the ear, often did more to heal than unskilled doctors to destroy. The whole neighborhood, at length, came so to admire her and all her whims, that one ill-natured man once remarked that the people here all believed Miss M. was the only god in the universe. And yet nobody ever thought of her as obtrusive. There was not the slightest demonstration about her. You would as soon have thought of the action of the southern breeze being demonstrative and laboring for effect. She was always in her place and at work about what always seemed her own business, just as the air and sunlight are; and no one really was disposed to praise her for it or to think she had done it. Yet every house grew into the fashion of her mind and every child became more and more like her in unselfishness."

"I see," said I, "there was deep art in all this."

"Just as there is in rain and sunshine," replied G. "And I do not believe she ever cherished the remotest thought of moving others to imitate her or improve the settlement. She simply went about her duty. Her whole acting was unconscious, unstudied, unsuspected, and, therefore, unresisted and irresistible. If she had said to herself, 'Now I am going to revolutionize this settlement and bring beauty out of confusion,' do you not suppose she would have betrayed her benevolent designs in a manner often offensive to all, and thus would have provoked opposition?"

"Very likely," I replied, "for I have seen benevolent people act so as to say plainer than words, 'We have come down to you poor deluded sinners in the plenitude of our graciousness and self-sacrificing benevolence to do great kindnesses. We do not expect any return of gratitude, but we do mean to discharge our duty.' And when I have seen this I have rarely seen any good done. The various benevolent agencies of our country ought to have almost destroyed vice, it would seem, by this time; at least they have made efforts enough. But they stoop down and inform the wretched that they mean to raise them."

"There, there," cried G., "do n't stop my story to make way for your train of philosophizing. You can go on with all that in your sermon this evening, or after you go to bed.

But just now I am on the track and I can not afford to be switched off. When your hearers get sleepy you may give them 'divine philosophy' all they deserve. But I, who am telling a 'true tale,' which carries its own moral and impresses its own philosophy, do not merit such a boring as that."

"I have sinned," said I, "but while I beg pardon, let me ask what is philosophy good for if it does not start from a ground of fact? and what is a fact worth if it does not start a train of reflections? Go on, I will be as quiet as a child that is weaned."

He continued: "Of course one so kind in health and so useful in sickness—so wise in counsel and so ready in action—so full of love every-where, and so unpretending and unexact-ing—could not fail to be popular with the children, and mothers and fathers, and especially with the grandmothers. She excited no jealousy, for she was not pretty, and never demanded attention. But her fresh health, and expressive eyes, and honest spirits, carried the force both of beauty and sprightliness. She was perfectly natural and never knew it; good-natured and never suspected it; generous and just, yet never thought of it; really fascinating, and never dreamed it. Many offers of marriage came to her, or, rather, would have come, had she not been shrewd enough to ward them off. Indeed, she carried herself so that a man would as soon have thought of proposing matrimony to a nun as to her. Her best friends occasionally thought they discovered traces of some sad disappointment about her, but they never saw her despondent or misanthropic. When she first came to the country it was hinted that two years was all she would remain; and the longing which, during those two years, she felt for the hemlocks of New Hampshire, gave color to a suspicion that she was engaged to be married. But time wore on; she came down here to teach; she brought the hemlocks here, and every year adds to their number, and she has never seen the hills of New Hampshire since her departure, twenty years ago."

"Did you say the church back yonder was her work?"

"Yes. And the two school-houses we have seen, and, indeed, the whole beauty which has so ravished your heart to-day in all these improved landscapes."

"But how came she at last to marry our doctor brother back there, whose sister cooked such a dinner for us?"

"I do n't know. He is one of the best of men. His first wife and Miss M. were everlasting friends, and she had boarded in his

family for some five years. It was a very proper thing indeed. But why do you ask the question? Has not a good woman a right to marry without being called on by a stranger like you to give a reason for it?"

"Of course she has. But I can not help feeling that one who has done as much good as she, and in the way she has, ought to be the Lord's bride, and never marry. But I have another reason for my sorrow at her marriage. Now do n't think I am depreciating Dr. L., who gave us such a dinner. A man who knows how to pick out such turkeys, and prairie fowls, and pigeons from the wild flocks of the woods, and who makes such bountiful cheer for Methodist preachers, deserves the best woman in Southern Illinois; and it rather seems to me that he has been rewarded fully up to his very enlarged deserts. Did you not hear Mrs. L. inquire of me for my old college friend, Professor P.? And do n't you remember that I told you her maiden name?"

"Yes; but what of that?"

"Exactly this, and no more now. Professor P. is a bachelor to this day at forty-eight, and she ought to be a maiden still at forty."

"Then you did know her, although you have twice said you did not?"

"Never saw her till to-day, and yet P. had made me acquainted with her fully twenty-five years ago."

"How? Please to explain."

"Very briefly, then. P. and I were the most intimate of friends in college, and had almost literally all things in common—"

I was going on to say more, but just at this moment a friend of G. came up, going to quarterly-meeting. We dropped the subject of our conversation; only for a time, however. For the stranger—a Judge B. and a Methodist—soon began to contrast the circuit of to-day with that of twenty years ago, when G. first traveled it.

"Well, you were right," said he to brother G., "and I was wrong when we talked about the new school-ma'am from New Hampshire, as we called her twenty years ago. You said she'd civilize us all. And I said she'd starch us all so stiff that we'd break in two if we undertook to even make a bow. But she's gone and done it. We've got the best church on the district, and the best two school-houses in the county, and if you'll find a prettier settlement in Illinois, then I'll own wrong again. And such a set of women as we have round here creation do n't see any wheres else, I tell you. You said she'd do it, and she's done it, and no mistake. And then she do n't seem to

know it at all. But I tell you Dr. L. is a lucky fellow, always. Now, you wanted to marry her, but I do n't believe you dared to ask her."

"And if he had asked her twenty years ago she would not have consented to marry him," I interposed.

"Then you have known her, have you? Well, you knew one mighty good woman, and I tell you the man who knows a real good woman 'knows something' worth the knowing, and Mrs. L. is the best woman I ever knew; she has made us all."

G. laughed outright and said, "Did I not tell you that these people thought Mrs. L. was the god who made them?"

"But we did n't all think so always," said the Judge. "She had a pretty hard time of it for a few years, I tell you. She got a mighty many pretty round cursings, generally behind her back though; for there never was, I reckon, but one man who durst to tell her to her face that her ways were n't right. And that was Jerry Short. He was killed in the Rebel army last month; and he told me, after it was over, that he never was so beat out in all his life. He was a rough customer, especially when he had whisky inside; and he went to tell her that the people were n't agoing to put up with her new-fangled Yankee notions o' teaching, and stuffing up the scholars about new books, and all that. And he said she listened to him, telling his story and cussing and swearing, just as meek as a lamb; and he went on till he began to think she would n't say a word for herself. But after a bit she stopt him, as soft as if she was speaking to a king. Then she began to ask questions that he could n't answer. And she kept on till he was so shamed he did n't know how to hold his head up. He said, next day, of all the women he ever saw, she *was* the beater. It somehow got noised about what she'd said to Jerry, and people did n't like her any the worse for it. But she soon got us all into her team; and now we let her drive just about where she likes; and if she do n't drive us all to heaven it won't be her fault, you may bet."

"Yes," said G., "she does manage things in her own way now, and do n't seem to try either. But I did pity her a great many times twenty years ago, when she was trying to do good, and almost every body blaming her, secretly, for it."

"Why is it," said I, falling into a train of thought I had attempted some time before, "why is it that a bad man teaches his evil so much sooner than a good man can teach his virtue? Now I will venture to affirm that if a rascal had come to this settlement twenty years

ago, and had tried to induce the people to drink and gamble, he would have been, in a month, the most popular man in the region; while Miss Markham was for years, as the judge says, looked on with suspicion and very commonly distrusted."

"There would n't have been any need, twenty years ago, of teaching folks round in these settlements to drink, or gamble, or swear, or a mighty many other pretty mean things, you may bet," replied the judge.

"I suppose," said G., turning to me, "there is a reason for what you say. Men somehow seem to feel that when you try to teach them any thing good, you are implying their inferiority; while if you attempt to teach them evil you seem to imply that they are better than you. Teachers of wickedness then come round, as we say, on the blind side of men with a very seductive kind of flattery, assuming the superiority of those whom they approach; but teachers of virtue and goodness must practically go to their fellow-men with what seems a humiliating condemnation of the characters of those whom they would benefit, and must at the same time appear to be better than they. These advantages of vice and disadvantages of virtue are by no means small in practice. They are not usually noticed, and, therefore, are very commonly ignored. If good men, and especially preachers, understood them, perhaps they would make far better progress in their work, and so of benevolent societies."

"Good," cried I; "here you are running into a train of philosophizing for which you rebuked me a while ago. Now it is my turn to protest."

"Protest and rejoice in it," said he; "I am through with my remarks. The judge has the floor."

"Any how," said he, resuming, "Mrs. L. rules this settlement, and folks nowadays sort o' love to own it. Why, over there in Hemlock district, as we call it, they give her eighty dollars a month to teach this Winter, and there are plenty of men would teach the school for fifty. Things have worked round—"

At this time we fell in with another man on horseback, going to the same meeting, and that ended our talk about Mrs. L., the school-ma'am, but it did not end my thinking. Professor P., and the hemlocks, and the old academy at S., and Mrs. L., and her maiden name, would keep up a dance in my mind in spite of all I could do. I think these thoughts spoiled my evening sermon. I intended to ask G. still more about her, but the pressing invitations of friends to spend a night with them separated us, and no

opportunity came. I could not drop the subject. I was sure I had known more of her and her history at some time, but what I could not recall. When I reached home the affair still puzzled me. One day a sudden reminiscence of an old diary, which I had kept very conscientiously during my college days, flashed into my mind. "I have it now," I said, "I used to have long talks with P. about every thing under the sun, and I set down some of them, and there I shall find something. Why did n't the old diary come up before?" I went directly to a very dusty pigeon-hole and soon had a manuscript. I turned back to a date twenty-six years before, and there was a sprig of hemlock, very small, originally fastened on the page by gum, but now loose, moths having eaten the gum away, and these words written in very much faded ink:

"October 29, 184—.—This evening I had a very confidential conversation with P. I began it by speaking of the value of the letters I was receiving weekly from home, and from other correspondents; saying, among other things, that I really believed I should grow as lazy and as vicious as two of our fellow-students, whom I named, were it not for those letters. He at first rallied me about 'a fair correspondent,' and then, as he always does when such subjects are approached, became serious, and said, 'I tell you, Allyn, all my hopes for this life are centered on one who wrote that letter,' showing a faint pink envelope superscribed in a childish hand with his name. 'I know she is a mere child, but all her thoughts have an odor of wisdom and goodness as rare as it is noble. In this letter she has sent me a sprig of hemlock from a tree which grows by the side of a great rock close to her father's house. Just hear what she says about it.' He opened the letter and read: 'I am sitting under the hemlock where you left me, and I am thinking how it seems to grow greener as frosts come to kill the leaves of all other trees, and how the harder and more violent winds of Autumn beat an inspiring perfume from its twigs. I wish I could be as constant as it, and that the trials of life might, if they shall bruise me, extract from my sufferings an odor to refresh those who may be near me. Just while I am writing a little branch has fallen at my feet, so green, so sweet, so charming. The hemlock shall be my tree, and its color and odor mine forever. I send you one part of the branch in this letter; the other I will keep in my Testament. Will you keep the one I send you?' And P. added, 'You may rely on it I will, and I mean to unite these severed twigs some day; for I here declare I

will never marry any woman but her.' I insisted that he should allow me to copy here that pretty sentiment, and fasten in the midst of the words, as above, a half-dozen or so of those hemlock leaves. He consented, if I would promise to send them to him after his marriage with the giver, to be united with that part which he intended to place in his Bible, and that which she promised to carry in her Testament. Here I write the agreement—when will it be fulfilled?"

So the plans of young men are crossed, thought I. How I would like to know the history of those two noble souls during those twenty-five years! How near each other did the streams of their lives approach before they separated forever? How long and how joyfully did they listen to the purling of their mutually heard waters, daily drawing nearer as they fell from the hill-sides? And what convulsion or accident finally barred them apart hopelessly? What "rash word, or idle, or unkind," disturbed the air and interrupted the melody their souls were once singing in unison? And why did she, truest of the truer sex, consent to another mate, while he holds his heart still shut in loneliness? But there would be no end of questionings. The whole adventure was so singular and so sadly pleasing to me, so life-like and yet so romantic, that I have been tempted to tell it. I trust I may be pardoned if I say to any one who may think I am retailing fiction, write to me, and I will furnish such proofs as shall convince the most skeptical.

THE CAVERNS OF ADELSBURG.

ONE bright September morning we left Trieste by rail, to visit the famous caverns of Adelsburg. For several miles our road lay in a north and north-west direction, close by the sea. High olive and vine-clad hills were close on our right, and on the left the "Queenly Adriatic," smooth as a mirror, with here and there in the distance a specter-like sail.

The seaward face of the hills was abrupt, presenting the edges of fine limestone strata, bent and crumpled in a most surprising manner. A geological professor could want no better illustration for his class of certain features in dynamical geology, than is to be seen there. The road rises as it progresses, higher and higher above the level of the sea. In a few miles we come to the station (Nabrisina), where the Adelsburg branch of the railway leaves the sea. A mile or two further up the shore, on the Runta Frignani, in full view, stands the castle Miramar, once the home and property of the

ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico. Here we abruptly leave the sea, and for thirty or forty miles traverse a sterile district, which extends to Adelsburg and beyond. Our course after leaving the sea is east, and then north-east. This district is irregular and hilly, and thickly covered every-where with masses of ash-gray limestone, fractured and crumbled, having in some cases an argillaceous, in others a sparry aspect. The hills are rough, conical, and distinct, with graceful outlines when seen in the distance. The whole is sparsely covered with stunted oaks and birches. The hills are often separated by rough, narrow, gorge-like valleys. Very frequently conical depressions occur from fifty feet to two hundred yards wide, and from fifteen to sixty feet in depth. At the bottom of these, openings usually exist, leading to subterranean cavities. There are no springs and but few streams in or near this district. It is often visited by a fierce wind, called by the people "*Bora*," and in which the cold air from the mountain uplands of Istria and the Tyrol, to the north, rushes down like a destroying spirit, and with sufficient violence to overthrow almost every thing it meets with. The roads are accordingly protected, especially at exposed points, by strong stone or wooden walls. We passed seven tunnels, some of them quite lengthy. We had some fine views of the mountains of the Tyrol to the north and north-west.

In due time we reached the solid, quaint old town of Adelsburg. At last the office of the "*Grotten Verwaftung*," or Grotto Company, was found; permission and our guides were given us, and we started through the town for the cavern. The entrance to it is, perhaps, one-half mile distant, in a north-east direction, in the west side of a high rocky ridge or hill, the summit of which is crowned by a small ruined castle. The entrance is rather small in the escarped hill-side, and is closed by a wooden gate. A few trees grow near the mouth of the cavern, giving the approach a somewhat cheerful aspect. In the town and at the cavern the traveler is of course beset on all sides by persons who have plans and descriptions of the cavern, in many languages, to sell. The entrance looks more like the beginning of a rude railway tunnel than any thing else. Its direction is toward the east and north-east.

This cavern, in common with others in this district, as at Nabrisina and St. Cangian, is under the control of a company, organized under the direction or sanction of the government. They furnish guides, and all needful conveniences for the traveler. They furnish illuminations of any required extent. We secured

what they call the "grand illumination," costing some eight or ten dollars. Men had been sent on in advance to begin lighting our 1,600 candles, which, as we afterward found, were arranged in rows and groups along the sides, or at the distant bottom of chasms, or in glorious crowns far above in the domes of the cavern.

We do not propose a scientific description of this justly celebrated cavern. We can do nothing more than bring out, in a very few touches, the salient features that strike the imagination of the visitor. Leading eastward for several hundred feet from the entrance is a long tunnel-like passage, which suddenly expands in every direction. Before you reach this point you have lost completely all trace of external day. You strain your eyes in the dim light of hundreds of candles, far and near, high and low, to pierce the profundities above or the uncertain depths below. This may be called the vestibule. After pausing a moment you follow the guide, and begin descending a long flight of steps—how far you can only tell by trying. At last you reach a landing-place, and stop awhile to adjust your sentiments, look around and above you, and to listen in the darkness to the River Roik, which murmurs mysteriously beneath you. Suddenly at your right hand, as you look down far below, you catch the flash of a light on its troubled waters at the bottom of a chasm. This river disappears bodily beneath the hill, in the heart of which the cavern is, entering its west or north-west side, lower down than the cavern's mouth. It recalled vividly to my mind the *Xanadu*, of Coleridge, in which it is said,

"Alph, the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

No sooner does the river appear than it disappears in some deeper, and hitherto unexplored, part of the cavern. While we waited the guides ran ahead with lamps, and lighted candle after candle, which brought, from time to time, out of the darkness the most unexpected visions.

At last we move forward, and walk and climb and descend and climb again, for three hours, in this *Aladdin's cave*, this deserted palace of *Pluto*, this museum of subterranean fairy-land. It is simply wonderful. We hardly know where to begin, and as little where to end. Such a succession of chambers, halls, and passages, of ascents, descents, and surprises, I never met with in the same length of time before or since. Fancy immense irregular chambers, no two alike in form or size, connected by all manner of tunnels and passages, in all directions. The roof and sides of these chambers and pas-

sages are hung every-where, and in many places grandly, with glittering stalactites, varying in size, form, and color, especially in size and form.

There are icicles, encrimites turned upside down, curtains, drapery, white and colored, plain and striped, opaque and translucent, at all heights from the floor, from five to more than one hundred feet. There were thousands of these, of shapes and forms the most surprising and fantastic, from the tiny pendant to the fluted, draped mass of hundreds of tons.

Even these larger masses are found in numbers which pass ordinary computation. Every-where the crystals of spar flash and sparkle in the varying light of our hundreds of candles, like millions of gems of unspeakable brilliancy.

The stalagmitic masses on the floors defy adequate description. Fluted columns, Doric, Corinthian, Caryatid, Egyptian, from six to sixty feet high, and from six inches to fifteen feet in diameter, umbrellas, domes, pulpits, rostrums, castles, columns, triumphal arches without inscriptions, pines, cypress, sepulchral monuments, sarcophagi, solemn sphynxes, statues on lofty pedestals, and, beside these, many more forms, which, if they mean any thing, can not find their significance on *terra firma*. Hardly a form, real or imaginary, but is dimly shadowed forth in sparry splendor.

In the midst of this enchanted, ever-varying scene, we wandered on and on, the light from our candles, near and far, flashing against the starry roofs and domes of the cavern halls, or glittering from the fluted columns or masses of chased spar. Under the combined and protracted spell of endless variety, splendor, magnitude, and silence, you are almost overcome.

The guide points out to you, as you proceed, ever and anon, some chasm or passage, which he tells you, in tantalizing language, is one or three hours long, and gives it some sumptuous, perhaps a royal name.

Three hours have passed, and you hardly know how. But at last you emerge from the silence, coolness, darkness, and mystery of the caverns, to the open and grateful day, almost bewildered by what you have seen and felt.

A SOUL weak in grace has as much interest in the Lord as the strongest saint has, though he has not the skill to improve that interest. And is not this a singular comfort and support? Verily, were there no more to bear up a poor, weak saint from fainting under all his sins, and sorrows and sufferings, yet this alone might do it.

THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM.

WE have often, with touching words, had portrayed to our minds the miserable degradation of a slave. Pictures of limbs lacerated by a master's scourge, of confessions of orthodoxy, wrung out in moments of weakness or delirium by the torture of the rack, have taught our hearts to thank God that we are free—that our dear land of liberty knows no despotic monarch—no tyrannizing priests.

It is, indeed, a glorious privilege to think our own thoughts, to speak our own words; to be, in all respects, daringly ourselves. But can we really boast of such a freedom? Have we not even here, in this boasted home of liberty, allowed our hands to be tightly bound by "the icy chains of custom?" and can we now be called free? Are not even we ourselves weak, crouching slaves? And is not this tyranny to which we have so tamely submitted—the tyranny of custom—more despotic than any King or Pope could impose?

Custom, with appropriate restraints, has, of course, a salutary influence. By softening the rough points of individual eccentricity into somewhat similar traits of manner and character, she makes a sort of brotherhood among those who are under her common influence. She binds men into societies by giving common objects of pursuit, common aversions or aspirations. It is this, the influence of custom, that each member of society has the power of modifying for good the world about him, which he could not possess if each one lived in isolation a "life within himself, to breathe without mankind"—a life not at all subject to the influence of others. The fear of what the world will say is no low or unworthy feeling. It is, in itself, noble, for it was designed by God to moderate our childish extravagancies—to smooth our sharp eccentric traits—to be a check upon, perhaps, otherwise lawless, unbridled passions, and wild proclivities. But we have let this fear become a very tyrant over us, so that it leaves not even our thoughts untrammelled.

The power of custom is, perhaps, most plainly seen in externalities. Among other things she commands a common style of dress, which would not be a bad command, if given merely as a *general* rule, leaving each still at liberty to consult his own taste, pocket, and conscience. But who dares rebel, even when the mode is ugly, unhandy, and extravagant? If she bids the feet be pinched in clumsy, Chinese, wooden shoes, who cries from pain? If the face must be gashed for a beautiful tattooing, who weeps?

Or when, in more civilized countries, the face is lacerated for the reception of its jewels, who ever thinks of complaint? Ours is a complete, a willing slavery. In tame submission—even with a wicked cheerfulness—we yield to such tyranny. There are other styles which are not so censurable—simply ridiculous. Although we may make them the subjects of our lightest jests, we meekly acknowledge their imperious influence.

How strong is the influence of custom may be seen in the determined, even ruinous efforts, men often make to comply with her commands respecting external life. He whom fashion leads passes lightly by the weary, wailing sounds around him. Eyes weary with fear, and doubt, and pain, look into his with a tearful earnestness. He has no time or money to change those tears of sorrow into those of gratitude—none even to buy for *himself* true joy. All must be devoted to the infinitely important object of keeping in the common external styles of life.

Such a tyrannizing influence of fashion changes often the fresh gladness of a home sanctuary into a routine of alternating feverish intoxication and despairing depression. It fills the home with poverty and nakedness that it may save some glitter for the crowd. O! this living for the public gaze and public ear! How it wrings all true light, and joy, and good from the soul! It purchases with the holy treasures of the heart and mind the cold, superficial adornments of a worldly life.

But such is not the worst evil of its forms of tyranny. Is it not worse for custom to demand a common manner than a common style of dress or furniture, or dwelling-place? For one's manner should be for his heart—a light drapery, whose peculiar foldings are modified by, and represent his peculiar character.

On account of the great variety of individual eccentricities a manner common to all can not to all be natural, and must, in most instances, be assumed; becoming thus a dark, unwieldy cloak, through which no lineaments of the true nature beneath may be seen. Indeed, so close a drapery of our hearts are these external expressions of our life that the stiff foldings of an assumed manner, when no longer modified by the life within, themselves distort and change it.

Very often, too, custom imposes styles of manner not only opaque, but intrinsically ugly. How few, however, dare disobey the commands, however much disliked, which an arbitrary etiquette ordains!

The world imposes misconstruction as the penalty for disobedience to the dictates of custom respecting our style of manner. It treats

kindly the expression of those qualities only which are common. It persists in misunderstanding all peculiarities, and, too often, by a few castigations, it teaches the person who with daring frankness has once revealed his idiosyncrasies, to shroud himself forever after in a thick, sheltering cloak of assumed deceptive formality.

Custom influences, not only our ideas of beauty, making deformity graceful and indifference charming, but even modifies our perception of truth. We dare not question what has received the seal of antiquity.

Thus many national proverbs, many of our most commonly accepted axioms in daily reasoning, which are not only the striking expression of some truth, but contain, too, some poisonous falsehood, have been uttered by a thousand lips, and reproduced in a thousand lives, with all the dangerous influence of their subtle evil, yet we have not had hands bold enough to tear off the seal of antiquity, analyzing the composition of their long-accepted theories, giving their corrected modification.

We lazily give our assent to what others have thought out for us. We dare not think ourselves. We are orthodox, tamely and stupidly, and not from any conviction of the truth which the masses hold. We accept the creeds and theories that the kings of thought have given us to believe, because too indolent or too timid to dissent.

Even when we have once fervently accepted the truth, if the world persists in practically disregarding it, how soon we lose our confident trust in it! It will soon seem to us unreal. Our hearts will disbelieve, though our minds have ceased questioning. Is it not the influence of custom which makes the practical and the theoretical creed so different?

In the inner experience of our souls, also, we may plainly recognize the influence of custom. If we have feelings we have heard no one else express we begin to fear ourselves insane. But should we not allow each one a soul-life as different from others as are the different modifications of external condition? For we ought certainly to expect as much individual eccentricity in the inner as the outer life.

We fear to have an experience of religion unlike our friends, lest it be not orthodox. We act upon the supposition that God talks to the world in general terms—that he has no special communication to each one of his children—and when he speaks to our hearts words that we deem have come to no one else, we disregard him.

We drive away the dreams, the inspirations

that come to us alone, and call them fancies; yet, had we all been "obedient to our heavenly visions," had we implicitly followed the peculiar tuitions our hearts have received, who knows but, as in the life of Joan of Arc, our visions would have proved a prophecy? But "he ne'er is crowned with immortality who fears to follow where airy voices lead." And may be, in our gross and worldly prudence, we have walked in the dusty, common track, inefficiently, ignobly, while, just out of it, where the angels were calling us, there were splendid victories and glorious crowns for us.

One of the most hateful effects of the tyranny of custom is the inefficiency with which it curses individual labor. God has made a perfect harmony between the peculiar work he gives us and our own peculiar character. We must, in order to be successful, do our own work in our own way. We ought to begin cheerfully the work assigned us, whether the world may call it exalted or menial. Very much labor is inefficient, because, with some childish idea of what is dignified, we try to be successful in some work, for which, however, we have no appropriate capacity, for which God has not fitted us. We seem to think it better to be laboring resultlessly in some vocation which the masses praise than to be sublimely victorious in some undertaking to which Heaven and our own souls—not the world—have called us.

We ought to be ourselves, whether this may make us common or singular; thus alone being true to the idea with which God created us. But the friction of society too often rubs off, not only rough eccentricities of manner, but the strong characteristic traits that indicate personality.

Labor is very often resultless because we fear to be true to individual genius, but must timidly assume the common mode of accomplishment, inefficient when *we* use it, though this very mode might, indeed, in most other cases, have been the most efficient one.

How many religious meetings are dull and profitless, because old, lifeless formulas of testimony are timidly adopted, since we dare not talk freely and naturally about our own religious life! Much of the benefit, and certainly most of the freshness and interest are lost when individual peculiarities of experience are concealed by a stiff formulæ of some general and indefinite character.

Many a teacher or pastor, many a one, indeed, in every vocation, is unsuccessful simply because he dares not be himself, and adopt his own natural style of action—perchance he might be called queer and eccentric! Better,

he thinks, to be stupidly and inefficiently laboring in a common way than to be illustriously, though eccentrically successful.

It is too bad! Man was made for too glorious a destiny to become such a slave. He might be a free man, with Jesus by his side, and always a conqueror. Now he is too often a weak, fearful, insignificant creature of a thousand petty tyrannies—greatest of all the tyranny of custom. It is but fit that he commence hostilities against the base usurpers under whom he has so long been living in a crouching slavery, sign boldly a daring declaration of independence, re-asserting his rightful, God-given privilege of universal mastery, and be a *lord* again.

THE BEAUTY OF QUIETNESS.

THE Word of God is at once magnificent and minute. This is true of its descriptions and directions. It embraces all the details of life, and directs us how to act in every relationship. But it is never meddlesome or intrusive. It comes as a tender friend, and never becomes an enemy except when perseveringly treated as such. Its laws are always wise, its rewards glorious, its sanctions solemn, its motives strong.

The state of mind and line of conduct referred to in the words at the head of this paper, illustrate these remarks. The apostle Peter is directed by the Holy Spirit to write respecting "a quiet spirit;" and a powerful motive by which he enforces the cultivation of it is, that "it is in the sight of God of great price." Though the passage is addressed to women, and to Christian women in married life, yet it is applicable to all; while, certainly, it should be especially heeded by those to whom it was originally addressed. Peter, as a married man, could speak from experience on this subject; while, as an inspired apostle, he spoke, as did his brother Paul, with authority. The Bible legislates for the head, the heart, and the conduct of each individual in all relationships, and it does not overlook even the subject of *dress*. We have here certain wise prohibitions and precepts. Outward adorning is prohibited, and inward adorning is praised: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." 1 Peter iii, 3, 4. Such an "ornament" is sure to command respect and produce order, far more so

than hasty tempers and loud talking. The apostle applies this first to wives, as regards their conduct toward their husbands. He especially appeals to those who had unconverted partners, and intimates that such meek and quiet Christian wives may hope to "win their husbands" to Christ, even though they do not care to hear the word. "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear." 1 Peter iii, 1, 2. The word "conversation" here means behavior, or deportment, and not talking. Perhaps some Christian wives have talked too much to their unconverted husbands, and have not been sufficiently careful of their own spirit and temper. There is need of much care in this matter, and of much prayer also, and then blessed results may be hoped for. Meekness and quietness toward man, with prayer and faith toward God, have achieved great wonders.

The line of conduct called for from Christian women extends also to husbands, and is necessary for domestic happiness, even when both parties are Christians. It is obvious that the females in Scripture, who are most commended, are those who said very little. Sarah and Rebecca talk seldom, Mary of Bethany speaks once, and the woman who came to Christ's feet—See Luke vii—not at all. None of the *words* of Solomon's noblest woman, in Proverbs xxxi, are put on record—though it is said that "she openeth her mouth in wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness"—but how much is said of her good doings and wise management!

But while thus referring to the wives, we must not overlook Paul's counsel: "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them." If husbands are churlish and fault-finding they may spoil, or else *crush*, what would otherwise be a meek and quiet spirit.

Let us now look a little more generally at this subject, for this meek and quiet spirit is an ornament that befits both sexes of all ages and conditions; and a blessed change there would be in the world if it was generally worn by all those who name the name of Christ.

There are plenty of *queer* people in the world, but comparatively few *quiet* ones; hence it is so difficult to get through the world without being dinned, and sometimes almost distracted. Real quietness must not only be contrasted with quarreling, noise, and scolding, but it is to be distinguished from two other things, that is, sullenness and a certain kind of ominous silence.

The first of these bad things is like the calm before the storm in Summer, which produces a gloomy foreboding; and the second is like the frost in Winter, cold, very cold, with large flakes of snow now and then falling. Quietness, real quietness of spirit, has its own gentle melodies; it is like the early dawn or tranquil eve of Summer—how many roseate smiles you see—how many sweet soft sounds you hear! Yet you say how *quiet it is!* Quietness is not suspension of energy; it includes gentle service. Quiet people often do most work; but they do it without parade. They do not run over other people without noticing them, nor try to run them down because they are noticed by others.

How pleasant it is to *feel* this quiet in the family, and in the Church also! There is a mode of quiet talking that wins attention, and does not weary it. Persons generally talk loudly when they are angry; and one who was inclined to this vice, conquered it to a considerable extent, by speaking in low tones when he felt his angry spirit rising. Then there is quiet *arguing* of things. This is sometimes between husband and wife, father and sons, or mother and daughters, also various other parties. This must be done at proper times and places. Not before strangers or young children should family affairs be arranged, or family differences be debated. Then, after quiet arranging will come quiet governing. If orders are given slowly and firmly, and not repeated over and over again till they become wearisome, nor too many things mixed together at once, they will be more likely to be attended to. If allowance is made for imperfection, and no allowance made for want of truth and lack of principle, and all parties know that this will be the case; and if scolding is excluded, unless in extreme cases, probably much annoyance will be avoided, and much happiness secured.

If we would possess this spirit in our intercourse with men, it is necessary we should have it first Godward. Then it will be a secret root from which many beautiful flowers will grow in social life. If this root is strong and healthful, there will always be a flower to pluck whenever we want one, either for the Church, the family, or the world. "It is good," says a chastened spirit, "that a man should both hope and *quietly* wait for the salvation of the Lord." And another prophet thus directs us to the only real source of this quiet mind. "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness *quietness* and confidence forever." He may well be *quiet*, who, resting securely on divine righteousness, has *peace* with God. To this God invites man. "In returning and

rest shall ye be saved; in *quietness* and confidences shall be your strength." Isaiah xxx, 17. Alas! he had to record of many, "but ye would not;" and then he soon says of such, "The wicked are like the troubled sea when *it can not rest.*" Those who return to God, and rest in him, "shall have peace like a river." How quiet the broad river is, as contrasted with the troubled stormy deep! What a power there is in the noiseless river's full flow—what beauty around it, what fruitfulness from it! Such should our lives be. For this we need continual supplies from the fountain of all grace, for it is no easy thing to be quiet; or, amidst trials, temptations, and distractions, to wait God's time, and not join in the world's tumult, but to seek to overcome evil with good. Let us imitate the Psalmist, who says, "Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child."

A deep thinker observes: "Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces—to sit where he places us; to be what he would have us to be; and this as long as he pleases. If we have done all that lies on us we should fall quietly into the hands of God, and cease our wishing."

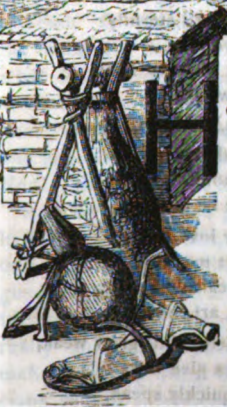
"Be *quiet* and *useful*." The precept is short, but the application of it requires much grace and wisdom. Take not a single step out of a quiet obscurity, to which you are not compelled by a sense of utility."

The apostle speaks of "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," and may we not speak of the *quietness* of Christ? Herein, as in every other grace, he is our bright exemplar and perfect pattern. How unselfish, how unobtrusive was he in all his deportment, in all his relationships! How quiet in his discourses, his reproofs, his directions, and his controversies! Sometimes quite silent, not answering again, not threatening, "not lifting up his voice in the streets." What perfect self-possession without ostentation; what dignity without repelling any; what industry without any hurry! While working out redemption, what a leisure for little things! While suffering overwhelming agonies on the cross, what quiet attention to the cares and wants of others! What an awfully quiet grandeur clothed his whole character, and what quiet does the soul feel who realizes him as a Savior and a Friend!

Let us seek much fellowship with him; so shall we imbibe more and more of "the meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Never had we worn this heavenly pearl had we not been bought with the costless price of "His precious blood."



THE DEATH OF JACOB.



SOARY with age, upon his dying couch
The patriarch lay and gently welcomed death ;
His withered hands had clasped themselves in prayer,
Feeble and falt'ring came his weary breath.

Silent, with heads bowed reverently low,
Stood the twelve tribesmen near to where he lay;
Though the last blessing had been giv'n to each,
Yet the old man had something more to say.

"Joseph, my son, though these be radiant fields,
And the Egyptian breezes bring the scents
Of lotus-blossoms and the breath of flowers,
Yet lay me with my fathers far from hence.

For I am but a simple man of tents ;
I could not sleep where the grim Pharaohs lie,
Where gaunt, hawk-headed figures on the wall
Leer at me with a vulture's hungry eye;

Where strange devices in an unknown tongue
Flaunt their quaint scrolls upon the storied urn,
And dim-seen statues stand like solemn ghosts,
While perfumes float from where sweet spices burn.

Within the land of Canaan is a field
That Abraham bought him for a burial-place;
There did they lay the old man, years ago,
And Isaac and the mothers of our race.

Bury me with my kindred, in that land
Dear to my memory, where my hopes and loves
Have found their full fruition, where my thoughts
In this last hour return like wand'ring doves.

Within the land of Canaan, at Luz,
Before these fading eyes were dim and old,
I saw God's holy angels, in my dreams,
Treading a shining ladder made of gold.

'T was there Heav'n's blessing fell on me and mine;
I talked with God and met him face to face,
And there still stands the pillar that I reared
In adoration on that hallowed place.

'T was in the land of Canaan Rachel died,
The fair-faced, sweet-voiced charmer of my life;
There did I leave her buried by the way,
The dearest and the best beloved wife.

Bury me not in Egypt, take me hence
From these strange scenes, when life away has
passed;

Bury me not in Egypt, bear me there,
Where, with my fathers, I may rest at last."

"THE KING'S DAUGHTER IS ALL GLORIOUS WITHIN."

WHERE dwellest thou? Do columns great
Rise grandly 'neath the marble weight
Of palace, minaret, and dome,
And bound the walls thou callest home?

Do coaches to thy portals come
With gilded ensigns all abloom?
Do jeweled grandees enter there,
And velvets sweep each costly stair?

Whq art thou? Doth a monarch's voice
Pronounce thee daughter of his choice?
And doth the brow beneath the crown,
Ne'er wear for thee a regal frown?

Art thou the daughter of the king?
Now bare thy soul's most secret spring!
Within the rivulets of thought
Are bitter currents coursing hot?

Or in thy spirit's secret nook
Doth purl the limpid water brook?
No stagnant pool, no turbid stream,
But Purity's own crystal gleam?

The columns grand, the palace halls,
The noble guests within the walls,
The pages waiting thy command,
Fond pressure of a monarch's hand,

May be thine own, yet there may be
A gulf betwixt thy claim and thee!

The russet walls, of cornice bare,
The weary pilgrim welcomed there,
The scornful smiles of rich and great,
The loving smiles of low estate,
The humble robe, the simple fare,
May make of life thy lowly share;
Yet if thy hand is always free
To deeds of mercy, and thy knee
Bows low, while thy affections rise
In grateful homage to the skies—
If all within thy soul is fair,
And bitter fountains flow not there,
Then thou, with loving trust, canst claim
Thy title to a royal name,
And thou be daughter of the king,
Instead of her whose praises ring
Throughout an earthly court, her heart
Engrossed in selfishness and art.

Yes, earthly trappings, what are ye?
And sounding titles? Ye shall flee,
And leave the naked soul alone
Before the universal throne!
When the revealings come, what shocks
Will thrill along the higher walks,
Till only they are left therein
Whose souls abhor the ways of sin.

The daughter of the king, we read,
All glorious is within. Recede,
Ye longings after worldly fame,
And titles prefacing our name!
And let our sole ambition be
To be, O Lord, a child of thee,
That when we've done with mortal things
We may be thine, Great King of kings.

CLOSING THE OLD YEAR.

THANK God that toward eternity
Another step is won!
O, longing turns my heart to Thee,
As time flows slowly on.

I count the hours, the days, the years,
That stretch in tedious line,
Until, O Life, that hour appears,
And deathless life be mine.

I pray that from thy love divine,
No power can part me now,
That I may dare to call thee mine,
My portion, Lord, art thou.

And when the wearied hands grow weak,
And wearied knees give way,
To sinking faith O quickly speak,
And make thine arm my stay.

And therefore do my thanks o'erflow,
That one year more is gone,
And of this time, so poor, so slow,
Another step is won!

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

IN considering the duties of a minister's wife, there is one difficult question which has an important bearing on this whole subject—that of *support*. It seems an ungracious assertion, but certainly, judging from appearances which are not very unfrequent, one would be tempted to conclude that stinting and scrimping their minister's family was sometimes regarded as a special means of grate due them from the parish. Says Dr. John Hall: "Let not foreign critics blame us for wasting money on dress, equipages, and what not, since we can look the world in the face and, pointing to our pulpits, reply fearlessly, '*We have kept down the price of preaching!*'"

Many centuries ago, the wisest man who ever trod our earth declared, that "the workman is worthy of his hire."

"Worthy of his hire." If I were asked, I should say that, as applied to the minister, this meant that his salary should be sufficient to enable him to pay any old debts for his education, to live comfortably, to bestow something in charity, to educate his children thoroughly, and to make some little provision for his family when he is cast out of his stewardship by man, or removed from it by God—and that he should be able to do this without being obliged, to use a homely but expressive phrase, "to rob Peter to pay Paul." But is the question usually treated thus? Nay, is not so close a bargain sometimes driven, that the minister's family are at their wits' end to keep up a decent appearance, and to keep out of debt? There are, it is true, many struggling parishes that—doing their very best—can give their minister but a scanty stipend. Of these willing, but unable hands, his blood will not be required—they have done what they could. Many an excellent minister and wife have devoted themselves to some such needy flock, cheerfully sharing their poverty, and spending and being spent in their service. Verily, they shall not lose their reward.

Passing now to the parishes better endowed in this world's goods, twelve hundred dollars, or a thousand, with the use of a parsonage, is generally considered a liberal salary for a country pastor. And, judging by comparison, it is really so. But would your merchants and manufacturers, your lawyers and your physicians regard this income as sufficient for their support? And has your minister any fewer expenses? He may soon find himself so straitened that he considers it a duty he owes to his family to accept some city charge that offers two or three thousand dollars. This, in antici-

pation, may seem an ample provision, but he will probably find the same old difficulty in making ends meet. He must now pay five or six hundred dollars for a house, and every expenditure is on an equally increased scale, so that the question is again painfully pressing upon him—"What can we do?"

I remember hearing the wife of an able city minister remark that they had desired to take their children into the country for a few days, as a means of health, but that, on inquiry, they found it would cost them fifty dollars, and that they could not spare. How many of their people, do you suppose, were straitened in a similar way?—a people whose incomes, in many instances, reach the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars—a people reputedly liberal toward their minister, and, taking the world as it is, justly so, however short the provision may fall of an adequate support.

But taking facts as they are—admitting that, with a few noble exceptions, a minister's salary is usually barely enough, and that with much brain work and finger-work, to meet the necessary expenses—the question arises, what, under these straitened circumstances, is the duty of his wife? Her house must be well furnished, and her household well dressed. So much the parish deems necessary for its own respectability. For the parsonage is expected to exchange calls with ceiled houses, or what may well be termed palaces, and must be in proper trim for such honors. But do the people consider the grievous bondage thus imposed? Hard even as that of the Egyptian task-masters, who required the tale of bricks without furnishing the straw. They will sometimes scrimp a minister, and cut down and cut down his salary, and then gossip about madam's way of dressing her children, because she turns that garment upside down, hinderside before, and inside out. They will work themselves up into quite a fever, threatening to get this, and that, and the other thing, for the suffering children. But the threatened gifts never come, while the gossip goes forever on. Poor, toiling woman, who has cheerfully sacrificed the mint, anise, and cumin for the sake of giving her dear ones what she has regarded as far more important! Unequivocally, I will venture to say, in behalf of the minister's wife, on whom the management of the pecuniary matters chiefly devolves, that she is *not* required to burn perpetual incense before Dagon, to stint herself in every direction that she may minister to the self-complacency of the parish. If she *chooses* to coin every hard-earned penny into clothing and furniture, and a general well-to-do appearance, it is not the parish that has

the right to say her nay. But if she and her daughters prefer to dispense with some of the "chains, and bracelets, and head-bands, and ear-rings, and changeable suits of apparel, and mantles, and wimples, and crimping-pins, and hoods, and veils," which that imperious chattering, Fashion, demands—if they heroically sacrifice the "loves of bonnets," and the latest style of hats and sacks—and if the minister and his sons wear their coats, or vests, or hats through two or three different dynasties of fashion, and all this in order that something from the narrow income may be devoted to charity, something to education, with a margin for certain accomplishments, if any have a taste that way, and something for future contingencies, why, I maintain that they have a *perfect right* to do so. It is not their duty to make themselves slaves to that most whimsical and tyrannical of all despots. They are under no obligation to join the multitudes who follow every new style. Yet Fashion sets up her court even in the smallest country village, sometimes appointing the strictest censors, who allow even a smaller liberty than the metropolis grants. By these censors, the clothing worn by the minister and his family is thoroughly criticised. The children, neatly, but economically dressed, and often, necessarily, in garments "made over," are freely commented upon. Their school-mates will make remarks greatly to their discomfiture, thus sowing discontent and false shame broadcast in the poor children's hearts. I have even heard of school-boys cutting, or throwing into the water, such garments as did not happen to suit them—a fit training to make them adepts in college hazing.

Now, if our ministers' wives dress neatly, and, in their circumstances, choose to do no more, they ought not to be gossiped about—though they certainly *will* be—as eccentric, and mean, and regular comers-out from Noah's ark; and, if the people *must* gossip, they are still justified in doing that which they have decided on as right.

But there is a more important view. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment? Apart from the question of limited means, can nothing be done to resist this insatiate worldliness, which is devouring every green thing, and crushing out every nobler sentiment, every higher purpose; this arch-deceiver, which is frittering away moments more precious than gold in the most meaningless frivolities?

Just consider the yoke of bondage which Fashion rivets on the neck of her votaries! What a haste and waste of appliances! what a

flurry, and skurry, and worry to keep ahead in this disgraceful competition! What an absorption of one's energies! What a wear and tear of one's vital forces!

And there is no escape. You go to the springs or the sea-side for a bit of quiet. Alas! Fashion has preceded you with her endless train of mammoth trunks, bags, and handboxes. Her claims are as loud as ever. Her spell is still upon you. Not one minute's cessation. There is, for her victims, absolutely no refuge from her tyranny but in the grave.

Even the numberless sewing-machines that were hailed as the harbinger of a brighter, better day for woman, are made to serve in the house of her enemies. What is gained by them is not more time for reading, and writing, and study, as was so grandly predicted; but more tucks, and flounces, and quilling, and frilling, and hemming, and trimming.

You visit a friend, to relieve a little the pressure of household cares, desiring a chat on some new book or the last magazine. But instead of this, you are entertained with the exhibition of some new device of Wheeler & Wilson to rob you of your leisure. Not that I mean to implicate the innocent machine. It was invented as a friend to woman, but is made to grind in the house of her enemies.

Alas, for these latter days! One did hope that the fabulous prices and the severe sufferings resulting from the war would purge out this wide-spreading leaven of worldliness; that the willing sacrifice of treasure, the fearful baptism of blood, and the thrice-heated furnace-fires of bereavement would burn up our dross, and chasten and elevate the nation. And, to some extent, we trust it has been so.

But the inane goddess still sits enthroned in high places, and few are they that dare set her decrees at defiance. Even the school-girls of our republican America dress far more extravagantly and showily than do the school-girls of England, notwithstanding they be the daughters of the nobility. And though the fashion may be as counter to the laws of health as to propriety, it requires more independence, more moral courage than most profess, to venture on resistance.

Now, in this state of things, who shall deny to ministers' wives the right to give the influence of their example against this crying evil, which is coining our life-blood into trinkets, and ringlets, and ribbons, and dangles, and gewgaws, and water-falls, and chignons? Who shall deny them the right to train up their sons and daughters to habits of Christian simplicity; the right to teach them that economy for such

purposes is not meanness, and that extravagance is not generosity?

Not that I would recommend the formation of anti-dress-too-much-societies; but there must be some to make a stand against this swift current. And who can do this more fittingly than the moral leaders of the community?

If all the ministers' families in the country were to take this high position, and, without the affectation of singularity, were quietly to follow out the dictates of a simple, refined Christian taste and principle, what a light would their combined influence shed forth! And what a power would it become in elevating the women of America to juster views, nobler objects, and a more exalted standard of life!

BEHIND THE SCENES.

NEAR the center of a large town, between more imposing dwellings of brick and stone, like a wren's nest between those of jays and mocking-birds, stood in the middle of its square, green yard, a low, brown house. There was a simple latticed porch in front; around were plats of pinks and asters and fragrant mignonette; hanging baskets, with tiny flowering vines, depended from the big apple-tree on one side. Within there were three rooms, the windows shaded by snowy muslin curtains. On the very sill of one of these, in the early spring mornings, came a russet-breasted robin and peered at the doings within, watching till the mistress went to the garden and stirred the soil by pulling the weeds from her beds, then would she sit on the fence at a respectful distance, ready, when the field was passably clear, to seize her prey of dislodged bugs and angle-worms and convey them to her yellow-mouthed brood in the apple-tree. Thus year after year the programme was almost unchanged around the scene of our narrative; each season brought its peculiar and simple attendants, passing seemingly without a struggle against any foe, or a jar of discord among its machinery.

Five years had Jessie Moreton and her husband occupied this dove's nest, the first four by themselves; during the fifth there came a tiny stranger, a wonderful baby-girl, with the bluest of eyes, and the sunniest bright rings of hair on its little round head, and the busiest of dimpled hands, now folded sweetly in childhood's untroubled slumber, as it lay in a low cradle by its mother's side.

Jessie Moreton had been gazing long and thoughtfully upon her babe as she rested from her sewing, with her thimble on her finger, and

her elbow on her knee, and she sighed as if something of disquiet was brooding in her heart. She had always been a thoughtful child, so they said, and she had not put aside a habit of thinking after she became a woman; almost always the working of the mind within reflected upon her face and made it extremely fair, and pleasant, and lovable, but to-day there was a shadow that drew a few impatient lines across the brow, and compressed the lips out of their curved fullness into slight sternness and discontent. She was thinking—what doubtless many women in the same position have thought thousands of times—her station in the world was a medium one, and her ambition and desires far beyond. She questioned within herself why her life had always been, and was likely to be, one of strife with limited means and restricted desires, while that of many no better by nature, perhaps not as good by practice, should flow on in ease, and abundance, and elegance.

These reflections obtruded themselves upon the mind of Jessie Moreton, more especially that day because she had been an almost unavoidable witness of what had been going on across the broad street, and around the mansion opposite her own dwelling. This structure reared its front high and grand, and was ornamented with all the devices that wealth and art could supply. The windows were lofty and deep, and generous—and costly drapery but half concealed the luxury within. Its owner was a man of influence and high repute through all the populous town; his wife and daughters bore themselves with such dignified grace and composure that to modest Jessie Moreton it appeared unlikely that the little annoyances of life ever assumed to ruffle the smoothness of their brows, or deepen to vexation the delicate bloom upon their cheeks. At this time there was for all eyes an unusual attraction to the great house; one of the three daughters was to be wedded, and rumor equaled the preparations to those of almost Oriental magnificence. There were wild stories afloat of the gorgeous furniture of the wedding-room, the splendor of the bride's apparel, the richness of the repast, and happy were they esteemed who received the broad, creamy-white envelope which contained the note of *entree* to the marriage festivities.

Mrs. Moreton and her husband neither received nor expected an invitation to the wedding. For this neither felt slighted or wounded; indeed, they would have felt uneasy and out of place among the proud guests of Arthur Heaton and his family; but as Jessie, no less a lady than the proudest of them, sat alone with ample

opportunity for reflection, a strong feeling of discontent took possession of her, and a wild longing for a taste of the lot of those who lived delicately, and were able to gratify their love of beauty and surrounding grace.

Two children, hand in hand, and robed beautifully as fairies, came dancing down the steps and out over the broad, sloping lawn. Her own little child, fair as a snow-drop, lay in the cradle beside her, and though it looked so pure and sweet in its garments of simple white, she whispered, as she bent over it with a passionate caress :

"I wish we were rich—rich ! How beautiful you would be, my darling, even with the cast-off garments of those not half so fair and no more deserving !"

In this mood the afternoon wore away. By the time Paul Moreton came up the walk, with the satisfied look that the knowledge of a day's work well done leaves upon a man's countenance, his usually pleasant and affectionate wife had but a very faint smile with which to greet him.

"Are you not feeling well, wife ?" he inquired kindly. She certainly was not, in her mind, and she said in truth, "No."

"Well, keep quiet then, and just set out a lunch for me—do n't worry to make a fire and get tea."

She followed his suggestion, for she had suffered so many painful thoughts to come into her mind that the heart-sickness seemed to weaken her hands also. After they had refreshed themselves with cake and strawberries, and a cool, crystal draught from the spring back of the house, they sat out on the little porch in the twilight, watching the passers-by, and, Jessie especially, frequently glancing across the street, where the mansion of the Heatons was illuminated with softened brilliance, and the accumulating guests began, in large numbers, to pass through the luxurious rooms.

"I suppose they're to have a grand affair at 'Squire Heaton's to-night," remarked Paul, as he laid aside the book he had been trying to peruse in the uncertain light ; "every body's talking about it ; they say 'twill be the finest wedding ever known in the town."

"Aunt Moreton will probably be there, and can tell us all about it," responded Jessie, as she rocked to and fro, holding to her bosom the household pet and treasure, and gazing fondly in its face. Then her eyes wandered again to the lighted windows of the great house, and she noted the glittering equipages as one after another they deposited the richly attired guests, women lovely in their graceful draperies, and

men dignified by the advantages of affluence, and education, and position. Not for the mere purpose of display did Jessie Moreton envy these people their circumstances, but because there was an element in her nature that demanded the fine and refining existence of beauty in all its surroundings, and at times she was wikkly impatient at what seemed the dearth of it.

"I wish we were rich !" she exclaimed again, and the vehemence with which it was spoken aroused her husband sharply from his reverie. He glanced at her quickly and inquiringly, then a shade of annoyance passed over his face ; his tone was not harsh or rebuking, though the words in which he replied betrayed weariness and discouragement :

"I wish for your sake, Jessie, that we were ; but that may never be our lot, strive hard as I may and expect to for it."

"O, do not think I ever have a thought of blame toward you, dear," Jessie hastened to reply ; "but I sometimes am amazed at the order of things which withholds from the worthy their due, and bestows upon those who deserve them not all the good things of life."

"Still we may possess what our neighbor would like and has not ; or I might say *have* possessed, for I think you have been happy and contented some of the time, Jessie ?"

"Whatever has been lacking is not your fault, Paul," said his wife kindly, while a tear stole into her eye, and she laid her hand kindly on his, for she knew that he had sought to make her life pleasant and bright to the best of his means and strength, and that words uttered so impatiently had at first seemed aimed to wound him.

The next few days that passed were rife with floating rumors of the splendor of the wedding of Alice Heaton. They did not fail to reach the ears of Jessie Moreton, and her heart was filled with bitter discontent at the allotments of life, that gave gifts to those who prized them but indifferently, and withheld from others who, like herself, she thought, would realize from them so much comfort, physically and intellectually. She took her little child upon her knee and caressed it with passionate fondness ; she gazed upon its sweet, innocent beauty, and impatiently wished, over and over again, that this fair little being, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, and dearer to her than her own life, might have been born to the splendor that she saw in dreams and longed for in her waking moments ; she pictured to herself how more than beautiful the child might be if only she "could have her wish ; and was it more than she deserved ?" Just as she asked this mental

question and answered it in accordance with her own ideas, Aunt Moreton opened the gate and came up the walk.

"I just ran over to gossip a little," said Aunt Moreton, as Jessie placed a chair for her. "I suppose you have heard all about the wedding, but I thought you would be better pleased in gaining the account from an eye-witness," she added smilingly, as she sat down and took out her patchwork.

"O, yes," responded Jessie; "and I have had a whole regiment of those troublesome thoughts, I have before told you of, marching through my mind, and vexing me."

"May be they won't always vex you so much when you have seen a little more of the world. May be you won't always wish you had married rich Dick Newington."

"I never do—I never did wish it," came indignantly from Jessie's lips, but Aunt Moreton went on: "And poor Paul feels sometimes as if he wished he could sell himself for what he is really worth, and send you a good round sum instead of bringing himself, a penniless husband, at night."

"Stop! you shall not talk so!" cried Jessie, thoroughly angry now as her child, with its father's eyes, looked up wonderingly in her face, but imperturbable Aunt Moreton went on:

"But we can't have things in this world as we want them always, and if we could, the possession of all our desires would cloy upon us, and we should lose the zest of enjoyment. If we have been in extreme danger and effected our escape, we are happy; if we have toiled long for an object, and at last it falls into our possession, it is all the more prized from the effort put forth to obtain it."

Aunt Moreton paused, and laid two blocks together to see if the colors harmonized, then she started off on a new tack.

"The wedding was brilliant, and the bride so lovely! the supper was a marvel of good things, served in the richest manner; the table was one of the most beautiful things I ever saw; glittering like a crystal pyramid of glass and silver, and decorated with the choicest flowers. Mrs. Heaton was so proud, and the Squire so courtly and grand, and the girls so happy; and when the bridal party started off on the wedding tour every body, not in their places, said in his heart, 'How happy they must be! I wish it was only me!'"

Here Aunt Moreton stole a glance at the face of her niece; the lips were slightly drawn down at the corners, half in envy, half in scorn of the little woman's own known weakness. Then she continued:

"The next morning I was out feeding my little flock of choice ducks, you know, and I saw Mrs. Lowe walking around to the door of Mrs. Heaton's private room, instead of ringing, as usual, at the broad front one. I did n't think much about it until Mrs. Heaton called to me, two hours afterward, and asked me to come in a little while. We have always been very good friends, you know; she has always treated me with considerate kindness; she knew if there was needed a trusty friend she could find one in me; so I went in. She shut the door tight, and bolted it; then she came up to me and caught my hands, and burst into a passion of tears. I waited until she became more composed, and then I said, as she sat me down beside her:

"Now tell me all about it, and I will help you if I can."

"Even then I noticed the luxuriance of her chamber; the frescoed walls, the rich hangings, the velvet carpet, the mahogany stands, the canopied bed, and the rich ornaments scattered here and there; and even then I thought how my nephew's poor little wife would enjoy all these. But something had happened to destroy the charm of all for the mistress of them.

"They all say my daughter's wedding was a brilliant success, do n't they?" she asked in a tone of sarcastic bitterness. "Certainly," I replied; "what could have been more beautiful than it all was?" "So little the world knows of what is behind the scenes," she replied. "It commenced and proceeded with nothing but vexation, and now the culmination of it is almost more than I can bear. When we commenced to issue invitations there was a clamor because this one was invited, and because that one was not; when in a spirit of neighborly feeling, portions of the cake were sent around, some returned their packages untasted, because they had not been esteemed good enough, as they said, to eat at the wedding table; and others, because they did n't 'appreciate leavings.'"

"That was certainly vexatious," I replied; "but, you know, people who have such dispositions are not worth minding."

"Very true," she replied; "I was only speaking of this to begin with; this is not the trouble I wished to confide to you. Last night I received word by telegraph that Lottie, the bride's younger sister, was taken violently ill a few hours after their departure, caused undoubtedly by the excitement attendant upon her sister's wedding and the contemplated journey. I am waiting for the noon train to go to her. Some of the bridal party are stopping with her and some are returning, disappointed, homeward."

My child, they make no secret of it, may not live until I get there.'

"She leaned her head on the table, and painful sobs broke from her anxious mother-heart. I knew not in what words to comfort her, but I laid my hand on hers and she knew she had my utmost sympathy.

"Now tell me what you would have done,' at last I said, 'and if there is any way in which I can help you I will do so.'

"Suddenly she raised her head and looked me full in the face.

"Help me," she repeated. 'O no; there lies the trouble. I have not told you the half. In sickness and when death comes friends may help us, and succeed somewhat in assuaging our grief; but when the tongue of the slanderer assails us, what can arrest or heal the bitterness of its sting? The petty spirit of those who did not fall in pleasantly with the wedding arrangements scarcely disturbed me; the illness of my Lottie—nay, if Providence sees fit, her death even, I could bear and not be comfortless. But there has been struck a more cruel blow, aimed at the bride, my young innocent, hopeful girl that was wedded two nights ago, and looks forward to the future with so much anticipation.'

"Do not repeat it,' I said, but she interrupted me.

"Yes, you shall hear it from me first, for doubtless before the sun sets it will be leeringly recited to you a score of times. Well, Mrs. Lowe came in this morning with the air of one who, wishing to confide a dreadful secret, still hesitated for fear she might in some way come to harm for doing so; but she finally told me that they said that Alice was not what she should be. I did not comprehend her at first, and I asked, with a sort of bewildered feeling, Why, what should she be that she is not? Is she not bright? do they say she is foolish?"

"Yes, very foolish—more than that—criminal in her conduct for the past year—been out at late hours with disreputable company; in short, that her husband will find to his amazement and disgust that he has taken to his bosom a false and dishonored bride!"

"I was dumb with astonishment. I sat without speaking till she seemed frightened at what she had done, and sought to excuse herself. 'Mrs. Lowe,' at last I found voice to say, 'this is a dreadful tale you bring to me of my child, bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh—did you for one moment consider how such a thing would affect you were you in my stead? Go now and leave me. Your presence is hateful.' She would have said something in vindication

of herself, but I opened the door and she went out.

"Mrs. Heaton again bowed her head, and sobs of grief, anger, and mortification convulsed her frame. Then when she became calm again, and before I could recover from the shock to my own feelings, she asked, as she searched my face with her beseeching eyes:

"Do you believe in a tale like this concerning my daughter?"

"And I answered truthfully, 'I do not—believe me, I do not. Do not worry over it; let it die; it can not harm you where you are known; elsewhere it can be lived down, as can all evil, by a true and steady course, in silence and patience.'

"Ah,' she replied, 'it is very easy to say that; forgive me, but you know not the bitterness of the trial; I might bear it better if I could shield the ears of my child and her husband against the evil tale, but it will be impossible. Some one there will be who will impart it, and thus seek to undermine their youthful happiness and destroy their peace.'

"Nothing can be done in such a case. The more the matter is agitated the worse it will become. So while those unacquainted with the circumstances are watching the brilliant, outside show with wonder, admiration, and envy, the principal actors are harassed with a grief and vexation which they seek to hide, but which gnaws at their vitals as did the fox beneath the vest of the determined Spartan boy."

Here, without further comment, Aunt Moreton folded her patchwork and prepared to depart. She saw, by the tear-filled eyes of the little woman who had made herself so unhappy by wishing for what was at present beyond her reach, that the comparison of her own peaceful and quiet lot with the stormy and vexatious one of her wealthy neighbor cast a happier light upon it, and made it easier to bear.

She resumed her work upon a dainty muslin dress for her little Edith, and when it was finished caught up the tiny girl and took her out under the old apple-tree where three adventurous young robins were flying awkwardly about, guarded jealously by the mother-bird, in their first attempts to see the world for themselves.

Her mind dwelt persistently upon what Aunt Moreton had been telling her, and as she looked, from under the overhanging boughs that shaded her humble dwelling, at the lofty front of the dwelling opposite, with its majestic columns, its sweeping lawn, its forests of flowers, she thought of the two shadows that for its possessors must sadly mar its vivid beauty—the shadow of death perhaps, and of that other which to Mrs.

Heaton's proud and sensitive nature was darker than that even of death, and which the tongue of envy and malice had woven under a mantle of smiles and obsequious flattery.

"The friends I have at least are true," she murmured to herself; "they have nothing to gain by false praises of me;" then she tossed wee Edith up under the leaves till the little one laughed aloud in baby glee as they fell around her forehead and hair.

As Mrs. Moreton lingered among the simple blossoms that grew in bright clusters around her door and smiled to the hand that cared for and caressed them, the family coach of the Heatons, with rich platings and silken curtains, drawn by high-stepping steeds, rolled slowly up one of the avenues to the house.

There came also behind it a receptacle of the dead, with nodding plumes and sable trappings, and velvet-coffined inmate wrapped in the awful and remorseless silence of death.

There alighted from the coach the sorrow-stricken mother, the mourning bride, and her husband; the burial casket was taken in with its fair and shrouded occupant; then the doors were closed upon the bereaved household; the fair outside remained the same, and a stranger riding by pronounced it good and much to be desired.

Jessie clasped her little child to her heart with a shudder and a prayer of thanksgiving that so gently, and not more cruelly, she had been made to realize how much there was around her own life that was blessed. When her husband came to the gate she went to meet him with a mien that warmed and lightened his heart, and that night, shut in with her treasures, she told him of the glance she had been permitted to take behind the scenes, and how she thought it would benefit her.

FROM ALSACE TO THE HARTZ.

II.

A SHORT stay at Stuttgart is enough to enable the tourist to see all that is interesting, and our way next lies through the fine old towns of Ulm and Augsburg to Munich. The railway passes the town of Cannstadt, already described, and proceeds up the valley of the Neckar through fields and vineyards to Esslingen, an important manufacturing town, formerly a city of the empire, and having not only a very fine Gothic church of the fifteenth century, but another—a Romanesque church—two centuries earlier. Esslingen is well worth an hour's halt, if only to glance at these churches,

and enjoy the view of the valley from the Castle of Berfried.

Past Plochingen, where the rail quits the Neckar valley for that of its tributary the Fils, and leaving Göppingen behind, the road winds below the lofty summits of Hohenstaufen and the Rechberg, celebrated in German history, to the foot of the Rauhe Alp at Geislingen. This town is exquisitely situated at the opening of the deep and narrow gorge of the upper Fils, clothed with forest vegetation on one side, and with overhanging cliffs of granite on the other. The railway continues on the left side of the valley, gradually rising to the terrace of the Schwäbische Alp, which separates the watershed of the Neckar and its tributaries from the upper waters of the Danube. It then descends to Ulm, situated on the left bank of the Danube.

Ulm is a dull town with little to detain us. The tower of its Protestant church is indeed a very remarkable, though unfinished work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and if completed would have been the most remarkable in Europe. Its progress was stopped by a subsidence observed in the building. It is now three hundred and seventeen feet in height, and was intended to be raised more than half as much again. The view from the top is very fine and extensive, exhibiting the windings of the Danube in this part of its course. The interior of the cathedral is grand and massive, and contains much painted glass of considerable merit. It is four hundred feet long. The streets are picturesque, the houses being of considerable antiquity and rich in gable ends.

Out of Ulm, we enter Bavaria, and, running along in the valley of the Danube through a country not remarkable for interest, we reach Augsburg in about three hours, the distance being rather more than fifty miles. The city is of great antiquity, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries ranked among the first in Europe. Its fine street rising with a gentle ascent—with massive lofty houses, having carved, painted, and scrolled fronts—presents, perhaps, the highest ideal in existence of the abodes of merchants, bankers, and other wealthy inhabitants of the middle class of society. In this fine street are three handsome ancient bronze fountains. One of the houses is the hotel of the Three Moors—Drei Mohren—which has existed as a hotel at least five centuries, and has entertained emperors and kings. The churches are less interesting than the houses, and being Protestant have lost much of their decorations; but the cathedral is massive and irregular, and contains some curious antiquities. The Town Hall is very

interesting as a specimen of Italian architecture of the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The old walls of Augsburg and the ditches still remain, but the fortifications are pulled down, the glacis leveled, and the ditches con-

rolese Alps, and corresponds on a small scale to the table-land of Tartary in Central Asia. The city of Munich itself is about 1,600 feet above the sea, and owing to this great elevation is subject to a very extreme climate. The plain

on which it is built is neither fertile nor picturesque, and the city possesses no history of the smallest interest. The old town, however, of which fragments still remain, was built after the fashion of Augsburg, with many projections, numerous windows, and high gable roofs; very quaint, very irregular, and very pleasing to the artistic eye, but neither convenient for habitation, nor in conformity with the very modern and classical taste of the late King of Bavaria, who undertook to regenerate this poor ancient town and bring it into rivalry with the great cities of Central and Northern Europe. Its population has doubled; and the number of fine, modern buildings is out of all proportion to the importance of the town. It is now only in the great marketplace that the character of old Munich can be studied.

Almost all the modern part of Munich has, however, been in the way of addition rather than reconstruction, and has converted the former suburbs into the modern city. The old town was on the Isar, and the new portion on the ground toward the north—till lately a swampy waste. There was a vast old palace very ugly and irregular, but with some fine apartments; there were a number of churches; and there were also some hospitals and schools. Such was Munich at the beginning of this century. Noble streets

verted into public gardens and walks. The town is large and well situated.

Munich is about forty miles from Augsburg, and is reached in about an hour and a half, or two hours, through an uninteresting country, gradually rising and forming part of the great plateau which extends to the south of the Ty-

have now been constructed, connecting the old with an entirely new town. These lead to, and are crossed by, other streets of like noble proportions, and all are crowded with public buildings, galleries, churches, and residences, on a scale of singular magnificence.

Munich may be visited with many views and



BAVARIANS AND BAVARIAN COSTUMES.

studied from many aspects; but, whatever be the object of the visitor, he can hardly fail to derive gratification in some way from the singular variety manifest in the constructions, although all were built almost at the same time and under the eye of one man. In wandering over the city, you are led from one surprise to another, and each step affords something new. The architecture, including all classical styles, is certainly not prominently conventional. Byzantine, Gothic, and Italian jostle each other, and are blended without absolute confusion in the same building. Painting and statuary abound, and they are seen out-of-doors as well as in the galleries. All has sprung up suddenly at the call of one mind, and the results are brilliant and striking, crowded with human interest and intensely alive. Even Oriental and Egyptian forms are not neglected; every thing that art has done elsewhere is here reproduced, but not without having undergone a certain process of digestion and assimilation. It is true that all is not real, and that much of what is very beautiful will not last; much, indeed, of very recent production is already decaying, but certainly no town has risen so rapidly into full growth with so little that is monotonous. No two streets are alike, and in this respect, if in no other, Munich offers a complete and favorable contrast to Paris, where it is difficult to find one's way, owing to the interminable repetition of the same idea and the uniformity of houses and even of public buildings.

Two of the principal streets of modern Munich are the Ludwig's-strasse and the Maximilian's-strasse. They represent father and son—the beginner and the continuer of Munich's glory. The former is crowded with public buildings imitated and adapted from all styles, but it has few houses, little life, and leads nowhere. The latter is pretty, lively, chiefly consists of houses and shops, is arranged in the style of the Boulevards of modern Paris, and is full of loungers. The difference of character of the two kings may easily be traced in this account of what each has done.

Much of the prettiness and effect of Munich is derived from the wide spaces left and the vegetation that is now beginning to fill them with tone and color. These mix well with the modern and fresh architecture, and the result is sometimes very striking. But this is rather in spite of, than belonging to, the original design. It is one of the advantageous results of a change of rule.

The public buildings of Munich very well deserve careful attention, and many of them repay a minute study; but a rapid glance at the most important is all that the mere tourist can afford.

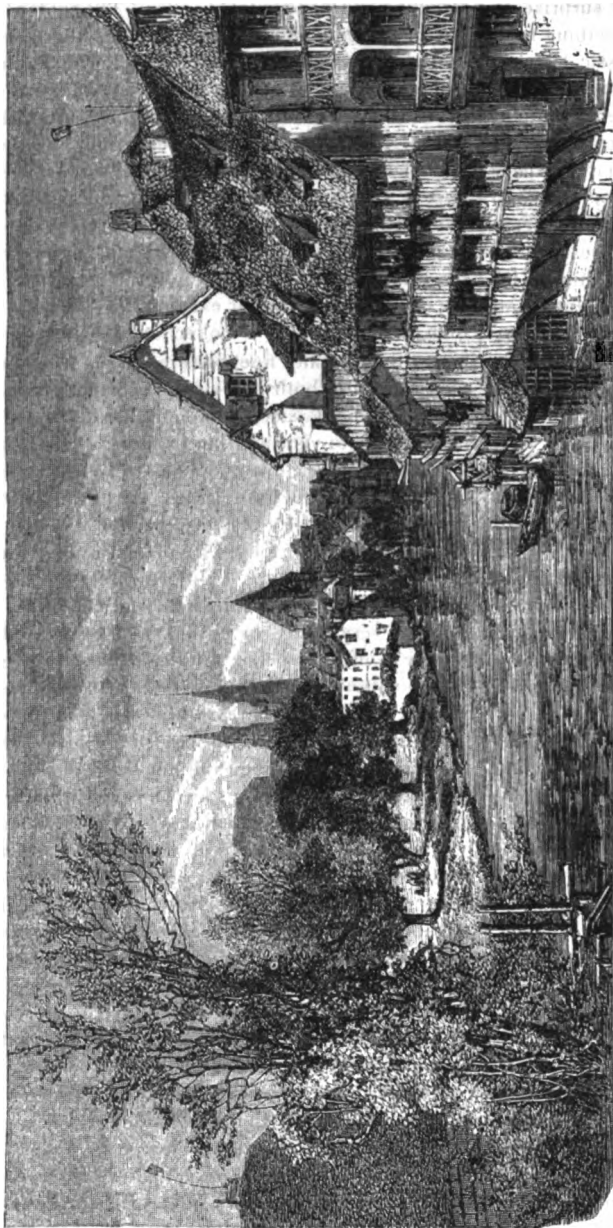
He will see the Glyptothek, or Sculpture Gallery, built in the Greek style, and certainly one of the most successful adaptations of that style to a northern climate that has been produced. Except at the back, where there are windows which destroy the effect, there are few faults of construction and many great beauties. The contents are of extreme interest, and include the celebrated Ægina marbles, and the Barberini Faun, alone sufficient to render the collection worthy of a visit. The Pinacothek, the Picture-Gallery of Munich, has much merit, but not the capital merit of being well adapted for its purpose. The view of the front is grand and harmonious, and the design is to a great extent original. As a great picture-gallery, however, the Pinacothek is much too lofty, and the hanging of the pictures rather exaggerates this defect than corrects it. The collection also, though not without many fine pictures, is as a whole poor, and it is both badly and incorrectly catalogued. The Palace, though richly decorated, is fatiguing to visit and hardly worth the effort. The churches are many, and of various points of interest. The gate called the Propylæan was intended to be a masterpiece, and its object was to celebrate the dynasty of Bavaria in the classic land of Greece. Unfortunately the dynasty terminated before the gate was completed. Though very faulty in design, and heavy and clumsy in effect, it will be studied with advantage for the variety of imitation of Greek forms it affords. The Ludwig-strasse abounds with public buildings of more or less pretense. The Royal Library is grand, and the Hall of Marshals lofty. The Ludwig's kirche is unattractive, but in this and some other churches and public buildings the frescoes by Cornelius and other artists are very remarkable. Cornelius is sometimes regarded as the father of modern German art, and is heartily appreciated by the numerous members of his family. Nearly a thousand artists, of various styles and many degrees of merit, honor Munich by residing there, and to all of these Cornelius, if not a god, is at least the high-priest of the divinity.

Munich is not only celebrated for its art. Its inhabitants, beyond the select thousand, know little of it, and care less. They may, indeed, see it at every turn; but we all know that those who do not look see very little. The true Bavarian, and especially the native of Munich, thinks of and lives for beer. This is the subject of his conversation as it is his chief enjoyment, and Ludwig would have done well to have availed himself of the national taste, and to induce a love of art worth more than the name, by decorating a gigantic beer-hall and

thus insuring a perpetual contemplation of some worthy objects.

The beer-houses of Munich, such as they are, must be regarded as truly national institutions, and they are places where the people can

where, and modern art, like ancient art, is not confined to one or even to several centers; but there is no such beer as that of Bavaria, and the worship of beer is nowhere so completely carried out.



THE PEGNITZ RIVER, INTERSECTING THE CITY OF NUREMBERG.

To arrive at the Court Brew-House, the chief resort of the beer-drinkers of Munich, and the producer of the best beer, you must find your way through narrow streets to a bare open space, with low doorways and a mean aspect. The small square thus situated is called the Platz. Passing under one of the low archways, you come into a yard full of people, some standing, some sitting on casks. The yard is long and narrow. On one side are tables standing out from the wall, looking like stalls in a stable, separated by high wooden partitions and sheltered from rain by a narrow roof. On the other side of the yard is a small doorway leading to the kitchen and bar. At the bar is a tap with running water to clean the stone mugs standing ranged on each side. The customer takes down a mug, washes it himself, and sees it filled from a cask. He then endeavors to find a place at some table. Each mug holds a quart, and when emptied is quickly refilled by an old man who hovers about for this purpose.

A strange sight is this *Hofbrauhaus*—the royal beer-house of Munich. There are tales of one or other of its frequenters absorbing sometimes thirty quarts in a day. The place is crowded with men of all classes. Professors and men of learning, politicians and men of business, noble and even royal people, mix here freely with beer-

lovers of the lowest class. The taste for beer is a true leveler in Bavaria. Nowhere is the beer so good, nowhere is it so thoroughly appreciated. This same beer-house has continued to supply the pleasant drink for centuries, and

be best studied. Indeed, no true son of the soil will fail to show himself from time to time at some one of the gardens and cellars where the national beverage is to be had. Imitative Greek and Roman buildings are to be seen any-

will no doubt continue to do so as long as Munich remains a town.

The Court Brew-House is of course only one of many; nor are all in the same style. There are also varieties of beer, according to the season, and various places where the different kinds are supposed to be procurable in perfection. Thus a particular kind, stronger than the rest, called "Salvator," is brewed only about Easter. At this season all the beer-drinking world—in other words, all the population of Munich—stroll out to the suburb of Au to the "Salvator" cellar, where a large shed has been erected, in addition to the tables without number placed under the trees, in anticipation of the annual visit. The "Salvator" drinking, fortunately, does not last long, for it steals the wit from the brains very rapidly and effectually; but the beer-gardens are never left empty.

On the whole, Munich is a pleasant city, both to visit in a transient manner and also to stay in for a time. It has its faults. Owing to its great elevation and position between the high Alps and the great European plain, its climate is very trying and extreme. But it has many advantages, and among them is the great one that it is not dull.

From Munich there is excellent railway accommodation, conveying the traveler in whatever direction he wishes. One of the most convenient ways of quitting the city is that which leads north-eastward toward the Danube. This great river is reached at Ratisbon, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, occupying from three to five hours by train. There is not much to detain us *en route*, and the scenery is not remarkable. The picturesque town of Landshut on the Iser is the only thing that is worth noticing; and the interval between two trains is sufficient to do it justice.

Ratisbon, like Augsburg, was one of the free cities of the Middle Ages, and was wealthy and flourishing accordingly. It is now rather dull and gloomy; for its streets are narrow, and there are several tall towers with battlements, that remind one of the time when life and property were not quite so secure as they are now in Central Europe. The public buildings are not very numerous, but the cathedral is interesting, as having been in course of construction for about six hundred years, and being now on the point of completion. The old town hall contains its torture-chamber, exhibiting some of the most horrible combinations to produce unendurable suffering that human ingenuity, exercised to the utmost by the stimulus of a so-called religion and fanaticism, could suggest. This torture-chamber was, however, used for

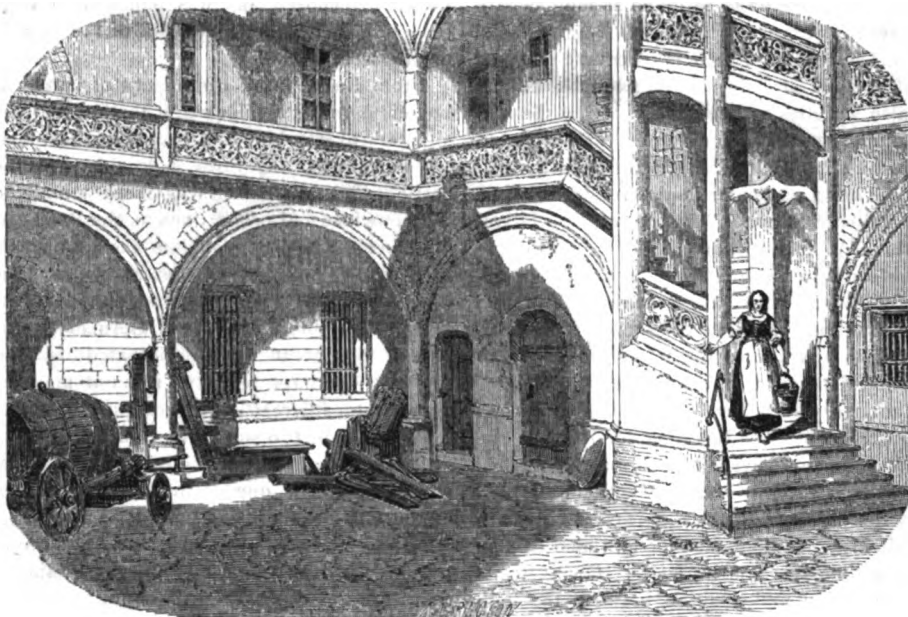
political purposes, and was immediately below the great hall where the Diets of the German empire were held.

From Ratisbon all worshipers of heroes are bound to make a pilgrimage to the Walhalla, situated, overlooking the Danube valley, about six miles from the town, adjoining a ruined castle. The Walhalla is a Greek temple, of the same size and proportions as the Parthenon of Athens, and is devoted to the glorification of German heroes of all ages and of all kinds of celebrity. It is highly decorated by the principal sculptors of modern Germany, and is one of the great works originated by King Ludwig. Perhaps when in ruins it may possess greater interest both for the artist and the lover of the picturesque than now belongs to it.

Nuremberg is about eighty-five miles from Ratisbon, and is one of the most interesting of the old cities of Europe. It is reached in less than four hours by fast trains, but stopping trains take five. As the stoppages by the fast trains are numerous, the gain is not at all worth the difference in price, which is increased twenty per cent. for the so-called "Express." There is not much of interest on the road, and the country is flat.

Nuremberg is perhaps the very best example of a large mediæval city that still remains in Europe. Of smaller places there are instances elsewhere, as in the south of France, where towns exist that have been altogether abandoned, and that retain every peculiarity of human existence stereotyped without any human life remaining to interfere with the effect. But in Nuremberg we see man of the nineteenth century by the side of railways, and manufactures, and modern customs, living in the houses and walking along the streets that still retain the dust of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The very manufactures of the place small of antiquity. The little quaint dolls, so largely exported, are no more like living children than the Nuremberg toys are like modern manufactures, or the Nuremberg streets like those of Paris or London. The streets are all spread out like spiders' legs; the houses are all individuals, each with its own history; there is no uniformity and no correspondence, so to speak, between any one thing in the whole place and any other.

Nuremberg is, as every body knows, or ought to know, a fortified town. Not like Portsmouth or Luxembourg, or any other fortified place in Europe that could resist for a few days the attack of a modern army with rifled artillery and soldiers with the needle-guns; but made to look formidable by means of certain crumbling walls



COURT OF A HOUSE IN THERESE-STREET, NUREMBERG.

and round towers that would fall down and leave convenient openings for the enemy, if rudely shaken by an old Roman battering-ram. It is astonishing that these walls can resist the wind, and one can fancy them falling flat if any army of Jews should march round them to the sound of the trumpet. All this, however, adds greatly to the effect. The town is built on a slight rise in an open plain, but is intersected by the rapid little river Pegnitz, which, after a time, falls into the Main, and ultimately swells the volume of old Father Rhine. The fortifications cross the river. The walls are now converted into pleasant shady walks, and the moat into public gardens, and thus the peacefulness of old Nuremberg peeps out even from among its frowning round towers and forbidding gates.

The Pegnitz divides Nuremberg into two nearly equal parts, and is crossed by a number of picturesque bridges. The houses are built close to the water's edge in some parts, and even on the bridges themselves, crowding up the little stream, which is at no time more than a thread of water.

The streets of Nuremberg are not very narrow, but the houses are lofty and large, generally provided with open courts, round which a picturesque gallery runs. Richly carved balustrades adorn the gallery, which is approached by an outside stair. The illustration will give an excellent idea of this peculiarity, and is highly characteristic. The houses are often

very beautifully ornamented toward the street by fine oriel windows, large and lofty gable fronts, and a large number of windows, in ranges of gradually decreasing width, one above another. The oriel windows often have little ornamental turrets rising over the eaves of the roof, producing a degree of quaint prettiness nowhere rivaled. Besides the general distribution of this kind of ornamentation, which forms the charm of Nuremberg streets, there are some houses of especial beauty in various parts of the town. The Nassauer Haus, in the König's-strasse, and one near the Rath-haus or Town Hall, are among those best worth examining, and, if possible, sketching. Some of the larger houses extend back from one street to another, with a double front and two or three courtyards. Many of these houses are still inhabited by the families whose ancestors built them. They are constructed of stone, and were intended to last.

IN seasons of trial and perplexity we have been tempted to think that if we had only lived in the old dispensation an angel would have visited us with a message, or a vision have guided our indecision. But we have not availed ourselves as fully as is our privilege of the presence of the Angel of the Covenant in the personal humanity of Jesus, who went before us through all the stages of life and sorrow. In such seasons we are required to take but one step at a time, looking up all the way.

A LITTLE CHILD.

IT might have been business troubles; it might have been the long, slippery walk home; it might have been the east wind: it might have been one or all of these; but Mr. Dana, as he opened the gate of his cozy home, was certainly cross. It did not help his mood that the typical "dear light of home" did not stream from the windows, and that the first thing he did, after opening the door of the dark sitting-room, was to stumble over a pair of rockers; for Mr. Dana detested rocking-chairs.

"Bring a light!" he shouted to some one approaching. "There!" as the welcome lamp came, "this is pretty! Three rockers and two footstools, but not a decent chair in the room."

"Here's one, pa," said a girl's voice, as Ellen, the eldest daughter, came from an adjoining room with one. "You know we girls don't like to sit in these straight-backed chairs."

"All folly," grumbled the father. "You women make perfect babies of yourselves."

Then he took the chair and next attacked the fire. "Seems to me you're fond of freezing here. The fire is always down when I come home."

Miss Ellen shrugged her shoulders, and her mother answered with proper spirit, "I'm sure it's warm enough. It was n't more than an hour ago that Dr. Blane was here, and said he did n't wonder we were sick so much, when we kept our rooms so hot."

"I'm the best judge of things in my own house, I hope," stirring the fire vigorously. "Is tea ready?"

"Not quite."

"I wish you would hurry it, then. Where's May?"

"Gone to see her cousins."

"O!"—a sigh that spoke volumes to one who knew the family. "Are any of the children sick? I saw the doctor's carriage there as I came by."

"I'm sure I do n't know"—fretfully—"if any of them are seriously ill we shall hear of it."

"Had n't you better go over?"

"Now, papa," said the daughter, as Mrs. Dana knit in silence, "when Mrs. Edward do n't even recognize ma on the street! The way they've acted is perfectly shameful, and I do n't think we are the ones to propose peace;" as the eldest daughter, Ellen felt that she had a voice in the family councils, and always took her right.

"May can tell if any of them are very ill," said Mrs. Dana. "If they are, I'll go over; I'm sure I'm not in favor of family quarrels;

and, if your brother's wife has used me badly, I'll not lay it up against her if any of them are sick."

Mrs. Dana knit and Mr. Dana read the paper in silence after this until tea was announced. Then the family being gathered from various parts of the house—for they were not social among themselves, and each one had his or her pet hiding-place, from which they had to be called when wanted—they sat down at the table; a grace was sandwiched between Mr. Dana's grumbled wonder why they could not have warm biscuits oftener, and Mrs. Dana's answer, that they were not fit for any human stomach. A discussion on healthy food was imminent; but Mr. Dana had other complaints:

"There was a music bill sent in to-day. Whose is it?"

"Mine, I suppose," answered Ruth, the second daughter, while the mother answered, apologetically, "You know she is taking of Bent, and he always charges more than the others."

"I think she had better stop if it's going to cost at this rate," tossing the bill over to his daughter. "And another bill from Payson's. One hundred dollars, and not a charge, as I can see, over a dollar. How can you spend so much on"—after a moment's thought to pick out the smallest things he knew—"pins, and needles, and thread?"

"When you are a woman perhaps you will see"—an answer hardly satisfactory to her husband—but, having thus diffused a cheerful influence over the evening meal, he said no more, and tea was finished in almost utter silence.

They were by no means an ugly family, these Danas. Almost any father might have looked with pleasure on the five children at the board. They ranged in age from Ellen, three years since out of her teens, to little May, now absent; two boys, four girls; all of them bright, intelligent, and with no more total depravity than most persons; yet any one who knew the Danas must have seen that they were not a happy family, or rather, perhaps, that they did not live up to their privileges of happiness. There was too much will among them; they warred constantly, and small squabbles were so frequent that the parents only gave them a passing notice. None could be better than they when they tried; but, as a rule, only one tried at a time, and the result was failure. There was little giving up; few favors among the children. They were careful not to infringe on each other's known rights, but in the borderlands the skirmishing was constant. They were

truthful, fatally so sometimes, generous. In any great trouble they would have held firmly together, and they had too much pride to let their petty warfare be public. Only this last quarrel with Mr. Edward Dana had been too great to be hidden. For three months the families, living not half a dozen blocks apart, had not exchanged visits, hardly, of late, spoken on the street. The younger children played together, and that was the sole bond between the families.

After tea the family went back to the sitting-room. Mr. Dana sat down to his paper, Mrs. Dana to her knitting, the three girls to their fancy-work, while the boys played marbles in the corner, keeping still, and forbearing disputes for fear of disturbing their father and being sent to bed.

"Can't we have some reading, girls?" said Mrs. Dana after a while. Fanny, the third girl, sighed as she dropped her work. She was the family reader, and liked the office well enough; but she had taken lately the air of conferring a great favor whenever she read. Hearing the sigh, Ruth remarked, with some tartness, that she need n't read on her account. Fanny, heing used to this, merely said, "What shall I read? Hand me that magazine, ma."

"I thought we were to begin the last volume of Motley to-night?" said Ellen.

"Don't," interposed the mother. "You know, girls, I hate that book; it is nothing but horrors. Do let us have something that wont give me the nightmare. Read a story, Fanny."

"There's none here but a silly love story. I can read it, I suppose, though;" and she began.

"Awful stupid," she said, as she finished. Her comments by the way, as she read, had been frequent, making some confusion in the minds of her hearers, till, finding that half was hers and half the author's, a vigorous remonstrance induced her to give up the place of critic. "Now hand me the other; there's a piece on amusements that I want to read."

The article in question, being a defense of almost all modern amusements, provoked, of course, a discussion. The Danas were born debaters. Almost their whole conversation was in the shape of arguments. A friend once said no two ever believed alike on any question of law, morals, or common life; and as each had a conscience about letting the others know just where he or she stood, they presented the spectacle of a debating society in perpetual session. Now Mr. Dana dropped his paper, and, each taking a side, the debate was in active progress when the sound of the gate, and the patter of

little feet on the porch, suspended it. Ellen sprang to the door, and every one of the family greeted little May as she entered—every face brightening at her approach. May was the baby, with all the baby's rights and privileges. Not in years, for she was past seven, though small of her age, with a quaint womanly dignity that every one laughed at and admired. Slight as a fairy, and just as graceful, she stood there now a true Red Riding-hood, in her scarlet-hooded cloak, with, just visible beneath, two feet in dainty white stockings and red shoes. Great, unfathomable, brown eyes, curly brown hair, a rosebud mouth, and, withal, the stateliness of a grand-duchess—she was a beauty, every one said that, and her chief charm was her eyes. Clear, deep, wonderful, they looked straight through you, but let you see in their inmost depths only the innocent trust of a child. She was one of those angels that come to us sometimes in the guise of children, keeping her parents in perpetual fear lest she might take wings and leave them; yet, despite her angelhood, her grave, womanly ways, so sweetly human, so childishly charming as to be a perpetual delight, they held her with tremulous thankfulness; their fears making them more tender of her, and deepening their joy almost with presentiment of coming sorrow.

"Little Redbird!" her father said, stooping almost involuntarily to take her, "have you had a nice time, dear?"

"Yes, papa," answered May, speaking with a slowness and gravity that made them all smile; "but Cousin Nellie is sick. And I had to nurse her," she added, with an important air.

"Indeed, Miss May! What did you do?"

"I held the baby, O! ever so long, till I ached so—and then I fanned Nellie."

"Has she a fever?" Mrs. Dana asked.

"I guess so, but I did n't hear what the doctor said. Can I go again to-morrow, ma? Auntie said she would like to have me."

"We will see, dear. Have you had your tea?"

"O yes; and Cousin Charlie brought me home on his sled, papa. O dear! I guess—I'm tired"—and she nestled down in her father's arms wearily.

"You must not hold the baby so much, dear," her father said; "you're not strong enough. I wonder they allow it"—to his wife—who shook her head solemnly.

"O! I like to," said little May. "I was helping; and she is such a darling."

"You don't look well," said the anxious mother. "Here, John, take this chair and rock her." And Mr. Dana, forgetting his chronic

horror of rocking-chairs, took it without a word. The discussion was not resumed. Mrs. Dana endured, instead, a chapter of the "Dutch Republic," without a word; and, it finished, May was reminded of her bed-time. She had dropped half asleep, but roused at her mother's voice.

"I'll go; but, Ruth, won't you sing that new song first? You have n't heard it, papa, and it's so pretty."

And Ruth, unable to resist the little pleader, sat down at the piano without a word. Mr. Dana never praised his children; so Ruth was left in uncertainty as to the pleasure she had really given; but perhaps the music bill was paid more readily the next day, remembering her song. Little May's kiss was thanks enough for Ruth, who, five minutes later, carried her off to bed.

All of the Danas were Church members. Mr. Dana gave largely to all calls of charity; his wife's name was always prominent on committees for Church fairs and entertainments; and the girls' fancy work and services were greatly in demand for the same. They went regularly to church and prayer-meeting; family worship was never omitted; and that all knew the Bible thoroughly any one who heard them debate on doctrinal points must have seen. Each felt ready at all times and places to give a reason for their belief; which meant, with them, an argument to prove its superiority over that of other people. Having no taste or talent for personal work among the poor, they gave through others, and consoled themselves by great activity in mission Sunday-schools. Yet they were far from being a model family. Out of books indeed, families are not either marvelously perfect, or startlingly imperfect. Most of those whom I know jog along in a comfortable, half-good, half-bad way, that might adorn a tale but would never point a moral. But the very perfection of the Danas' outer life made the discords of their inner seem worse.

But in all their bickerings little May was the peace-maker. One look from her wondering eyes would often stop the sisters in a dispute; and if looks failed with the boys, she generally tried words. She was, herself, exquisitely sensitive. So with the rest, only they had grown calloused to petty, provoking things—penknife cuts, that sometimes bleed inwardly for a lifetime. But what they disregarded among themselves was cared for in her. They seemed sometimes to soften their voices, to be careful of their actions toward her. Queen of the household she ruled her kingdom wisely and well. It was little May whose kisses and chatter charmed away the frowns on her father's

face; her voice that made music to her mother's ears; her tireless feet that ran of errands for the whole family. She was not unnaturally precocious, but she sometimes showed in little things a wisdom that surprised them all.

The next day passed without other event than a visit paid by May, to her sick cousin. She came home so flushed and tired that her mother felt anxious about her—anxiety that was deepened when, the next morning, she was found unable to rise; the fatal spot burned deeper in her cheeks. Awed by the sudden illness of one so loved, the family grew strangely quiet and peaceable. Even when, at the breakfast table, the mischievous older boy brought up the vexed question of amusements, little was said. Mr. Dana went to his store later than usual, and came home earlier, to find her no better. The simple home remedies having failed to give relief, the doctor was summoned, and Mrs. Dana laid down her endless knitting, and became nurse in good earnest. And little May's room was darkened, the house made quiet; and the family, in their frequent journeys from the home room to hers, had glimpses of a flushed little face, a slight restless figure, and moans of pain only half hushed when they were by. Perhaps nothing so quickly draws a family together as the prospect of the loss of one. Some, indeed, only know when one of them is brought face to face with death how precious is that life to the others.

So the days went by, and the fever ran its course, and she was living still—living, but so frail, so weak, that they feared she had not strength to rally. And as day after day went by and she grew no stronger, their fears increased. She had begged that, as soon as possible, she might be carried down stairs, wishing, in her tender heart, to save her mother fatigue. So a little bed was made for her in a small room off the sitting-room, and all day she lay there, patient and loving, suffering only from the weariness of weakness. When Mr. Dana came from his store at night his first thought was May, and he was never too tired to carry her up and down in his strong arms, and hush her to sleep with the songs she liked best; all the family were her servants, but she seemed especially dependent on him, and her helplessness made her nearer to him than any other child had ever been; for none of the others, being always strong and healthy, had ever so appealed to him.

One evening she lay in his arms, asleep as he supposed. The family, as it happened, were all out, save the mother, who, tired with work and watching, was lying down. They were in

the sitting-room, with no light save that of the red fire, that, flashing up on her thin little face, flushed it as if in health.

"Papa," she said suddenly.

Mr. Dana stopped his mental calculation of the profits to be made on the stock of goods just received, to say, "What, darling?"

"I asked the doctor about it this morning, papa."

"About what, dear?"

"My getting well."

"What did he say, dear?" after a moment's silent rocking.

"That he thought I would if I'd take my medicine like a good girl; but, papa, I'm afraid he did n't tell me the truth."

A silence, while Mr. Dana rocked slowly, and tried hard to steady his voice. "You are not afraid to die, May, darling?"

"No," May answered, slowly and thoughtfully, "I'm not *afraid*—I would rather stay with you, I think, but Jesus told little children to come to him, you know, and he loves them."

"But, papa, if I do," she went on, after a pause, during which Mr. Dana had been utterly silent, "I want you to do something for me. Will you?"

"Certainly, if I can, dear."

Another little pause, while May knitted her brows, and thought. At length she said, "I have some money in my safe, nearly three dollars, I think; will you give it to the poor—to children?"

"Yes, darling."

"And, papa, I want to give my biggest dolly to Cousin Allie. Will you remember? The one you gave me my last birthday."

"I'll see to it, dear."

"And my rocking-chair to Cousin Lucy. You won't mind, will you? You gave it to me, you know. I would give it to Charlie, only boys don't care for such things. And my dolly's cab to Cousin Ruth."

"I understand, May. Is there any thing else?"

"Will you give them yourself, dear papa, or have ma? Papa—I wish—so much—that you liked us better."

"Who, child?" asked the slightly puzzled father.

"Every one—mamma, and the girls, and Charlie, and Ned, and—Uncle Edward's folks."

"Why, dear, I do love them."

"Do you?" her large eyes fixed wonderingly on his face; "but, papa, I do n't think you act as if you did always."

"Papa feels worried, sometimes, about his business, and that makes him—nervous—fretful, perhaps. Little girls can't understand about these things."

"I don't know as I do, papa, but you read to us from the Bible every morning that it is wrong to worry and fret."

Silence for a few minutes, apparently for May to think of appropriate texts.

"And uncle and aunt too, papa. What was it you read this morning about its being wrong to think folks were naughty?"

"'Charity thinketh no evil,'" Mr. Dana said slowly.

"And charity means love, my Sunday-school teacher says. So if you loved them you would not think so often that they meant to do wrong. And won't you try not, papa? Won't you try to be friends with uncle—and, dear papa," her hands clasped themselves closely around his neck, and the pleading, eager face was half hidden, "won't you tell us often that you love us?"

Mr. Dana kissed her softly. "My darling, I will try," and with that little May was content.

"Are you too tired to sing, papa?" she said after another silence. "I think I could go to sleep if you would." And Mr. Dana, softening his voice, sang "China," the wild, wailing measure of which soothed her soonest to slumber.

Outside moaned the Winter wind; inside the stillness was only broken by the rare crackle of the fire and that low breath of song. What memories of the past, what reproachful glimpses of the present came to him as he sat there, holding in his arms the dear one whose questions had so hurt him! Almost, as it seemed to him, already in the shadow of death, questions and petitions came to him with double force. And as he sang memories came to deepen the impression. The dear old hymn he had heard first, a boy, at his mother's funeral; and with the thought came the recollection of her love and care, and her parting counsel to "be good and loving to every body." He had heard it, grown older, sung over the coffin of a brother, the only one he had save this one from whom now he was so estranged. He had heard it—O, saddest memory of all!—when his first-born, his daughter, so like little May, had been buried. All the bitterness of that time came back to him; but he remembered that even then sorrow had not been to him so hard, because he had not borne it alone. And now, parted by a hundred cobwebs, none the less keeping them apart because such frail things, the husband and wife had ceased from that mutual love and care that makes wedded life happy. Where the separation began he knew; blind devotion to business on his part; the giving up of every thing that hindered him in

his race for wealth; the gradual growth of the thought that his family, with their numberless needs and wants, were an incumbrance to him. As for the wife, she had perhaps grown tired of having the devotion all on her side. And the children, seeing two heads to the house, had perhaps been led more into obstinacy and selfishness among themselves. And now, if he lost May, would it not be meant as a lesson to him? He laid her down, and as he did so his wife came from her room. They stood together a moment looking at her. The faces of almost all children in sleep are beautiful. May's, so fair, so pale, so peaceful, made one think of heaven. The same thought was in the mind of each as they gazed; the same words sprang to their lips as they turned and faced one another—"What should we do without her?"

"The will of the Lord be done," Mr. Dana said, but his voice shook not a little. "Why, Martha, Martha!" for his wife had burst into tears.

"I can't say it," she sobbed. "You do n't know what she is to me."

Mr. Dana could say nothing, and his wife, after a moment, checked her sobs and went to the sitting-room. She lit the lamp, with fingers that trembled, and taking up her knitting tried hard to compose herself. Mr. Dana unfolded his newspaper, but there seemed to be nothing in it, and, after a little, he dropped it and turned to his wife.

"Have you heard from Edward's folks lately?"

"Lucy came over this morning to see how May was," blinking and frowning over the stitches her trembling fingers had dropped, "and Maria sent over some beautiful peaches."

"Maria is very kind when any of us are sick, is n't she?" Mr. Dana ventured doubtfully.

"Yes, I will say that for her. There are few better nurses than she. Do n't you remember when I had the typhoid, three years ago, how much she helped us?"

"Yes. Are you sure, my dear, that we are right in keeping up that quarrel?"

"I'm sure I do n't want to. It seems to me now that it was a very little thing we quarreled about."

"Best make it up, then," Mr. Dana said, surprised and relieved to find his wife so willing. "Little May seems to have taken it to heart."

There was another little silence, and then Mr. Dana, stumbling and hesitating not a little, told his wife of May's talk and a few of the thoughts it had roused. "And I've been wrong," he finished bravely; "I can see it now, though I never thought much about it before.

I've not been as careful of you and the children as I ought."

And his wife answered, speaking low but with a sudden glad ring in her voice, "We have both been wrong, John; but it's not too late to mend."

And then the two, kneeling by little May's bed, asked for help to keep their resolutions for good.

May did not die. She was better, the doctor said, when he came two days later. Hope, long sleeping, sprang up again in the hearts of the family. The possibility of her recovery made each one keep a kind of thanksgiving, that, unconsciously, came out in their faces. Bright faces they were around that table, and Mrs. Dana's, behind the coffee-urn, was brightest of all. When she carried May her breakfast, and, coming back, reported that she had eaten half a biscuit and an egg, there was quite a jubilee. But slowly, very slowly, health came back to her. The weeks of convalescence, however, were not without fruit. Family bickering must be forborne before May. The sad eyes with which she looked at them, listening, were such a reproach. Each self-denial renders the next easier. Giving up at first to please her, gradually a more loving feeling grew in their hearts; and the strong sense of *meum* and *tuum* which had so long prevailed in the house was lessened. Nor was the example of the parents wanting. Once started in the right direction the husband and wife together began a new life. When May's little feet pattered once more through the rooms, the Dana household was somewhat different from what it had been when she was taken sick; not perfect, far from it, slipping often back into the old slough, but slowly being made brighter, more loving, more generous. The two households, so long separated, were reunited over the Christmas dinner that was also May's birthday feast.

"The best gift God ever gave me," the father said, as he kissed her that morning, and the sudden memory of a verse read the night before at family prayers, sang itself through his heart, "A little child shall lead them."

WHEN a lady once asked Turner, the celebrated English painter, what his secret was, he replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work. This is a secret that many never learned, and do n't succeed because they do n't learn it. Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty, and the greatest curse to a great blessing."



M. ADOLPHE THIERS.

FEW Frenchmen have been more constantly or more prominently before the public eye for the past half century than the historian, statesman, and orator whose name stands at the head of this article. Amid all the vicissitudes of French history, from the downfall of Charles X to the accession of Emile Ollivier as premier, M. Thiers has always been in the foreground; and again, at the downfall of Napoleon, rises to the front rank of interest. In office, he has displayed an energy and passionate love of his profession such as few men have exhibited; out of office, he has known how to turn from the turmoils of the tribune and the vexations of the council board, to the laborious but pleasant paths of historical letters. And it is hard to say in which he is most eminent, and for what he will be longest honored by posterity—whether his bold and positive statesmanship, his nervous and aggressive oratory, or the purity and force of his historical writings. The first quality won for him the premiership; the second gave him a power in the legislature which seems not yet to have waned; the third secured him, in 1833, when he was but thirty-six, a fauteuil as one of the Forty of the French Academy. His versatility is one of his most

marked traits, and stamps him a true Provençal. Now, in his seventy-third year, he still seems as vigorous and laborious, as pugnacious and eager for the forensic fray, as in the earlier days when he declaimed against Bourbon oppression, and forced himself upon the unwilling doctrinaires of the Louis Philippe era.

Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles—a town prolific of men of genius—on the 16th of April, 1797. Unlike his great and almost life-long rival, Guizot, his parentage was humble, both father and mother belonging to the lower middle class. He received his education by means of a charity instituted at Marseilles by Napoleon I, by which a certain number of scholars were admitted free. A French writer—Mirecourt—tells us, that at school Thiers was “quarrelsome, obstinate, indolent, and disobedient.” In short, he was not one of those precocious children who inspire prophecies of future greatness. It is related of him, as an illustration of his early traits, that he one day put some wax on the teacher’s seat, whereby the worthy man was stuck to his place, to the immense amusement of the scholars and his own chagrin. For this Adolphe was locked in the garret for three days, being reduced to

rations of bread and water. As he grew older he grew more studious, and finally plunged into his studies with the same passionate force which he formerly used in his quarrels with his classmates and his rebellions against his teachers. He rose to be the first scholar in the school, and for several successive years won the highest prize offered to the pupils for general proficiency. He had formed an earnest taste for books, and instead of pursuing, as his parents intended he should, a mercantile career, on leaving school he turned his attention to the study of the law. At the same time he began a course of historical reading, that seeming, thus early, to be the direction to which his mind leaned. He had grown up amid the splendid traditions of the first Empire, and was a doughty young partisan of the "recluse of St. Helena." Admitted to the bar at Aix, the old capital of his native province, he went, in his twenty-third year, to Paris, where he was enrolled among the advocates of the metropolis.

From this time Thiers seems to have had three loves, and to have constantly wavered between them—literature, law, and politics. "He brought with him," says a biographer, "a whole system of philosophy in his head." The intellectual temptations of Paris, the brilliant fields which it opened to his view, lured him soon away from his proper profession, and there was but little studying of the code or pleading at the Correctional Police, after he reached there. He quickly made the acquaintance of some of the leading *littérati*, editors, and politicians. His ardor and wit were discerned, and he was every-where welcomed as a valuable recruit to whatever party he should join. His studies took a wider range; he now delved into philosophy and finance, into rhetoric and international law, political economy and the science of administration. His remarkable memory and keen zest enabled him to retain the most important maxims which came before his eyes. Meanwhile he took a zealous interest in the political movements of the day, assiduously attended the sessions of the Chamber, where he witnessed with delight and envy the stormy debates between the Bourbon ministers and the foremost Liberals of the day. He saw the great orator, Manuel, expelled from the legislative hall for the violence of one of his speeches; and the young Provençal, indignant and hot-headed, rushed up to the great man in the street, and exclaimed to him, "Vengeance, Manuel! As a deputy you are inviolable; your enemies have broken the charter!" Manuel was struck by his boldness and passion, invited him to his house, and soon after gave him a

desk in the office of the "Constitutionnel," of which Manuel was chief editor. It was just the opportunity he had yearned for. His editorials became famous for their courage, pith, and aggressive irony. He was remarked by the Liberal leaders, who encouraged him to pursue the line which he had taken. He made the acquaintance of Lafitte, the Liberal banker, and especially of the aged Talleyrand, who, though chary of his praise, praised young Thiers to his friends without stint. Thiers had just commenced his famous "History of the Revolution." Talleyrand said that it would be a great work, but he feared the politicians would not leave the young historian time to finish it. Thiers did not leave it doubtful that he sympathized with the Liberal opposition. Serious events were preparing, and the young editor every day became more and more influential with his party.

Prince Polignac was Prime Minister, and the throne of the last Bourbon sovereign was beginning then to totter. In January of the eventful year 1830, Thiers left the "Constitutionnel," to found, in company with Carvel, an eminent Liberal, a more thorough-going opposition paper. This resulted in the famous "National." It was in the columns of this courageous journal that Thiers gave utterance to the memorable saying, "*Le roi regne, et ne gouverne pas.*" (The king reigns, but does not rule.) Disciple as he was of the first revolution, he did not, however, go to the extent of wishing to overthrow the monarchy by a repetition of its horrors. On the morning of July 27, 1830, the day before that which was fatal to the crown of Charles X, Thiers was in his sanctum; a commissary of police entered with a posse of *gens d'armes*, and, in spite of the editor's remonstrances, proceeded to break up his presses. In spite of this indignity, and although he saw that the revolution was about to burst upon the city, Thiers was yet unwilling that events should come to the bitter end of force. Although he detested the government, he essayed to save it. He hurried to the chief of the Liberals, Casimir Perier, where the prominent members of the party had gathered, and urged upon them the necessity of preventing a collision of the troops. His remonstrances were vain.

The next morning—July 28—the storm came. Thiers, with all his passion and headstrong temper, had not a little caution in his character, and amid events which were inevitable, was disposed to make the best of his opportunities. After conferring with M. Guizot, and finding it probable that he would be arrested, he left

Paris and rejoined some friends outside the fortifications. Meanwhile the weak government succumbed, Polignac fell, Charles X fled from the Tuileries, and the insurrection, almost without a blow, held the city. Thiers hurried back to town, went to Lafitte's, where the Liberal leaders were assembled, and startled the meeting by proposing the Duke of Orleans for the vacant throne. After some hesitation the suggestion was adopted, and the Duke accepted the proffer, and Louis Philippe of Orleans became King of the French.

Owing his throne to the advocacy of Thiers, the new sovereign naturally took him as one of his chief advisers. At this date began Thiers's brilliant career as a statesman. For ten years we find him almost constantly holding high office. He became Minister of Finance in the administration of his friend Lafitte; was elected to the Chamber from Aix; and two years later, in 1832, he was intrusted with the portfolio of the Interior. He soon after became Minister of Commerce and Public Works. In 1836 we find him Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and again in the same office in 1840. Not only did he prove himself an able and efficient minister in all of these various offices, requiring each of them abilities peculiar and distinct, but he now shone in the Chamber as one of its greatest orators. With the heat of temperament which he derived from the warm southern province of his birth, and the pugnacious disposition which had displayed itself from childhood upward, he attacked his opponents right and left, electrifying the assembly from the tribune, defending his acts with great force, and overwhelming all who did not agree with him by his irony and denunciation. The cold and formal Guizot found in him a redoubtable antagonist, ever watchful, quick to perceive an error of judgment or policy, and determined to hit his mark.

When Lafitte was driven from power, and Casimir Perier became Premier, Thiers boldly transferred his abilities to the services of the new minister. This made him extremely unpopular. He was accused of deserting his oldest friends, and the epithet of "traitor" was hurled at him by his old colleagues. At Aix he was mobbed in his hotel by a furious crowd, who threw stones at his window, and threatened to hang him to a lamp-post. He only saved himself by timely flight, and by giving himself a protection behind the bayonets of the garrison. But his energy and perseverance overcame the hostility of politicians and people, and in 1836 he became Prime Minister, holding the offices of Foreign Secretary and President

of the Council of State. It was partly by his influence that Isabella II was placed on the throne of Spain in exclusion of Prince Don Carlos; that France threw her weight into the scale against making Egypt a government independent of the Sublime Porte; and he did what he could to prevent the establishment of the Belgian kingdom. It was due to him that the remains of Napoleon I, which had long rested obscurely at St. Helena, were brought in pomp to Paris, and that, with a splendid funeral pageant, they were laid "by the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the people I love so well."

It was also during his premiership that one of the most romantic episodes of modern French history, the capture of the Duchess de Berri—whose recent death will be fresh in the memory of our readers—took place. The duchess was the widow of the only son of the ex-king Charles X, and the mother of Henry of Bordeaux, grandson of the ex-king, and consequently the Bourbon, or Legitimist, heir to the throne. She was a resolute and attractive lady, and, resolved to attempt the restoration of her infant son, she made a plan to enter France, penetrate to loyal La Vendée, and there to rouse the people to insurrection in following the white flag of Bourbon royalty. Thiers was alarmed, and saw that the only way to prevent a serious outbreak was to secure the person of the duchess. His measures to that end had but poor success. One day, however, he was invited by an anonymous letter to meet a man, at ten o'clock at night, under the trees in the Champs Elysées, who would betray the duchess into his hands. This man proved to be a renegade Jew named Deutz. The minister went to the rendezvous; the bargain was sealed; Deutz declared he knew where the duchess was, and would secure her, and for this service he asked a million francs. The duchess was in hiding at Nantes; Deutz, with two *gen-darmes*, went directly to her hiding-place, and she was arrested and imprisoned; but was soon after, through Thiers's leniency, politely conducted out of France, with a courteous intimation that she would do well to remain beyond the frontier.

In 1840, after ten years' almost continuous enjoyment of office, Thiers found himself forced to yield it up, and was succeeded by his old rival, Guizot. While minister, he had, however, found time to complete his noble "History of the French Revolution," which, begun in 1823, was finished in 1832. Finding himself, in 1840, relieved of the onerous duties of power, he rested awhile from political life, seldom appearing, except on grave and great occasions,

on the old arena. He reverted to his literary pursuits, and now took up the continuation, or sequel, of his "Revolution," which Talleyrand had recommended him to undertake. This was the "History of the Consulate and Empire," which, in his periods of leisure, he continued to write, from 1840 down to 1864, when the last—the twentieth—volume was published. It is the general judgment that the "Revolution" is the greater work of the two; it was written in the full glow of youthful enthusiasm, and before the statesman had modified the generous and perhaps too partial insight of the student. It was when the startling events of 1847 announced the approach of the third revolution, that Thiers was summoned from his study to play once more a leading part in public events.

Early in February, 1848, it became evident that Guizot could not longer retain power. Public disturbances became frequent and more and more ominous. The banquets began to be held, and the revolutionary leaders to threaten openly to overturn the monarchy, Guizot, who had grown extremely unpopular, resigned; Count Mole, a shade more liberal, was called to the helm, but failed to stem the tide; then the King called on Thiers and Odillon Barrot to save his throne; but they arrived too late. Thiers attempted to form a popular cabinet, but even as he deliberated the insurrection broke out, the barricades were thrown up, and collisions between the troops and the populace took place. Thiers harangued the mob, but they would not listen. The palace was attacked, the King fled through the garden, the revolution triumphed, the Provisional Government took up its place at the Hotel de Ville.

And where was fiery, restless little Monsieur Thiers? Not at all annihilated, not by any means discouraged, but still bold, energetic, and active. He went down with the monarchy in February; in June we find him re-appearing in the Constituent Convention of the Republic, chosen by four electoral districts, and electing to sit for the city of Paris. Seeing the Republic to be inevitable, he acquiesced in it, and put his shoulder to the wheel to make the best of it. He took a very active part in the proceedings of the Convention, was prominent in the debates on the new constitution, for which he voted, and acted as the moderate or Conservative leader. When the June insurrection took place, he strongly supported the proposal to make Cavaignac dictator. It is curious to observe that while Thiers was in the Constituent a leading Conservative, the recent Emperor—then Prince Louis Napoleon, deputy—was one of the most radical Democrats. Still, when

the time for choosing a President of the Republic came, Thiers opposed the dictator Cavaignac whom he had helped to create, and sustained the candidature of Prince Louis Napoleon. So ardent a partisan was he then of Napoleon, that he fought a duel with a brother deputy for hinting that Thiers had once thought that the election of a Bonaparte would be a disgrace to France.

The Prince President elected and duly installed, Thiers at first gave his policy a cordial and effective support. He approved and defended the French expedition to, and occupation of, Rome—the first act which alienated the President from his former associates, the Republicans. The latter resolving to impeach him, Thiers vehemently opposed this course. At the same time we hear of him urging upon the Government the granting of full liberty of instruction. But at last Thiers began to catch a glimpse of the real tendencies of the President; and we find him gradually swaying over to the Opposition, of which he eventually became the leader. The celebrated electoral law, restricting the suffrage, being proposed by Napoleon, Thiers combated it, and, completely disgusted with his former favorite, he came off to England, on a visit to the ex-king, Louis Philippe. Notwithstanding that sovereign had departed from his advice, and had latterly neglected him, Thiers always remained at heart loyal to the Orleans dynasty, and even now is regarded as the chief of the Orleans party in France. Returning to the Chamber, he began to attack the President with the same heat with which he had formerly defended him. Early in 1851, it was no longer doubtful that the Prince was proceeding rapidly to the foundation of an empire. Thiers did his utmost to persuade the Legislature to oppose him. "If the Chamber hesitate," said he, in a famous speech, "there will hereafter be but one power; the form of the Government itself will be changed, and the empire will be re-established;" a prophecy which was within a year literally fulfilled. When the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, took place, the President, as is well known, had the leading Opposition members of the Chamber arrested at day-break. Among them was Thiers, who was asleep in bed when the commissaire of police came. The officer awoke the statesman, and compelled him to dress and go with him. The little fiery man protested, and talked about the law, but it was of no avail. He was imprisoned for a fortnight with his colleagues at the Conciergerie, then was politely conducted beyond the frontier. He was exiled. He spent half a year traveling in England, Switzerland,

and Italy; at the end of that time he was permitted to return to his own country, for matters were then so far settled that he was no longer feared. The President had appealed to France, and had been elected by the people to serve as President for ten years longer.

There being no political opportunities for him when he returned, Thiers resumed his labor on his "History of the Consulate and Empire." He was silent through the time of the foundation of the second empire, and only re-appeared in political life when the general election of 1863 approached. Then he offered himself as a candidate for the Chamber in one of the Paris districts, having finally persuaded himself to take the oath to the Empire, as he had done to the Republic, and to endeavor to mitigate the "evils" of personal government. He was chosen by the Liberal votes of the district, and he was one of the famous "Five" members of the Opposition in the Chamber. More moderate than some of his colleagues, he was never quite what is called an "Irreconcilable;" but, excepting on one or two occasions, he has constantly spoken and acted against the Emperor's ministers. He sustained the second expedition to Rome, separating, with Berryer, on this question, from the mass of the Opposition. He was re-elected as deputy for Paris in the last election, and when the Emperor introduced constitutional reform, and called upon M. Ollivier to form a Liberal ministry, Thiers announced that he would support the new Government independently, but declined to take office. He has been a constant opponent of the Emperor's foreign policy, disapproving of the Crimean and Italian wars, opposing the Mexican expedition, and advocating opposition to Prussia, and a policy hostile to the doctrine of nationalities. He has also been stoutly inimical to the free-trade policy of the Empire, opposing the treaty of commerce with England, and being still the most energetic champion of the French Protectionists.

Although past three-score and ten, Thiers appears to have lost none of that physical and mental vigor for which he was noted forty years ago. His face glows with ruddy health, his rather piercing black eye is bright, his step has an elastic vigor, and his every movement is quick and restless. A large, round head and face, the hair snow-white, thick, and short cut; a high and rather narrow forehead, a strong, bold nose, lips thin, determined, and wearing a rather belligerent expression; a firm, positive chin, a short, dumpy body, stoutish, but not corpulent; and fierce eyes behind a pair of gold spectacles, which add largely to the general ex-

pression of determination and combativeness which all his features betray—such is Thiers. His manner of speaking is earnest, yet dignified, nervous, trenchant, often rapid and eager. He stands forth boldly, and uses the plainest and shortest modes of expression. His voice is round and sonorous, and he uses but few gestures, except in the more impassioned parts of his address. He commands the closest and most respectful attention from all sides of the Chamber when he speaks, and when it is announced that he will address the House, both the Chamber and the galleries are crowded with a multitude of eager listeners. He gives such variety and expression, alike to the tones of his voice, the movement of his declamation, and to the matter of his subject, that he carries his audience with a never-flagging interest. He is one of the few statesmen who, by his individuality, can lend attraction to the driest topics; and his speeches on commercial and financial subjects are as eagerly heard and read as those on foreign policy, or the affairs of the army. No man ever bore age more lightly, notwithstanding his long and troubled career, full of incident, vicissitude, and conflict. Admitted to the French Academy in 1833, he soon afterward was elected also a colleague of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. Few men have been so highly honored by so great a variety of distinctions; and so vigorous is his health, and so unimpaired his mental powers, that we may still anticipate for some years more his brilliant speeches and the continuance of his important services to France.

THE GRAVE OF POPE.

TWICKENHAM is so ancient, that it has forgotten the origin of its own name; nor can the antiquaries themselves settle the dispute, these gentlemen being divided on the subject. The name has passed through a variety of forms: Twinan, Twitham, Twittanham, Twittenham, Twiccanham, Twicknam, and, lastly, Twickenham, being among the diversities. Pope himself wrote Twitenham; and Twiccanham is found in a record of the eleventh century.

Though the place is not mentioned in Domesday-Book, it appears to be at least as ancient as the eighth century, when that fiery king, Offa of Mercia, so far honored "Twittanham" as to grant some lands there to St. Savior's, Canterbury, that out of the annual proceeds the priests of that church might purchase vestments. Twickenham received still higher honor in the



THE BURIAL PLACE OF POPE.

year 948, when the manor itself was granted to Christ Church, Canterbury.

Some readers will naturally expect that so ancient a place, and one brought into such close connection with Canterbury, must possess a noble church, in which Saxon columns and rich mediæval tracery are preserved. The expectation will be disappointed. Were it not for the ancient tower and the surrounding church-yard, the exterior of the church might lead a visitor to

regard it as a town hall, erected about a hundred and fifty years ago, by some local builder, who had taken the job on "the lowest possible terms." Surely no one in Twickenham will quarrel with us for expressing our humble opinion. No parishioner of the present day is held responsible for the odd tastes of his ancestors in the days of Queen Anne, when the former church fell down, as if tired of the world and its ways. We admit, too, that the architect

labored hard to give a "classical air" to his brick pile, and that all his endeavors were frustrated by the presence of that obstinate old tower of the eleventh century. If that gray and weather-beaten pile would only have fallen with the church, all might have been well. The classical brick building, in the "Augustan" style, would not have been much out of harmony with the brick houses in front and at the sides; as it is, there stands that "stern old tower of other days," looking, with all the dignity of seven centuries, on the brick-and-mortar building to which it has been so unhappily united. A little ivy, of modern growth, is doing its best to clothe the walls with a picturesque covering, and even now is hiding much of the dull brick surface. The interior of the church has no architectural recommendations except neatness, conveniency, and capacity for accommodating a congregation. These merits are not to be lightly esteemed, and we must be satisfied with the absence of that suggestive architecture often found in places far less noted than Twickenham.

Twickenham church is chiefly interesting to visitors from the grave of one who has given the ancient village a place in the annals of literature. Alexander Pope lies in the aisle. There is no sign to point out the exact position of the grave, over which the congregation may pass, from Sunday to Sunday, without being once reminded of the famous "bard of Twickenham." The exact site of the poet's burial place, is, of course, well known to those acquainted with the church, and is readily pointed out to strangers. To see any visible memorials of Pope, we must go to the north gallery, which contains two monumental tablets, one raised by the poet himself to the memory of his parents, the other erected in 1761 by Bishop Warburton, in honor of his friend and literary associate. Pope seems to have intended that the memorial in honor of his father and mother should also be his own monumental tablet. The introduction of the word "*sibi*"—for himself—after the statement on the tablet that their son had erected it to his parents—seems to suggest this view. The English verse on the Warburton monument is supposed to be spoken by the departed poet, and, when thus viewed, appears insufferably arrogant, and utterly wanting in the calm dignity of the grave—pride and ill-natured satire speak in every line. Why should the poet pettishly declare that he "*would not be buried in Westminster Abbey?*" Because, forsooth, he scorned the company of "heroes and kings!" Very fine, doubtless, and very sentimental; but also very false and very

affected. This English part of the inscription is as follows:

"FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Heroes and kings, your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too."

The concluding advice to Horace and Virgil was doubtless well intended, but is not likely to benefit them, as they can not be expected to read an admonition in the gallery of Twickenham church.

Though Pope raised a monument to both his parents here, it appears that only one, the mother, is buried near the poet. The father, Mr. Alexander Pope, was probably interred at Chiswick, 26th of October, 1717, just before the family removed to Twickenham. Mrs. Pope died at the age of ninety-one, and was buried in this church, "June 18, 1733, on Monday night." It appears to have been a torch-light funeral. The pall was borne by six of the "oldest poor women," and the coffin carried by the same number of poor "oldest" men. The old people had doubtless been recipients of Mrs. Pope's alms.

An incident befell a gentleman, a short time ago, in Twickenham, which shows how little memorials, even of famous men, impress the minds of your "ordinary folk." The gentleman was directed, by a pleasant-looking shopkeeper in the principal street, in the right way to the church. Seeing his informant afterward in the street, a reference was made to the monuments in the north gallery.

"Monuments! monuments to Pope in the gallery? Never knew that before, sir; I've gone to that church for twenty years, sir, and never saw those monuments. Well, it's very odd."

Of course the gentleman could only assent to the concluding remark—it was "very odd."

At this point some may inquire whether the *entire* body of Pope is really in the coffin under that stone marked with a P. Some writers positively declare that the skull, at least, was removed during some repairs of the church, many years ago. Another states that it was actually shown to an audience by a phrenological lecturer, who pointed out a peculiar thinness of the front bone. The celebrated Dr. Spurzheim is said to have had Pope's skull in his possession; and a recent writer seems to know its present hiding-place, in a private cabinet, so minutely does he describe some of its peculiar incidents. We are informed that £50 induced "somebody" to abstract the real skull, and to put another in its place. On the other

hand, some of those long connected with the Church disbelieve all these reports, and assert that the skull, or at least a skull, was seen in the coffin a few years ago. This last statement may be quite correct, but it proves nothing to the purpose, if the ingenious thief substituted a head for the one which he removed. We know there are enthusiastic phrenologists who maintain that such an "exchange is no robbery," and that the skull of Pope is more useful to science in a museum than in a grave. We really think the gentleman who has the relic should acknowledge the possession, and put an end to the controversy. The parish and other officials would probably now forgive the original offense, especially if a liberal sum were paid down as "conscience money."

The connection of Pope with Twickenham was of many years' duration. The father removed from his first home at Binfield, in 1716, to "Mawson's New Buildings," Chiswick; and in about a year after his death Mrs. Pope and her son took up their residence for life at Twickenham, where "The Villa" became another "House of Fame." Here the poet habitually received some of the most famous men of his time, and spent many a leisure and many a happy hour in beautifying his grotto and laying out his gardens. No visitor to Twickenham needs inquire for his villa; the "China House," as the people call it, now stands on the site, but the tunnel under the road, known as the grotto, remains, and we can still walk round the bit of land which once contained the floral treasures of Pope. The chestnuts, elms, and cedars remain, as "Twickenham Villas" have not yet been built on the site; but the "quincunx," the vines, melons, pine-apples, arches, porticoes, and columns have long since disappeared. Even the famed weeping willow, said to have been the first planted in England, has fallen, not, however, by any Vandal ax, but by a tempest in 1801. The visitor who now paces the silent road by the "China House," smiling at that formidable white dog, which, though only of stone, looks as if ready to tear down any incautious stranger who should trespass on the entrance to Pope's former garden, will, perhaps, recall the names of the famous men who oft assembled here. Pope was naturally proud of being the center of England's literary life. In the year 1736 he writes: "I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past." Most of these were visitors at the Twickenham villa. The mere enumeration of a few names of Pope's

intimates is like the unfolding of an historic roll. The passionate and ironical Swift; the plotting and free-thinking Bolingbroke; the refined Addison; the easy, pleasant Gay; Steele, the dramatist, essayist, and politician; Congreve, the wit, poet, and man of fashion; Arbuthnot, the able physician and merry satirist; Prior, whose "City Mouse and Country Mouse" will not allow us to forget him; Bishop Atterbury, the Jacobite, and Bishop Warburton, the critic; the Dukes of Queensbury, and Buckingham, and Chandos; Lords Bathurst, Burlington, Carlton, Peterborough, Hervey, Halifax, Oxford, and the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, were all ranked among the friends of Pope. Then there were the ladies, the Duchess of Queensbury, Countess of Winchelsea, Lady Suffolk, Lady Hervey, and especially Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who all, at one period or another, were the associates and delighted patronesses of the "ugly little poet." The last, indeed, complimented Pope by first admiring, if not loving, and then fervently hating him. The "villa" was truly in those days the gathering place of wit, learning, literature, and beauty. The friends of Pope were of all religious and political parties; Whigs and Tories, members of the Church of England, adherents of the Pope, and speculative infidels, were the intimate companions of a poet, who was himself a Roman Catholic.

Most of our readers must be so familiar with the principal facts in the life of Pope that the briefest statement of these will suffice to revive the remembrance of his biography.

The future poet was probably born in the city of London, in Lombard-street, on the 21st of May, 1688, the year of the "Glorious Revolution." His father, Mr. Alexander Pope, seems to have been a linen merchant, trading with Portugal, whose residence was in Broad-street before his removal to Lombard-street. Attempts have been made to trace the descent of the family from the Earls of Down, and Pope was not unwilling to support this idea, on account of which one of his biographers is needlessly wrathful. The poet's mother was Edith Turner, his father's second wife, and the stone obelisk, erected to her memory by her son, was a few years ago removed from Pope's garden at Twickenham to Gopsall House, the seat of Earl Lowe, Leicestershire. The poet's life, to the age of about twenty-nine, was passed principally at Binfield, and the remainder at Twickenham. At the former place he was called when a child "the little nightingale." "Pope's study" is still shown at the old house, and "Pope's wood," on a hill close by, is said

to have been his favorite resort. Our poet had become famous before Twickenham became his home. He had published the "Pastorals" in 1709, and these were followed in rapid succession by the "Essay on Criticism," "The Messiah," "Rape of the Lock," his "Windsor Forest," and the "Temple of Fame." He had also published the first volume of his translation of the "Iliad," for which he had obtained subscribers for 654 copies, each to consist of six quarto volumes, at a guinea a volume. During Pope's residence at Twickenham he published his translation of the "Odyssey," an edition of Shakspeare, the famous "Dunciad," the "Essay on Man," and other works. The "Rape of the Lock," and "The Dunciad," are those which best show his peculiar powers. The light but elegant fancy of the former, and the vindictive sarcasm of the latter, are indexes to Pope's mental character. "The Dunciad," or History of Dunces, is the work on which this poet's fame will finally rest.

Pope continued his literary work to the end of life. Dropsy weakened him, and the power of continuous thought became enfeebled; but he wrote, argued, criticized, and talked to the end. Two days before his death he dined with many friends, most of whom were startled to hear a few hours later, on the 30th of May, 1744, that the great versifier of the eighteenth century was dead.

Space forbids us to attempt a delineation of his character. He may have been vindictive, but he was also generous; scornful he was toward the insolent and pretentious, but most gentle to his dependents; haughty we must admit him to have been, but his pride preserved him from flattering the infamous, or worshiping the mean. With all his faults, and all his defects, he fills a special niche in the Temple of Literature.

THE DOMESTIC CANKER-WORM.

ALAS! alas! that I should have to take up my pen for the first time, to make my misery known to you, dear public! I do not expect redress; 't is beyond that. I do not expect sympathy; it can not reach me. I pour my wretched tale into your listening ear merely to unburden my heavy heart. Every woman knows the relief of tears. These ink-drops, like them, shall drain a part of my grief, and perhaps touch a chord in your better nature.

I am a persecuted woman. I am persecuted by remorseless tyrants; I am made a captive slave in my own house. I must pay bounties and ransoms without number, which do not

help me in the least. And all because I happen to be a mistress. I will first picture my surroundings, and then state my distress. Then, dear reader, if you have a heart, it will bleed its crimsonest drops immediately.

I have a husband, a splendid fellow—tall, handsome, with eyes that thrill you through, like electricity, by their fervid, intellectual glance; proud as Jupiter, with more than that myth's power and goodness. "For contemplation he, and valor formed." A perfect Adam before the fall, as Milton represents that godlike man. In short, such a husband as any woman would be proud of if she were in a good humor and not persecuted. My two little children are, of course, angels—a boy and a girl, beautiful as the golden sunbeams, no trouble in the world to any one, but with mirth and goodness enough to make happy the most morose. My home is "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," near the calmness and greenness of the holy country, near the convenience of the city—ah, you should see it! It is rose-embowered; it is arched with trees; it is ribboned with winding walks, bushed in on every side by the sweet blossoms; graceful green corridors leading to leafy anterooms, where our lovers—we have a pair in the family—hold court. And then the music! Why, our orchestra of birds startles you by its harmony. Their hymns seem truly a key-note to the heavenly choir. Indoors, I can say is also most fair. Art here has carried out the instincts of Nature, and produced that which is alone good and beautiful. The income and correct taste of my husband, united to my own refined womanly aptitude and love for the pure and beautiful, have presented in each consecrated apartment a scene of comfort and elegance.

I did not say, but will now, that my husband is liberal; all husbands are not, I believe—I wish it to be understood distinctly that mine is. I have a long purse, never empty, no matter how much or how often I shake it out. What is more—which perhaps you can hardly believe, although it is really true—I never have to say in subdued tones, just as my husband is leaving to go down town, "Dear, have you any change about you?"

Now, dear reader, I have tried to present before you a picture of my happy surroundings, with your humble servant—meaning myself—in the midst. Deary says I am a good little wife; so of course I may take my place modestly in the picture, even though I am a persecuted woman. My pen is dumb in describing, but if you let your finest imagination outline this paradise and happy family—leaving out the persecution—if

you pencil with boldest strokes and paint with brightest colors, it will of course fail, just as the rainbow does on canvas, or the beauty of woods and waves when even Tennyson or Browning tells of them.

Now what is the canker, where the worm, in my bud of happiness? Alas! it is Bridget, or Jemima, or Jane, or Ann—varied yet the same, with perfection only in the art of knowing “how not to do.” Bridget—let this name suffice for all of her class—comes into our peaceful home, straight into our exclusive midst, with her atmospheric changes, bringing storm-clouds and gusty winds. She is gone again, you may know by the banging of the doors and the wreck she leaves behind. No one expects perfect human nature; some divines say that it is possible, some not. Whichever way it is, I have never seen it, or felt it either; I must add, too, that I have never heard of a learned D. D. who ever did experience it, personally or by observation.

Human nature can not, I think, be pronounced perfect by even the most charitable, if they have had an opportunity of studying the idiosyncrasies of the race of Bridgets. I have often, myself, tried to find out the principle upon which their minds are constructed, and the laws which govern their movements. I can liken them to nothing so much as comets. That both are erratic bodies none will deny. They shoot through our households in a fiery kind of way, both as to temper and range, and are gone, no one knows whither, just as quickly, even if you want them to stay, which you don't. Besides, like comets, they appear to be heavenly bodies, according to the calendars of the “best references;” but you soon find these shining qualities run foul of something or other, and burst up or go out in the sootiest darkness.

Well, my last Bridget is not so bad, after all. She is cleanly; that's a comfort. She *will* put the tea in the coffee-pot, and never shut the back gate; still, she is willing, and I have never known her yet to stand with her hands on her hips—an attitude which makes me rather nervous, as I am then sure of a warning. I thought I should have to send her away immediately after her arrival, she was so ignorant of her duties. Husband said, “Be patient, little wife, and teach her.” I love to obey my husband. I feel a perfect rest under his guiding, and my gentler nature gains great confidence and strength as I cleave to his wise counsels.

Well, I began to teach Bridget. The first breakfast was simple enough, for her sake. I told her to put a dried mackerel in soak. She brought it to me after a few minutes, unabashed by the company with me, saying, “Is this the

way yez wants it?” I looked, and behold! 't was spread thickly o'er with—*soft soap*!

I spent long Summer days in teaching Biddy. Never a pleasant party could I join, because of my pupil; no friendly visitor receive with prompt welcome, because I was a captive below with Biddy. I heard the merry voices of my dear ones in the distance, and could not mingle my own with theirs, because I was banished for Biddy's good. My husband, dear, domestic darling! never has to “meet a man on business” in the evenings, and those last hours of the day are mine own, most prized. Biddy enters even here, and cleaves me from my joy.

O, Biddy! you are willing and I patient. What fruits shall these virtues bring? and how soon will they ripen? Well, I say, these troubles are only flesh wounds, and leave no scar. If my noble husband loves me still, though his collars are limp, and waits patiently until the new Biddy comes, who is a good washer and ironer—if he swallows his burnt toast and cold tea, looking across the cloth with eyes that are loving still—I am yet happy.

Then a wise thought rushes to the rescue—I will learn Biddy's trade. He shall breakfast after Adam's own fashion to-morrow. Biddy was not made in Paradise. I will “temper dulcet creams” for him; I will refine golden coffee and make the iron vessels sing again with their brown bounties for his palate. I will—yes, I will—pour nectar and dish ambrosia. O how I longed for the rosy morning, to serve my love! It came. Baby got me up early. It was very thoughtful in baby. Down I fly to the kitchen. Alas for me! what is to be done first I know not. I become very intimate with Biddy, and ask her advice rather humbly. Did you ever see a Biddy teach? It is tyranny personified; it is remonstrance, offended innocence, and equal rights. “I did it just that way, ma'am, and ye sint it back.” Suffice it to say, Biddy and I dished up a meal, very much improved in quality indeed, but sadly deficient as to enjoyment. I piled up roses high on the table, between my husband's loving eyes and myself, so that they might not see the red rings round mine. Baby called me with wailings when my “soul was in the dishes.” Deary missed me at prayer-time, and I—why, I was frantic with the hissing pans and spouting kettles. My swollen face was scarlet with the heat and steam, and my fresh morning dress bore many a streak. My experiment failed—I saw that. Husband was right about the teaching, but all Bridgets are not like Portia:

“Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn :
 Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours, to be directed ;"

and my Biddy was most certainly not. I could not teach her—I could not take her place.

I thought, Well, it is plain that a wife's place is by the side of her husband, not in the dust and cinders below ; a mother's duty to be ever ready to answer the requests of her babe, not to fry her blood into a fever when she is to give it cool nourishment ; a mistress's economy, to keep her time free and judgment clear, to exercise benevolence and hospitality ; for I hold that an economist of time and material can live the most usefully. And then I must not forget a lady's duty. Her lord has honored her by his preferment. Her sweet grace and delicacy won him first. Her calm beauty and elevated thought, he tells her, are more than thrones to him. Shall she not value qualities he so much prizes, keep them her own, and so still be ever the lady of his love ? Yes, by all that is dear, she will. She must keep her hands fair for the melody her fingers rain out to him ; her cheeks fresh, her curls bright, for the tenderness of his gazing ; her mind stored with the wisdom from his books, so that she shall make her companionship intelligent and answering. She can not be all this and be a Bridget too. No, no ; Bridget has a hard time among those seething monsters in the depths below, without doubt ; and I am almost tempted to wonder if we have a right to expect things washed or cooked, seeing the terrible difficulty and universal failure. But, I thought, this is Biddy's vocation, just as it is mine to be a mistress, or yours, dear reader, to be a poet, or philosopher. She has no social duties, no intellectual, no benevolent ones. It is her trade, and she would do it well from practice alone, even were she badly taught at first ; and that one alone is useless who can not cook, and not the whole species.

So I thought, with a sigh, I must make another "change"—a terrible thing to do, but necessary. I sighed again, seized the Times, thought of my darling and the blessing he gave me at parting, turned for the twentieth time to "Situations Wanted," and read, "A good cook," etc. Nothing said about washing and ironing. O, dear ! she won't assist, that's plain, and we can not do without washing. I read again, "Good cook—will assist." Nothing said about reference. She drinks, or pilfers, or, of course, she could have one. So I went down the list, jumping over some dozen housemaids who will only make beds ; companions to rich old ladies ; and housekeepers for widowers.

At last I come to a real jewel—one of the "heavenly-body" kind, "Competent cook, etc. Will assist, etc. Good reference," etc. She will do, I say. Immediately the three lines are in my hand, and an oblong vacuum in the paper. Fearing she *might* fail, I look for and find another "bright, particular star." So, with these precious slips tucked in my porte-monnaie, I take the omnibus, and seek her. Biddy is at home. Yes, she can do every thing. She is satisfied with the wages—for, indeed, they are liberal—and smiles with pleasure at the reward of one pound to be given every year she stays ; and she can come at once. I give her my address, a key to my paradise. Her face changes. She do n't want to live in the country. I try to rouse a spark of sentiment in her bosom. I speak of the beauty of our garden town ; I tempt her with the church which is near. No ; she looks up and down the narrow court swarming with life, and decides she will not go, "It is too lonesome." I forgot to look if "no objection to the country" was in her advertisement ; and, poor foolish I, dreamed not that "the pulse of dew upon the grass" and "silent shadows from the trees" had for her "no harmonious influences."

Well, I have another slip within my purse. I read, "Apply" dear-knows-what street—a name I never heard before—"Sursaddle-street, Kensington." However, I go. I wander up and down dirty alleys, and courts, gazed upon by rude eyes, inquiring my way, until I reach "my girl." She is very nice, and will do, I think, as I notice her neat attire. Has she any objections to the country. No, she has none. Will she give me her reference ? She gives it with a protest. I look ; it is some four miles away from my present position. I still have time to go there and reach home to my hungry darlings before dark. I have a good "character" for every thing—like her written one. I mention *sobriety*. Ah ! that is her fault. The late mistress—also persecuted—left the word out in writing it, from pity for her ; in pity to me she told it. She will not do, I think. One does not like to see the cook's head roasting under the range, instead of beef, or find the dregs of her whisky in the half-washed glasses.

I returned home tired and worn ; worse than that—unsuccessful.

Many were the cooks I saw, and varied their answers to my housekeeping questions. "How do you cook a steak ?" I said to one. "Well, some likes it *briled*—more likes it fried in *grace*." I knew it were well to bring that Christian virtue into our daily duties, but I told her I did not like it cooked in a pan so well. Another, a Churchwoman, she said—

High Church, I think, because her eyes were *crossed*—made me submit to such *cross-examination* that I was almost tempted to perjure myself, and say my husband did not wear shirts to be ironed, or the baby have frocks to be washed. She lived with three maiden ladies. "Things went on regular like—the ladies most ginerally cooked," and she could not undertake the shirts, etc.; besides, it was "lonesome"—that desolate cry—so she dismissed me rather scornfully, I am ashamed to say, because I was not an old maid, and had shirts in the wash.

Time would fail, and your patience, dear, good-natured readers, were I to tell you all my experience. At last I get a cook. She comes: I tremble as she looks at the range, and asks for new cloths. She is off early next morning, leaving the doors open. I get another. I could not go for her reference, it was so far off: baby was sick that day, and starvation was telling in the face of my husband. I was almost ready to *beg* her to come. From my questions I knew she was a good cook. Visions of nice things rose up to tempt me for my husband's sake. She came that night. She spoke low and soft; I leaned forward to hear, and that unmistakable puff of whisky and garlic came into my face. I like her cooking; husband enjoys his meals so much. He compliments me upon my fresh looks and spotless attire. She has been with me just three days, and has not touched a drop yet. Yes, I will keep her. 'Tis true she fires up when I propose to go for her character. But I will keep her and reform her. I turn from the rose-entwined gateway, with the kiss of my darling fresh upon my lips, and a flutter at my heart for his dear praise, when Biddy meets me, wearing on her face that "giving-warning" look. She is going, she says. She likes me and the place well enough, but she is used to a feather-bed. Besides, she did not come to stay. She must go away at once, and will I pay her a week's wages?

It has been just six months, dear reader, since I wrote those last lines. I have been a persecuted woman in every sense of the word—banished from my home, and braved in it; denied the society of my family and friends; visiting places and people most uncourtly; valuable time wasted, and money given to most unworthy objects—six long, weary, wasted months. A perfect panorama of Bridgets has passed before me—black, rusty, and red haired; short, tall, and medium; small-pox-marked and freckled, and artificial-flowered; with and without characters; with that breezy puff of liquid rye, and without it. Now I am settled with a real

jewel—just three weeks to-day. She has come into my ways with sagacity, is fond of the children, and has won the regard of husband. She is most reliable and faithful; I can not speak enough in her praise. Heaven knows what a character I would give her if she asked for it! Her dinners are perfect; I never tremble when I have company. I am never obliged to tuck my silken robes around me and pry into her pots and pans to see if all is right. Yes, she is a culinary saint, uncalendared. Besides, she is no Biddy—she is Janet, and Scotch. Is not that charming? Does she not remind you of Jeannie Deans and her faithfulness?

I have also leisure to listen to the cooing of happy lovers. They know I love to see them happy, so they whisper their plans to me as we sit 'neath the stars, true eyes of heaven. To-day they told me a secret; I will tell it you, dear reader, if you are mum. They are to be married in the Spring. Gertie, sweet sister! is busy stitching on her rich damask her flowery initials. She glows with rare ideas of her domestic duties; she means to be the best of housekeepers, and Willie's home shall be perfect. O, how I hate to mar her happiness! I can not do it. I can not tell her that perhaps those very napkins upon which her Willie printed the letters for her needle may be used by Biddy as scrubbing-cloths; I can not go over to her my bitter experience, and tell her that the bridal veil is only a silken net to entrap her within a Bridget's toils.

Janet has just come to me with a blushing face. She says she is keeping company with John M'Gregor! He has been her follower ever since she left Scotland. Might he be allowed to visit her once in a while? My heart, so peaceful before, throbs quickly again; Janet has a fault; good girls ought not to keep company with young men. I sigh for the future; visions of my persecutions come up to taunt me. Hardly one month of perfect rest, and then all to go over again. She will be married, I know, just as I want her most, for the wedding-breakfast. But I will not be selfish; Janet is worthy of a good husband, and I lose my dreadful anticipations in anxiety for her future: she must bring John to see me, I say. She leads him in—for he is waiting behind the door—all honesty and awkwardness. He likes Janet, he says, by my leave, and would I be pleased to let him come once and again to see her? I soon find out that he is worthy of my good maiden. Janet shall be made happy on her wedding-day by the bright new present I will give her for her cozy nest.



EVEN-SONG.



HE sun has set; the shadows darken slowly
O'er the cloud-mountains that were bathed in light;
And, Lord, to thee, with spirit meek and lowly,
I kneel in prayer to-night.

I thank Thee for my "daily bread"—the sorrow
And the gladness Thou hast given me this day—
The sweet, rich gifts which, through a long to-morrow,
Deep in my soul will stay.

I thank Thee for the grace that aye restrained
My passionate will when it was bent for wrong—
That fed the soul-lamp when the light had waned,
And made the weak hands strong.

I thank Thee that the gentle voice of pleading
Made itself heard amid the whirl and strife—

E'en when I walked my wilful way unheeding—
Telling of light and life ;

That in the sad hour of my soul's affliction,
When I looked backward as from parched lands,
The "gracious rain" of heavenly benediction
Fell still from outstretched hands.

And O ! no earnest hope, no true endeavor,
Has been unanswered or unblessed by Thee ;
Thou, Lord, who carest for thine own forever,
Hast cared indeed for me !

I think of all the blessing and the sweetness
Which made the burden of this day so light ;
How my home-ties are still in their completeness
Wound round my heart to-night ;

How Thou hast had my treasures in Thy keeping,
And yet hast spared them to be mine—still mine ;
How o'er the beds where my loved ones are sleeping,
Thy folded wings will shine.

And, O my God, I can not thank Thee duly !
No word or deed which Jesus' love will take
Can span the measure of one blessing truly !
Forgive—for Jesus' sake !

DISAPPOINTED.

"Heights we've sought we've failed to climb,
Fruits we've failed to gather."

AH ! how often re-resolving,
We our sandals bind anew,
For a time press on with vigor,
Keeping still the goal in view !
"Onward !" "onward !" still our watch-word,
Though our feet oft weary grow,
As we journey in the thorn-path,
Where no fragrant flowers blow.

Till, at length, we reach the mountain,
Up whose side our pathway lies ;
Find that we must gain the summit,
If we would obtain the prize.
At the sight dismayed, and weary
With the rough, the tedious way,
At the mountain's foot we linger—
Cast our pilgrim-staff away.

Many a vineyard we have planted,
Tended in the early day—
But, grown weary, have neglected,
Fainting 'neath the noontide ray ;
And the tendrils, lacking training,
Round the trellis fail to twine,
And the canker-worm unheeded,
Feeds upon our beauteous vine.

For ourselves we hew out cisterns
Broken, that no water hold,
And, because no fountain gushes,
Murmur like the race of old,
Who, forgetting Elim's palm-trees,
And the wondrous path they'd trod,

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Murmured, when they came to Horeb,
To the fearful Mount of God.

Longing like the Syrian leper,
Some "great thing" to do or dare—
In some higher, holier mission,
Gladly would we have a share.
Rather would we join the reapers,
As the golden sheaves they bind,
Than alone the seed to scatter,
In the humble field assigned.

O'er our selfish sorrows brooding
Go we, weeping on our way ;
In the darkness blindly groping,
See no promise of the day.
Vainly wishing—weakly yielding—
Oft we leave the path of right—
Thus we fail the fruit to gather,
Fail to climb the mountain height.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I BUILT a castle in the air,
In my wild boyhood's thoughtless glee ;
And all the world was good and fair,
And every heart was true to me ;
Till time's cold blasts, too rudely blown,
Shook down my castle stone by stone.

I built a castle in the air,
In manhood's morn, and called it Home ;
And though sweet love and joy were there,
Yet winds would blow, and clouds would come ;
And, spite of all my heart's fond trust,
I felt my castle stood on dust.

I built a castle in the air,
And deck'd it o'er with wealth untold ;
But soon I saw that carking care
Was not kept out by bars of gold ;
And Death would stalk through jeweled doors,
And haunt my gilded corridors.

I built a castle in the air,
Ambition gave the wood and stone ;
But I looked forth and every-where
These castles lay on earth o'erthrown,
And naught survived but tarnished pall,
Or shivered tablet on the wall.

I ceased these airy domes to rear,
For time and thought had made me wise,
And taught me how 't was bootless here
To build on "aught beneath the skies,"
And air and earth alike were vain
The soul's large longings to sustain.

And chastened thus, as calm I roam,
What earth refuses, heaven supplies ;
The thresholds of my Father's home
Shine bright and glorious from the skies ;
And steadfast now, 'mid life's brief stages,
I build me on the "Rock of Ages."

ENTHUSIASM.

THE whole universe of matter and mind is under the absolute control of exact laws. There is no world in the upper spaces too ponderous, nor floating mote too minute to be beyond the reach of these systematic methods of God's working. Leverrier, the celebrated French astronomer, once staked his reputation with all the implicit trust of science on this mathematical precision of the skies. One night in the Summer of 1846, at a late hour, he might have been seen, pencil in hand, intensely studying sundry papers lying on the desk before him. He was solving the problem of the cause of the perturbations of Uranus. The next morning, over his well-known signature, the Academy of Sciences received the startling announcement that if practical astronomers would turn the tubes of their telescopes as he directed, they would find a hitherto undiscovered planet belonging to our solar system. The tubes were turned, and, as predicted, there shone Neptune, which had, till then, escaped the notice of mankind. Even the comets, that so frighten the untaught by their seemingly wild dashing among the stars, vary not a hair's breadth from the circuits assigned them by unchangeable laws. The poetic fancy of the music of the spheres rests firmly on a fact foundation.

Look at the human eye; how exact its structure, how exact the laws of refraction which light obeys in giving perfectness to the image it paints on the retina! The surfaces of its little water-lenses are curved with such delicate nicety of workmanship, and their distances fixed with such precision, that they wholly avoid that spherical aberration which has so long troubled science, and compelled learned men, in order to effect its removal from their instruments, to expend millions of money and months of thought.

In the vegetable kingdom are met the workings of the same immutable laws. A series of fractions, whose variations in value are controlled by the rule of arithmetical progression, determines the position of leaves on plant-stems; the peculiar arrangement of wood-cells shows the veining of those leaves; and their green pulp will tell the climate where they thrive, the average moisture of the atmosphere and the amount of sunlight that reaches the place of their growing. By some strange alchemy, whose secret has been intrusted to them by Him who fixed its unerring laws, those plants convert invisible gases into tinted flowers, change starch to sugar, and turn carbonic poison into wholesome food.

So exact and universal are the laws that govern in the structure of animal organisms, if you take to a comparative anatomist fossil bones from some one of the extinct tribes of beasts, he will tell the size, weight, and form of the animal, where he lived, and on what kind of food it was his custom to feed. Tempests and torrents that tear oaks in such fury from the soil where they have been rooting for centuries; volcanoes, that light the heavens with their lurid breath and cause palaced cities to stagger like drunken men; avalanches, that rush with thunder-peal down the mountain sides and sweep the plains with quick ruin—the very wildest forces in nature implicitly obey the dictates of law.

Higher in the scale of existences are found the same systematized methods of working. Metaphysicians give the laws of sequence that control those endless trains of ideas that begin at our birth, of association that govern their recall, and of conception which fancy is forced to follow in fashioning out of this rough lumber of the brain its gorgeous palaces of thought. Combination of colors, proportion of parts, varieties of motion, and succession of sounds, awaken their correspondent emotions with the certainty of fate. Love and hatred that bless and blight the heart, set on fire assemblies, hover over battle-fields to comfort and curse, are known to work by rule. In brief, search where you will among creations of matter or conceptions of mind, you will discover the same immutable laws reaching and ruling all.

Science discovers these laws that underlie phenomena, Art uses them. Science discovers the expansive power of steam; Art, by its cog-wheels and cross-bands, compels it to weave its fabrics, print its thoughts, and draw its trains of trade. Science discovers the chemical action of light; Art, properly preparing its canvas, seizes a sunbeam and, with single strokes of the brush, paints pictures that outvie the master-pieces of Raphael that hang on the walls of the Vatican. Science discovers that a compound of nitrate of potash, sulphur, and charcoal will explode when touched by fire; Art places the compound in the bore of a cannon and with it hurls iron balls into ramparts or into the ranks of rebels. Science discovers the chemical affinity of oxygen, zinc, and sulphuric acid; Art lays its Atlantic cables and weaves together the continents of a world. Science discovers the laws of beauty, of melody, and of eloquence; Art goes to the marble quarry and with mallet and chisel uncovers the Greek Slave's beauty, makes strong men weep while Paganini draws his bow across the

violin, and by Demosthenes' famed philippics breaks the charms of subtlety and turns the tide of war.

Effective geniuses are they, who, having diffi-
culty investigated, implicitly obey these fixed
laws. They readily dazzle the unsuspecting by
their seeming miracles of attainment, simply
because they alone are cognizant of the exist-
ence of such laws. We naturally stand won-
derstruck if, entering one of the workshops of
the world, and unacquainted with the details of
the process, we see rough bits of metal, passing
through various machines and manipulations,
and rapidly coming out watches, throbbing as
if they had souls in them. Equally marvelous
is the phenomenon of odd bits of experience,
stray snatches of town gossip, neighborhood
traditions, cast-away scraps of the street,
thoughts and facts that any one can have for
the asking, going into the nicely adjusted ma-
chinery of the busy workshop of some trained
brain and coming out golden-orbed and beauti-
ful, to please and polish the fascinated thou-
sands. But if we have explained to us the
training and drudgery submitted to by that
brain through a long series of years, its painful,
persistent, persevering efforts, the numberless
rules and regulations it carefully sought out
and strictly obeyed, if we are allowed to follow
the process step by step, all traces of mysteri-
ous mental witchcraft rapidly disappear, its re-
sources of power are found quite attainable.
Relative suggestion, the great kaleidoscope of
genius, in which the little broken pieces of
ideas that are but the trampled rubbish strew-
ing the thoroughfares of unthinking minds are
changed into patterns of rarest symmetry,
ceases to be a marvel when we discover its
sides lined with hidden reflectors, and that only
by its simple conformity to law does it become
gifted with power. How the world wondered,
when, for the first time, a philosopher whittled
a sunbeam with his prismatic knife, or tamed
the lightning into postboys! A husbandman
drops into the soil a seed not weighing a penny-
weight and without a mark of grace. Out steps
a white-robed lily, whose praises are heard from
the lips of the Savior. A genius plants a seed-
thought, which, under the operation of laws
that never can be changed or monopolized by
him, sprouts, branches, blossoms, ripens, into
fruit.

To secure accurate knowledge of these hid-
den laws that underlie phenomena, and effectually
to practicalize in any field their restless
energies by skilled appliances, demand fre-
quently the unremitting industry of a life-time.
Indeed, so filled are the biographies of the

world's successful workers with instances of
persistent painstaking, so seemingly evident is
it that their achievements are but the requital
of sleepless toil, and so uniformly has reward
ever followed such persevering effort, that Buf-
fon, one of the most indefatigable and brilliant
explorers France ever furnished science, unhes-
itatingly pronounced patience to be the true
touch-stone of genius; John Foster, the great
English essayist, named it "the faculty of light-
ing one's own fire;" and one of our distin-
guished college presidents, "the power to
make efforts." The best definition, however, I
have ever found is, "Common sense *intensi-
fied*."

On final analysis of the methods of men's
working, an enlightened and sustained enthusi-
asm will be discovered to be that into which all
the essential elements of success can be re-
solved. There must be enkindled an intense
longing to realize a definitely conceived ideal;
that ideal must appear worthy of any sacrifice;
that longing must glow with white heat. There
are undoubtedly marked differences in mental
endowment in the same department of effort,
but those differences prove often more nominal
than real, and, by operating as incentives, se-
cure to the less gifted the more frequent victory.
Thoroughness, concentration, and courage are
the main distinguishing traits of great men,
qualities rather of the heart than head, not
necessarily exclusive inheritances to be enjoyed
by the few, but possible acquisitions in the
reach of the many. Gray spent seven years
perfecting his "Elegy," which you can readily
read in seven minutes. Into it he generously
poured the very ripest scholarship, an intimate
acquaintance of the rules of rhythm, and an
exhaustive study of the varied excellences of
English and Latin classics. Every syllable was
submitted to closest scrutiny, the cadence of
the verse was suited to the character of the
thought, every outline was vivid, every tint
toned, every picture perfect, before he suffered
his poem to pass into print. This palace of
thought was no single night's work of slave-
gentil obeying the behest of one holding some
magical lamp of Aladdin, but was built up like
coral reef, particle by particle. And this com-
plete mastery of detail was secured only by the
most protracted concentration of effort. By
resolutely chaining his thought to his theme,
completely surrendering himself to its guidance,
the inexorable laws of suggestion irresistibly
led him back through the past's faded and for-
gotten scenes in the humble lives of the sleep-
ing cottagers, until the scenery and personages
of every picture at last brightened and breathed

before his mental vision with all the sharply outlined vividness of real life. This vividness was absolutely indispensable to his success.

Fancy must first paint the canvas before the brush touches it. The Greek Slave stands before us now with no more clearly defined symmetry of form than she did before Powers, long ere with the chisel his skilled hand threw off her rough mantle of marble. Shakspeare forgot he was Shakspeare when he wrote. His heart at times burnt with all the murder-passion of Lady Macbeth; at times shuddered at the felt thrusts of the phantom-dagger of remorse. Mendelssohn, as he walked a stranger along the crowded streets of Rome, his eyes dreamily fixed on the heavens, heard as distinctly, as if struck upon the harp of some passing angel, all those his grand unwritten symphonies that afterward the organ sent pealing down the dim cathedral aisles of that splendid city.

Inseparable from these traits of thoroughness and concentration is that of unfaltering courage—courage to undertake great enterprises, “to scorn delights and live laborious days,” to brave public sentiment in faithful adhesion to conclusions of your own thinking; courage that will not fail even in the hour of last extremity, but inspire you, as it did the gallant crew of the Cumberland, to pour your heaviest broadside on the enemy and boldly flaunt the banner of your purpose out just before you go down. Cortez, when entering upon that series of triumphs which finally overwhelmed with irremediable ruin the proud throne of the Montezumas and filled Europe with admiring wonder, first resolutely burnt every ship behind him, keenly discerning that by lessening the hopes of retreat, he proportionately lessened the chances of failure. Wellington conquered the armies of Napoleon, and twice rode victor into Paris, mainly because he was a warrior who durst carry out his own matured ways of warfare despite the mad clamor of all England, knowing and bravely trusting in the laws that governed the temper of the French army, inevitably falling to pieces when not led to frequent victory; and because he was one who, when the time was ripe, fell like an avalanche on the famed soldiery of France and pressed his advantage with indomitable will through dangers and difficulties and the most exhausting fatigue.

The quiet walks of literature demand this courage equally with the stirring scenes of national battle-fields. Wordsworth's sublime adoption and advocacy of his own deliberately formed judgment of true taste against the adverse criticism of the entire world of letters, his jeopardizing every prospect of earthly

preferment rather than violate his convictions of poetic excellence, demanded as great a moral bravery as would be required to climb a ship's mast in a storm or face the fire of an enemy. These, then, I conceive to be the three essential gifts of greatness. Without them no alertness of intellect has ever achieved a work which bore the impress of immortality; with them, rarely need any one despair of accomplishing “that which the world will not willingly let die.”

These gifts I further conceive to be but different manifestations of some one master-passion, enkindling and controlling every mental faculty; appearing, either as an intense love of the perfect seeking satisfaction in some acquired excellence, combined with a keen relish and aptitude for the chosen work; or as a thirst for power and fame akin, in the imperative nature of its calls for gratification, with the bodily thirst for drink; or else as the soul's nobler devotions that grow out of its warm attachments to home, country, or the cross of Christ. These passions, separate or combined, must be the mainspring of every action; they must be the inspiration of every thought; they must flood the whole life with an irresistible and perpetual influence. Through them even unlettered and ill-balanced minds have worked wonders in the world. Infuse men of enlightened common sense with their deathless fires, and obstructing walls of adamant crumble at their touch.

The farther our researches extend into the private histories of those who have acquired eminence through intrinsic worth, the more are we convinced that an enlightened and sustained enthusiasm has been their real source of strength, that only through its influence have been developed the mighty mental forces that have molded the character and controlled the destiny of any era, that only intense temperaments working under the stimulus of profound passion could ever have exhibited such exhaustless patience, such concentration of thought, such heroic fixedness of purpose—hunger, ignominy, even death proving powerless to dampen their ardor. What wonder that the world has ever persisted in calling its geniuses its madmen! Prescott, we are told, spent twenty years in the libraries of Europe collecting, from musty manuscripts and neglected letters, material for his Spanish histories. Gibbon rewrote his memoirs nine; Newton, his Chronology, fifteen; and Addison, his inimitable essays, twenty times. Dr. Harvey spent eight; Dr. Jenner, twenty; and Sir Charles Bell, forty years, maturing their three famed discoveries

in medical science. Titian painted daily on one picture for seven years, and eight on another. Calcott drew forty sketches of his "Rochester" before it met his ideal. It is related of a celebrated French novelist that, before commencing any work of fiction, he wanders week after week up and down the streets of Paris, studying different phases of character and prying into different modes of life; then, for months excluding himself from all society, he toils incessantly, perfecting his plot, unfolding the traits of his personages and polishing his periods. When he comes from his retreat a blanched cheek tells a tale of utter exhaustion consequent upon such protracted mental struggle. But his untiring industry by no means stops here. The proof-sheets undergo such thorough revision by striking out, substituting, and differently arranging, that all the types have to be reset. New proof-sheets, subjected to like ordeal, are blackened with fresh corrections. Again and again this process is repeated until his fingers are no longer able to hold his pen, nor his printer long enough to keep his temper. Montesquieu, speaking of one of his own writings, said to a friend, "You will read this book in a few hours, but I assure you it has cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair." Hugh Miller, even while he felt his brain burn with incipient insanity, while his imagination was conjuring up the horrid phantoms that flit only before the cursed eyes of the crazed, was so determined to write the last page of that marvelous book, "The Testimony of the Rocks," that he bent over his manuscript till long after midnight for weeks together, keeping at bay a horde of insurgent thoughts foaming to hurl reason from its throne, until the work was complete. Paganini profoundly studied the relations of sound to emotion and disciplined his muscles to utmost nicety of movement before he was prepared so wondrously to move and melt his audiences. Raphael acquired liberal college culture, carefully examined the works of the great painters, copied hundreds of their designs, spent several years in the study of perspective, personally dissected human and brute organisms, accurately observed facial expressions, postures of grace and strength, and noted precise effects of tints and shadings on the canvas. Goldsmith's style, famed for its simplicity, being clear, musical, flowing as a brooklet, seemingly artless as a child's talk, was acquired only by strict examination of every word, every vowel sound, every consonant. Not until Demosthenes had spent years in the practice of oratory in a solitary cave, with swords suspended over his

hitching shoulders, declaimed on the noisy sea-beach with pebbles in his mouth, frequently re-copied many of the master productions of his times, submitted to every manner of drudgery, did he consider himself competent to appear before the Grecian assemblies. Burke, who was one of the most indefatigable of students until thirty, before he entered public life; on one occasion after holding the Parliament of England for over two hours with one of his masterly arguments on an important national theme, impressively pausing an instant, for five minutes spell-bound every heart with bursts of splendor. A friend, congratulating him after the speech, remarked, "I thought you had finished, but you extemporized such eloquence as I never expect to hear again." "Ah," said Burke, "that extemporaneous passage, as you are pleased to term it, cost me four days' hard labor, nearly two of which were expended on the closing sentence."

There were thirteen years of untiring effort, of the free outpouring of princely fortunes, and of disastrous failures, before the telegraphic cable, whose grand ideal was first wrought out in the workshop of an American brain, at last quietly rested, a signal success, on the broad plateau beneath the waters of the Atlantic, binding together the continents of a world. Thirty-three times Field crossed that ocean, and fought with tides and tempests. All the accumulations of a successful mercantile life went down, until naught but an unrealized ideal, sustained by an unconquered will, was left him. Twelve of those years were gone. Four times he had tasted the bitter ashes of disappointment. At the fourth trial the distant shores were joined, but the few faint throbbings of electric life served for the succeeding death-hush only as a prelude and a warning. The bonfires went out and the darkness of the night grew denser. Again he thought at last to grasp the prize; the imperfect cable parted and in an instant buried itself, and, to all seeming, the hopes of its projector under the sea. For a moment hot tears fell on the deck of the Great Eastern. "It is but a mad attempt at the impossible," was the judgment of mankind. One year more of dauntless striving, and Science claimed one of her proudest triumphs, and history recorded the name of another hero.

Though Ignatius Loyola was in the full noon of life, without the least knowledge of books, and engaged in a cause demanding the most thorough discipline of the schools, though he was deeply chagrined at thirty-three years already dissipated in aimless folly, yet, such was his enthusiasm to realize the ideal which he

had made the bright espousal of his thought, he gave, now already grown bald-headed, ten toilsome years to study, and kindled in the breast of Xavier and other of his countrymen the same fierce fires of devotion that burnt in his own. Sadly mistaken as was this founder of the Jesuits, despotic and blasting as was the hold of his order on the souls of men, still who can fail to admire, as he turns the pages of Jesuitical history, the well-nigh irresistible-ness that lay in that singleness of aim, that full consecration to a purpose, which characterized this earnest man?

Garibaldi, the patriot of to-day, who has snatched glad Italy from the clutch of a despot; whether he coasted along the shores of the Mediterranean, or, foot-sore and fatigued, rested on his arms in the serpent-crowded forests of South America; whether he wept over the thinned ranks of his comrades as he desperately fought for the liberties of a strange people, or fled with a dead wife in his arms before the blood-hounds of power and dug her grave in the desolate pass of the mountains; never in his life was known to forget the enthusiastic vow of his youth, but rather made the rough, rude winds of trouble fan his zeal for country to a brighter and a purer burning.

W. L. HARRIS, D. D., LL. D.

A SYSTEM must be judged by the *men* it produces. Judged by this rule American Methodism can afford to challenge the criticism of all observing persons. American Methodism has produced some royal men. Of course it will always be a little difficult to trace precisely the influence of a great ecclesiastical system upon the character of an individual, or to say with any positiveness what a given person would have proved himself under other circumstances, but the influence of Methodism upon certain well-known men in the denomination has been so palpable and absolute, that it is simple fairness to say that they are the product of Methodism. Friends that are too partial to them may contend that they would have come to the front, and proved their power to be useful and good, without any such special aid as our religious system affords, but such claims must be disallowed. Methodism must have the credit of her own productions. However the pride of individual persons may be touched, they must be constantly reminded that the Church has made them what they are. Moreover, it is an observable fact that the men who have been the most marked in the Methodism

of this country, have been, emphatically, the children of our denominational loins. Honored names, all through the century of the Church, will instantly occur to persons familiar with our history as illustrating this fact. When Methodism laid its hands on Bishop James, it found him a school-teacher in Connecticut, and has made him one of the foremost religious workers on the Continent, a practical ecclesiastic with scarcely a peer in the religious movements of America.

More than half a century ago, our Church found, in the wilderness of Kentucky, a bright, frail boy, on the bosom of a plain Methodist family, and at eighteen years of age thrust him out in that wild country to preach the Word. She instantly threw around her new *protege* the marvelous enthusiasm of her own spirit, kindled his oratory by the crowds that gathered in her outdoor services, preserved his simplicity by the sternness of her exacting discipline, urged him to culture by the increasing demands of his widening sphere, and at last permanently utilized his power by making him the executive of her missionary operations throughout the world. The venerable Durbia, shaking the hearts of men all through this country for the last forty years, preaching with equal power before rustics and Senators, is a product of Methodism. And so folios might be filled with touches of biography relating to both ministers and laymen, who have been developed into happy and extended usefulness by the peculiar adjustments, and by the delicate and influential forces of our religious system.

The subject of this sketch, the present efficient Assistant Missionary Secretary of American Methodism, must be assigned his place among the legitimate productions of the great religious denomination to which he belongs. Methodism met him early in life, and before young Harris was seventeen years of age, at one of those glorious old camp-meetings in Ohio, God converted him; and if he were not a living man, or if it could be absolutely certain that his own eyes would never see this picture, it would be a pleasant service to trace the flow of his nervous, busy, useful, happy life, down to where he stands at this hour, younger in his looks and hopes than he actually is, for, counting as the years go, he must now be flush upon fifty, but measured by the vigor of his carriage, and the quality of his endurance, he would be judged several years this side of the brow of that hill.

Soon after his conversion William entered the Norwalk Seminary, then our only literary institution west of the Alleghenies, and during

his two years of pupilage there, laid the foundation of his subsequent culture. Dr. Harris made the blunder of not conquering a regular collegiate education; to be sure he has passed that curriculum, he has dug out for himself the classic roots, and solved the university problems, and has creditably acquitted himself as a *professor* of the sciences that he ought to have mastered in the school, rather than on the circuits, but still he is to be blamed and rebuked for ever allowing the pressure of unwise counselors to drive him into the ministry, when he ought to have remained in the schools. It is a condemnation, however, which many another student must share with him. Thirty years ago, Methodism, in Ohio, wanted preachers, and she had no time to wait for the young men to linger about her academies. If they only had warm hearts, a ready utterance, and good strong common sense, the church would have them in her pastoral work; but the fact, that the most of these disappointed scholars have proved successful workers, and have often become cultivated men, must never for a moment be used as a reason for thrusting the young men of to-day into the pulpits of Methodism without the most thorough training of the schools. The many years of devotion to public education on the part of Dr. Harris, perhaps, ought to be accepted as his atonement for the blunder of his young life-time, and as a sufficient presumption that his own views on the subject are reflected in these observations.

Ten years of our brother's public life have been spent in the pastor's office. He began with the hard work of a Western circuit, and learned thoroughly the heart-secrets of the Methodist itinerancy. There is a kind of weird and sacred mystery about the inside experiences of a Methodist minister, that no one can know about until he has been admitted inside the charmed inclosure. An apprenticeship of a few years as a Methodist pastor, gives the workman, not only an aptness to use the consecrated tools of his craft, but a love for his fellow-craftsmen, and a passion for his work, that no subsequent changes of experience can ever shake out of his heart. Dr. Harris is a thorough-paced Methodist minister, and though for a number of years now he has divided his time between the chair of the professor and the office of the secretary, in a single week, he could as easily adjust himself to the routine of a pastor, and the work of a circuit, as if there had been no such parenthesis in his professional life.

It is this hearty identification with the great body of Methodist pastors, this moving on in whatever work is assigned to him, as if he

belonged to the rank and file of our denominational battalions, that is at the bottom of the strong hold he has upon the sympathy and appreciation of his brethren. No man can be permanently useful to American Methodism if he throws himself out of line with the great army of his fellow-soldiers.

The most pronounced work in the life of Dr. Harris, thus far, is perhaps the work in which he is now engaged. For ten years he has been in the service of our Missionary Society, and for the last six years has been closely associated with his venerable chief in the entire management of our complicated, peculiar, and extensive missionary movements.

The devotion of the Assistant Secretary to the details of any work he has in hand find marvelous opportunity in the demands of his present office. It is doubtful whether there is a single person, or a single paper, in the whole sweep of our missionary work, either at home or abroad, that the watchful assistant does not know all about. It is to be presumed that the office now held by Dr. Harris is not invested with *creative* functions, so that we have no means of knowing whether, if he was differently related to our missionary work, deeper and broader plans for the evangelization of the world would not be developed by our American Methodism, and, perhaps, he is not in any wise responsible for the impression that our Church exhibits a slowness in her missionary movements that is fairly open to friendly, but sharp criticism.

Dr. Harris is, perhaps, best known to the Church as the Secretary of the General Conference. He has held that office now at four different sessions of that august body, beginning with the General Conference at Indianapolis in 1856. His predecessors were among some of the best ministers of the Church, and especially his immediate predecessor was one of the most accomplished gentlemen in our Western ministry, a man of pleasant manners, of adroit management, and fine clerical abilities, and yet our new Secretary commended himself at once as eminently fitted for the post to which he had been chosen. It requires such a combination of qualities to be a first-class secretary, for weeks together, of such a body as the General Conference of the Methodist Church, as are rarely found in one person. Endurance, patience, accuracy, boldness, fidelity, and cheerfulness, permeated thoroughly with a certain intangible and indescribable something, which, for the want of a surer word, might be called *tact*, are some of the requisite elements demanded of a General Conference officer, such

as Dr. Harris has been since 1856. The only possible criticism that can be fairly made concerning him is a kind of brusque appearance occasionally, which, in a moment of great Conference excitement, leads one to suspect that the Secretary has a consciousness of his acquaintance with the subject in hand, that it would not be safe for any one to doubt, but then all sensible people know that there are certain great crises in deliberative assemblies, when such self-assertion on the part of an officer helps to calm the storm, and is, indeed, indispensable to the efficiency of his office. Dr. Harris has a commanding presence, with a large, open, genial face, a dark cast of countenance, and a benignity of expression, which may account, in part, for his personal magnetism. Of course no one can forecast his future, and especially his official future, but it is safe to prophesy that he will always be a true servant of the Church, no matter where he may be placed.

THOUGHTS FOR THE CLOSING YEAR.

THERE are few lessons for human beings so deep and solemn as those suggested to us by the silent, steady, irrevocable march of time. The years seem to move forward as if impelled by an awful power, in the presence of which man seems utterly helpless. Over some things he feels that he has some control; but here he is absolutely under a force as immutable as God, and as irresistible as fate. Yet even the steady, onward progress of this silent, resistless, changeless thing, fails to make its impression on the thoughtless, busy multitude. Now and then the gathering shades of night, telling that the day has gone, the recurrence of a birthday, announcing that a year has passed, the somber, wintery changes, as we approach the close of a year, solemnly indicating that the world and the whole generation are a year older, do arrest momentarily even the most giddy, and inspire a few serious thoughts in even the busiest devotee of the world. Still the earnest words of St. James ring out in our day with as solemn and forceful an applicability as ever: "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will we shall live, and do this, or that."

These are the gain-seekers, the worldly-

minded, who make haste to get rich, and who, in their devotion to self-interests and self-plans, forget their dependence upon God, their indebtedness to him, and the uncertainty which overhangs their life and every thing which pertains to the future. Becoming absorbed in the pursuit of the things of the world, they lose sight of the things that are unseen and eternal, and, concentrating their thoughts upon the interests of the present, forget the interests of the vast future. By reminding such of their dependence upon God, and of their blindness to the future, and of their own brief and rapid life, the apostle would recall them to a better understanding of themselves, and to a grateful acknowledgment of their indebtedness to Him in whom they live, and move, and have their being.

Two faults are prominently apparent in the busy world-seeker: First, a forgetfulness of God and his providence, and, secondly, a forgetfulness of himself. He fails to realize his dependence on him who sitteth in the heavens, and who ruleth on the earth, and consequently presumes on the exclusive management of his own affairs. Many, indeed, boast of this feeling of freedom or independence. They do not realize their indebtedness to Divine Providence, and consequently have no gratitude to God. As a result of this, they of necessity become covetous, selfish, bold and presuming, illiberal, and concentrating their thoughts and affections and efforts upon themselves. There is no better way to make a covetous, selfish man, than by enabling him to throw off all sense of dependence on God, and of indebtedness to him. Only induce him to think that he is the master of his own destiny, the builder of his own fortune, the maker of his own fame—that he is the designer of his own purposes, and the executor of his own designs—and he is in a fair way to become a godless, friendless, selfish miser. Ceasing to regard God—his thoughts concentrated on himself—requiring an object of devotion, he deifies himself; forgetting his indebtedness to the Divine Being, and overlooking the partnership of Divine Providence in all his enterprises; failing to see the countless instances in which Divine care must come to his aid, and the innumerable, unforeseen, and to him uncontrollable contingencies, which God must regulate, he not only deifies himself, but to that deity he brings all his offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. He stands alone, the maker of his own position and fortune, the possessor of his own wealth. He thanks no God, he implores no providence, he claims no friend, he feels no obligation, he

exercises no charity. What claim has the cause of God on him? He is without God in the world. What claim has humanity? He asks no providence. What claim has charity? He is above all obligations.

It may seem a strange paradox that he who has become so supremely selfish—who has, indeed, deified himself; who has become, through his forgetfulness of God and his providence, his own idol, his own god, and who brings every offering, every sacrifice, every trophy of an active life, to lay upon the altar of his own self-worship—should yet in this strange infatuation forget his real self. And yet it is true. There is no man who more completely forgets himself than the covetous self-idolater, the gain-seeker, and the worldling. And this is not only true, but it is natural, it is philosophical; it could not be otherwise. Look at it for a moment in actual life. Take first that ever-busy worldling, that devotee of pride and pleasure, that worshiper of sense, who devotes the day and penetrates far into the night to secure the gay pleasures of the world. He forgets God, yields him no obedience, and acknowledges no dependence. Yet he has a god, for he has become a god to himself. His worship asks for no self-denial, and he exercises none. Every impulse is indulged, every sense is gratified. Beauty is sought for the eye, music for the ear; the air is made redolent with perfumes, the table is burdened with the choicest viands for his taste; he clothes himself in purple and fine linen, and gathers around him articles of the softest texture and most delicate fiber. He builds a mansion in which to set up his dagon, and garnishes it with gold, and marble, and plate, and jewels, and brings into it every-day offerings of beauty, pleasure, and wealth, gathered from all the world. For whom are all these efforts? For himself. To whom is yielded all this worship? To himself. Who, then, will say that, in the midst of all this self-seeking and self-serving, he has forgotten himself? All of us will say so. All of us can see that in all this there is nothing for the real self; that these are all offerings made at the shrine of an imaginary being, provisions made for a mere creature of sense, who has eyes for beauty, ears for sound, a palate for tastes, and a body for sensual gratifications. But what is here for the real self, for the true being, for the immortal man? Nothing. The devotee bows with faithful worship before his idol, under the delusion that it is himself, forgetting that his real self is a spiritual and deathless being.

The same thing is true of the world-seeking, covetous idolater. He is bent on being rich.

He is forgetting God, and is unmindful of his providence. He lays out his own plans and executes his own designs; and as truly as the needle turns to the pole, so truly do all his plans and designs concentrate upon himself. This is right, for he has become his own idol, and a worshiper of himself. See how faithfully he, too, serves his god; how every thing tends to promote the interests of self, to increase the possessions of self; with what religious faithfulness he brings each new treasure as an offering to self; how each new enterprise points to self-aggrandizement! He rises early and sits up late, he plunges more deeply into business, he enters into new speculations, he lays out new and enlarged plans for each coming year, he makes perilous voyages, enlarges his store, pulls down his old barns and builds greater, advances his prices, withholds and reduces the prices of labor, becomes close and miserly in his purchases, heeds no charities, turns the poor away empty, speculates upon the necessities of his neighbor—and all for self; and as a result of all his toil, which he complacently calls diligence, of his self-devotion, which he calls prudence, of his avarice, which he calls providence, of his meanness, which he calls economy, he brings his nightly deposit into the bank, credited to the account of self, and offered as a whole burnt-offering to the object of his worship—SELF.

After all this faithfulness and devotion, can we say that this man, too, is forgetful of himself? Yes. Of his real self he seldom thinks, except when circumstances thrust before him this being to whom he is almost a stranger.

But who is this self that receives from the worldling and the world-seeker this faithful homage and devotion? Can it be that being that, like a vapor, appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away? Can it be that spiritual and immortal being whose true life is beyond the grave?—whose true happiness springs from things spiritual and divine?—whose true treasures are the fadeless crown and the immortal joys of an eternal life? The self that the worldling and the world-seeker worship is a false, and, to a great extent, an imaginary being. In the one case it is a being made for pleasure, in the other a being for possession. The worldling's self is a sensual being, into the idea of which death, and spirit, and immortality never enters—a being of sight, and sound, and taste, and feeling, whose highest good, whose greatest happiness, whose only interest is to be amused and pleased. For this false and imaginary being he lives and labors; for it he forgets God and overlooks his provi-

dence; yea, and in it he forgets himself. The self of the world-seeker is a more substantial, but less beautiful being than the one we have contemplated. It is a being of many wants, and cares, and anxieties, surrounded by many dangers, and threatened by many contingencies. It is a being that has appetite and wants food—must have raiment, a house to dwell in—is in danger of sickness, is in dread of poverty, has misgivings of a dreary old age, and forebodings of want and suffering; but into this strange and formidable being there enters no idea of death, spirit, and immortality.

How unlike either of these beings is man's real self! A dying creature, whose life is but a vapor! A being of soul, of mind, of heart; a being of spiritual wants and an immortal destiny; a being of a brief and rapid probation, yet long enough to win eternal life! Go to now, ye forgetters of God and his providence—ye that in fancied independence say, "To-morrow we will go into such a city and spend there a year, and buy, and sell, and get gain," forgetting that you know not what shall be on the morrow, and that your life is but a vapor, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away.

However easily the devotee of pleasure and sensual enjoyment may delude himself into the belief of his freedom and independence—freedom we mean from moral restraint and independence of God—and however much the covetous thirster after wealth may persuade himself into a forgetfulness of God and his providence, and a consequent disregard of his will, none of these can persuade themselves into the belief that they are masters of the future, on which they presume so largely. That they are ignorant of what shall be on the morrow—that time is not a treasure placed at their disposal and under their control, is a truth so apparent to themselves that they need only to be reminded of it, to feel its weight and the power of its condemnation on their selfish and thoughtless lives. True, they do not like to be reminded of it. They do not like to hear that that future on which they are in the habit of presuming so much, is an imaginary thing, whose very existence is uncertain—merely a supposed or anticipated duration over one single moment of which they have no control. Such truths as these shake their independence, interfere with their large designs and plans which penetrate so far into that future, and bring them to a remembrance of that God who alone holds in his possession and under his control that vast futurity, the moments of which he deals out at his pleasure to his creatures.

No other truth brings us like this to a realization of our dependence on God. Tell us that our lives came from God, we may answer, No matter, we live. Tell us that health is the gift of God, we may reply, No matter, we are well. Tell the seeker or the possessor of this world's goods, that every good and perfect gift cometh down from the Father of Lights, and he only remembers that industry, and diligence, and economy have gathered for him a fortune. Tell him of his dependence on God and his providence, and his mind only reverts to his business, to his houses and lands, his deposits and his bonds, as the means of his independence in the present, and as his security for the contingencies of the future. But tell him that he knoweth not what shall be on the morrow; tell him that time is not under his control; tell him that this treasure is dealt out to him moment by moment, and to what then will his pride and independence resort? Can he reply, No matter, I have it? No; he has not a moment but this present instant, which flies away with such lightning swiftness we have not time to say "it is ours," till it is gone, and we need another. Can he say that by his industry, his toil, his economy, he will gather it up in store? No; God gives it, but in particles so small and delicate that they perish in the using. Can he say I have much of it laid up in store for many days? No; time can not be treasured or laid up in store. God gives it for the present, and each moment as it is used is destroyed. It may not be deposited in the bank, nor invested in property. It is not ours—it never was ours. God lent it for our good—we used it, and he withdrew it again into his own eternity.

Here, then, O sensual worldling—here, then, covetous idolaters—here, then, ye makers of your own fortunes, ye independent designers and executors of your own schemes—here God brings you into contact with himself; here he reminds you of your dependence on him. Here your first and greatest want—here the very basis of all your pleasures and of all your schemes—**TIME**—that treasure without which all your pleasures and plans fall lifeless to the ground—**TIME** is above and beyond you! To-morrow is God's, not yours. You can not make a single moment, you can not grasp a single instant from that boundless future, you can not recall a single second from the past, you can not lay up in store one single day! Here God rules, and God only. Here, at the very basis of your life, at the very root of all your joys, and hopes, and purposes, and possessions, you are dependent on God. You know not what shall be on the morrow. It is with God alone to say, "Thou

fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee," or to grant the commission, "Let him alone another year, and if he bear fruit, well; but if not, then after that thou shalt cut him down." It is his to grant you to-morrow, or to withhold it, and all your might and ingenuity can not seize from his grasp a moment, nor can any of your designs or schemes be projected a single instant beyond his will and pleasure. Here every moment God says absolutely to every creature, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further," and encircles within the sweep of his own will every living soul. By this truth the apostle would recall us to a remembrance of our dependence on God: "Ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that."

HOW GENIUS EATS AND WORKS.

THAT Rossini was fond of macaroni is not strange, since he was born at Pesaro, and his mother was the daughter of a baker there; nor is it more so that Kant especially liked turnips with bacon, and pease and dried fruit with pigs' feet, for he was a native of Königsberg. Englishmen know how to value not only long sheep's wool, but juicy mutton also; consequently Bulwer attributes to the latter antispasmodic, and, after a violent passion, a tranquillizing virtue. Lessing, the Saxon, would have sold his birthright for a mess of lentil pottage, in spite of Esau. Klopstock always wished for truffle-pies, trout and salmon, which he probably learned to know and like on his father's estate in Mansfield. Wieland, on the contrary, that Frenchman among Germans, preferred cakes and pastry, "for when two Frenchmen meet, then must there be dainties and sweetmeats."

I knew a celebrated statesman of Baden, father of the tariff union, who was absolutely able to work only in his dressing-gown, felt shoes, and his pipe in his mouth, which was the occasion of many a pleasant incident with His Royal Highness, the Grand Duke. Haydn appeared, early in the morning, in full toilet, so that he had only to take his hat and cane in going out, and whenever he undertook a great composition he had his best clothes brought out, put them on, and placed the ring of Frederick the Great upon his finger. So adorned, he sat each forenoon at his writing-table, and composed one immortal sheet after another. What a contrast to Beethoven, who, in the hours of his deepest meditation, strode through his room in complete *negligé*; now and then stepped to his writing-table to make notes, then,

again, placed himself at his wash-basin, poured one pitcher of water after another over his hands, without remarking that he already stood like a duck in water, meanwhile alternately humming and howling, then, with rolling eyes, or fixed, staring countenance, going to the piano. Buffon never wrote except in embroidered court-dress, and with laced cuffs. Virginia d'Ancelet draws on perfumed gloves whenever she seizes her pen. Certain odors do, in fact, serve to put the brain into a kind of narcotic state, and the little anecdote is well known to all, how Goethe went, one day, to visit Schiller, and, when he found him not at home, took a place at his work-table, but was soon seized by a miserable indisposition, which increased to faintness. At last Goethe remarked that out of a drawer near him proceeded a fatal odor of decayed apples, whereupon he went to the window to admit the fresh air, but Schiller's wife told the astonished, and indeed much more healthful-natured poet, that the drawer must always be filled with decayed apples; that such an atmosphere was favorable to Schiller, and he could live and work in no other. Socrates could so bury himself in his thoughts that sometimes he remained standing in the same place, lost in reflection, hours together. Rousseau found his best thoughts when he went botanizing in full sunshine; in like manner, Roderick Benedix can work only in Summer, when he can reflect upon his thoughts and plans in long and lonely walks; and Jacob Grimm says, "I have often experienced that, when remote paths led me over meadow and field, good ideas came to me even under my quickened pace; if, at home, doubts had anywhere remained, they were suddenly resolved during my reflection while walking." Milton, on the contrary, seldom wrote in Summer, while Kant, in directions how to become master of one's morbid feelings, counsels especially against thinking vigorously while walking, because in doing so one recreates far less. But, in fact, the action of the mind is frequently sustained by some such mechanical by-work; as, for instance, Laplace, while at work, played with a ball of thread, which must be given into his hand at the right time by his servants; or Madame de Staël, the celebrated conversationist, always while speaking twirled a flower, or a pencil, between her fingers—even the thread of discourse was broken if this were wanting; even Kant's delivery was interrupted when, on the coat of the student opposite, a button was lacking.

A mathematician in Göttingen once laid a wager to solve a problem in the higher analysis

while twelve drums were beating before his door. In the sensitiveness to outward disturbances individuals are very different, yet this sensitiveness more frequently exists than otherwise; hence the predilection for night-work. Dickens wrote on the "Chimes" a whole month long, entirely shut away from the outer world; he was, before he wrote the word "end," as he himself reports, as thin as a murderer. Yet Dickens also was a night-moth when his imagination was wrestling in the birth-throes of a new novel. Then he wandered about at night in strange passages, seeking rest, and finding it not. Milton went regularly to bed at nine o'clock, yet he frequently began then his poetical musings, when he rang for his daughter, or amanuensis, to write down instantly his verses. Byron composed his Don Juan at night, in company with gin and water. Francois Endes de Me Leary, historiographer of France, made for himself during the day an artificial night; in his rooms reigned continually the deepest darkness, and when friends visited him, he lighted them to the door at the clear midday. The speeches of Demosthenes, as is known, smelled of lamp-oil, and the owl of Minerva served the Athenians, therefore, for the symbol of deep, unwearied study, because she first began her flight at the breaking dawn, "*Nacht muss es sein, wo Friedlands Sterne strahlen.*"

Though "Early to bed and early to rise" may bring to a man health and wealth, yet Wisdom does not seem to be favorable to it. When the children of the earth rest, she soars on solitary pinions up to heaven.

MENTAL INDEPENDENCE.

WE love to flatter ourselves that the ideas and opinions which we have acquired are the emanations of our own unaided intellect. Yet this is, doubtless, farther from the truth than we are apt to imagine. It can not, indeed, be denied that every idea must be originated by some one, and even that the same idea may be original to many different individuals, for, by using the same premises, many would necessarily arrive at the same conclusion. But what we would positively assert is simply this, that by far the great majority of mankind spend their whole lives without acquiring a single idea for which they are not indebted to others.

It is a doctrine held by Bacon, and later by Coleridge and others, that all knowledge is indestructible; that by the operation of certain fixed laws, every thought of our whole past existence may be restored. We are incessantly,

and sometimes almost unconsciously, receiving into the mind thoughts and opinions from others; we can not help it if we try. They are continually pouring in upon us on all conceivable subjects, from the press, from the public speaker, and from daily converse with all we meet. The sources whence we derive these ideas may be temporarily absent from the mind, or, at least, the connection between the idea and its source lost sight of, and, as we forget nothing, these thoughts and opinions will return to us, suggested perhaps by some trivial circumstance, and of course will naturally lead us to infer that they are purely our own. We frequently light upon sentiments in the productions of others, which we had before proclaimed with comforting assurance of perfect originality, and, while delighted to find our views confirmed by others, do not even think that both may have come from the same original source.

But whence are derived all the ideas which meet us on every side? Doubtless not from one, or a thousand sources, but perhaps from nearly as many as there are distinct ideas. An Aristotle, a Newton, a Bacon, a Kepler, a Harvey, a Franklin, or a Fulton, spends his whole life investigating some favorite subject, and thus, by his persistent efforts, is born an opinion, or principle, hitherto unknown. This is heralded to the world, and thus becomes the common property of all. In this manner are ideas, from time to time, promulgated, till the world is filled with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," collected from the exhaustless store-house of the past. And, owing to the natural indolence of our constitution, it is far more reasonable to suppose that we should appropriate to ourselves ideas already existing, than that we should go back to first principles to acquire them.

But notwithstanding all this, mental independence, according to its popular acceptation, is by no means a dream of fancy. That the repository of thought has been exhausted is not for a moment to be admitted. Though great have been the conquests of mind in the past, its triumphs for the future are not to be circumscribed. The propagators of new principles have ever been ridiculed, calumniated, and persecuted on account of the prevailing ignorance of their times; yet the truths which they labored to establish have surmounted all opposition, and now stand as beacon lights to the world. Occurrences, which were once looked upon as little less than miracles, are now but natural phenomena, which a mere tyro can explain; and there are, doubtless, phenomena continually exhibited all about us which we

do not even perceive, much less understand, but which it is the office of independent thought to discover, investigate, and explain. We are frequently reminded that "secret things belong to God," and that we have no right to pry into those things which he has not revealed; but it is idle to suppose that we have been endowed with powers of inquiry and investigation, and irresistible desires for knowledge, without opportunities of employing and gratifying these principles of our nature.

Revolutions and reformatations, the result of free and honest inquiry, are the great hope of progress to the world; every one of these, in Church and State, has made the world richer, wiser, and better, and left it on far higher vantage-ground. And there are revolutions yet to take place; the rotten foundations of our present political fabrics but too clearly indicate this. The Church, too, must have yet other reformatations, till its great end shall be, not to oppose sect to sect and doctrine to doctrine, but to unite into one mighty host, whose glorious and exclusive work shall be to subdue the powers of sin and to evangelize the world. And the arbitrary laws of popular custom need to be completely revolutionized, and so modified as to leave every individual free to think, and speak, and act, as his own conscience and unbiased judgment may dictate, without fear of losing caste or reputation.

The field of intellectual achievement opens to indefinite extent on every side, and he who is willing to leave the old beaten paths—to turn out of the ruts which other men have made—has a career of glory and usefulness before him to which the past can furnish no shadow of comparison. He must not be satisfied with the collection of opinions and principles already within his reach, nor must he accept these as true without impartial and careful investigation. He must not believe a thing is true simply because his father believed it and he was born and bred in the same belief, nor because the opposite idea may chance to be repugnant to his preconceived notions and habits of thought; this is a species of unmanly servility, unbecoming to these days of independent inquiry. It is by no means conclusive proof that a doctrine is true because past generations of men have considered it indisputable. The Ptolemaic system of astronomy was fully believed in for a score of centuries, and afterward found to be fallacious; and it is even so with Romanism and Mohammedism: and we know not how many favorite theories of the present day will be swept away by the advancing floods of intellectual progress.

We are told that the young eagle, at a proper age, is driven from the eyrie, and thus compelled to fly or perish; and so the mind, if early left free from external dependencies, will soar away in the regions of thought and attain a loftiness of flight otherwise inconceivable.

THE STAR ALGOL.

WE read of Adam that he gave names to all living things. This process is not completed, though it has lost its pleasures. If a fortunate observer discover a new planet, he can only turn over the leaves of a classical dictionary, and do homage to some long-forgotten deity, whose name has filled up a halting line of Ovid; or, in other sciences, he may immortalize a friend, and Tompkinsoniana serves to distinguish some new species. But, at first, man named, fettered by no such rules. A ready fancy transferred the word of daily use to the skies. The clouds were the flocks and herds of the sun, stolen by the sly thief twilight, who, on the return of the god shooting with golden arrows, was compelled to restore the prey. Confusion, indeed, arose in after-times. The cluster of the Plough, with its seven stars, soon won a title meaning "the bright;" and as the shiny-coated, quickly gliding bear obtained it too, when the word grew obsolete, the link was dropped; and to restore it, the poets feigned the tale of the fair, though frail Callisto dogged by the implacable Juno.

The twins doubtless won their title in early times; not till later did they become Castor and Pollux, the twin sons of Leda. With but little to build on, the poets feigned much. Perhaps the most complicated results of their toils is the story of Andromeda which they read in the heavens. There, Andromeda is seen chained to the rock. Below, the whale or sea-monster hastens to devour. Above, nearer the pole, her parents, Cepheus and Cassiopeia, in agony await the end. But Pegasus has hastened up, and his rider, Perseus, with uplifted sword, is about to slay the monster. In his left hand he holds the Gorgon's head, the prize of his former victory. This head, with hissing serpents for hair, and literally petrifying all beholders, is marked by a bright star. So figured, when the Arabs took up the study of the heavens, they named it Al Ghul, the ghoul or demon, in and the form Algol the name is still preserved.

This star well deserves notice. Few things, generally speaking, are more striking than the changelessness of the heavens. All that the perfect man of Uz saw of human greatness in

his day has long since passed away ; but the Pleiades shine now as they then shone, their sweet influences heralding the Spring. We hardly wonder that Aristotle, regarding the changelessness of the stars, fancied they were formed of some quintessence, some substance other than the four elements of this world, which are ever undergoing change. Yet, even in the stars, changes have been detected ; some new ones have appeared, others have waned and disappeared. Such facts suggest catastrophes, but nothing akin to the regular changes of our world. But Algol is an exception. Usually, it appears as a bright star of the second magnitude. Not far to the south is a star of the fourth magnitude. If carefully and constantly watched, the bright steady light of Algol is seen to lessen. For some three and a half hours this waning continues, till Algol is no brighter than its little neighbor. For some quarter of an hour, the eye can detect no change ; and then, as gradually as before it waned, Algol resumes its usual brightness. For some two and a half days, the light continues steady, after which the same strange eclipse again occurs. Such a change is not easy to detect ; many a casual glance may be turned on the star before it is seen in its eclipse ; the chances, in fact, are, roughly, twenty to one against our so seeing it.

Thousands of times had this star thus pleaded kinship with our revolving system ere the eye of man caught and read the lesson. Toward the end of the seventeenth century, more than one observer had detected some variation in the light of the star ; but it was not till 1782 that Goodricke, to whom we owe the discovery of several similar phenomena, announced the true law of the variation of Algol's light. At the same time he suggested the probable cause. He supposed Algol a sun like our own, to have revolving round it a large planet, which, periodically passing between us and Algol, cut off part of its light. The three and a half hours of gradual diminution of light is the time during which the dark body of the planet is slowly advancing on to the full disc of Algol. When the light is least, the planet is completely projected upon the disc of Algol, and is passing from one side of that disc to the other ; the gradual increase of light marks its gradual passage off the disc. Algol, indeed, is removed to such a distance that we see no disc even in the best telescopes, only the varying brightness, which evidently depends on the proportion of Algol's disc which is not eclipsed. If the disc of the planet were half that of Algol, half Algol's light would be eclipsed by the planet.

Reckoning, then, by the amount of light Algol gives when full and when eclipsed, it is found that the planet obscures 17-24 of the disc of Algol ; or, if the disc of Algol be represented by 24, that of the planet would be 17. Geometry shows us from this that their diameters will be about as 49 to 41, or nearly as 5 to 4. Thus, this attendant planet will have 4-5 the diameter of Algol. Jupiter is but 1-10 the diameter of the sun. We have, then, a wide departure from the analogy of our system. We know, however, that there are systems in which a single center is replaced by two or more suns revolving round each other, so that the idea of a giant satellite is not untenable.

Were we near enough to Algol, we should, after seeing his full clear disc for a while, notice on one side a slight notch appear, which would gradually enlarge, and reduce the disc of Algol to a horseshoe crescent, the horns of which would slowly advance till they met. Then the black disc would slowly move across the orb of Algol, forming an annular eclipse, till the horseshoe crescent is again formed, the horns separate—there is but a piece, as it were, bitten out—it lessens, and Algol is as bright again as ever. Eyes of ours will never see this, yet it is as real to us as much we see.

Not only does the variation of light enable us to compare the size of Algol and its attendant, but the time during which it varies helps us to estimate their distance apart. If we stand by a large water-wheel, each paddle-board hurries past our eyes, but the shaft itself seems to revolve very slowly. All parts of the wheel are indeed turning at the same rate, but the time during which they are in our line of sight depends on their distance from the axis. So, too, with Algol's attendant. If it be close to him as it revolves round Algol, it will appear to cross his disc slowly ; if it be far off, it will appear to hurry across it. Now, for about a tenth of the time occupied in one revolution round Algol, his attendant planet is passing across his disc. This enables us to calculate their distance apart. The radii of Algol and his attendant, and their distance apart, are about as the numbers 49, 41, and 280. On what scale the system is constructed we can not tell, probably on a far grander one than our own. To take as an illustration. If Algol be 49,000,000 of miles in diameter—not at all an impossible supposition—his attendant planet would be 41,000,000 of miles in diameter, and their distance apart would be some 280,000,000 of miles.

The reader may wonder at our interest in these numbers, and imagine it would matter little what they were. They, however, afford a

very striking proof of the theory before given respecting the variability of Algol's light.

The prism of glass has told us, strange indeed as it seems, that iron, sodium, hydrogen, most, in fact, of the substances composing our globe, exist in the sun and in the almost immeasurably distant stars. In many stellar systems we have full proof that the law of attraction which regulates our system regulates them. We are thus justified in assuming a close analogy between fixed stars and our own sun. Take, for instance, density. Density means the amount of matter contained in a given space. Thus, if a bale of cotton be compressed into half its bulk, its density is doubled, as there is twice as much matter now in the same bulk of cotton as there was before. The average densities of the different bodies of our system have been measured; the sun is but a quarter as dense as the earth; Jupiter has nearly the density of the sun, Saturn considerably less. We can not expect, then, that with such diversity in our own system, other stars should have the same density as our sun. Still their densities will probably be comparable. One star will not have a thousand times the density of another, though it might naturally exceed it in a more moderate ratio. Nor can we forget that the density of our sun is continually altering. As year by year it pours out its flood of heat and light, it inevitably cools, and cooling condenses. Thus the density of our sun is continually, though very slowly, increasing. Ages past—say in the carboniferous era—the sun contained more heat, and was more rarefied than now; and as such rarefaction would be compensated for by larger bulk, it must have been a larger sun. Hotter, and with a larger surface, it exceeded in brilliancy its present condition; now, indeed, it is quite a second-rate star. Thus the denser stars will, so to speak, be the older and duller ones; the young brilliant star will be far less condensed. Algol might well feel affronted in being compared with our sun. Removed to his distance, our sun would probably be invisible to the naked eye. His diameter is, probably, at least some eight times greater than our sun's, his bulk exceeds it at least some five hundred times. Algol is probably, then, a young star, but little condensed, less dense than our sun. Now let us see how our numbers agree with this supposition.

When a body revolves round another, as a planet round the sun, or a moon round a planet, the periodic time, or time taken in describing one complete orbit, depends on the distance of the two bodies and the sum of their masses.

If the earth and sun had only a quarter of their present density, the sum of their masses, or the amount of matter contained in them both, would have but a quarter of its present amount. The earth, to describe its present orbit, would have to move more slowly, and take two years instead of one to encircle the sun, as the force pulling them together would be so much lessened. If, on the other hand, a miniature system were framed, with the densities of the earth and sun the same as now, but their diameters and distance apart all reduced in the same ratio, such a baby earth would still encircle the sun in a year. Were the earth 8 inches in diameter, the sun 840, and their distance apart 97,000 inches, if the materials were the same in density as now, a whole year would be taken by the 8-inch sphere to describe its orbit of but 286,000 inches in circumference.

Thus, then, when you know the relative size and distance of two bodies, their time of revolution round each other depends simply on their average density. Now, we do know the relative sizes and distance of Algol and its attendant, their radii and distance being as the numbers 49, 41, and 280. Hence, as we can compare the period of Algol's planet with that of the earth round the sun, we can, by mathematical computations of no great difficulty, compare the density of Algol with that of the sun.

We find, on calculation, that our sun is some five times as dense as Algol. The wonderful agreement of this with what *a priori* reasoning led us to expect, seems an incontrovertible proof of our theory. Of course this density is the average density of Algol and his attendant. If the attendant planet be but rare, as is probably the case, Algol will perhaps have a fourth, or even a third, the density of our sun.

To the general reader, the course of argument which has led to this conclusion may appear dull, but the results themselves are most interesting. They are not, indeed, certain, but they are most highly probable. All other investigations of the different stars have been confined to suns. In some cases, two or more suns revolving together have thrown light on each other's magnitudes; but never have we been able to show that these suns, like our own, have attendant planets. Hence the interest we feel in Algol.

Algol certainly has an attendant planet. We can watch it slowly eclipse its central sun, and roughly draw the system to scale. If we take a shilling and a sixpence, and put their centers about 2 1-2 inches apart, we get a very fair representation of the only planetary system we

know other than our own. Certainly the two differ widely. But the very reasoning that shows why Algol is less dense than our sun, explains the strange character of the satellite, and its gigantic size. Just as our sun cools and contracts, so our earth cools and contracts, as is indeed proved beyond a doubt by the wrinkled folds of its crust. In the carboniferous era our earth was hotter internally, and larger than now—possibly so much larger as sensibly to lessen the force of gravity on the surface of the earth, in which case life would develop into the gigantic, as it seems to have done. Algol's satellite is in a far earlier phase than any geology reveals to us in the crust of our globe. It is probably the rough, formless mass from which, by the action of the same divine laws as rule our earth, in due time a fit habitation for life may be framed.

But we have not exhausted our star yet. It has been found, by careful observation, that the time between successive eclipses varies. The results show that the period is decreasing, or, in other words, that Algol's attendant is continually getting a little nearer to it. From the year 1784 to the year 1793, the period diminished by about a whole second—the period is, roughly speaking, a quarter of a million seconds. Since then the period has still decreased, more rapidly at some times than others, apparently. Yet, considering the difficulty of accurately ascertaining the period of Algol's variation of light, it is doubtful whether we may certainly assume any thing more than that the period is constantly diminishing. That, however, it certainly is, To what is this due? Several causes have been suggested. One is, that it is analogous to what is called the moon's annual equation. The sun weakens the earth's pull on the moon, and causes the latter to describe a larger orbit in a longer time than it would do did the sun not disturb it. In Winter the sun is nearer than in Summer, and the moon more disturbed; so in Winter time the moon takes longer to go round the earth than in Summer. In the same way, if we had a large planet moving in an orbit round Algol at some distance, its alternate approach to and recess from Algol would lengthen and shorten the period of the eclipsing satellite. And there is, indeed, a little faint speck close to Algol, which might be an attendant star revolving round it. But this is uncertain, and it is on other grounds difficult to account for the diminution of period by this hypothesis.

Probably the true explanation is to be found in the results we have obtained above as to the density of Algol. Without doubt, Algol itself must have the lion's share of the density, and

the attendant will probably be not much denser than a cloud. Such a body will specially suffer from any resistance to its motion which it may experience. However violently we may throw a feather, the resistance of the air checks its motion in a few inches; but a stone is far less impeded. There is no question that the universe is filled up with a fluid through which the vibrations of light are transmitted from star to star. Our solid earth and the other planets of our system experience no appreciable resistance. Not so, however, the attenuated cloud known as Encke's comet. It is found to suffer considerable loss of velocity. Such loss of velocity enables the sun to draw it into a smaller orbit, and hence the comet takes less and less time to describe its course round the sun. Its period of three and a half years has been shortened by about two and a half hours during a single revolution. Yet this perhaps, owing to the peculiar shape of the comet's path, is but partly produced by the light medium. Probably, too, compared with the comet, even Algol's satellite must be considered as of great density, so flimsy is the texture of the comet. We can thus see how Algol's satellite will experience some resistance, far more, indeed, than the earth or other planets, yet less than the comet.

We thus find three widely different facts in Algol's economy—his great splendor, his small density, and the diminution of his period, all coherently explained by one hypothesis. It is difficult, then, to resist the conclusion that our hypothesis is true—that our reason has seen what eyes and telescopes never may—the attendant planet of a distant star. If we watch Algol with the spectroscope, we learn nothing of the cause of its eclipse; the light waxes and wanes, but no change in its character can be detected. Nor will the telescope aid us; all we require is observation with the naked eye.

We thus have reason to believe that there is one planet not belonging to our system of which we know something. Probably it is but a ball of fiery vapor coated with cloud and fog; were it otherwise, still no life could exist upon it, exposed as it would be to the full glare of Algol, which would blaze down upon it a huge orb some fifty times the apparent diameter of our sun, giving about 2,500 times the light and heat which we receive. Still, as it cools down and condenses, our fancy will naturally, and not improbably, present it as invested, in due time, with the varied life so familiar to us. Such times are more remote in the future than the earliest eras in geology are in the past, yet it is not impossible that when our system shall have

ended in its inevitable decay, Algol's attendant planet may be the seat of happiness as great as that which now crowns our globe.

CHRIST TRANSFIGURED.

THE Mount of Transfiguration seems nearest heaven of all the heights in sacred story; the brightest radiance rests upon it that ever strayed beyond the pearly gates to visit this dark world. There the loving disciples, who heretofore had known their Master only as a man among men, wonderful though he were in being and in working, caught a glimpse of the glory he had with the Father before the world was, and received one brief but blessed foretaste of the fullness of joy awaiting them in his presence above. What wonder their mortal eyes could hardly bear the sight, that they fell on their faces and were sore afraid, or that, despite their fear, they wished to make there three tabernacles, and retain the heavenly guests! And though they were not permitted to remain upon the blessed heights because of the work to be done in the world below, we can well believe the hallowed influence of that hour followed them through life, the brightness they had seen upon their Master's countenance and the glory that overshadowed them were present to their mental vision evermore.

And is it alone to Peter, and James, and John that the Mount of Transfiguration has been made accessible? Can not all the Lord's disciples recall some favored hours when they have stood upon the same sunny heights, been overshadowed by the same bright cloud? And, having once seen, can they ever forget? Can the blessed radiance ever fade from their lives, leaving them cold, and dull, and sordid as before; their apprehensions of what He is as poor, and meager, and unsatisfying?

How little we know of Him when first we hear and obey the call to follow! Perhaps we are half afraid of him, and, more than likely, we wholly misapprehend him. Awed by his terrible denunciations of sin, the stern tests by which he tries self-confident disciples, the keen lightning glance by which he shrivels in a moment every mask of hypocrisy, we overlook, perhaps, his yearning tenderness toward the sinner, his infinite patience with the weak, the timorous, the erring, the overflowing richness of his grace and pardon to the truly penitent. On the other hand, we may see only the gentle and compassionate, the meek and suffering side of his nature, and so lose the impression of dignity, and strength, and grandeur, which we

can not miss without marring fearfully the symmetry of that wonderful life.

* Perhaps we grossly misconceive the aims and motives, the very meaning of his mission among men, deeming it was some cold choice that moved him, or even an outward constraint, not the irrepressible outflowing of an eternal spring of love within his bosom, the inner compulsion of that royal nature which would not let him see us sin and suffer without laying down his very life to save us, so that, being what he was, he could not do other than he did.

It may be that without any positive misconceptions, our ideas of his person and character are vague, and crude, and misty; we worship we know not what, a phantom rather than a living feeling entity, warm with all sweet human sympathies and glorious with divine perfections.

Ah, well! after a while we look back to those days and wonder if we really loved Him then. Be that as it may, he loved us, and led us, step by step, through devious, perhaps through thorny ways, to our transfiguration mount, to juster, clearer, sweeter views of him, our Lord and Master.

And what he is to us now, how shall we find words to tell? Of old he charged the three disciples, "Tell the vision to no man, till the Son of man be risen again from the dead." The command seems hardly needed, for how could they relate it as it was, and who would understand them if they did? And we—what can we do but show by our lives how we love and adore our transfigured Lord, and plead with others in the tender, earnest accents love inspires to "come and see," to know for themselves what he is to those who trust him?

BE HAPPY.

TRUE religion confers the only true happiness in the present life. It is a mistake commonly made to suppose that happiness depends upon external circumstances. Situation indeed has something to do in gratification of our desires. But happiness has its seat within. There may be riches and honor, and all the luxuries and pleasures that these can furnish, and yet a rankling wound within the breast may imbitter all. There may be poverty and persecution in the lot of the child of God, but grace can put a well of delight in his soul, springing up into everlasting life. Calumny, and hatred, and coldness, and disappointment, may drive happiness away from a palace; while peace, and affection, and kindly ministries, may make sunshine in a hovel. We have the

testimony of one whose path led him through weariness and painfulness, cold and nakedness, hunger and thirst. "Godliness, with contentment, is great gain." "Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come."

How does godliness appear to be an advantage in the present life? It is not that it contributes to our worldly estate, though the industry and frugality it teaches tend in that direction. Godliness is chiefly profitable because those graces which it inculcates, and in which it consists, confer true happiness. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." If the heart be inhabited by these, all the evils that are without can not make a man unhappy. As the loving household, mingling joyously around the warm hearth, is unmindful of the cold winds that rage and break against the walls that protect them, so the heart that is warmed by love, and cheered by joy, and sustained by all the graces of the Spirit, is undisturbed by the waves of persecution and affliction that beat against it.

Every one of the Christian graces is promotive of happiness—faith that reclines on Jesus and his word—love, that seeks God's glory and another's welfare—joy in the Lord, that lights up every providence—peace, that tells of a reconciled God and counsels harmony among men—patience and meekness, that with unruffled spirit bear all things—faith, and gentleness, and goodness, that in the way of integrity meet the asperities of life mildly and blandly, and by a benevolent hand seek to remove them. A life that has these characteristics of godliness in it can not be unhappy.

Though the harvest of these precious fruits of the Spirit that we commonly gather is, alas, too scanty—though we do not live up to our privilege as Christians—can we not see enough to confirm the view presented in our observations among men? Whether in prosperity or adversity, are not those who give evidence of true piety the happy ones? Has not he the greatest happiness in prosperity who receives it with thankful mind as the gift of his Heavenly Father? And in adversity, in sore affliction, is not he whose graces are in more vigorous exercise the more enabled to submit and even rejoice? Paul could glory in tribulation, take pleasure in infirmities and distresses, when the power of Christ rested upon him.

By mere force of will men may meet trial, and even death, with stolidity and seeming indifference. But religion puts *songs* into the mouth of the afflicted, and persecuted, and dy-

ing. Philosophy, or brute insensibility, may make the murderer brave upon the gallows; but Christianity in the heart alone can make a Paul or a Stephen a rejoicing, triumphant hero. Be a Christian, that you may be flappy. Let grace rule in your heart. Be an eminent Christian. Grow in faith and holiness, that you may be increasingly happy.

MY REAL ESTATE.

I'm not purse-proud, nor do I meet,
With head erect and glance of scorn,
My humble neighbor in the street—
An honest man, but lowly born,
Who unlike me no gains may rate
By ownership of real estate!

My title's good—"to have and hold,"
The deed reads thus, and "to my heirs
And assigns in fee simple"—sold
To me and mine forever; dares
Then any man presume to prate
Of doubts concerning my estate?

My property's not gone to waste,
For large improvements I have made;
Two costly mansions reared with taste,
And handsome grounds and pleasant shade
Charm all alike, both poor and great,
Who loiter near my grand estate.

O'er marble fronts—Italian stone—
The clustered ivy creeps and clings, •
While just above with plaintive tone
A robin in the willow sings;
Her song bids me to curse my fate
For ownership of such estate.

Amid the willow's boughs is hid
Her little nest securely made,
And never 'neath a coffin-lid
Has she a single birdling laid,
Nor mourns she wildly for her mate
To share with her life's bright estate.

Nor beats she madly with her wing
Against a stony marble door,
That yields no bolt, nor bar, nor spring—
Closed, closed to her for evermore;
My God! why did a cruel fate
Bequeath to me such sad estate.

Look up, my soul, thy faith renew,
Nor longer o'er thy sorrow brood;
This promise holds forever true—
All things together work for good
To them who love the Lord, and wait
To share with him his rich estate.

A few more griefs, a few more tears,
Then be this precious promise claimed;
Though slowly drag the lengthened years
Of loneliness that ne'er was named,
I know that heavenly mansions 'wait
The crowned heirs to Christ's estate.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

THOMAS WILTON—A TRUE STORY.

YEARs ago, in a little village in Yorkshire, England, there lived a man named Thomas Wilton. He was noted for being a lazy, good-for-nothing man; never so happy as when he was sitting at the beer-house, with his pipe in his mouth, and his jug of ale before him. Whenever there was a row, or disturbance of any kind, Thomas was almost sure to be in it. People began to think there was no good in him, and that sooner or later he would come to a bad end.

Among his other bad habits, this man had that of poaching; that is, at nights he used to go out into the woods and plantations of the 'Squire and set traps and snares for the game. Several times he had been caught in these practices, and sent to prison, but this kind of punishment did not seem to do him any good. No sooner was he out of jail than he went back to his former life, and was as bad as ever, although for each offense he had to suffer a longer imprisonment than on the former occasion. In fact, he became such a disreputable character that no one cared to employ him, except when really obliged.

The name of one of the gentlemen who suffered the most from Thomas Walton's poaching expeditions, was William Mangall, partly because his woods and plantations had the greatest number of rabbits, and other game, in them, and partly because he was a kind and a lenient man, and had never convicted any poacher, and sent him to prison.

One dark night, however, Thomas had been at his old business, and had got quite a load of game on his back, with which he was stealthily making his way out of the woods. He was even calculating how much he should get for his night's work, forgetting the old proverb, "not to halloo until you are out of the woods," when suddenly two men sprang from behind a clump of trees, and laid hold of him so tightly that all his struggles to free himself were in vain. He was placed in the lock-up for the night, and on the following morning was taken before the magistrate. Mr. Mangall was on the magisterial bench, for he was one of the justices of the peace for the borough. When the poacher was brought up before these men, and saw the one among them whose grounds he had been rob-

bing, and had robbed so often, his heart sank within him, for he felt that this time he should surely get a heavy sentence, and perhaps be transported—that is, sent across the sea, with a great many other wicked men, to work hard, and in chains, for many years.

Fancy, then, Thomas's surprise when, after his case was heard, and the gentlemen on the bench had talked together in a low tone for a few minutes, the oldest magistrate told him that he was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment. He was ready to jump for joy, and was even on the point of stammering out some words of thanks to the kind-hearted judge, when he was taken away by the officers in charge of him.

His term of confinement was soon over, and he was once more at liberty. When he got to his lodgings again, he and his companions began to talk over his getting off so easily, and were wondering what it could mean, when a man stepped into the little dark room, and asked for Thomas Wilton.

"I am the man," answered Thomas, jumping up, "what do you want?"

"I have come with a message from the 'Squire, Mr. Mangall; he wishes to see you," said the man.

Thomas looked at him incredulously, scratching his head, and wondering what he wanted him for, above all others; but he promised to go, and the messenger departed.

His companions tried to dissuade him from going—telling him that there was some trick in it, he might be sure. But whether or not, Thomas said he would keep his promise. Accordingly he presented himself in the kitchen of the hall, and was immediately ushered into the presence of the 'Squire, a middle-aged man, with a broad chest, open countenance, and grayish hair.

The poacher stood by the door, with his hat in his hand, apparently noticing carefully the design on the carpet, but in reality ashamed, and unable to look the 'Squire in the face.

"Thomas, I understand you have no regular work, and have not had for some time."

"No, sir," replied he, glancing quickly up, but as quickly casting his eyes down again before the earnest gaze of Mr. Mangall.

"Well, I am in need of a gamekeeper; and I was thinking of making you my gamekeeper. What do you say to it?"

Thomas looked up now, and fixed his eyes on those of the speaker with astonishment; but he did not answer.

"What do you say?" he continued; "would you like to be my gamekeeper? If you will, I will give you a pound [five dollars gold] a week, and you shall keep the place so long as you are honest and industrious."

"I should like very much, sir," said Thomas, "but—" and here he stopped short.

"But what?" inquired the 'Squire.

"I was going to say," said Thomas, hesitatingly, "I was going to say that, if you really meant it, I should like the place very well."

"O, you need not fear that I am not in real earnest," replied Mr. Mangall, "and you may enter on your duties this very day, if you like."

Thus the bargain was made, and the 'Squire, sending the poor poacher down into the kitchen, and bidding them give him something to eat, told him that in about an hour he would go round the estate with him, and show him the woods and game which would be made his charge. Accordingly he took his new gamekeeper round, and showed him every coppice and cover, and was so kind in his manner, that Thomas was bitterly ashamed of himself for ever having trespassed on his property.

Well, a year or two passed away, and the 'Squire never had occasion to repent having taken the poor poacher to be his gamekeeper. He proved a dutiful and honest man. At the end of this time, Thomas Wilton exhibited in a still more distinct manner how grateful he was to his benefactor. Mr. Mangall had a son whose name was Henry, who became very desirous of going to Australia, whither so many others seemed to be going to amass sudden wealth.

At last, after much hesitation, Mr. Mangall gave his consent for his son to go to Australia. So the preparations were all made, and the day even fixed for his departure. One day, however, as Mr. Mangall was sitting in his study alone, a rap was heard at the door, and Thomas Wilton entered.

"Well, Thomas, what is it?" asked the 'Squire.

"If you please, sir, I want to go to Australia," replied Thomas.

"What's that you say!" asked the 'Squire, in astonishment.

"I want to go to Australia," again said the gamekeeper.

"How's that; have you got tired of me?" asked the gentleman.

"No sir, not a bit; but you see, sir, your son Henry is going away to Australia all by him-

self, and it is a very rough place out there, they say, and he has never been used to roughing it; so I thought if you would not mind it, I would just go with him to take care of him. I have saved a little money since I have been with you, so that I shall not be burdening you with the expense of my passage money."

After Thomas had spoken these words, in a hesitating, stammering manner, he stood by the door holding his cap in his hand.

Mr. Mangall did not reply for a few seconds, and when he did his voice was thick and low. He said, "You may go down into the kitchen, Thomas, and I will think of what you say, and call you up, and tell you my answer, in a little while."

The result was that Thomas went with the son of the 'Squire to Australia. They were away for many years; but Mr. Mangall lived to see both his son and his old gamekeeper return, and to hear from the lips of the former how much he was indebted to the once despised poacher. Through sickness, hard times, and dangers innumerable, Thomas had ever been kind, faithful, and affectionate, thinking no sacrifice too great, or hardship too severe for him to bear in the service of the son of his benefactor. When he had been sick, he nursed him with the gentleness of a mother, and when dangers surrounded him, he fought like a lion in his defense.

Had not the poor poacher repaid his benefactor a hundred fold? And such is the law of kindness. Like a drop of rain, it filters into a hard and stony soil, fructifies the dry seed lying there—for God leaves no heart without some tendencies to goodness—and, after many days, brings forth abundant fruit.

Think no heart beyond the reach of a good deed.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

"HARRY," said a faint voice to a pale, haggard-looking boy, who had just entered a miserable garret, "have you got any bread?"

"No, Minnie, I have n't. I have been all over to try and get something to do, but the snow has gone, there are no door-steps to clean, and I have no brush to sweep a crossing. O, if I had only eight pence! But, Minnie, are you worse? O, do n't moan so!" and the boy bent over his little sister's pale face with a frightened and troubled look.

"O, Harry, I'm dying; I know I am," murmured the child.

"No, you're not, Minnie—no, you're not;

just wait a few minutes longer, and I'll try again. And, Minnie, do you remember the prayer that old Giddy taught us, 'Give us this day our daily bread?' Say it over and over, and I'll go out again, and I do n't think—O, I do n't think God will let you starve! Here's some fresh water, and I'm off. Do n't forget to pray, Minnie dear; I shall feel more sure then."

And with a nod and a smile the lad turned and ran into the street. For ten minutes he wandered up and down, the keen air striking through his scanty clothing and almost numbing him, until he came to an archway, by whose wall was comparative shelter from the cold blast. Here he stopped, and stood looking the very picture of despair.

"I wonder if Minnie is praying still? I think I'll pray too; may be God will hear us."

So there, in the twilight, all alone, Harry knelt, and said over and over again, with a sad earnestness which must have moved any passer-by, "Lord, give us this day our daily bread; Lord, Minnie is starving; O, give me some money, or she will die!" Then, stopping for a moment, he said, "Giddy said we might always ask God for what we wanted, and I'm sure I want money. O, if I had only a brush to sweep a crossing with!"

He thought he was all alone, but he was mistaken. A gentleman entering the arch had been struck by the eager sound of entreaty which met his ear, and listening had heard all Harry's prayer. He was so much moved by the earnestness and simplicity of the words that he quietly turned back, hastened to the nearest brush shop, and bought a nice, large broom. Carrying this he again entered the arch, hoping still to find Harry there. To his great joy he perceived him in the same place, and going up to him he quietly laid his purchase beside him, together with a shilling, and quite unconscious, Harry, in his earnestness, went on with his prayer. It was now very dark, and the gentleman stood unperceived close to the kneeling boy. Presently Harry rose, and at once struck against the broom, and looked down to see what was in his way. With a cry of joy he flung himself beside it, and literally hugged it in his arms. But soon the gentleman saw that he hesitated, and drawing nearer he heard him murmur, "They're not mine; some one must have left them by mistake; but I never heard any one pass. O, if this shilling were only my own, Minnie should have plenty of bread." So the stranger went up to him, saying, "What have you there, little boy?"

"O, sir!" he replied, "I have found a brush and a shilling. Whom must I take them to?"

"Why, if you found them, you have a right to keep them, have n't you?"

"O, no, sir, I think that would be stealing; and though Minnie is starving," he added, with a sob, "I'll never steal."

"My dear boy," returned the other, "keep them both; I put them there for you. I came here and heard you praying to God for money, so you see your prayer is answered."

"Did you say, sir, that they were for me?" said Harry, unable to comprehend such good fortune.

"Yes."

"O, sir, Minnie—" but his joy was too great for utterance, and he burst into a flood of tears.

With joyful steps Harry raced to the garret, after having promised to meet the gentleman in the same spot the next day, and very soon he and little Minnie were eating together such a supper as they had not tasted for months.

Minnie, however, was in far too weak a state to eat much, and soon she leaned back on the straw pallet, with a happy look on her thin face, as she said, "O, Harry, God *is* good to us. I prayed all the time you were away, and he has heard our prayer."

The next day Harry kept his appointment, and the gentleman, who was a merchant, after some inquiries, offered him a situation as errand boy in his establishment, which, it is needless to add, he accepted thankfully. As for Minnie, when recovered, she was taught knitting and other work by the merchant's daughters, and by her industry helped to keep the tidy little house they now live in. But still, in all their troubles and sorrows—for perfect happiness is reserved for a brighter world than this—they pray to God, remembering their prayer that cold Winter's night, and its answer.

UNCLE SIMON'S QUEER REPLY.

WHAT a funny old man Uncle Simon was! I remember asking him, one day, as I pointed to a house lately built and occupied by a stranger, whether its owner was rich.

"Well, that is as you look at it," was his answer.

"As I look at it! How absurd!" I said to myself; "as if my looking at it in any way would make the man rich or poor!"

On another occasion, I inquired, "Uncle Simon, do you think we are going to have a pleasant day?" We children were going to have a picnic, across the lake, on a lovely little island, and, of course, we were anxious for fine weather.

"Well, that 'll be as you look at it," was the reply, with a twinkle in his gray eye.

"The same old answer!" I said to myself. "What a goosey I was to ask him! I might have known I should get no satisfaction!"

That was about all I thought of the matter at that time; but I have since learned the meaning of Uncle Simon's words.

Mr. Smith, about whose wealth I had been curious, I afterward learned, was the owner of a large tract of valuable land, a whole block of fine houses in the city, and had plenty of bank and railroad stocks. Almost any body but Uncle Simon would have promptly answered "yes," when I asked if he was rich. But, as I also afterward discovered, he had a sullen, morose disposition, and was so selfish that he kept all of his money for himself and his children. He was never known to give any thing in charity, even when urged to do so. Instead of enjoying, by a proper use, the wealth God had given him, he hoarded it, and made himself miserable by coveting still more. If he made fifty thousand dollars in one year, he grumbled because it was not one hundred thousand. If he had made the desired hundred thousand, he would still have sighed because it was not a million. When any pleasant event occurred, he could not enjoy it, because something else, which he would have preferred, had not happened instead. With the ideas of wealth I then had, if I had known of Mr. Smith's possessions, I should have thought him a rich man; but as I now view the matter, he was a *very poor* man.

Uncle Simon's reply to my question about the weather, meant that even if it rained, and we were disappointed in our picnic, the day might be pleasant, provided we viewed the disappointment in the right way, and tried to enjoy whatever kind of sky God sent; and that it might be very unpleasant, even if the sun shone, and we had our party, if we did not enjoy and improve it in the right manner.

And Uncle Simon was right! Things are as we look at them—dark or bright—and men are rich, not according to the lands and stocks they possess, nor poor according to their privations and penury, but in proportion as they receive either with grateful, submissive, and obedient hearts, the wealth or poverty which God in his wisdom and love apports to each. A poet expressed this truth when he wrote,

"The source of outward good lies deep within."

There are poor rich men like Mr. Smith, and there are rich poor ones, who lack what the world calls wealth, but

"Who, having nothing, yet have all;"

for they possess the incorruptible wealth of religion. As the Bible expresses it, they "are rich toward God."

Which is the better kind of riches, children? And was Uncle Simon's reply so *very queer*, after all?

"IN A MINUTE."

FOUR hours Mrs. Moore had ironed steadily, and now the last article from the basket, so heavily laden in the morning, had just been hung on the "frames," and tired and heated, she had sat down to rest.

She looked up to the clock, then out of the window, anxiously wondering where Charley, her little boy, could be, for he had promised to come directly home from school.

This was not the first time he had disappointed her; and she sighed to think what habits he was forming.

He was not called a bad boy; but, like too many other children, he did not like to mind *at once* what he was told to do. "In a minute," was his frequent reply to orders given him.

To-night, Mrs. Moore really needed his assistance; and when she saw him running into the yard, she hastened to the door, and with a pleasant smile instead of frowning looks and angry words, she said, "I'm glad to see you, Charley. I hoped you would come before; but now hurry up, and split a little wood for the morning fire. You must do some of the chores to-night. I am very tired."

"Yes," answered Charley, "in a minute; but I must take this book into Johnny Lee's first." Away he went; and thirty minutes passed before his mother saw him again.

This day's experience was similar to many others. There were many times when he might have cheered her heart, and lightened her burdens; but, instead of that, he added to her cares.

Charley has grown to be a man; and, in business life, some of his old habits cling to him; so that, as one man said of him, "You can't depend on his word to fill out orders when he says." I know many other boys besides Charley that give great annoyance to their parents by this evil habit, and am quite sure that it will annoy themselves when they come to be men.

Children, beware of falling into habits that will annoy others and injure yourselves. Remember to obey *promptly* your parents and teachers; which is one sure way of gaining the love and esteem of those around you.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

SPOILING CHILDREN.—Spoiling, in the earlier stages, is rather pleasant. It consists in letting one's darling have its own precious little way on all occasions, and the way is such a pretty, roguish, winsome way, nobody can see any harm in it. Grown-up willfulness is quite a different thing from baby willfulness. It gets teeth and claws, so to speak, and is n't nice to contemplate. Spoiling appears to mean a great many different things. One of its mild forms is total disregard for the feelings and convenience of others. If you meet a peculiarly upsetting woman on a journey or a party of pleasure, who ought to be square when she is triangular, and triangular when she is square, you may set it down that she was a spoiled child.

There are parents who would stint their allowance of fire or food in order to indulge their children's whims. The idea of parental sacrifice becomes morbid, especially if the child happens to be admired and praised. There are mothers who pinch their own wardrobes to bedeck their little girls in expensive garments, fostering a taste of extravagant dress which they can not honestly indulge.

Although people in the lower ranks or the middle class do contrive, occasionally, to spoil their children by indulgence, the business is not carried on wholesale, as it is among the rich. Necessity is a severe and yet a kind step-dame. Her motto is service, and service is the salt of life. In a large family, not very well-to-do, the older children educate the younger ones. They feel almost as responsible as the parents, and, perhaps, exert more influence in their own little way. Such a child-life seems bald and gray compared with the fairy scenes through which richer children dance and sing; but it, in reality, keeps young tastes fresh and pure, and whets the appetite, instead of cloying it with enjoyment. This is only a part of the benefit derived from a childhood taxed with some responsibility, and judiciously denied as well as indulged.

Self-control is the one thing spoiled children never learn. Their desires are always rampant. We see the features of the boy who kicked his nurse and browbeat his mother in some passionate, dissipated, irregular young man, and we shake our heads and say, "We knew how he would turn out."

The spoiled girl develops into an exacting, unscrupulous woman. Life must center round her, the world must wait upon her, not because she has ever

done any thing, but merely because she was a spoiled child. Her husband is a martyr. I have generally noticed that such girls marry meek little men who seem to consider it their principal business in life to carry about a load of shawls and attend to the poodle.

DOMESTIC CHRISTIANITY.—It is not so much the great trials, the great requirements, the great demands, that test our character, as it is the little things of daily life, that we meet, and must meet, continually. These probe us through and through. They draw out our innermost being, and show it up to those about us. Every weakness they detect and make known. Every element of actual strength they surprise into play.

There are many tolerably good Christians in the Church and among society at large, who will hardly pass muster as such at home. They are mournful illustrations of the fact that the results of self-discipline are variable, and vary according to time and place. They pour oil on the troubled waters of their souls when, in the midst of "company," any thing vexatious occurs, but overflow with the bitterest of bile under similar circumstances if alone in the bosom of their family—which is not Christianity, as even they will admit, and of which in their secret hearts they are heartily ashamed.

A new gospel ought to be preached from every pulpit, and with a new unction—that of Domestic Christianity. New, did we say? Scarcely that. It is as old as that which Christ uttered on the Mount, but it would come to some people with a strange sense of newness. Religion in the home should be sweeter than anywhere else in the wide world, and should there bear sweet fruit. Home is, or ought to be, the real sanctuary of the heart. Were it such, in fact, as it is usually admitted to be in name, the searching tests that there so much abound, and which can not there be avoided, would not try characters so severely—would not so frequently weigh them in the balance and find them wanting. Let us have more real, vital, deep-breathing, sweetly influencing domestic Christianity!

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.—There should be music in every house. A house without music is like Spring-time without birds. The air may be balmy, the fields green, and the bowers beautiful and fragrant; but without birds welcoming the first rays of the dawn with their joyful notes, and singing the

world sweetly to quietness and rest in the evening, the Spring would not be the happy season it is. The happiness of a family is not complete without music. Home has not all the delightful attractions which make it too pleasant for any son or daughter to forsake it for other places, until there is music.

Many have the idea that the only use of music is to sing in worship. That is the highest use of music, but not the only one. We need it to refine the mind. We need it to awaken all those finer sentiments and emotions which respond to musical harmonies. We need it to lighten the burden of care, and to drive away, as David's harp did, the evil of discontent. We need it to bind the members of the family into closer unity.

There is no kind of music that can excel the human voice, when well cultivated; but instrumental music has the same happy effect, and can often be enjoyed when the other can not. With a piano, a daughter may gather around her the whole family, and make the evening at home their most pleasant and most wished hour enjoyed. We know some think it a useless extravagance; but the same persons will probably pay as much for a fine horse, or for some piece of ornamentation about the premises. For ourselves, there is no scene more delightful than the evening gathering of the family, and the brilliant music of the piano stealing or dancing its way into the hiding-place of every joyful emotion. There are other instruments that excel for particular purposes, as the organ for sacred music; but for compass and power, for sweetness and softness, for adaptation to ever-varying moods of mind and to all tastes, we think there is no instrument equal to a full, rich, mellow-toned piano.—*United Presbyterian.*

WHY DO CHILDREN DIE?—In answer to this question, the Medical Recorder holds the following language: "The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they are stuffed with food, choked with physic, splashed with water, suffocated in hot rooms, and steamed in bedclothes. So much for indoor. When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once a week in Summer, and once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings and thick double-soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant of flesh and blood, and bone and constitution, goes out with shoes as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare—an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother outright, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to an exposure which a dozen years later would be consid-

ered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter-pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad. We don't think the Almighty had any hand in it.

SMALL TALK.—Of all the expedients to make a heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meager fare—how continue existence in such famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is that such men and women there are, who will go on from fourteen to fourscore, and never a hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon on her bonnet!" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they think "it's high time, if John intends to marry Lucy, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life.—*E. P. Whipple.*

SAYING "HATEFUL" THINGS.—What a strange disposition is that which leads people to say "hateful" things for the mere pleasure of saying them! You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your best to please, and are feeling very kindly and pleasantly, out will pop some underhand stab which you alone can comprehend—a sneer which is masked, but which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may be at your person, your mental failing, your foolish habits of thought, or some little secret of faith or opinion confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how sacred it may be to you, he will have his fling at it; nay, since the wish is to make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just half a dozen words, only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush and an eye lose its brightness, only spoken because he is afraid you are too happy, or too conceited. Yet they are worse than so many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender-hearted men! How after them one awakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before every thing—that bright, sharp, well-aimed needle of a speech that probed the very center of your soul!—*Household.*

DAUGHTERS.—Let no father impatiently look for sons. He may please himself with the ideas of boldness and masculine energy, and moral or martial achievements; but ten to one he will meet with little

else than forwardness, reckless imperiousness, and ingratitude. "Father, give me the portion which falleth to me," was the imperious demand of the profligate prodigal who had been indulged from his childhood. This case is the representation of thousands—the painter who drew his portrait, painted for all posterity. But the daughter—she clings like the rose-leaf about the stem to the parent home, and the parental heart; she watches the approving smile, and deprecates the slightest shade on the brow; she wanders not on forbidden pleasure-ground; wrings not the heart at home with her doubtful mid-night absence; wrecks not the hopes to which early promises have given birth, nor paralyzes the soul that dotes on the chosen object. Wherever the son may wander in the search of a fortune or pleasure, there is the daughter within the sacred temple of home; the vestal virgin of its innermost sanctuary, keeping alive the flames of domestic affection, and blessing that existence of which she is herself a part.

RESERVE POWER.—It is not wise to work constantly up to the highest rate of which we are capable. If the engineer of the railroad were to keep the speed of his train up to the highest rate he could attain with his engine, it would soon be used up. If a horse is driven at the top of his speed for any length of time, he is ruined. It is well enough to try the power occasionally of a horse or an engine, by putting on all the motion they will bear, but not continuously. All machinists construct their ma-

chines so that there shall be a reserve force. If the power required is four-horse, then they make a six-horse power. In this case it works easily and lasts long. A man who has strength to do twelve honest hours of labor in twenty-four, and no more, should do but nine or ten hours' work. The reserve power keeps the body in repair. It rounds out the frame to full proportions. It keeps the mind cheerful, hopeful, happy. The person with no reserve force is always incapable of taking on any more responsibility than he already has. A little exertion puts him out of breath. He can not increase his work for an hour without danger of an explosion. Such are generally pale, dyspeptic, bloodless, nervous, irritable, despondent, gloomy. We all pity them. The great source of power in the individual is the blood. It runs the machinery of life, and upon it depends our health and strength.

A mill on a stream where water is scanty can be worked but a portion of the time. So a man with a little good blood can do but little work. The reserve power must be stored up in this fluid. It is an old saying among stock-raisers, that "blood tells." It is equally true that blood tells in the sense in which we use the word. If it is only good blood, then the more of it the better. When the reserve power of an individual runs low, it is an indication that a change is necessary, and that it is best to stop expending and go to accumulating, just as the miller does when water gets low in the pond. Such a course would save many a person from physical bankruptcy.—*Herald of Health*.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE UNCIVILIZED RACES OF MEN IN ALL COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD. By Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S. With designs by Angus, Danby, Wolf, Zwecker, etc. Two volumes. Royal octavo. Pp. 693, 788. Hartford: J. B. Burr & Co.

Mr. Wood has been doing immense service to the world by gathering together, in compact forms, a vast amount of interesting and valuable matter in the department of Natural History. He has given to the public in this way those excellent books, "Illustrated Natural History of Animals," "Anecdotes of Animal Life," "Homes without Hands," "Bible Animals," etc. He possesses peculiar talents for this kind of work, and has been eminently successful in it. In the two fine, large volumes before us, he has gathered what may be called a Natural History of Man, giving a comprehensive account of the names and customs, and of the physical, social, mental, moral, and religious characteristics of the uncivilized races of men throughout the world. We esteem this great work as one of the most valuable contributions that have been made to the literature of the age. It is replete with healthful information, and fascinating

in its style, and by the vast variety of its incidents. It is copiously illustrated—containing nearly five hundred engravings. The American edition, at a cost of less than one-third of the English edition, is, in some respects, superior to the English edition itself. It treats more largely of the American Indian, and of the inhabitants of our newly acquired territory in the regions of Russian America, and far surpasses the English edition in the copiousness of its index. It will be a valuable book in every household.

SACRED HEROES AND MARTYRS; or, Biographical Sketches of Illustrious Men of the Bible. By Hon. J. T. Headley. Numerous Illustrations from original designs by A. L. Rawson. 8vo. Pp. 623. Sold by subscription. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Cincinnati: E. Hannaford & Co.

The subjects of the Bible are ever old, yet ever new; they are characterized by a simplicity which at once attracts attention and excites interest, and yet are so deep, and comprehensive, and many-sided, that we never exhaust them, or grow weary of their study. Every class and variety of mind finds points

of interest by which these Bible subjects touch it; the simple and unlearned, the wise and thoughtful, the devout and contemplative, the enthusiastic and heroic, alike find something to enlist their interest and awaken their sympathy for these subjects and characters. The men and women of the Bible bear to be studied and written about by all kinds of minds, and each new study under new aspects, and from new points of view, only serves to give to them new life and freshness. Mr. Headley, the author of the beautiful volume that lies before us, brings to the task of depicting these grand old Bible heroes peculiar qualifications. As a popular writer, he has few superiors; his imagination is vivid, his descriptive powers are unsurpassed, and his sympathy with the subject is always living and intense. He approaches these Bible heroes with becoming reverence, and yet he is in sympathy with them as a man, and treats them like men, so that his narratives, while they take away none of the sacredness of these heroes, bring them nearer to us in a fresher and more tender interest as our fellow-men. He says well, "The heroes and martyrs of the Bible were men with the same hopes and fears, and emotions that belong to men of every age, and it was designed that they should awaken in us the same personal interest and sympathy. Simply as men, they are entitled to as high a place on the scroll of fame as the heroes of Greece and Rome." It is from this point of view Mr. Headley re-studies these illustrious men, and by his power of vivid narration and description, he makes them live before us, as heroes of our own common humanity, "The martial conquests of Jacob, his struggle in the mountains; and victory, the wonderful story of Joseph and his brethren, the career of Moses and his mysterious burial, the events which transpired under the leadership of Joshua, the story of Deborah, and of Samson, the lives of Saul and David, the life of Christ, portrayed with unusual tenderness and power, of St. John, and of St. Paul, and of many others, are thus described in this volume." The book is issued in good style.

HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES; or, Fifty Years of Western Methodism. By Rev. John Stewart, of the Ohio Conference. 12mo. Pp. 396. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanhams.

Here is another book of heroes, and, we might add, in a qualified sense, of martyrs too. If to face unflinchingly perils from nature and from men, from individuals and from mobs—if to move forward steadily under the impulse of a high and holy purpose over every obstacle and in spite of every opposition is heroic, then the men described here were heroes; if to sacrifice all things for Christ, if to suffer hunger, and exposure, and want, if to labor for a mere pittance, and to suffer for no other purpose than to win Christ, and to be approved of him, is the spirit of martyrdom, then these men were martyrs. Father Stewart tells the story of a half-century of Western Methodism, and tells it as an eye-witness and participator. Within four years of being fourscore years old, his life covers nearly the

life-time of Methodism in the West. He comes on the stage of action when Ohio was a "Territory," and most of it a wilderness; when the great States of Indiana and Illinois were only Methodist circuits. He has lived to see these "territories" become great and flourishing States, and these "Methodist circuits" transformed into a large family of Annual Conferences. The author tells the story of the labors, self-denials, and sufferings which led to these great triumphs and conquests in a simple and modest manner. The volume is replete with facts and details that will be of interest especially to every lover of Western Methodism, and of value to the historian. Get it and read it, and see what wonders God hath wrought, and what labors and sufferings our fathers performed and endured.

THE COMING OF CHRIST IN HIS KINGDOM. By a Congregational Minister. 12mo. Pp. 396. New York: N. Tibbals & Co.

The full title of this book is, "The Coming of Christ in his Kingdom, and the Gates wide open to the Future Earth and Heaven. Adventism, Millenarianism, and a Gross Materialism Exposed and Refuted, and the true nature of Christ's Kingdom as promised in the Latter-day Glory of the Earth, and the Consummated Glories of Heaven, Unfolded; Embracing the Scripture Doctrines of the New Earth Era, The Coming of Christ, The Resurrection of the Dead, Messiah's Triumph over Hades, The Judgment Ordeal, and the Future Heavenly Glory"—feast enough surely for the veriest theological gourmand. The author writes with vigor, and has evidently devoted years of study and labor to the production of his work. His investigations are fair and candid. His refutations of some forms of error are complete. The author seems, however, to believe in no real second advent of our Lord. The reign of Christ he holds to be a spiritual reign only, such a moral renovation as the Gospel when fully applied, including the outpouring of the Spirit, and the holy living and faithfulness of Christians, is calculated to produce. The book is a valuable one, well worthy of careful study; it contains much that is good and true; there are many things in it, however, contrary to our received notions.

WHAT IS JUDAISM? or, A Few Words to the Jews. By Rev. Raphael D'C. Lewin. 16mo. Pp. 84. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

"What is Judaism?" is by no means a small or uninteresting question, nor in our days is it an uncommon question. Many are asking it, and there are many reasons why it should be asked. Certainly the Old Testament is no longer an exponent of Judaism as it now exists; from these old landmarks the Jews have long since passed away. What are they now? what do they believe? what are their modes of worship? what are they doing? are questions of great moment. Dr. Lewin very briefly and quite satisfactorily answers them. He aims to place before the public a brief but thorough explanation

of the principles of modern Judaism, in a style simple enough to come within the range of all. It is small and well worth the reading.

BESSIE ON HER TRAVELS. By Joanna H. Matthews. 16mo. Pp. 376. \$1.25. New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This is the last volume of a very interesting series of juvenile books called "The Bessie Books," six in number. Very beautiful, very interesting, true to nature, and pure, are these books. Children who read them will be wiser and better for them. Really older people would be made better by reading them; their hearts would be made younger and warmer by association with the sayings and doings of the quick, bright, loving little pet, Bessie. The author knows how to write for children.

HERBERT PERCY. By L. A. Moncrief. 18mo. Pp. 241. **GREYSTONE LODGE.** 18mo. Pp. 172. **CONSIDERATION; or, How can we Help One Another?** By Emma Marshall. 18mo. Pp. 180. **THE STORY OF THE TWO MARGARETS.** By the same Author. 18mo. Pp. 192. **ROGERS'S APPRENTICESHIP; or, Five Years of a Boy's Life.** By the same Author. 18mo. Pp. 180. New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

These little volumes all belong to Carter's Fireside Library, and are good reading for the little folks.

WORK-DAY CHRISTIANITY; or, The Gospel in the Trades. By Alexander Clark, author of "The Gospel in the Trees," etc. 12mo. Pp. 300. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Springfield, Ohio: Methodist Publishing House.

Mr. Clark handles an earnest and eloquent pen. He sees and feels the symbolism of the material and human world around him, and is very happy in the use of these symbols in illustrating religious truths. These illustrations are drawn, in the present instance, from the methods and processes of the mechanic arts. The method is ingenious, his thoughts are fresh and suggestive, and his style, always flowing and graceful, is often eloquent. It is a good book and will do good.

AN INDEX TO HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. 8vo. Pp. 433. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a happy thought, and will be appreciated by the thousands of readers of Harper's Magazine. It is just what the Magazine needs, a full Alphabetical, Analytical, and Topical Index. The volume before us accomplishes this for the first forty volumes of the magazine, embracing the volume ending May, 1870.

ORIENT BOYS. By S. F. Keen. 16mo. Pp. 408. \$1.50. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This is one of the offered manuscripts for the prize. It did not win, but, we should judge, came very near it. In interest and instructiveness it is not inferior to either of the prize books. The boys, we are sure, will welcome it.

MOTH AND RUST. A Very Plain Tale. A Prize Story. 16mo. Pp. 394. \$1.75. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET. A Prize Story. By Mary Spring Walker. 16mo. Pp. 319. \$1.75. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

These very handsome and very good books are the selected stories for the prizes offered by Mr. Hoyt. They are issued in very neat style, and prove the publisher's plan to have been a success, for they are very excellent and interesting books. "Moth and Rust" is one of those true books of fiction, which depict human life and human influences true to nature; just such events and such characters as surround us in every-day life. Its moral is, "Beware of the beginnings of evil." "Both Sides of the Street" took the first prize out of over three hundred manuscripts offered in competition. It is a very interesting and instructive book. Give them both a place in the home and the Sunday-school library.

MARGUERITE; or, the Huguenot Child. By Miss T. Taylor. 16mo. Pp. 188. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

This is a beautiful story, beautifully told, and published in very tasteful style. "The Huguenot child" very soon becomes a young woman, and is subjected to cruel persecution by a Roman Catholic uncle, and by Catholic priests, for being a Huguenot. At length she escapes and flies to this country along with some Huguenot emigrants, who are forced to leave their native France by cruelties put upon them. The story is very interesting, and will be read with profit by the young people.

DRAYTON-HALL SERIES. I. Lawrence Bronson's Victory. 16mo. Pp. 191. **II. Christy's Grandson.** 16mo. Pp. 218. **III. Allan Haywood.** 16mo. Pp. 197. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

This is intended to be a series of stories illustrative of the "Beatitudes," written by the author of the "Golden Ladder Series."

NO MOSS; or, The Career of a Rolling Stone. By Harry Castleman. 16mo. Pp. 319. Cincinnati: Robert W. Carroll & Co.

A lively, entertaining, and instructive book for boys.

TONY AND PUSS. From the French of P. J. Stahl. With twenty-four illustrations from designs by Lorenz Frolich. Quarto. Pp. 48. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS. By the Author of "Letters Every-where," etc. With twenty illustrations by Paul Konevka. 16mo. Pp. 150. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

These beautifully illustrated books, intended for the "wee ones," remind us that we are approaching the holiday season. They will immensely please the youngsters for whom they are gotten up.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A MISSIONARY MONUMENT.—The mail has just brought us, from our mission in China, a noble-looking volume of over eleven hundred pages, bearing the title "An Alphabetic Dictionary of the Chinese Language in the Foochow Dialect, by Rev. R. S. Maclay, D. D., and Rev. C. C. Baldwin, A. M." It is indeed a monument of patient and long-continued labor. Dr. Maclay is the Superintendent of our Missions in China, and Mr. Baldwin is a member of the American Board of Missions at Foochow. The work has been jointly prepared by these earnest missionaries, and is issued from the press of our mission at Foochow. Twenty years ago we made the acquaintance of these noble men in China, and even then they were gathering materials for this monumental work. We may say it is the ripe fruit of twenty years' study and use of the Foochow dialect. When we look back to the state of things a score of years ago in this great Chinese city, when the American Board and the Methodist Missionary Society were just beginning their missionary operations at Foochow, and remember that all then was new and unknown, that the Foochow dialect was a sealed book, that the missionary had no available helps in the study of the language, that his only method was to take a Chinese scholar, who did not know a word of English, and almost literally dig out of his teacher's mind a vocabulary for himself, and then look on this noble volume, constituting a complete vocabulary of the dialect, printed on metallic types, on excellent paper, and neatly and substantially bound, we are really amazed at the progress these missions have made in Foochow, and at the results these missionaries have achieved. The mechanical part of the work would not discredit an American publishing house, and yet it is all Chinese, and done under the supervision, and at the expense of our printing establishment at Foochow. Our excellent friend, Mr. Baldwin, of the American Board Missions, merits a large share of the commendation due for this monumental work, and the Church will hold the name of Dr. Maclay in fragrant remembrance for generations to come. We implore the blessing of God richly upon these our precious friends, and upon their great work, and upon their labors abundant which they are performing for China.

ANOTHER YEAR.—We close the thirtieth volume of the Repository, giving to our readers a substantial book of nine hundred and sixty royal octavo pages, matter enough to make ten good-sized volumes worth a dollar and a half each. This matter is distributed into about two hundred and fifty different articles, in addition to which the volume contains about one hundred poems, thirty-six pages of orig-

inal and selected short articles bearing on the duties and blessings of home-life, thirty-six pages of literary notices, and twenty-four of editor's notes and gossip. More than a hundred different pens have contributed original articles to our pages. We have used our best judgment in selecting our matter, and look over our index with considerable satisfaction, feeling that there is sufficient variety and fullness to content the veriest literary epicure. We are under great obligations to our contributors who have been so patient and courteous, and who have so kindly received our decisions with regard to their communications. We have welcomed a number of new ones, but death has been unusually busy this year in removing some of our most esteemed writers. To our agents, for their efforts in behalf of our subscription list, and to the press, for its abundant good notices, we give our hearty thanks. We are ready to open the new year with the best prospects, and cordially solicit the co-operation of our contributors and agents, and the continued good words of our exchanges.

GOLDEN HOURS.—We desire, in closing the year and volume, to call the attention of the readers of the Repository to an admirable companion for it, that we would really like to see accompany it into every household. It is the neat little magazine for boys and girls bearing the above title. It is published by our own Book Concern, and is issued by order of the General Conference to meet a felt want in the families of the Church. It is a pure, high-toned little monthly, elegantly gotten up on good paper, bountifully and beautifully illustrated with wood-engravings, adapted to the young people of the house, ranging from about ten to sixteen or seventeen years of age. Each number contains fifty-two pages, the variety of matter covering a wide field—stories, travels, biography, natural history, science, incidents, etc. The whole is written from a Christian point of view, and every thing in it tends to refine and elevate. Parents can not do a better thing for their children than to give them the monthly reading of this elegant magazine. Our agents should take special notice of the offer of the publishers to give a copy of this magazine for every ten subscribers to the Repository, in addition to the usual commissions or premiums. Its subscription price is two dollars a year. All ministers of our Church are authorized agents.

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.—Our city was favored in October with the largest Exposition of industrial objects that this country has yet had. In useful articles it exceeded the World's Fair in London and Paris, and its success was so pronounced that the managers will, no doubt, repeat it next year, or the year thereafter.



